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THE FUTURE OF LIBERALISM.

I.—THE NEMESIS OF PARTY.

STUDENTS of party politics may well be excused if they find themselves somewhat puzzled in the presence of passing events. For more than two years a Tory Ministry has been in office in the United Kingdom. It is known that the vote by which it was returned to power did not represent a majority in the constituencies. Ever since it has been in office it has displayed a cynical disregard for its own pledges and an even more cynical resolve to make use of its parliamentary backing for the purpose of specially benefiting the classes whose interests it represents. So far from adopting the traditions of foreign policy which have been accepted as proper to its principles, it has been content to play a small second fiddle to continental despotisms, and to commit the country to humiliations, which, fifty years ago, would have been deemed incredible and impossible. It has at least four more years of office before it, and the General Election which will decide its fate will be one of the most critical that have ever taken place within the century.

Having regard to these facts, and having regard also to the example of still remembered constitutional conflicts, it might surely be thought that already the representatives of the more democratic party would be arranging their campaign, strengthening their fortified positions, choosing their battle-grounds, and training their troops. Speaking from a Liberal point of view, there is a reactionary oligarchy to be got rid of—an oligarchy which makes use of a misguided section of the popular vote for the purpose of enriching landowners and denationalising education. Where, however, are the signs of democratic activity? Where are the evidences of democratic faith? These things, strange to say, are conspicuous by their absence. Only a few months ago a vacancy had to be filled up in the representation of an important provincial constituency, which had been for many years past notable for its democratic majorities. The democratic candidate, it is true, was victorious, but his victory was almost worse than a defeat. Not only was the democratic majority lamentably

reduced, but it was painfully apparent that the life and spring had gone out of the democratic forces. It was just a toss-up how the election might have gone. A hundred indifferent voters more or less would have left the democratic candidate in a minority. And who can deny that the indifference of democratic voters really constituted the most alarming feature of the occasion alluded to? It is true that since then Liberal majorities have been increased and Tory majorities diminished. But it yet remains to be seen whether in these instances the result was due to any real political enthusiasm, or merely to local conditions and the pressure—as at Deptford—of passing circumstances.

Matters appear in no better light when attention is turned to what is being done by the real or reputed leaders and organizers of the democratic army. It is notorious, painfully notorious, that every effort made by independent sections of the democratic party to quicken the interest of the masses in the pressing questions of the hour has been regarded as an offence by the official managers—to use the expression—of the Liberal party. No words have been too bitter, no sarcasms too pronounced, when these adventurous persons have had to be condemned in the columns of Liberal official journals. To suggest increased activity is blasphemous; to put forward the lines of a possible programme is a crime. The Pharisees who condemned the exercise of the healing power on the Sabbath were not more hypocritically indignant than the politicians who have assailed certain independent circulars. "There is the National Liberal Federation," they have exclaimed; "there is the Newcastle Programme; there is the Federation's President; there is the proper and organized representation of Liberal constituencies through the Federation. These are orthodox means of salvation. Make use of them in a humble and contrite spirit. But do not dare to suggest that Liberals may think, and speak, and act for themselves. Do not venture to suggest that the high priests of democracy are in any need of a spurring on to their duties. And, above all, do not be so impious as to suggest that what has not received the approval of the National Liberal Federation, or has not arisen through its initiative, may yet be worthy the consideration of democratic voters, of the rank and file of the Liberal Party."

That the above correctly describes the attitude of the official heads of the Liberal Party towards its more earnest members, it would be difficult to deny. It is necessary to admit further that at no time since a democratic party came into existence in Great Britain has there been a less degree of sympathy, of mutual trust, between its official leaders and its millions of adherents and supporters. The leaders do not know what the people are thinking; the people do not know what their leaders are doing. Judging by what one sometimes

reads, it would almost seem as though the whole principles of democracy had been narrowed down to a dispute over the personal merits of Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt. That the reactionary oligarchy represented by the present Ministry should rejoice over such a state of things is comprehensible enough; that there should be anywhere a Liberal who fails to resent it is incomprehensible altogether. It is comprehensible on the one side and incomprehensible on the other, because while Toryism depends almost entirely on consideration of persons, democracy depends almost entirely on consideration of principles. Hence, so long as the official representatives of the Liberal Party encourage discussions as to the fitness of persons, and discourage attempts at the discussion of principles, they are playing directly into the hands of Toryism and rendering more and more certain a Tory victory at the next General Election.

In view of these facts, those who are sincerely interested in the acceptance of democratic principles, so far from condemning the unofficial Liberals who have striven to arouse the interest of the democratic masses throughout the country, will rather be disposed to praise them for their independence and public spirit. They will, moreover, clearly recognise the truth that if those who claim to have the official direction of the Liberal Party fail to satisfy the aspirations of the bulk of that party, and succeed only in strengthening the hold possessed over the country by the representatives of the Tory oligarchy, the official machinery of the Liberal Party must be very seriously at fault, and that either the mending or the ending of that machinery is a pressing duty of the great democratic mass.

In order to get a little light on the situation thus defined, it will be useful to enquire what amount of agreement there is between any popularly accepted principles of party government, and the facts of party government (or what is called such) as practically existing.

Now it is undeniable that, the more the actual facts of party government are examined, the less reason does there seem to be for concluding that party government involves any principle whatever. It will rather begin to be seen that what is known and spoken of as party government is, and has been, merely the result of a series of historical accidents, modified more or less by the sense of practical necessity and regard for practical convenience. Up to the passing of the first Reform Act, certainly, party government in Great Britain was merely a struggle between rival aristocratic families to secure administrative control with all the spoils of office and patronage resulting therefrom. The masses had no political existence. "I was not aware," said one of the actors in the election scene in "John Halifax," "that the people chose the members of the House of Commons." No more they did. Political matters were entirely and solely in the hands of perhaps one per cent. of the population of the country. When, with the passing of

the Reform Act, the democracy began to be born, it was still the object of the contending aristocratic families to control the political machine, and if one set of rivals seemed to fall in with the progressive principles that were beginning to be apparent, they were actuated far more by regard for their own chances than by regard for any abstract political ideals. As it happened, however, the course of events just then—say between 1832 and 1848—gave to the idea of party government a greater reality than it had ever possessed before. The question of dear food, for the benefit of the agriculturist, or cheap food, for the benefit of the manufacturer, was a question which very fairly divided the country, and which involved the acceptance or rejection of definite ideas of national destiny and national well-being. For once, but in the most accidental manner, party government became something of a reality, and, because it was something of a reality, an energetic impulse was given to party organization. The mercantile prosperity that followed on the adoption of Free Trade principles—prosperity, however, which by no means wholly resulted from the adoption of those principles—made the Liberal cause, the anti-Landowners' cause, popular. But it was not Liberal organization that then won Liberal victories. Those victories were won because the rank and file of the Liberal Party were in earnest and believed there was something worth fighting for. And, strong in their belief, they carried position after position, destroying utterly, so far as the House of Commons was concerned, the landowner's privileges, and solidifying the dream of democracy, as it appeared to the Chartists, into something quite capable of being a reality.

If one asks what it was that enabled Liberal principles—democratic principles—to prevail more and more in the face of all the aristocratic forces of the country, the answer is simple. It was not machinery, it was enthusiasm. Enthusiasm found the machinery that was necessary; enthusiasm dispensed with machinery when it was not necessary. That the great Liberal reaction of 1880 was due to enthusiasm no one can doubt, though it may perhaps be suspected that the enthusiasm would not have accomplished all that it did accomplish had it not been for Mr. Gladstone's marvellous power of teaching enthusiasm to realise its full capabilities. In that reaction of 1880 the idea of a distinction between official and unofficial Liberals was never so much as dreamed of. The Liberal who became an official was carried into office by the wave of popular enthusiasm. It was the wave of popular enthusiasm that, a little later, created the machinery by which, it was hoped, its own permanence would be secured. The National Liberal Federation came into existence as the organized expression of the strength of a united and triumphant democratic party—a party which was in itself the expression of a grand national resolve in favour of democratic principles. It was in the

following of the same enthusiasm that the great work of revision and consolidation of the franchise was carried through in 1885. Whether that revision exercised, from a democratic point of view, an adverse effect upon urban constituencies may be a matter for argument. There can, however, be no doubt that its effect was, from a democratic point of view, favourable as regards the more rural constituencies, which displayed a power of independent voting quite beyond average expectations.

The split that occurred in the ranks of the Liberal party in 1886, over the Home Rule Bill, is a matter that, from one point of view, demands an entirely independent treatment. That not a few Liberal voters were largely influenced by the defections of Liberal leaders there can be no doubt, and probably no defections exercised more effect than those of Mr. John Bright and Mr. Chamberlain. When men of this stamp—men who had been regarded as unshakable pillars of democracy—declined to follow Mr. Gladstone, the more pliant among Liberal electors might well feel doubtful. What is more to the present purpose is the undoubted fact that the difference of opinion among Liberal leaders and Liberal voters on the Home Rule question deprived the Liberal party of a very large proportion of the enthusiasm that had up to that point mainly contributed to Liberal victories. And it was inevitable that when that enthusiasm diminished—when the Liberal party ceased to live mainly through the activity of its individual nerve-cells—the machinery of the party would begin to assume a more commanding position. If the Liberal party was not to be justified by its individual enthusiasms, how was it to be justified? Well, the machinery was there, a machinery possessed of that perennial vice of all machinery—a conviction as to the necessity for its own existence. As enthusiasm faded, machinery began to dominate, no doubt being penetrated with the very plausible conviction that by its means some kind of enthusiasm could be kept alive. Nevertheless, the result was a result which was really inevitable. Machinery became more mechanical, and tended to put belief in the necessity for a party organization in the place of the individual enthusiasm and conviction by which alone a progressive party can ever hope to live. And it was only natural that, as regard for principles faded out of sight, regard for persons—a weakness to which all political organizations are eternally exposed—should gain in strength and importance.

The demoralising influence of a party machinery, resolved to believe in itself, began to be felt, when, in 1892, the results of another General Election had placed upon the Liberal leaders the duty of forming a new Administration. The elevation of Lord Rosebery to a position of commanding influence, coupled with the elimination, as far as possible, of the Radical element from official positions—these were points upon which the machinery of the Liberal Party insisted, to the

great discomfiture of all who believed in the bold and unfaltering declaration of democratic principles. The error was one in the highest degree characteristic of machinery forgetful of the purposes it was originally intended to serve, and profoundly impressed with its own insight and necessity. What tended still more to create a gulf between the machinery and the once enthusiastic units of the Liberal Party was that the point on which the machinery most strongly insisted was totally at variance with the main doctrines of democracy. What was claimed for Lord Rosebery was a sort of divine right to understand and to direct the foreign policy of the country. The claim was one which, though sanctioned by one of the constitutional fictions of our political structure, was totally opposed to the vital principles of democracy. So long as the Sovereign—which means the person for the time being in charge of the Foreign Office—is allowed to retain a constitutional right of absolutely controlling the relations between Great Britain and foreign States, democracy has no real existence. Hence, in spite of the result of the elections of 1892, it was only a maimed and imperfect democracy that found expression through the so-called Liberal Ministry formed in that year. Enthusiasm was fettered, machinery reigned in its place; and, beyond this, enthusiasm was being continually warned that it must not be too enthusiastic, lest it should offend and embarrass and possibly alienate those whose duty, in their own eyes, it was to make democracy respectable in the estimation of the aristocratic courts of Europe.

The position, bad as it was, was rendered far worse when, owing to causes the inner history of which has still to be explored, Mr. Gladstone was compelled to retire from the Cabinet, leaving Lord Rosebery to assume the position of Premier. There was another triumph for machinery, which regarded Lord Rosebery as its special *protégé*; here was another blow for the enthusiasm which Mr. Gladstone, above all others, had over and over again been able to consolidate and express. The result was exactly what might have been expected. Enthusiasm in the Liberal Party, confident in itself, confident in its principles, prepared to fight with vigour and to make sacrifices for the attainment of the desired ends, was killed. Machinery became transcendent, and, taught by those to whom it had given its support and its worship, began more and more to occupy itself, not with the testing and promulgation of democratic principles, but with considerations of the best way so to serve and conciliate all interests as to make it possible for its chosen apostles to succeed to and to remain in office. In fact, an oligarchy which called itself Liberal adopted the principles of the other oligarchy which was genuinely and convincingly Tory, with the very natural result that, the moment an opportunity arose for a fresh General Election, the Tory oligarchy beat the Liberal oligarchy out of the field. Even the one shred of

democratic principle to which the Liberal oligarchy clung only served to make its defeat more thorough. Animated by a traditional regard for the voice of the constituencies, it made an appeal to the country when defeated on a minor matter of administration. This was a blunder of which the Tory oligarchy would never have been guilty; have we not seen how leading members of a Tory Ministry can openly quarrel with each other without necessitating so much as a resignation? The Liberal oligarchy, however, made the mistake of thinking that a small constitutional virtue could be set off against several great constitutional vices, and reaped its reward in the shape of a defeat that gave the Tory oligarchy a clear six years of influence and office.

It is when these facts are realised that the antagonism between democratic principles and what professes to be the machinery of the Democratic Party will be clearly perceived. That machinery is at this moment strangling democratic principles, and strengthening the hands of all that is anti-democratic. How has this position arisen? There can be no question that it has very largely arisen through the practical adoption of the doctrine that what is known as "party government" is expressive of some natural principle, instead of being merely an historical accident. The mistake is not exactly a mistake of yesterday. It was more or less dimly accepted when, early in the present reign, constitutional government was granted to the leading British Colonies, where the adoption of the principle of "party government" has resulted in the paralysing of useful legislation and in the creation and perpetuation of crying abuses. It gathered strength when, some fifty years ago, democratic necessities found strength to express themselves in the face of aristocratic interests. For a time, in fact, the theory of party government actually coincided with historical facts. But just as the orbit of a comet may seem for a short space to coincide with the orbit of a planet, though the two orbits are following curves of a widely different nature, so the temporary coincidence of the theory of party government with historical facts or accidents does nothing to establish a real harmony between the two.

It is of the utmost importance that those who are sincerely attached to democratic principles should keep these facts before them. It has to be borne in mind that what democratic principles have been struggling against is the constant and continual endeavour of the Tory oligarchy, representing probably very much less than the interests of a tenth of the people of the Kingdom, to retain and exercise supreme political power. This is an object for the attaining of which an iron-bound party organization is admirably adapted. It is not thought that is wanted; it is not enthusiasm; it is discipline—the subjection, that is, of all individual wills to a central mandate.

The less an adherent of the Tory oligarchy thinks, the less he is penetrated by enthusiasm, the more valuable he becomes to the cause he supports. It should surely be obvious, however, that the more this spirit of iron discipline is suited to the needs of the Tory oligarchy, the less is it suited to any efforts in a democratic direction. For democracy, if it is a true democracy, involves of necessity individual powers of thought, conviction, and enthusiasm. The drawbacks of existing conditions have to be clearly seen, intelligently condemned, and enthusiastically combated. These were the secrets of Liberal success when the Corn Laws had to be dealt with, when the franchise had to be extended, when the false Imperialism of the Beaconsfield Ministry had to be set straight. To check enthusiasm, to check individual action, by appeals to party discipline, by exhortations to submissively leave all matters of political concern in the hands of party leaders and party organization—this is to strike at the very root of democratic principle, to blaspheme against every maxim of popular government. For it is the duty and the place of democratic leaders not to impose a policy, but to seek a mandate, and that democratic leader will be the most successful who most possesses the power to realise what the popular demands of the moment are. Surely everybody knows this, and everybody knows that in this direction is to be found the secret of Mr. Gladstone's unrivalled power over the democratic masses. One speech by Mr. Gladstone, or by some popular leader qualified to take his place, must always be of ten times more value to the democratic cause than all the labours of the National Liberal Federation for ten years together.

"Let us, then," it may be answered, "wait for another Mr. Gladstone, and in the meantime leave it to the National Liberal Federation to maintain discipline and keep up the solidity of the democratic forces." That counsel might be accepted, were it not for the fact that, in the absence of a recognised popular leader, the National Liberal Federation itself practically does nothing. It is waiting for inspiration, and there is none that comes to it. Why? Because it does not believe in itself—because it is so much concerned with the machinery of the windmill that it neglects to provide any corn to be ground. And, because it does not believe in itself, no one else believes in it. It not only does nothing; it does worse than nothing; for, in the sublime name of machinery and discipline, it absolutely forbids any one to take any independent action. The president of the Federation has his hand on the throttle valve. If he chooses to turn on the steam, well and good. If he does not choose to turn on the steam, it is impious on the part of any one else even to suggest that steam ought to be turned on. Could anyone, considering the brilliant history of the Democratic Party from 1845 to 1885, imagine a more complete blotting out of every factor of political progress?

Is it to be credited that this was the end looked forward to by the Liberal leaders of the fifties and the sixties? Is it to be tolerated that the living democratic forces of the country—living, that is to say, if they have not already been crushed to death by the Juggernaut of the National Liberal Federation—must be content to gaze in silent adoration at the figure of the president of the Federation, as he balances the rival claims of two representative aristocrats, in neither of whom a single genuine Liberal reposes any real confidence, to be regarded as the accepted saviour of the democratic multitudes? There is only one set of people who are, or who can be, contented with such a condition of things, and those are the members of the Tory oligarchy. And they are pleased with good reason; for they know well that, so long as matters continue thus, nothing can interfere with the prospect of an uninterrupted Tory control of the administration of the country's affairs.

It is not, however, merely by the machinery of party that democratic principles are being strangled. The fictions with which party government is mixed up, upon which, in fact, it rests, are equally deleterious and paralysing. The best that can be said for those fictions is that they are invested with a certain historic dignity which redeems them from being utterly ridiculous. They have arisen out of a certain sequence of historical events which are associated with dignified and worthy phases of national growth and development. There is, for example, a certain historical dignity, harmless enough in its way, in the use of the old Norman-French in signifying the Royal Assent to Acts of Parliament. There are historical fictions which are far less harmless, and the preservation of which, indeed, distinctly makes for mischief. There is, for instance, the fiction that the Sovereign alone is responsible for the foreign policy of the country. Practically, this sole responsibility does not exist. The Sovereign acts on the advice of Ministers who are themselves responsible to the people. Nevertheless, the preservation of the fiction serves to deprive the people of all control of foreign policy and to supply ambitious and domineering politicians with the opportunity of establishing themselves as a kind of sacred caste, with whom alone must be left the mysterious direction of that foreign policy which it is assumed the people have no capacity for understanding. It was the insistence on this fiction that placed Lord Rosebery in so commanding a position when the Tories went out of office in 1892, and that enabled him to wreck the democratic cause a year or two later. This is one of the fictions which it is, or should be, the aim of the Democratic Party to destroy. Nothing can be more proper and fitting in a democratic country than that those who have to bear the cost of a foreign policy should be consulted as to the foreign policy to be adopted. There is no mystery in these matters, except such as diplo-

matists choose to make for the preservation of their own occupation. But what hope is there of the fiction being disestablished so long as the National Liberal Federation represses democratic agitation, and occupies itself in cherishing the claims of the aristocratic Brahmins, who, like the Whigs of all generations, regard themselves as divinely commissioned to advance their own interests by condescending to flatter the democracy?

A far more mischievous fiction, however, is probably that in the following of which the acceptance of what is called office under the Crown involves the vacating of a parliamentary seat. The theory is, of course, that there is a certain conflict between duty to the Crown, as paymaster, and to the electors of a constituency; and that the member who receives a salary from the Crown may be tempted to forget his duty to those whom he represents in Parliament. This fiction represents a state of things which has long ago ceased to exist. It is not the Crown, but the political party to which the acceptor of office belongs, that is paymaster. Where the interests of the Crown are really involved, the influence of the Crown is exercised in far more subtle ways. Really, it would be very much more to the point at the present day if a member of the House of Commons had to seek re-election whenever he had been present at a garden-party at Marlborough House. Meantime, the real evil, the real abuse, passes by unnoticed. The evil is one, too, that is peculiarly liable to be felt in connection with democratic, or quasi-democratic, politics. Toryism, with its supreme regard for aristocratic interests, is rather helped than hindered by conditions that tend to check any political vigour or enterprise on the part of the rank and file. With a democratic party it is precisely otherwise. The life and energy of the party depend on the strong convictions, the almost irrepressible determination of the new adherents who are constantly coming into it. But what actually happens under the existing system of party organization? The independent and strong man is marked out, not for approval, but for repression. If he ventures, out of his sincere regard for democratic principles, to offend in any way the susceptibilities of the political Brahmins, his advancement to office becomes impossible, and his re-election extremely difficult. Take the case, for example, of Mr. Labouchere. In 1892 his exclusion from office was insisted on by the Brahmins of the Liberal party. But for his possession of personal resources, he would long ago have been squeezed out of his representation of Northampton. Yet few persons can doubt that Mr. Labouchere is a more sincere and able democrat than almost any of those who have held office in the name of democracy, and few can doubt that all his protests against Liberalism *à la* Rosebery—Liberalism as approved by the National Liberal Federation—have been more than justified.

There can be no question that, from a democratic point of view, this matter of the deteriorating influence of office has to be entirely reconsidered. It has to be removed from the region of fiction to the region of fact. That the theoretical holding of office under the Crown ever influences the vote of a member of the House of Commons, no one supposes for an instant, and the fiction that it does, or may, influence a vote is one that might with great advantage be abolished. But there can be no doubt whatever that the prospect of holding office, the prospect of having the official approval of the party machinery in the retention of a seat, does influence to a very great extent the action of democratic candidates, and tends to stunt and depress the new life which a Democratic Party should always be manifesting, if it is to be anything but a name. That at the present moment the Liberal Party in Great Britain—the party which should be the actively Democratic Party—is little more than a name, is a conclusion which seems unavoidable, and it will never be anything more than a name so long as the National Liberal Federation, while doing little or nothing itself, represses all attempts at what it regards as unauthorised political activity; and so long as official Liberal journals can find nothing better to do than to abuse and ridicule those democrats whose earnestness and activity condemn their own pharisaical sloth. If the Democratic Party is to make any show at the next General Election, if a check is to be put upon the pretensions of the Tory oligarchy that has managed, thanks largely to the blunders of the Liberal oligarchy, to fix itself in office, every ally should be welcomed, every independent effort or movement encouraged. And if it should be proved, that the so-called National Liberal Federation stands in the way, then the National Liberal Federation must be thrust on one side, as a servant that, in assuming to be master, has betrayed the cause which it undertook to advance.

A. B. C.

II.—POPULAR FEELING AND LIBERAL OPPORTUNITIES.

THE party formula, shrewdly propounded by Lord Beaconsfield, when conversing with a private friend but political opponent, is being fairly fulfilled in the case of the present administration. "At the opening of the third year things have on the whole gone reasonably well. There have been mistakes. The country is beginning to suspect they are mistakes." It has not yet found them quite out. No one can say whether "the fourth year" is, or is not, "to bring the crash." The bye-elections are not of entirely evil omen. The gradual process of a transfer of votes, even where Conservative seats have been retained, is an augury worse than certain actual results themselves. At this moment the country is undoubtedly Jingo—as much so as many of the Liberal leaders themselves, which is saying a good deal. Could a dissolution be forced early in the New Year, or at any date within the range of practical politics, no one, with a practical insight into popular feeling, can doubt that the result would be to give Ministers a new lease of power, their majority slightly perhaps diminished, but still sufficiently powerful. This prospect will continue just so long as popular attention is fixed chiefly on those events that have engaged it with little intermission since 1895.

It seems to have become almost an axiom with Liberal managers that foreign policy is an unwise issue on which to go to the country. From the successes on that issue obtained by Palmerston, no conclusion, applicable to the present day, can be drawn. The constituencies, as we now know them, did not exist. The Ten-pounders were amenable to influences and appeals to which the Householders are impervious. The dissolution of 1880 that consolidated the new Liberalism, did indeed occur at a time when the popular mind was much occupied with the affairs of South-Eastern Europe, South Africa, and North-Western India. But the aspect wherein seventeen years ago foreign policy came within the electoral ken, was less that in which it is seen by the statesman than by the philanthropist. As in his recent speech Lord Salisbury showed himself to be conscious, no working analogy between the influence of external affairs on the British elector in 1880 and in 1898 is possible, because the "gigantic genius" of Mr. Gladstone is no longer active on the political stage. "Atrocities" in the Balkan Provinces, "insane conventions" with the Porte would, in the hands of any other but the then Liberal leader, have failed to touch a responsive chord in the country. The most emotional of peoples, as Disraeli once described the English, only when foreign policy resolves itself into a matter of common humanity, may expel a

government for failures in that branch of political science, the data of which are contained in Blue Books that the masses do not read, summarized in speeches which they skip, or restated in leading articles which they pass by.

It would indeed be false to deny the existence of some popular interest in the contemporary annals of the outside world. The writer of these lines recently has enjoyed rather exceptional opportunities for acquainting himself with the temper and taste of his fellow countrymen throughout the Kingdom on such subjects. The facilities for cheap travel abroad have been largely used by many of our industrial population to study their European neighbours, as the latter are at home, with at least not less closeness than the ordinary tourist of the middle class, who, furnished with the ticket of Cook or Gaze, crosses from Dover to Ostend to explore, for him a practically unknown world. Other agencies have been at work in the same direction. It is not the Free Schools alone that are now, as Mr. Lowe wished, "educating our masters." Statistics from all parts of the country show the books most uniformly and steadily in request at Free Libraries to be not novels, but grave treatises on political science, and narratives of travel, no less severe than that of Richard Cobden or Arthur Young.

The unceasing development of all those influences and interests, far-reaching because they are domestic and personal,¹ as well as national, involved in the gradual growth of the British Empire, is another power of the same sort. Even the later movements of national industry have entered of late upon a cosmopolitan phase. The talk of workmen among themselves, during the intervals of industry as well as at their debating societies; the books they read, and those portions of their newspapers which they reserve for quiet moments, all show the tendency of English industry to regard itself as part of a corporation that is worldwide. Hence the increasing demand of representative speakers at our industrial conferences, that British workmen should bring themselves into line with their brethren of other races. It might be easy to exaggerate the importance of these facts, which, however, so far as the writer knows, have not yet been noticed elsewhere. But facts they are; they do undoubtedly suggest the processes now going forward. These processes, by diminishing the insularity of the English character and the selfishness of the English outlook, are likely in the long run to influence the medium through which the household voter sees the Imperial and foreign politics, that hitherto have been considered only of interest to the possessors of culture, wealth, leisure, in fact the aristocracy. These considerations

(1) A most intelligent Lancashire artizan recently said to the present writer that the element of individual adventure in our Colonial development chiefly attracted him and his friends to the subject.

are rather calculated to explain the forbearance with which the constituencies as a whole have thus far treated Lord Salisbury, than to give his opponents any fresh ground for hope. A nation struggling to be free, as Mr. Gladstone once said of the Soudanese, will always have something more than the platonic affection of the Queen's subjects, whatever the franchise under which England is ruled. If the recent resurrection of the Greek question had concurred with glaring failure of Ministers at home, and if under these conditions the appeal to the country had been made, the foreign element in the question would have affected the polling. In two or three years' time, Ministerial short-comings in this department, if they are not forgiven, will all be forgotten. At the present moment, therefore, unless during the interval still to elapse Conservative diplomacy should prove unexpectedly perverse, or the current of International history should run in channels more disastrous to our present rulers than there is any reason to anticipate, the Liberal leaders, when the struggle comes, are not likely to find many strong allies in the chapters of events beyond seas.

The existing temper of the constituencies towards Lord Salisbury's Administration, critical as most of the elections in varying degrees show, but not yet actively rebellious, seems in some quarters to be responsible for an idea that the next election may result in a sort of stalemate; that the country, equally disgusted with Conservative miscarriage and Liberal censoriousness, may cry, "A plague on both your parties!"—that by way of extricating itself from this *impasse* it may favour negotiations fatal perhaps to Unionism, but not therefore necessarily favourable to Liberalism. In other words, wearied of modern factions, the people, it is suggested, may turn to the party that gave England constitutional government, and that most people have fancied, as an organization, long since to have been disbanded and extinct. This, if our memory serves us right, is remarkably like a revival of the argument of an article which several years ago, during the life of the late Mr. Henry Reeve, under the title of "Plain Whig Principles," appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. The immediate cause of this prognostication is probably the rumour of Lord Salisbury's readiness to hand over the Foreign Office to Lord Rosebery. The Prime Minister's published declaration that while he continued in affairs he had no intention of becoming "the dowager," sufficiently disposes of this story. It would never have been put about probably but for a reminiscence of the fact that in 1886 the now, as the then, Premier was ready to concede the place of honour to Lord Hartington if it should be thought in the common interest of the two sections for him to do so. For such a change in the Unionist leadership, the time, if it ever existed, has gone by; or, if it should ever exist, has not arrived. The backbone of the whole Unionist organization is Conservative, not Liberal. The substitution

of a titular Whig, even so exclusive an one as the Duke of Devonshire, by its unsettling influence on sections and individuals, would disturb, and might paralyze, the political arrangements and discipline of the whole connection.

It is, therefore, practically certain that the ministerial arrangements and distribution of offices will remain in 1898 what they were in 1897. This in itself is advantageous to the party now in Opposition. The issues are cleared and simplified. The disturbing and confusing nondescript of Unionism may, as a political term, be struck out. The conditions of the new party warfare are in effect assimilated to those of the old. It becomes practically once more a conflict of the progressive and the stationary parties; of those whose faith in the people is tempered by prudence, and of those with whom a like faith is restricted by fear. A change in the person of the Premiership from the Ministerial point of view, would let out the waters of individual rivalry, and stimulate a jealousy between possible successors to Lord Salisbury.

As it is, conflicting claims among potential successors are only suppressed by the unchallenged supremacy of the chief under whom in common they serve. It is quite as much, therefore, to the Liberal as to the Conservative interest, that the ablest man among the Unionists, who happens to be a Tory, should be also their official head. "No one," Lord Salisbury said recently, with his wonted humour, "talked of muzzled dogs when Mr. Gladstone was in his old place." In like manner no stragglers from Liberalism will find their way to the Ministerial head-quarters, while the leadership of Toryism and of Unionism is concentrated in the same distinguished personage. So long as, to those that hoped against hope, there seemed a possibility of the old party ties being re-shaped, many among the less stalwart of the traditional friends of progress would have been reluctant to sever themselves from a hereditary Whig of the Cavendish clan who, only seventeen years ago, often led, with ability and tact, the Liberals in the House of Commons. That has now gone by. The external pressure of an admittedly common foe once more knits Liberals together into operative union. It does more, in a word, to organize the party than all the federations of the provinces, or the associations and clubs of Whitehall and Charing Cross. At the same time it places fresh responsibilities, perhaps difficulties, upon the Liberal leaders, and seems gradually to be quickening their recognition of the wishes of the more advanced among their followers.

During the years that preceded the Gladstonian victory of 1880, Sir Charles Dilke won the consent of his party when he defined the mission of Radicalism as its more or less gradual "permeation" of the Liberal mass. That description is scarcely applicable to the Liberal condition of to-day. Thus far, indeed, the collective action

of Liberalism at Westminster has been of a Whig rather than a Radical complexion. The most decorous of Whigs scarcely could have wished the Liberal leaders of Westminster to temper their attitude towards Ministers in all foreign, and many domestic matters, by more chivalrous self-denial than, in the matter of the South African Committee, Sir William Harcourt, as one now knows, with the approval of Mr. John Morley, persistently displayed. A recent speech of the Opposition chief shows a consciousness that the limits of a politic moderation have been nearly reached, and that he is prepared at a fitting moment, with the necessary provocation, to wage the Gladstonian war against the House of Lords.

Sir Robert Peel's refusal, when in Opposition, to prescribe till he was actually called in still holds good as a principle of tactics. But a party which is a candidate for office must at least be ready with a policy in reserve. Its leaders in their speeches must give some hints of their capacity for more than negative criticism. What is that policy to be? From the foregoing considerations, foreign affairs, as affording a party cry, should seem to be ruled out. The House of Lords might conceivably serve the purpose when on a measure really desired by the constituencies the two chambers come into collision. Home Rule for Ireland, in the shape in which people are now acquainted with the proposal, cannot be reasonably expected to supply such an occasion. Irish autonomy, as a single specific, has in fact among Advanced Liberals themselves already been superseded by Home Rule all round. The only authoritative explanation of this mode of Federalism was given some years ago by the committee, whereof Sir Charles Dilke was an active member. The federal substitute for an Irish Parliament favoured by Mr. Asquith, judging from the evidence just mentioned, seems to mean as much separate legislation as possible; that is, as much as can be got out of Parliament, for England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Separate Cabinets are not demanded. The special feature of this alternative to a national assembly on St. Stephen's Green is that, while conceding very large and, in the particular case of Ireland, almost complete devolution of powers, it will retain the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament in a manner more obvious to the popular imagination than was done by former plans. Home Rule, one is reminded by the promoters of this scheme, would withhold no right from Ireland which Mr. Gladstone would have conceded. Only the delegation of authority from Westminster will be more direct, intelligible, and, in a word, organic. This mode of procedure would, it is said, have the great advantage of affording an uniform basis of treatment for all parts of the kingdom. That, save possibly as a *pisaller*, the Irish would refuse this proposal, every one knows. The difference conceivably might be settled by a compromise. In submitting the

general scheme, and in affirming its distinctive, that is, its essentially federal principle, the most orthodox of federalists might see no objection to giving Ireland priority of treatment on the ground that in her particular case the matter was of larger scope and moment, as well, perhaps, as more immediately urgent than in the case of Scotland or Wales. It would, of course, be clearly and unreservedly stated at the same time that so soon as Ireland had been dealt with, the application of the machinery to the other countries concerned as the circumstances of the case required would on no plea be delayed. But while the responsible leaders of Liberalism may answer the taunt of having no alternative programme to the Ministerial proposals for Irish local government, by indicating such a scheme as has just been described, this is scarcely the cry on which they can hope to "sweep the country." It may help to keep the present Opposition when they are a Government in office; it will scarcely make them a Government.

Meanwhile, how are the Liberals to put themselves in the way of crowning power with responsibility? The disposition of their front bench seems to be to trust to the melting processes of time for the disappearance of the Conservative majority, and to believe that the fulfilment of the swing-of-the-pendulum law will place them, sooner rather than later, on the right hand of the Speaker. A careful analysis of recent electoral statistics does not support this view. Both relatively and absolutely the figures of the Liberal polls show a result that may well animate with the keenest hopes and nerve to sustained efforts all Liberal workers. But nothing like proof is yet forthcoming, that of itself the pendulum will recede to the extreme and determining point necessary to replace Unionism by Liberalism. Natural agencies would in any case greatly reduce the Conservative superiority of voting power. They would not transfer that superiority to the other side. A stirring cry will, therefore, probably be judged indispensable. It is not now as it was in 1886, and as it has been before, the moderate men representing the common-sense of the people, who are alienated from, suspicious of, or disheartened by, the tactics of Sir William Harcourt and his staff. Speaking from the same personal and direct investigation of popular feeling which has been already cited, one finds the estrangement to be that of the more progressive wing of Liberalism, which has, in the long run, always set the pace to the rest of the party. It is those neighbourhoods and those sections, whose pressure on the chiefs at Westminster have given the great reforms of the century, which is now plaintively demanding a policy of "thorough." After the experiences of Lord Rosebery, a Liberal chief, notwithstanding Sir William Harcourt's words already referred to, is not likely to commit himself finally to lead an attack upon the House of Lords. In the first place, these tactics, for their success, presuppose the rejection by the Peers of a great Liberal measure.

That, in its turn, implies a Liberal majority and a Liberal Administration. Independent of Lord Salisbury, as a powerful contingent in the Upper House is disposed to be ; out of hand, as several among his titled supporters periodically get ; the idea of the hereditary legislators rejecting any measure that does not actually mulct them of their estates, and so long as their present chief endorses it, is not seriously to be entertained.

Many shrewd Liberals who have had their hands upon the political pulse of their provincial patients, believe a campaign against the Lords likely to rouse general enthusiasm ; reunite the entire party ; strengthen all the weak-kneed, and so by its very prospect enable Sir William Harcourt, if he adopts it, to find the country at his back. The arguments against this, very briefly stated, seem to be as follows. The circumstance of many gentlemen, now influential in Opposition councils, looking to the ennoblement of their families as a reward of their party services, and so having a prospective but very definite interest in the integrity of the menaced Chamber, may, to the heroic mind, seem too trivial to be mentioned—but is still a fact. Nor is it quite certain that among the enemies of the Lords unanimity could be counted on for such a programme. Sir Charles Dilke, for instance, is a Single-Chamber man ; he might, perhaps, together with his many provincial adherents, go further even than the abolition of the Peers' veto ; he might approve of dealing in the Cromwellian fashion with the entire assembly. But to mention only this representative instance, those who agree with the politician just named have always resisted reform of the Lords, or the mere curtailment of their legislative prerogative, on the ground that such a course would only strengthen the roots of an inveterate constitutional abuse. Byron, in *Don Juan*, has talked of the doctors as those who come to mend us, or to end us. Mr. John Morley, with a familiar adaptation of the jingle of the poet, has, in less politically responsible times, said something about ending, little or nothing about mending, the Hereditary Chamber. But no Liberal statesman has yet proposed to submit to approval from popular platforms the cry of the unconditional extinction of the Upper House as a law-making body.

On the whole, therefore, one may predict that the most sanguine Tapers and Tadpoles of the party would shake their heads at the notion of organizing the Liberal rally by the promise of a " short way with the Peers." Other suggestions much more practicable may be discovered amidst the extra-parliamentary rhetoric on the Liberal side during the latest portions of the political recess. Sir Charles Dilke has pronounced in favour of simplifying the electoral process by giving a vote not to every householder, but every individual. Lord Buckinghamshire, whose name is not perhaps a household word to all his fellow citizens, has declared himself a convert to Manhood Suffrage. That is one of the very few " points of the Charter " yet ungranted. The analogy

of the ballot, in spite of John Stuart Mill, reserved for our day, might seem to promise the final concession of the charter that half a century ago Disraeli would not condemn because he saw it must be carried out. Men who think with Lord Buckinghamshire, having swallowed the principle of Sir Charles Dilke's proposal, will find no difficulty in emending their terminology. If such a proposal be ever introduced at St. Stephen's, there will be no exclusion of sex. The mother country has followed Canada and Australia in adopting free schools. If pressed, therefore, she is not likely to refuse the example of New Zealand in investing all adults with full political, which are electoral, rights. It is, therefore, Universal Suffrage, rather than Manhood Suffrage, by which, if at all in our day, the movement that began with Chartism is likely to be crowned. But here again the preliminary condition is to convert the existing electorate, or to finish that process of conversion which everything seems to show has advanced some way. Though this may be so, the new Liberal party is yet at an early stage of its existence. Struggling minorities have ever been apt to over-rate the value of mere organization, and to impute a supernatural virtue to what is called "the cry." The Poet-Laureate is responsible for the statement that at a critical moment for his party, Lord Beaconsfield, forecasting possibilities and reviewing tactics, said: "Above all things—no programme." Many other such words of that accomplished tactician might be commended to the attention of Liberals at this moment if they wish to do justice to their growing strength in the country, and to maintain the amount of union among themselves necessary for success. Their experiences when they were last in office should have taught them the danger of propounding a policy which, however good in itself, is for the moment in advance of the popular agents for its execution. To pledge themselves in some indefinite future to revolutionise the local government of the three Kingdoms; to start a campaign against the Lords, or to re-open the question of the electoral franchise would be a piece of presumptuous folly worthy of the discomfiture it would provoke. The differences between Conservative and Liberal policy are not effaced by the accident of a Unionist Administration being in power, or by the opportunist tactics of democratic Toryism. Class or sect privilege, the degree of direct control over all modes of public expenditure to be given to those who pay taxes or rates, the principles by which the inevitable expansion of the Empire is to be regulated; these points are sure periodically to emerge, they must be recognised in the scheme of collective action to which Liberals are to give effect. The more they occupy themselves with a criticism that is not destructive only of the results of their opponents' procedure in Asia or in Europe; the more that they stick to questions touching British trade throughout the world, and the Empire's cohesion, the less the rivalry between the National Liberal Club, the National Liberal Federation, and their respective

spokesmen is heard of, the better for the whole party; certainly the more improved their chance of a return to power before the Greek Kalends arrive. The Caucus has done good work in party organization in its day; it has been the subject of much abuse and many sneers by critics who do not quite understand the subject. But in the interests of Liberalism, the present is not the moment for an exclusive regard to electoral agencies and organizers after the American pattern. Liberals want no more of that sentence which occurs so often in the early books of Livy (the pun is really pardonable because of its opportune unavoidableness), "*Bos locutus est.*" If too much of such speech is heard, the quotation will be capped by one from the phrase-book of ecclesiastical Rome in a new sense—*Causa finita est.* For success the Liberal cause depends on the national resolve practically to discourage the professional wire pullers, whether of the provinces or Whitehall.

On the other hand, nothing could be better than the recent speeches of the responsible leaders of the Opposition. The temper and statesmanship of Lord Kimberley's and Lord Spencer's late addresses in their respective counties had just the ring which was required. Nor for the first time has Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman shown himself an inspiring chief as well as a singularly astute, adroit, even in his fighting trim, a not needlessly aggressive or unconciliatory Scot. Sir William Harcourt's position has been defined and strengthened not by party manœuvres, but by public events. His experience and skill in debate, his readiness in resource, the genial equanimity with which he has borne many rebuffs, the good temper shown in his improved public position:—these are qualities quickly recognized, eventually always rewarded, in English politics. He is only three years older than Lord Salisbury; his constitution is unimpaired; his eyesight improves. Any movement to supersede him must, to the satisfaction of his whole party, entirely fail. After him, the colleague who has given most proofs of aptitude for popular leadership is the good tempered, pawky Scotsman, whom a reminiscence of the circumstances attending the transfer of his seals to his successor has perhaps stimulated to show fresh spirit against his opponents.

During his Glasgow visit in the early seventies, Mr. Disraeli said: "It is not the Party, nor the House of Commons, but the country, which chooses the leaders alike of the Opposition, and of the House." The succession to Sir William Harcourt will be determined when the time comes, by the same constituencies that decide the elections. In proportion as, not only leader but programme, is left to that popular arbitrament, will the Liberal victory be hastened; nor is it only by-elections and contemporary events beyond the four seas, which are fighting for the Liberal party. There have been moments when the English people, wearied by an insincere iteration of the conventional shibboleths of factions, have been tempted to cry: "A truce to party

talk." The present, however, is not one of these times. The country, during the last ten or fifteen years, has tried and rejected Conservatism pure and simple. It tries as an alternative Unionism; only to find that very like Conservatism, only "more so." The average elector, whatever his political faith, is wearied, perplexed, is more than beginning to be disgusted, by the confusing sight and sound of men using traditional titles, not to indicate what they are, but to veil what they are not. The taste for æsthetic tints, the washed-out blues, greens, and yellows of the Postlethwaite period, was never a national one. What is true of art holds specially good of politics. From boredom to resentment is only a step. The average Briton, who is not good at refinements, who likes clear issues, definite antagonisms, and unmistakable hues, is beginning to sigh for a return of the old Philistian era, when men voted blue or yellow, plumped for this candidate or that, without any chameleon-like compromises, or any knowledge of a condition of things, under which it would be found that blue has no affinity to azure and that buff or orange is a variety, not of yellow, but of cerulean. Such are the considerations which the present writer, as the result of his enquiries, has good reason for thinking now fill the minds of the great mass of moderate partizans in the constituencies. It remains for the Liberals to take advantage of this temper, to hold together, to talk nothing about programmes, to think as little as possible about leaders, and to forget that the English language contains such words as Federation or Club. The associative inspiration of events should be quite enough to make them feel sure of victory. It was the Forward policy on the Indian frontier, the passive indifference to human suffering in the Sultan's Empire, and the bill that the nation had to pay for the luxury of that neglect, which preceded the Liberal triumph more than seventeen years ago. If there be not repetition in history, there is at least the teaching of analogy. The parallel between the closing months of 1879 and the first month of 1898, is too striking not to impress others than the lovers of chance coincidences, the *vana mirantes*, described by Tacitus at the funeral of Augustus. It ought to point a moral in Liberal action as well as adorn a chapter in Liberal history. The party has lost Mr. Gladstone; a real successor to him is not likely to be found. But the graciousness of time has given it consolations in the shape of a combination of inspiring events described above, which not even the genius of Mr. Gladstone could have commanded. Experience, it may be hoped, will have taught discretion. What, in addition to that, is wanted is forbearance from programme propounding, tolerance of existing agencies, a disbelief in mere organization as a short cut to office, and, above all, a proscription of the party boss. These conditions obeyed, all the rest will follow quite as soon as the Liberals themselves are ready.

CACOETHES LITERARUM:

A FRENCH EXAMPLE.

IF, in the course of the present century, France has been losing ground in political and commercial importance; if statistics—as interpreted by her enemies, her contemners, or her pessimistic friends—show a steady decline in such widely differing manifestations of national vitality, as merchant shipping and the birth-rate, and lastly if some wise men, having cognizance of the designs of Providence, assert the evident decadence of France to be a visitation upon her sins, yet the most prejudiced against her acknowledge that in literature she still holds her own. In the midst of her desolation it is as if a few beams of her departing glory still shone upon her head, and a few purple shreds, the tattered remains of a once-gorgeous garment, clothed her nakedness. Even her pessimistic sons, economists whose sole aim in life is to transform their degenerate fellow-countrymen, now into enterprising Anglo-Saxons, now into tenacious Teutons, would enter an emphatic protest against anyone disputing the literary prosperity of their country.

Those reformers are, perhaps, over-ambitious. Having the ambition of developing the commerce and the worldly power of their country, they are loth to give up her purely literary merits. Yet it is with nations as with every living organism. A race-horse is not destined to draw a cart, nor are lyrics generally expected from a prize-fighter. These elementary truths have unfortunately been disregarded by the rulers of France. For the last twenty-five years they have been making strenuous efforts to maintain her military efficiency at home, to annex vast territories abroad, without ceasing one moment to exact her usual amount of brain-work. What wonder that she is beginning to feel the strain and is weary of the task! What a pity that her rulers are not more thorough economists! In an alliance based on the principle of the division of labour, Russia would provide brute force to maintain peace throughout the land, while upon France would devolve the lighter task of organizing the fêtes and celebrating the novel combination by odes and official pictures.

Nor is this a rash statement, for the literary training that the French leading classes receive is calculated to render them unfit for active life. Democracy in France is in suspense. Will the people prefer a commercial traveller to a poet? Will they still applaud Lamartine at the Hôtel-de-Ville? The question is difficult to decide. Nevertheless the power of literature is great. Out of all the institutions of old monarchic France, the French Academy alone has survived

and proved stronger than many a popular rising or revolutionary outbreak.

Leaving aside for some moments the benefits that culture can be said to have conferred on the French nation, let us try to show the terrible disadvantages that it involves. Literature is like a strong medicine. Taken in small doses it is most beneficial; but when immoderately used, it has the effect of a most powerful alcohol. Let England with her wonderful idealist poetry and her commercial prosperity, paid for by the lack of artistic taste among the people, illustrate the truth of this proposition. France, on the contrary, distils in enormous quantities the potent drug, quaffs it with relish, and then offers it to all nations as an evident token that she deems it indispensable to their happiness. It would be a mistake to suppose that the providers of this poison are those writers of naturalistic romances and authors of erotic pictures who are constantly violating the ordinary canons of decorous morality; the drug that they offer is almost inoffensive in France since it partakes very little of that artistic quality that makes a work dangerous to Frenchmen. Moreover, there is no necessary opposition between the political greatness of a nation and a literature devoid of a minimum cleanliness of thought.

Pascal will help us to specify the general literary intoxication to which the governing classes are addicted. In his *Pensées*, he draws a distinction between what he rather fantastically terms *esprit de finesse* and *esprit géométrique*. There is a similar distinction between a literary and a scientific mind; while the latter has regard but for well-authenticated facts and always reasons on clear principles, the former loves to trace the remote consequences of a principles, or discover and appreciate the slight differences between facts. The one seems more analytic, the other more intuitive. If two such minds are supposed in the world of action, while the one clearly divines the one road that leads him to the end that he has in view, the other thinks he discerns at the same time many a by-path and turning, and, losing precious time before choosing his way, or even allowing himself to be overwhelmed with a mass of contradiction or detail, may ultimately decline to come to a decision.

It is the prevalence of this *esprit de finesse* in France that prevents her from carrying out in the manner they would wish the programme of the reformers. It is not before Notre-Dame de Lourdes or Sainte-Geneviève de Paris that the enlightened Frenchman bends his knee, it is not red-bonneted Liberté that he venerates, nor is it even, in spite of too recent and exaggerated scandals, at the shrine of the golden calf that he worships. The cherished omnipotent idol, to-day as sixty years ago, is literature.

The main cause of this strange national perversion is the French educational system. It is not without reason that the reformers

endeavour in the first place to weaken the traditional methods followed both in the Lycée and the University, by enforcing methods borrowed from England and Germany. But many of them being unwittingly possessed by the *esprit de finesse*, the plainest result of the agitation for Educational Reform is a considerable quantity of pedagogical literature. Books and teachers change, new and strange examinations are invented, many an unknown science is taught, but the French schoolboy still clings to literature. Send him to the *Ecole Navale* and he turns out a romance-writer like Pierre Loti, send him to the *Ecole Polytechnique* and he comes out a novelist like Marcel Prévost, science has no hold upon him. In a large Paris Lycée devoted to science and mathematics, two boys of fifteen, not so very long ago, discussed the question whether Racine was superior to Corneille, and I remember how embarrassed the master was to give impartial judgment when the matter was referred to him. But those boys were, of course, inexperienced critics. In a really literary Paris Lycée, training for the Faculty of Letters and the *Ecole Normale*, Racine and Corneille are singularly out of date. The boys in the Rhetoric course nearly come to blows about the respective merits of Lemaitre and Sarcey as lecturers, of Hervieu and Sardou as dramatists, of the *Echo de Paris* and the *Journal* as organs of public opinion, and, in their spare hours, they have been known to read Aristophanes and Apuleius for a pastime.

In spite of pedagogues, the aim of a classical education is the same to-day as in 1830, boys are taught above all how to write a good French style. Every fortnight, for five or six years, they have to write out a Latin and a French essay on a literary subject. This exercise supposes the constant exercise of the critical faculties. The niceties of language are to be attended to, and teachers, especially those who were trained before the war of 1870, have been known to give the greatest attention to details of euphony, take the utmost pains about the harmony of a sentence, the subtle fulness of a period, and teach all the little artificialities and conventionalities of the older treatises of Rhetoric. The other masters are often imbued with the same ideas. An historical essay has no merit unless brilliantly written, and the criticism of a system of philosophy must be set forth with a certain taste and tact, that precludes the use of the heavy scholastic argumentation.

When the schoolboy goes to the University, to study law, classics, or medicine, his range of literary information is simply widened. The freshman now finds that the canons of taste in which he believed at school are not generally accepted in the world, he consequently casts them aside, and as his mind has been so trained as to quickly assimilate new ideas, he puts his faith in symbolism, reads Maeterlinck, declares the Odéon theatre old-fashioned, and attends the *Œuvre* or

the *Théâtre Libre*, tries to understand Shakespeare in a poor translation, praises Ibsen, Tolstoi, and Ruskin, becomes a subscriber to the *Revue Blanche*, and, if he has more definite literary ambitions, contributes an article or two to the young reviews. Sometimes, indeed, he aims higher. A brilliant young doctor in the first year of his medical studies edited a decadent review, where he wrote criticisms on the *Salons*. Another case I can vouch for is that of a schoolboy cramming for the *Ecole Normale*, whose enthusiastic eyes and abundance of hair helped to persuade a wealthy uncle of his to bear the expenses of a wonderful review, that has, strange to say, prospered and become, under an ambitious title, an exceedingly *bourgeois* magazine. But these young reviews are jealously guarded against intruders. Those who are considered unfit or unworthy fall back upon the provincial magazines or papers. If an article contains no political allusions, it will always get published somewhere; for the editor is relieved of the anxiety of filling up a column or two, and the author, being young, does not seek gain but glory.

As the youth grows to manhood, the necessity of literature in life impresses itself more and more upon him. Perhaps he attends public lectures at the *Sorbonne* and the *Collège de France*. There he sees the power of a popular professor. While the well-known critic and the worldly philosopher draw crowds in the great amphitheatre: upstairs, in some small class-room, the scholar of European fame lectures to half-a-dozen disciples, the majority of whom are foreigners. It is the same with science. If M. Pasteur laboured on twenty years without being known outside a circle of specialists, M. Berthelot, thanks to his talent as a writer and lecturer, leapt immediately into fame and easily won the highest honours.

When the same ingenuous young student opens a daily paper, he finds that a large space is allotted to news about popular actors, and that the re-opening of a theatre under the management of M. Antoine is considered a more important event than a ministerial crisis abroad. As in his own tiny provincial town, the papers are full of local information, so in Paris, only a large provincial town at most, the papers give the Paris news and neglect the outside world. If, by some chance, the student further compares a French and an English newspaper, he may see that the French paper is especially literary. Next to a purely literary article—the *chronique*—signed by such men as Sarcey, Lemaître, or France, comes now a short skit by some humorist like Alphonse Allais, now a short story or a sonnet or two; and away down in the page the reader's eyes are sure to alight upon the *feuilleton*, which is a review of a new book or a new play, or more often a simple serial story.

From the Press let the ambitious youth next turn to Parliament. There he again beholds the power of literature. When the budget is

discussed, the deputies go to sleep or adjourn to the refreshment-room, to flock back to the House if it is announced that a famous orator is going to question the Prime Minister on his clerical or anti-clerical policy. Last session the number of questions becoming formidable, M. Méline had to get a rule passed to the effect that Saturdays only would be devoted to questioning the Ministry. Immediately, as in England schoolboys would get up a football match, both the Opposition and the Majority felt the need of a great oratorical joust on the agricultural crisis. Saturday after Saturday M. Jaurès, the Socialist, poured forth his impassioned eloquence in favour of the poor down-trodden peasant slaves, and M. Deschanel, in return, sketched with almost equal fervour and glow the idyllic portrait of the independent enlightened landowner, the backbone of France, the mainstay of the Moderate Party, and the pledge of the coming regeneration.

As long as a Party numbers no orators, it does not count in the country. Before M. Jaurès was converted to Socialism, the Socialists never endangered the existence of a Ministry. The declamation alone of M. Jaurès has made the party formidable. When a new Cabinet is formed, the literary merits of its members are carefully inquired into. "Only barristers," will the public exclaim, with a shrug of the shoulder; "nothing new to be expected from them. Their oratory will lack artistic finish." Verily there is no opposition in France between politics and literature. It is useless to dwell on the influence of Lamartine in 1848, of Victor Hugo during the Second Empire. Renan thought it quite natural to stand for a seat in the Senate, and M. Brunetière, it appears, does not despair of making the tribune of the Palais-Bourbon resound some day with the praises of Bossuet.

It is not surprising that the Government, far from distrusting artists, actors, and men of letters, should, on the contrary, maintain a complete system of protection that, in some respects, dates as far back as Richelieu. There is a ministry of fine arts, theatres are subsidized, numerous pensions, and still more numerous honours, granted. Any-one may dabble in literature. There is no risk to run.

The courts of justice are always very lenient when the so-called interest of Art is in question. But judges and ministers are men, and toleration has limits. The artless republican alone can be persuaded that complete liberty of speech reigns to-day in France, or in any other country. Modern European Governments being indifferent or sceptical in religion or morality, easily pardon the contemners of the gods and the *mores majorum*, but the hand of repressive justice swiftly descends on the bold despisers of the governmental policy. This ministerial shortcoming explains how French functionaries, while eager to win literary fame, are slow to express their political opinions. Thus does part of the nation's energy flow towards the vast torrent of literature that sweeps over the land.

So absolute seems the power of literature that it is thought sufficient to change a nation's temper. Fired by the pernicious example of M. Desjardins and M. de Vogüé, some very inexperienced *littérateurs* think that they are able to reform the country. For the aristocracy of birth now extinct, for the aristocracy of money against which their native delicacy revolts, they wish to substitute the noblesse of literature. Alas, of what use then has the French Revolution been? In 1897 there are still men who think that to turn a sonnet and successfully follow the intricacies of a metaphor, entitle them to lead their fellow-creatures. Strange delusion, to imagine that to the Frenchman who has a pen and an inkpot must bow the Frenchman who has neither of those badges of power!

Such being the principal causes of the influence of literature in France, let us enquire what province of literature is the most open to the charge of corrupting the nation. Here it is necessary to make a distinction between two epochs: from 1820 to 1850 the prevalent form of literature was poetry; now-a-days it is criticism; in both cases manner is more attended to than matter, and, therefore, the word rhetoric may well serve to name the potent drug with which France has for the last seventy years been intoxicating herself. The development is quite natural. When the century was young, poetry was its delight; now old age and prose have come along together. Yet romanticism was not so destructive as criticism. And to-day the critic is omnipotent. A minister is not more courted, and the critic's antechamber is the scene of intrigues more Machiavellian than are the lobbies of the Palais-Bourbon. Criticism is no more the mere pastime of the author or scholar who now and again pauses in his work, smiles upon his fellow-writers, or says a few words on a departed friend. In France, M. Gaston Paris stands out as an exception. Criticism used also to be an urbane discussion between men of the world, no rules were laid down, no pretence to science made, there was no trace of pedantry, and the critic was armed with a rapier that made neater wounds than the club that professionals are now wont to wield. The temptation is too great. To the *littérateur* who has been through the Lycée and the University, criticism is more natural than any other form of writing. Style and learning, both of which he is supposed to have, will suffice, observation and invention are superfluous. To be a critic a brilliant student has only to keep on writing dissertations, with the difference that he works with more haste and less care, and chooses his own subject. He will write in reviews, lecture at the *Odéon*, and try to say something new on Racine and Voltaire, and, finally, crown his career by bringing out, in book-form, the inevitable *X., l'homme, l'écrivain*, or the no less enchanting *Z., la vie, les œuvres*.

Fortunately for France, she numbers critics of men and manners among her novelists and comic authors. Both the novel and comedy of

character have disappeared. The novel to-day, whether psychological or naturalistic, is especially a description of manners, and the comedy a criticism—often how bitter—of modern life. Lastly, criticism applied to politics gives some strange results. M. Clémenceau we take to have been a master critic, because he was able to unmake ministries at his will. The numerous *interpellateurs* are critics, and the stump-orators who accuse M. Méline of being a reactionary, and gravely declare that the Sultan has bought the Ministry, are essaying their talent in political criticism.

The character of a nation is the result of certain habits of mind among the leading classes, which are accepted by the lower. Even in the most democratic republic, the nation is not the body of voters, for the body of voters are nothing next to the few thousand men whose general opinions on men and things are more or less accepted by the majority. It is among this *élite*, who live chiefly in the capital, that we may study the ravages of the *littératuritis*.

The first stage of this dangerous illness is an undue attention paid to the mere manner of a speech or writing. Pascal would term this worship of style, in which judgment has little part, *esprit de finesse* without *esprit de justesse*. It is the fetish stage of the cult of literature. Not only are uneducated people carried away by the flow of eloquence, the harmonious and rounded sentence elicits applause from the cultured *bourgeois*. Take, for instance, a capitalist in the Chamber of Deputies when M. Jaurès is in good form. The *bourgeois* has just been abusing the collectivist for the fallacy of his schemes and the emptiness of his dreamings, but, let him hear the orator for a few minutes, and he will start up and call him a great man.

The French language lends itself easily to rhetoric. The great Catholic preachers of the seventeenth century have given it the energy, the brilliancy, and especially the elevation which are wont to constitute true eloquence, as well as mere declamation. Under the beautiful folds of this gorgeous cloak how easy to hide poverty of reasoning, crudeness of observation, errors of logic! Divest Bossuet of his grandiloquence, strip off the metaphors and the pathos: the thinness of principle, the childishness of reasoning appear. Study Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, and you will pity the man who let himself be led astray by such threadbare logic. As rhetoricians prefer generalisation and *à priori* arguments to facts, so the French are known to love general ideas, literary theories, beautiful syntheses. With the less cultured, the most petty truisms or the most dangerously unfounded statements will pass muster; with the more passionate, the false generalisation will soon become a fixed truth. It is neither the simple-minded nor the violent who are expected to practise the incomparable art of opportunism. They must act according to principle. Misguided patriots aptly illustrate the case. So do those for whom there are dogmas

in the two following simple propositions: *All Jews are Prussians; all Protestants who are not Prussians are English.* Of course, more intelligent people laugh at these ethnological axioms, but they stand by their own truths, such as, *le cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi*, or *the Latin races are doomed to decadence.* The most cultured of all will extract pithy maxims from Taine, or his rash disciples, and generalise on the qualities or character of a nation.

The second stage is romanticism. To the *esprit de finesse* are now joined fine sentiments. Though as a school of literature, romanticism is a thing of the past, it survives and still flourishes as a frame of mind. Its main object, however, has changed. Before 1870 it took the form of the independence of nations. The policy of France then was to carry liberty and political enlightenment to all. This ambition involved a certain amount of self-confidence. Since 1870 romanticism has taken the shape of the *revanche*, and M. Deroulède has become the immediate successor of Victor Hugo. A curious and odd mixture of both romanticist ideas was recently revealed on the occasion of the Greco-Turkish war. The French phil-hellenes argued from the traditional policy of France and the comparison of Crete with Alsace-Lorraine, that Crete should be freed from the Ottoman yoke. It is ironical to find an ironist like Anatole France defending the old romanticist policy of 1830 in his most recent book:—

“ Si votre âme ne fait plus frissonner l'âme des nations, si votre voix ne fait plus battre le cœur de toute l'humanité, c'est que vous ne voulez plus être les apôtres de la justice et de la fraternité, c'est que vous ne prononcez plus les saintes paroles qui consolent et qui fortifient, c'est que la France n'est plus l'amie du genre humain, la concitoyenne des peuples; c'est qu'elle n'ouvre plus les mains pour répandre ces semences de liberté qu'elle jetait jadis dans le monde avec une telle abondance et d'un geste si souverain, que longtemps toute belle idée humaine parut une idée française; c'est qu'elle n'est plus la France des philosophes et de la Révolution et qu'il n'y a plus, dans les greniers voisins du Panthéon et du Luxembourg, de jeunes maîtres écrivant, la nuit, sur une table de bois blanc, ces pages qui font tressaillir les peuples et pâlir les tyrans—ne vous plaignez donc pas d'avoir perdu la gloire que redoute votre prudence.”¹

Yet many, thinking romanticism out of date, leave it to the Philistine, and prefer the third and most virulent stage of the disease: criticism. Here is no place for fine sentiments, the brain works alone. With the most intransigent criticism becomes scepticism and inaction. Let the *bourgeois* look after politics, the *je-m'enfichiste littéraire*, as M. Lemaitre calls him, sits enthroned above the vulgar strife of politics; he looks down, smiles, and when he condescends to leave his exalted judgment-seat, it is to declare himself an anarchist.

A decidedly more interesting and less priggish patient is the dilettante who thinks that he can accomplish some useful work in this

(1) *Le Mannequin d'Osier*, p. 36.

world. There is much pathos in his case. It is as if an opium-eater, still under the lethargic effects of the drug, convulsively stretched forth his hands, struggled up, staggered on a moment, and at last sunk down. In the Boulanger movement—that wild mixture of romanticism and dilettantism, and most admirable instance of literature applied to politics—while the romanticists considered only the vulgar and theatrical accessories, the dark conspiracy, the general who rode a black horse, and under whose wrinkled brow lurked wild dreams of *revanche* and glory won on battlefields, M. Barrès played the part of the dilettante, vainly struggling to employ himself in life. The present flatness of characters sickened him, he wished for something else, dreamed of ideals, laughed at his dreams, somehow or other identified the opportunists with the Philistines, and awaited the triumph not only of Boulangism but of dilettante art. Thus did dilettanteism go hand in hand with the basest ambitions, the most sordid calculations, and old-fashioned dreams of restoring monarchy, taking a *plébiscite*, marching to Berlin.

More pathetic still is the case of Renan, suddenly roused to action by the disasters of 1870. He tried to renovate his country, but France doing the opposite to what he advised, he consoled himself with an ironical generalisation. Little it matters, he several times repeated, that France disappears from the map of Europe. Will not her destruction as a political power allow her literature, her philosophy, her art, to spread abroad:—

“Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit. . . .”

To such suicidal politics does this distemper lead men!

It is not expected that a cure should be proposed for such a complex disease. Will not the infatuated Pyrrhonist answer that, if the evil is a benefit in certain respects, the remedy will prove pernicious? Yet we may suggest palliatives. Firstly, those in power ought rarely to listen to public opinion, because public opinion almost always means that of the morbid romanticists or critics. Secondly, the dilettantes who aspire to some practical work should, out of patriotism, try their methods of regeneration on other nations than their own. Had Cleopatra, instead of nursing the asp, sent it to Cæsar in a basket of the choicest figs, Egypt would have kept her freedom.

And yet why wish for a change? There is harmony withal in the European concert. How agreeable for England, when weary of scientific Germany, ever suggesting visions of squares and right-angles, to turn to literary France, and smile one moment at her strange idealisms, unpractical dreams, occasional pouting, quickly relieved by her exhaustless, uninterrupted *blague*.

CH. BASTIDE.

ROSE-LEAVES FROM PHILOSTRATUS.

[PHILOSTRATUS, a Greek prose-writer, from whose *Epistles* the following adaptations have been made, was born about A.D. 180, in the Isle of Lemnos, where he spent his youth. In early manhood he studied rhetoric under the Sophist Proclus, at Athens. In later life he settled in Rome, where we hear of him as a member of the literary circle established by Julia Domna, the wife of Severus. One of his *Epistles*, in defence of the Sophists, is addressed to her.

His best-known work is perhaps the *Imagines*, a series of descriptive articles on pictures. In these he shows an intimate acquaintance with the arts of painting and of sculpture; versatility, poetic feeling, and a highly rhetorical style are his chief literary characteristics. His *Epistles* are for the most part brief love-letters, couched in a poetical style; they contain many quaintly pretty conceits, and frequently remind us of the amatory epigrammatists. The treatment is now florid, now simple; the sentiments are now eagerly passionate, now marked by a contemplative spirit. He has been imitated by various English poets, notably by Ben Jonson, whose famous "Song: To Celia" is almost entirely founded on Philostratus. The first line, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," reproduces a conceit from one of these *Epistles*; and the four lines beginning "I sent thee late a rosy wreath," are an almost literal rendering of the second *Epistle*; the last stanza is, again, a close imitation of the end of *Epistle* xlvi. Herrick (one of Jonson's followers in poesy) was probably acquainted with the Greek writer, whom he resembles strongly in some respects; for instance, in the use of somewhat far-fetched conceits, such as "orient pearls unwept" in his celebrated *Epithalamy*, and again in his fondness for personifying flowers. Many of the Elizabethan song-writers, too, employ similar images.]

ROSE-LEAVES.

VERSE ADAPTATIONS FROM GREEK PROSE OF PHILOSTRATUS.

I.—THE PILGRIMAGE OF ROSES.¹

Fledged with the rose-leaves as with wings
My roses hastened to thy feet;
Take graciously a gift that brings
Remembrance of Adonis sweet:

(1) *Philostrati.*, *Epist.* i. (edition Boissonade).

Nay, take them, as the Paphian's dyes,
 Or as the Earth's enamoured eyes !
 Olives become the athlete best,
 Great princes the tiara wear,
 Meet for the soldier is his crest,
 But roses for a stripling fair.
 The Rose doth kindred colours show,
 And kindred fragrance she discloses ;
 Nor will my flowers adorn thee ; no,
 'Tis thou who wilt adorn the roses.

II.—WHEREFORE HE SENT NOT ROSES.¹

Thou blamest me, because I sent
 No roses unto thee ;
 But never slight to thee was meant,
 Nor lack of love in me.

Nay, but I thought thine auburn hair
 A garland more divine ;
 And crownèd with thy roses fair,
 Thou hadst no need of mine.

In Homer Meleager claims
 No wreath but tresses bright ;
 Roses were flame upon the flames,
 Or light adorning light.

The Rose is jealous, know it well,
 And soon it falls and dies ;
 And legend saith its birth befell
 In melancholy wise ;

For Cypris, hasting on her way,
 Was pierced by a thorn ;
 And from her blood, the Cyprians say,
 The cruel Rose was born.

Wouldst thou be crownèd ? oh, beware
 Those blossoms pitiless ;
 They spared not Cypris ; would they spare
 Thy fragrant loveliness ?

Then blame me not, because I sent
 No roses unto thee ;
 For never slight to thee was meant,
 Nor lack of love in me !

(1) *Philostrati*, Ep. iv.

III.—TO GATHER ROSES WHILE YE MAY.¹

Set thee garlands on thy head,
 Ere thy bloom be wholly dead ;
 And perfume thyself to-day,
 Ere thy loveliness decay.
 Get thee friends, before thy fate
 Leaves thee cold and desolate ;
 And by nights of joy forestall
 Hades' night, that waits us all.
 Eat thy fill, lest hunger bide ;
 Drink, ere bitter thirst betide !
 Where's the day dost call thine own ?
 Yesterday ? 'Tis dead and flown !
 Or to-day ? It is not thine.
 Or to-morrow ? Can'st divine,
 If thou shalt a morrow see ?

Fortune laughs at Time and thee.

IV.—THE IMAGE OF BEAUTY.²

Birds are received in the nest,
 And fishes 'mong the rocks do rest,
 But in our eyes fair forms we take,
 Where they their home and haven make.
 The birds and fishes wander still,
 Hither and thither, at their will ;
 By times or places led, they range,
 And oft their habitation change ;
 But Beauty, entering the eye,
 Forth from her lodging will not fly.

So in mine eyes, as in a net,
 I caught thee once, and keep thee yet ;
 And wheresoe'er I walk, I bear
 Within these orbs thine image fair.

If to the sea I wend my way,
 Thou risest from the billows gray,
 As rose the Queen of Love divine
 (So story saith) from out the brine ;
 I seek the meads ; I see thee there,
 Rare rose among the roses rare.

(1) *Philostr.*, Ep. lxiv.2) *Ibid.*, Ep. x.

But oh what growth of land or sea
In Beauty can compare with thee ?

Beauty and native grace have they,
Yet live no longer than a day.

I look on Heaven, and espy
The sun careering down the sky,
But see thee shining in his place ;
And when the Night comes on apace,
Two stars alone I see above,
The evening star and thee, my love.

V.—A BED OF ROSES.¹

Meet and sweet it was to spread
My poor roses for thy bed ;
Pleasure in the gift doth tell,
Thou dost love the giver well ;
So, through them, 'twas mine to touch
That dear form I love so much !
Learn'd in loving is the Rose,
And the use of Beauty knows ;
But, I fear, they scarce would keep
Quiet, while thou wast asleep.
Did my roses do to thee
As the gold to Danaë ?
If thou wouldst delight thy friend,
In return their remnants send,
And their scent will speak to me
Less of roses than of thee.

VI.—TRODDEN KISSES.²

Between the earth and thy dear feet
To set a barrier were unmeet ;
Fear not ; thy steps, when thou dost pass,
Shall lie as lightly as the grass.
O music of thy footsteps dear !
New blossoms strangely springing here !
Flowers, on the earth erewhile unfound !
Close kisses trodden on the ground !

(1) *Philostr.*, Ep. xli.

(2) *Ibid.*, Ep. xviii.

ROSE-LEAVES FROM PHILOSTRATUS.

VII.—WHEREFORE THE ROSES FADED.¹

What hath befallen, tell it me,
The roses that I sent to thee ?
For, ere thou didst receive my posies,
They still were fair and still were—roses ;
And certès I could never send
A worthless guerdon to my friend.

Why, when thou hadst them, did they lose
Their scent ? or what hath marred their hues ?
The reason true I know not well ;
For what it was they would not tell.
But this I think, they could not bear
Comparison with one so fair,
And, touching thee, whose fragrant bloom
Outbragged their own, they met their doom.

So when a little lamp is lit,
The blazing fire doth vanquish it ;
And when they cannot face the Sun,
The stars are blinded everyone !

PERCY L. OSBORN.

(1) *Philostr.*, Ep. ix.

THE GROWTH OF A THINKER'S MIND.

A STUDY IN PLATONIC CHRONOLOGY.¹

My best friends will smile, while those who know me less may be inclined to scoff at my predicament in calling attention to a volume where some early work of mine receives unwonted benediction. But circumstances, wholly unforeseen, have been too strong for me. In the spring of 1891 I had a letter from Kazan in Russia. It was in English, and the signature was unknown to me. I learned from it that the labour I had spent with eager hope in 1864-66, the firstfruits of my Greek Professorship, had not been after all in vain; but had given light to an earnest seeker after truth who was ready to afford me the recognition hitherto withheld: namely, that in my introduction to the *Sophistes and Politicus*, published in 1867, I had really made a long step towards the solution of the problem of the chronological order in which the Platonic Dialogues were composed. This meant much more to me than the terms of general commendation, welcome as they had been, which so distinguished a person as the late Master of Trinity, Dr. W. H. Thompson, had accorded to me.² The friendship thus formed by correspondence with Professor Lutoslawski was cemented some years afterwards through personal intercourse, and when I found that my Polish friend was above all things ambitious of making his views known in English, I could not withhold such aid as lay within my power, although I knew that in giving it I might be exposed to some natural misconstruction.

I can only trust that personal associations may be lost sight of when the importance of the subject comes to be seriously considered. And yet there is one aspect of it, not wholly impersonal, on which I feel constrained very briefly to dwell. My master in things Platonic, the late Professor Jowett, thought long and deeply on the question of the order in which the Platonic Dialogues should be arranged. He was at first disposed to place the *Republic* after the dialectical dialogues, because of its maturity as a great literary work. But on one occasion, after expressing this opinion, he added, "Yet the *Sophist* seems to contain a more advanced point of view than is reached in the *Republic*." As I knew my teacher to be still at that time more or less Hegelian in his philosophical preconceptions, it occurred to me that in editing the dialogue I might test the worth of his remark, as well as Socher's objections to the authenticity of the dialogue, by an analysis of the language.³ And I have reason to know that in the

(1) W. Lutoslawski: *On the Origin and Growth of Plato's Logic*. Longmans. 1897.

(2) In the Preface to his edition of the *Phædrus*, 1868.

(3) A Kantian—it appeared to me—might have argued that the *Parmenides*, with its

arrangement which he adopted for his translation (published 1871) he was not uninfluenced by my work of 1867. In the subsequent editions he approached still more nearly to the order which I had suggested. In 1875 the *Gorgias*, which in the first edition had followed the *Republic*, was placed before that dialogue, while the comparative lateness of the dialectical dialogues was expressly assumed, and in the third edition (1892), the last published in his lifetime, not only does the *Philebus* immediately precede the *Laws*, but various reasons are adduced for believing it to be a production of the philosopher's old age. Beyond this point, however, Professor Jowett appears to the end to have refused to commit himself to any positive theory. Such minute investigations as those which Mr. Lutoslawski has summarised in the present work would probably have appeared to him to exceed the legitimate scope of criticism. And, if asked to defend his own arrangement, he would not have done so altogether on chronological grounds. He would have said that dialogues relating to the death of Socrates form naturally a separate group—that what Plato has expressly joined together, as the *Timæus* with the *Republic*, or the *Sophist and Politicus* with the *Theætetus*, ought not to be put asunder, and that after all the chronological order is of less consequence than that in which it is most profitable and convenient that the dialogues should be read. But it might be rejoined, I think, that the chronological order, if known, must in many ways be the most profitable for purposes of study. It may help to remove the impression which is almost unavoidable when the Platonic writings are taken up in the traditional order, that we are conversing, not with one philosopher, but with several. It may tend to modify such a sceptical view as that of Grote, that Plato's was a poetical mind playing more or less fancifully about philosophical questions, catching glimpses of truth in shifting lights, but never advancing. And, although from the peculiar nature of the case, and through our ignorance of his oral teaching, our knowledge of Plato must always remain fragmentary, we may at least be able to fix certain points or moments of transition in the evolution of his thought, and thus be enabled to gauge the value of successive utterances and account for them. To one who has grown familiar with the arrangement which is advocated in the work before us there is something preposterous in the supposition that the *Phædrus*, with its rich philosophical content, can have preceded the *Protagoras*, or that the

antinomies, represented Plato's final position. Thus the course I followed was the reverse of that since adopted by Dr. Henry Jackson in his able series of articles in the *Cambridge Journal of Philology* on "Plato's Later Theory of Ideas." While I cannot but think that his theory contains some things that are arbitrary or even misconceived, I naturally rejoice in his fundamental assumption as to the relative position of the dialectical dialogues. When that is once accepted as proved, the ground will be cleared for further discussion.

Phædo, as has been more recently suggested, came after the *Theætetus*. And the old story of the sojourn at Megara, even if accepted as a fact, is seen to be an utterly inadequate ground for maintaining that the elaborate dialogue which Euclides showed to Terpsion could have been composed within six years after the death of Socrates.

Even a poet is better understood when the real succession of his works is ascertained. The development of Shelley's genius by leaps and bounds from *Queen Mab* to *Alastor*, *Alastor* to *Prometheus* and what followed it would have remained obscure to us if we had no record of the publication of his several poems and of the events of his life. The amazing productivity of Burns' wonderful year 1786, would have been hidden from us but for the diligence of his biographers, and the mature perfection of *Tam o' Shanter*, written some years later, makes us deeply conscious of the loss involved in the poet's early death. But the most striking parallel to the case before us is the example of Shakespeare, of whose life we know so little, yet have been enabled, to a great extent, through the study of his style, to determine approximately the order in which his plays were written. W. Hazlitt, who, next to Coleridge, was the best Shakesperian critic in the earlier decades of the present century, remarked on the infinite variety of a genius which could produce two such different types of ambition as *Richard III.* and *Macbeth*. But when it is perceived that *Richard III.* belongs to the time of Marlowe's influence, say 1595, while *Macbeth* was produced some ten or twelve years later, the most ordinary critic apprehends not merely diversity but growth in knowledge of mankind and human life, in reality and range of characterisation, in the power of tragic construction (here surpassing *Hamlet*), and above all in the concrete dramatic presentation of spiritual forces. Similarly, that Juliet and Cleopatra should be creations of the same mind is marvellous enough, but the marvel becomes more instructive when it is considered that the one came early and the other late in the poet's career. When to anything like the same extent agreement has been reached as to the chronological order of the Platonic writings, we may expect to understand Plato better, not merely in a literary sense, but as a philosopher.

The importance of the question in his case is enhanced by three main considerations: (1) Plato's unrivalled genius for philosophy; (2) the fact that his philosophical activity continued during fifty years; and (3) that this half-century was probably more important than any other period of equal length in the development of the human mind. A great step was made when Plato began to be interpreted from himself, and not in the light of Neo-Platonic mysticism; yet, when the dialogues are thrown down before us in a perverted order, many difficulties remain unsolved, and the various aspects in which philosophical questions are regarded are simply a cause of

perplexity. A great light is shed on this obscurity when it is discovered that the philosopher passed through several phases, the succession of which may be distinctly recognised.

Professor Lutoslawski's book is very distinctly in advance of all that has been hitherto written on this question; and those who read it without prejudice must find much in it convincing. Its chief merit lies in its comprehensiveness. The author, whose knowledge of the literature is nothing short of astonishing, has gathered into one focus all the observations previously made, and has improved on the method of his predecessors by not only enumerating the facts observed, but also weighing them and classifying them according to their relative importance. To this improved method of "Stylometry," as he has called it, he adds a separate comparison of the dialogues according to their logical contents. And in the coincidence of both lines of evidence he finds convincing proofs. By this means he has succeeded, not only in placing the comparative lateness of the dialectical dialogues beyond the reach of doubt, but in obtaining extremely probable results as to the chronological position of the *Phædrus*, *Republic*, *Phædo*, and *Gorgias*, and also of other dialogues, in which the evidence of language is more difficult to estimate than in the latest works, both because the change in Greek prose writing became much more marked after the middle of the fourth century, and because, in the time preceding that, the literary genius of Plato was, in the highest degree, plastic and exempt from mannerism. This notwithstanding, the evidence of Professor Lutoslawski proves irresistibly that the tendencies which fixed themselves in Plato's later style were growing throughout his middle period, and afford a sufficient basis for the conclusions here set forth. Amongst these results one of the most interesting is the view obtained of the gradual maturing of Plato's master-work, the *Republic*. While accepting it in its final shape as a work of consummate art, and in this avoiding the crudity of such theories as those of Krohn and Pfeleiderer, Professor Lutoslawski shows that the work must have been many years on hand, begun probably soon after the completion of the *Gorgias*, then laid aside during the period in which the *Cratylus*, *Symposium*, and *Phædo* were composed, then taken up again and continued, perhaps without interruption from other literary effort, but perhaps with one more interval, when the *Phædrus* was thrown off. In any case, the VIth and VIIth books, which crown the edifice, were finished last.

As Professor Lutoslawski's third chapter, expounding his argument from Stylometry, appears somewhat complicated at first sight, a succinct illustration from modern literature may not be out of place. The *Passing of Arthur*, one of Lord Tennyson's most finished poems, was published at different times in at least three different forms. The *Morte d'Arthur*, with a prelude under the title of "the Epic,"

appeared in 1842. The *Passing of Arthur* came out separately in the volume of the *Holy Grail*, early in 1870. The poem, in its final shape, taking its place amongst the *Idylls of the King*, appears in subsequent issues of the poet's collected works. For the sake of simplicity I select for comparison the poems of 1842 and 1870, the interval between them being twenty-eight years. Tennyson's style in blank verse cannot be said to have altered much; but if the *Holy Grail* volume and the *Idylls* of 1859 had alone remained, we know that a critic who should have distinguished between the earlier and later portions of the *Passing of Arthur* would have been justified. Is there any conceivable internal evidence on which such a judgment could have been based? The poem as a whole consists of 434 lines, of which 264 belong to the original version, and 170 are additional, and were first published in 1870. The alterations made in revising the *Morte d'Arthur* for the later publication are extremely slight; there is, first, more exactness of punctuation, especially with regard to pauses and quotation marks, and also the spelling of "mere" instead of "meer"; secondly, the insertion of a single line improving the connection—

"(Then went Sir Bedevere a second time)
Across the ridge and paced beside the mere
(Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought),"

and, thirdly, the substitution of "diamond sparks" for "diamond studs" in the description of Excalibur's hilt. On these changes it would be possible to refine, but I pass on to the portions that were added in 1870, the opening passage and the close. Here we find—
(1) a palpable difference of mood; (2) evidence of subsequent production; and (3) traces of an altered technique.

(1) Our imaginary critic would at once be struck by the vague eeriness of the atmosphere surrounding "that last dim weird battle of the West." This is the poet's own invention, and it is entirely absent from the *Morte d'Arthur*, in which a special feature is the graphic clearness of the successive pictures; as of Sir Bedevere—

"Counting the dewy pebbles, lost in thought,"

or, as—

"He stepping down
By zig-zag paths and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake,"

or as he—

"Swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,
Larger than human on the frozen hills:"

or when—

"The winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hill."

(2) So far, our critic might arrive at a presumption that the poem had not been written continuously. But it would be only a presumption; because the poet, with exquisite art, has himself accounted for the change by introducing the circumstance of—

“A bitter wind, clear from the North (that came), and blew
The mists aside.”

And the inquirer would have no ground for determining which of the two differing portions was first in order of time. Supposing, however, that the volume of 1859, containing the *Idylls of the King*, had also escaped destruction, he would find an intimation of later composition in comparing the vague mistiness of the opening of the *Passing of Arthur* with the lines in *Guinevere* :—

“And even then he turned, and more and more
The morning vapour rolling round the king
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.”

Here is an anticipation of the “weird, dim” atmosphere, of which the *Morte d’Arthur* gave no hint.

Also, would it not be obvious to him that the poet who wrote of—

“One lying in the dust at Almesbury”

had previously written—

“Prone from off her seat she fell
And grovelled with her face against the floor.

And while she grovelled at his feet
She felt the King’s breath wander o’er her neck,
And in the darkness o’er her fallen head,
Perceived the waving of the hands that blessed.”

Once more, in the opening passage, there are distinct echoes of the *Divina Commedia*, of which all who read the description of the spiritual city in the *Holy Grail* are aware that the poet had made a special study at this time. The—

“wild birds that change
Their season in the night and wail their way
From cloud to cloud”

are uttering the same note with Dante’s cranes—

“Com ’i gru van cantando lor lai,”

and Gawain, “light upon the wind,” is spiritually akin to Francesca and her lover :—

“Che . . . paion sì al vento esser leggieri.”

It may be doubted whether any such clear evidence of close and immediate study of Dante appears in any poem of 1842.

(3) Among points of technique I notice only the following :—

(a) A line runs over into the next with a decided pause after the first syllable of the second line. Of this there are seven examples in the 170 lines which are additional in the later poem :—

“That story which the bold Sir Bedevere
First made and latest left of all the knights
Told,”

“Down the long wind the dream
Shrilled,”

“Thine, Gawain, was the voice,—are these dim cries
Thine,”

“Or doth all that haunts the waste and wild
Mourn,”

“And ever and anon with host and host
Shocks,”

“And with that wind the tide
Rose,”

“Then from the dawn it seemed there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds,”

In the 254 lines of the older part there is not one clear instance of this peculiarity, which occurs occasionally, indeed, in the poet's earliest work, but seems to have been excluded from the “Epic” stateliness and balance of the *Morte d'Arthur*. For the *staccato* effect of “shrill, chill, with flakes of foam” is quite different, and examples of it may be found in both portions. In the *Holy Grail* there are sixteen examples of the pause after the first syllable of a line. Our critic would be justified in classifying this indication as “very important.”

(b) There is running over with a distinct pause before the last syllable of the former line.

There are three examples of this expedient in the later portion, and in none of these is the poet's motive strongly apparent. They have merely the effect of varying the rhythm :—

“Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
Down with his blood.”

“But when the dolorous day
Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came
A bitter wind.”

“They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur.”

A fourth example might be added, though not made clear by the punctuation :—

“ At length he groaned, and turning slowly/clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag.”

In the more extensive earlier portion there is only one example of this mode, and the motive for its introduction is much more distinctly obvious :—

“ And leaping down the ridges lightly, *plunged*
Among the bulrush beds.”

Of this peculiarity there are fourteen examples in the *Holy Grail*. But it could not be reckoned as very important, and it is not infrequent at any period. Again we observe the specially “Epic” style of the earlier portion.

(c) Elision or slurring of syllables.

The elision of a syllable with a following pause occurs rarely in Tennyson’s earlier published works.

There are two examples of this in the *Passing of Arthur* :—

“ And with him many of his people, and knights.”
“ Look in upon the battle, and in the mist.”

No similar elision is found in the *Morte d’Arthur*, but in the *Holy Grail* there are several.

The slurring of a syllable within the word is another licence, or rather refinement, which the poet seems to have denied himself in beginning his “Epic,” but admits again in finishing the Idyll :—

“ Of battle-axes on shattered helms, the shrieks.”
“ Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.”

There is no corresponding example in the earlier poem, while there are at least thirty in the *Holy Grail*.

(d) But, on the other hand, the earlier poem has admitted an hiatus which cannot be paralleled from the later portion.

“ Ah miserablë/and unkind, untrue.”

The nearest approach to this in the later portion is in the line—

“ To war against my peoplë, and my knights.”

But the pause indicated by the comma and the cæsura, taken together, distinguish this from the former case. The point in question, however, although really significant of earlier style, is too isolated to dwell upon, and is what Professor Lutoslawski would call an “accidental peculiarity.” It would rightly be eliminated under his method; but it could not be fairly paralleled by quoting from the *Holy Grail*—

“ In darkness through innumerable hours,”

because the strong *ictus* on the final monosyllable makes elision in this case inadmissible.

The critic who should have drawn this conclusion from such premisses would be accused of insensibility to literary charm, of ignoring the plastic power of genius, of a defective ear, of mechanic counting on his fingers, of mensuration misapplied; and would be compared to those who have thought to square the circle or to cube the sphere by mere geometry. And yet we are in a position to know that he would have been right, although he would have employed only seven or eight tests, of varying strength, instead of the 500 which Professor Lutoslawski has enumerated and classified. He would have been still more rash, yet equally justified, in conjecturing that the larger portion was considerably earlier than *Enid* and *Elaine*.¹

Mr. Lutoslawski is, before all else, a logician, and an historian of logic. Assuming for his purpose the distinction between an early, middle, and later period, which I had formerly indicated, he has ended with confirming and further developing this view, and in giving by this means a more probable and reasonable account of Plato's theory of knowledge than has hitherto appeared. By this effort he has laid the ground-plan and basement for a new study of Plato. It remains for others to build upon this firm sub-structure. In these introductory pages I can only add a few observations and inferences which the recognition of the chronological order has suggested to me.

1. Plato's theory of knowledge.

The changes in Plato's theory of knowledge are so clearly stated in Mr. Lutoslawski's work that little more remains to say. The Socratic search for ethical definitions had awakened the hope of discovering a science of life which should contain the first principle of human conduct. This is described in *Protagoras* as an art of measurement, and in the *Meno* is said to be the possession of that unique person, the virtuous man who can teach virtue; while in the *Gorgias* it is declared that the philosopher's rule of life has the precision and certainty of geometry. Meanwhile, the question has arisen, How is knowledge to be distinguished from mere opinion? Plato's unbounded faith at first supports itself on wings of imagination. The *Meno* gives the earliest hint of pre-existence and the immortality of mind. This is followed up by the dream which concludes the *Cratylus*, and in the *Symposium* the dream passes into an open vision.

(1) The comparison of *The Lover's Tale* might yield a different set of observations, but the discrepancy thence arising would be apparent merely. Tennyson, after "playing off" in *Timbuctoo* the solemnity of Wordsworth (cf. *Soph.*, "τὸν Αἰσχύλον διαπαιχρῶς ὄντων") seems to have indulged in some exuberances, which in his first "Epic" efforts (*Morte d'Arthur*, *Ulysses*) were pruned away, to be again introduced more guardedly and with greater discrimination in his more idyllic treatment of the Arthurian legend; giving richness and variety to his rhythms without loss of dignity.

These poetical utterances prepare the way for what, in the *Phædo*, becomes a positive doctrine, in which the eternity of knowledge is correlated more distinctly than in the *Meno* with the eternity of mind. In the *Phædrus* there is again an allegoric vision, but it is expressly linked with the conception, not of knowledge merely, or of an object of knowledge, but of an organon or method of enquiry, through which alone that object can be approached by man. In the sixth and seventh books of the *Republic* there is a parallel statement, less wild and fanciful indeed, but still allegorical, of the method through which a man may rise from lower to higher planes of truth, and even beyond truth and reality to the source of both in the divine idea. It is in the *Phædrus*, however, that for the first time the logical nature of this method is clearly recognised, although already in *Euthydemus* prevailing logical fallacies had been censured with extraordinary acumen. And when the *Phædrus* had been written, the philosopher became aware that if any of the great truths in which he fervently believed were to be thoroughly established, it was necessary for him seriously to grapple with the prime fallacy, the great central delusion of his age. This was, in a word, the crude assumption of the absoluteness of all affirmation and negation, or, in the language of Plato's time, of being and not-being. The stronghold of this fallacy was the then prevalent form of Eleaticism as modified by Zeno, which had been partially accepted by the Socratic philosophers of Megara. It was this which threatened to make all investigation, including ethical investigation, impossible, by putting controversy in the place of genuine enquiry. Plato in the *Meno* and elsewhere had deprecated eristic disputation, but he now found that his own theory of ideas so confidently advanced in the *Phædo*, and still assumed in the fifth and tenth books of the *Republic*, was not exempt from the universal taint. To solve the difficulty he appeals from the disciples to the Master, by imagining a hardly possible conversation between Socrates when still young and immature, and the aged Parmenides. In this colloquy, again referred to in the *Theætetus* and *Sophist*, the old philosopher puts the young aspirant through all the difficulties surrounding the conception of a separable abstract world. And in the *Theætetus* it is Socrates himself, towards the close of his career, who similarly takes young Theætetus through a series of dialectical problems arising out of the attempt to separate knowledge absolutely from sense and opinion. He professes himself to be haunted by the imagined presence of an eristic adversary, by whose subtlety the very existence of truth seems to be endangered. Both sets of difficulties are resolved in the *Sophist* (where a modern Eleatic philosopher is the principal speaker) through the conception of a communion of kinds, extending even to the notions which at first seem quite irreconcilable, of being and not-being. But in this process the mode of regarding the kinds or species

of being has insensibly undergone a radical change. What had been previously assumed as forms of existence are now more clearly seen to be at the same time forms of thought. And some of these are discerned to be all-pervading. The great law of predication is distinctly formulated and becomes the guide and sanction of a working logic, while the method of generalisation and division, divined in the *Phædrus*, is further developed and applied. The lesson of the Sophist is the same which John Selden gave as a maxim of common sense :

"When a doubt is propounded, you must learn to distinguish and know wherein a thing holds, and wherein it doth not hold. 'Ay or no,' never answered any question. The not distinguishing where things should be distinguished, and the not confounding where things should be confounded, is the cause of all the mistakes in the world."—Selden's *Table Talk*.

The last stage in this course of logical speculation is reached in the *Philebus*, where through an application of the Pythagorean categories of finite and infinite, the attempt is made to combine the notions of number and measure with the previously accepted formulæ of one and many, rest and motion, being and not-being, sameness and difference. The character of this stage of Platonism has been well expressed by Professor Jowett in his Introduction to the *Philebus*, Edit. 3, vol. iv. pp. 570, 571.

"Many thinkers of many different schools have to be interposed between the *Parmenides* or *Philebus* of Plato, and the *Physics* or *Metaphysics* of Aristotle. . . . But although Plato, in the *Philebus*, does not come into any close connection with Aristotle, he is now a long way from himself and from the beginnings of his own philosophy. At the time of his death he left his system still incomplete; or he may be more truly said to have had no system, but to have dived in the successive stages or moments of metaphysical thought which presented themselves from time to time. The earlier discussions about universal ideas and definitions seem to have died away; the correlation of ideas has taken their place. The flowers of rhetoric and poetry have lost their freshness and charm, and a technical language has begun to supersede and overgrow them. But the power of thinking tends to increase with age, and the experience of life to widen and deepen."

Plato's mind is still creative and refuses to be arrested at any prescribed point. In the *Politicus*, besides anticipating the doctrine of measure or proportion he had thrown out a series of *summa genera* under which all conceivable objects might be classified. In the *Philebus* he adduces three several sets of metaphysical first notions which give rise to some confusion by occasionally crossing one another. Yet his respect for simple generalisation as advanced in the *Phædrus* remains unmodified, and is repeated in the *Timæus* and *Laws*.

In the dialogues as here arranged a progress in Plato's mode of treating his predecessors is clearly seen. From casual allusions to Gorgias in the *Meno*, to Heracliteans and Eleatics in the *Cratylus*, to Heraclitus again in the *Symposium*, to Philolaus and Anaxagoras

in the *Phædo*, to Hippocrates in the *Phædrus*, we pass almost suddenly to a very different mode of dealing with the earlier men. The Socratic Elenchus, as moulded by the metaphysical imagination of Plato, becomes a criticism of systems and of philosophical ideas; that interview with Parmenides is the turning-point. Thenceforward each philosophy is treated as a whole, and marshalled under its leading principle:—"Man the measure," "Sense equal to knowledge," "All is motion," "All is rest," "Prime elements can be named but not defined"; these doctrines representing various schools all find their place, are examined and put by, in the subtle and harmonious movement of the *Theætetus*. There is probably no ancient writing (not even the *Metaphysics* of Aristotle), in which so near an approach is made to the modern notion of a history of philosophy, as in the passage of the *Sophist* where materialist and idealistic tendencies are summed up and examined. Appreciation and criticism of high speculative thoughts have never been more happily combined, nor more clearly seen to be a necessary condition of philosophic progress. This is a fruitful mode of dialectic which was not fully anticipated even in the inspired and prophetic visions of the *Phædrus*.

2. Side by side with the advance in logical theory there is a notable progress also in psychology. The simple apprehension of mental operations in the *Charmides* and *Meno* is of a different order from the conception of them in *Phædrus* (whether in the mythical or dialectical portion of that dialogue), or again, in the VIIth book of the *Republic*, where the rational principle enters in to discriminate amongst the confused first impressions of sense. But all these discussions are surpassed in subtlety and firmness of outline by the analysis of sensible perception in the *Theætetus*, which is resumed and carried further in the *Timæus*, or the definition of thought (*εἰσνοια*) in the *Theætetus* and *Sophist*; and a further stage of psychological observation is reflected in the *Philebus*, where the operations of sense, imagination, memory, and reminiscence are described, or where the strange blending of pain and pleasure produced by dramatic art is analysed.

3. A corresponding change is observable in Plato's conception of the physical universe. In his earlier writings, true to the inspiration of Socrates, he hardly takes account of it at all. And when, as towards the end of the *Phædo*, his mind expatiates on a description of "the earth our habitation," it appears that he has not even realised the fact that "up" and "down" are merely relative terms. This confusion is found also in the *Republic*, but the case is altered when we come to the *Timæus*. For, co-ordinate with the great effort to connect ideas and to see them in their relation to reality there is distinctly traceable an increasing speculative interest in the actual world. Experience has throughout a larger place in Plato's thoughts than is

commonly assumed. But when he began to hope to bridge the chasm between idea and fact, between the universal and particular, he became possessed with a fresh interest in the processes of nature. The notion of difference, which had been discussed in the *Sophist*, and that of concrete existence, which plays an important part in the *Philebus*, are carried into this new and unaccustomed region where Plato walks with diffidence and with uncertain steps. But it cannot be said that he takes with him equally the clear logical result of the dialectical dialogues. The sharp opposition of the ideal and the actual, of being and becoming, reappears in a new form. The notion of a perfect pattern after which the imperfect world is made is certainly mythological, but the mythology is of the kind through which, as Plato says, men express their conjectures concerning the unknown. The ideal elements of which the actual elements are impure counterparts remind one of the ideal colours in the *Phædo*. In saying this, of course, I do not mean that Plato ever relinquished his main principle—the reality of the ideal. But the ideal of universal truth as the object of philosophic thought which was expressed in the *Sophist* is hard to bring into relation with the created child of the supreme in the *Timæus*, who is spherical in form and motion and perfect in every member, joint and limb. Other myths having a cosmogonical complexion had appeared in the *Phædo*, *Symposium*, and *Republic*, and more recently in the *Politicus*. But in none of these is there so rich a deposit of Plato's previous thoughts dialectically combined with the physical speculations of his own and former times as in the *Timæus*.

4. In passing from cosmogony to ethics we return from what is occasional to what is central in Plato. The moral standard derived from Socrates is never absent from his thoughts; but his manner of regarding it passes through several stages which come out more clearly when the order of the chief dialogues is known. In the dramatic portraiture of the *Protagoras* we find Socrates upholding the requirement of a scientific morality not hitherto attained. This is here imagined as depending on a calculation of amounts of pleasure. But the reader feels, and Plato evidently felt, that there is some ground for the opposite contention of *Protagoras*, that the virtue of the ordinary citizen, based not on science but on tradition, habit, and convention, has, if not an absolute, yet a relative value. The antinomy is unresolved, and it reappears in the *Meno*, where, however, a partial solution of the difficulty is propounded by referring the unscientific goodness, whose reality cannot be denied, to a sort of divine inspiration anticipating knowledge. But the Platonic Socrates in the *Gorgias* takes a higher tone. Here considerations of pleasure are discarded altogether, and an absolute principle of moral rectitude is asserted, while current modes of ethical and political thought are utterly condemned. In the *Symposium* a

parallel, but not identical, doctrine is conveyed through the idealized image of Socrates as reflected in the confessions of Alcibiades—an image of purity and spiritual elevation that is in the world though not of it, and has the power of leavening the world. The *Phædo* breathes a still loftier tone, in which the ideal is that of a mild asceticism and withdrawal from the world and from the experience of sense. In the *Republic*, without lowering the ideal standard, a certain balance between the higher and lower views is obtained. While the state, as a whole, is to be possessed of all the virtues and the rulers are to rise to the summit both of contemplation and of action, the remaining guardians and the industrious populace are to partake of a wisdom beyond their own, through willing obedience to the rulers; thus realising a lower perfection of courage and of temperance, while justice belongs to all alike so long as each performs his proper function. In the dialectical dialogues, as in the VIth and VIIth books of the *Republic*, and in parts of the *Phædrus*, the ordinary notion of virtue is again absorbed in the philosophical ideal; but the ethical content of that ideal appears distinctly in the enumeration of the qualities of the philosophic nature, in the character of Theætetus, in the digression where philosophers and lawyers are contrasted, and in the contempt for pleasure which pervades the *Philebus*. In the last-named dialogue, however, and less obviously in the *Politicus*, we observe the frank acceptance of practical common sense as a rule of conduct. And finally in the *Laus*, which is a code for the whole body of free citizens, and not for the guardians only, there is a wealth of sound ethical discourse universally applicable to human life, and based rather on experience than on history, in which more of sane moral thinking is concentrated than in any six of the previous dialogues. Plato's most persistent aspiration was to reform mankind, both communities and individuals; and while perhaps his greatest effort had been to clear the sources of knowledge, and so to make intellectual progress possible, this intense endeavour was throughout associated with a practical aim. Even the nature-philosophy of the *Timæus* was only the prelude of a more comprehensive strain that should have hymned the triumph of the perfect human commonwealth in actual achievement.

5. In connection with the ethical aspect of Plato's thoughts it is natural to speak of the person of Socrates. In the *Laches*, *Protagoras* and *Apology*, perhaps also in the *Charmides* and *Lysis*, we seem to be brought nearer than elsewhere to a real presentation. In these dialogues, if we except the *Apology*, there is little or no trace of the impression produced by Socrates' death, or by the conflict which led to it. The man appears before us with all the sharpness of outline and vividness of colour of a true portrait, and although there is no comparison in point of literary skill, yet we recognise at once

the same figure whose sayings are recorded in the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon. His opinions are, as yet, but little tinged with that philosophic idealism which is familiar to us from the dialogues of the middle period. The quasi-utilitarian argument from the sum of pleasures, the simple thesis that virtue is knowledge applied to the definition of specific virtues; the profession of ignorance, only in part ironical as yet, and in the *Apology* applied to the question whether death is a long sleep or not; the frank acceptance of the religion of his countrymen; the provoking and yet fascinating address in dealing both with old and young, are traits which here are seen in primitive *naïveté*. There is even some colour for the belief which some have entertained that the *Laches* and *Protagoras*, for example, may have been written before the death of Socrates. On the other hand such notions as the absolutely lovable in the *Lysis*, and the knowledge of knowledge in the *Charmides*, seem to pass out of the circle of Socratic teaching and to anticipate conceptions which Plato developed afterwards in the *Symposium* and *Theætetus*.

The Socrates of the *Crito* and *Euthyphro* is the same person, but his personality is magnified and his tones are deepened.¹ He is surrounded with an aureole of consecration through the remembrance of his death. In the *Meno* this thought is dwelt upon with increasing bitterness, where he is confronted with Anytus (a scene in which dramatic truth is still preserved); and in the *Gorgias* he stands forth with the full proportions of a martyred saint. He lives again to confront the contemporary world and to "convince it of sin and of righteousness and of judgment." Beginning with the "accustomed irony," showing the most urbane deference to the famous Sophist, he rises gradually to the height of his great argument, and overpowers Callicles with the vision of a future life, depicting the naked and defenceless soul convicted of guilt and trembling before her judge. In the *Symposium*, Socrates, though again transfigured in a different way, is still himself, not indeed in the mystery which he discloses, but in his characteristic attributes, and in the description of his mode of life. In the *Phædo* the transfiguration is carried further still and the dialogue diverges widely from the direction which the mind of the real Socrates had taken. The faithful Crito again appears, Xanthippe and the boys are seen, and there are many other realistic touches which heighten the effect; but the main tenor of the discourse from first to last is Plato's own. And Phædo, Simmias, and Cebes, the beloved disciples, all the more beloved because they are ready on occasion to dispute with their master, are less like the youths who frequented the conversations of Socrates in actual life than they are to those who clustered round the disciple of Socrates in the olive shades of the Academy.

(1) H. Gomperz on this ground would place the *Crito* considerably later.

At the outset of the *Republic* it might be thought that the Socrates of the *Gorgias* had reappeared without material change. In his dispute with Thrasymachus at least, the manner as well as the matter of the altercation with Polus and Callicles seems to be resumed. But it is soon found, and the opening scene with Cephalus and Polemarchus might have prepared us for this—that while the question has shifted, the person of Socrates also is no longer quite the same. Not now contented with asserting that Justice is power, he is patiently inquiring, or leading others to inquire, What is Justice, and how is it to be realised in the world? His relation to friends and companions is also somewhat different from that of the Socrates of former dialogues towards Chærephon, or Charmides, or the aged Crito. He is their acknowledged guide and teacher, and instead of merely convincing them of ignorance, expounds to them, in lucid order, the conclusions of Plato. And if the teaching of B. VII. is compared with *Xen. Mem.* B. IV., we perceive, at once, how far we have travelled from the real Socrates. The Socrates of the *Phædrus* and *Theætetus* is different again. Plato in developing his own philosophy looks back affectionately at the form of him from whom he originally drew his inspiration, and whom he now impersonates afresh. The vividness with which this is done has deceived various critics into attributing each of these dialogues severally to an early stage of Plato's literary activity. But there is a change which is not far to seek, and which betrays the later hand. In the *Symposium* the ideal Socrates was revealed through the praise of Alcibiades; and the positive teaching of the dialogue, though put into his mouth, was represented by him as not his own, but derived from the mystic Diotima. But in the *Phædrus* he betrays with un-Socratic openness the secret of his own intellectual life, and when it is needful that he should discourse at large and not through interrogating another, he declares himself to be seized with an unwonted inspiration. This expedient for saving appearances is transparent enough. The Socrates who is led forth into the country and reclines under a plane-tree by the Ilissus, who catches a new afflatus from the nymphs that haunt the spot, is certainly not the Socrates of the *Protagoras*. Similarly in the *Theætetus*, while formally retaining the confession of ignorance, he dilates upon his own function as an educator in exact accordance with Plato's theory of education as stated in the *Republic*, an instance of self-display of which the Socrates of the early dialogues would never have been guilty. And in the digression addressed to Theodorus he dilates on the high vocation of the philosopher, less in the manner of the *Apology* than of *Rep.* B. VI. There are, indeed, single points in this dialogue, such as the definition of the *ᾠφέλιμον* as turning on forecasts of the future, which recall Socratic teaching, but they are woven into the texture of the dialogue with true Platonic skill.

The Socrates of the *Parmenides* is hardly worth mentioning in this connection. But we may dwell for a moment on another point which has led to misunderstanding. Because the *Parmenides* and the *Theætetus* have a negative result, as the *Protagoras* had, they have been supposed to belong to the same period, as dialogues of search. That is a superficial view which takes no account of the different subject matter. As Plato began his ethical stage with raising difficulties and leaving them unsolved, he takes a similar course in opening his higher metaphysical career. The meaning of this will be made evident to readers of the present volume. In the *Sophist* and *Politicus* as in the *Parmenides*, Socrates is partially withdrawn. He retains his urbanity, but in combination with a gravity to which we have not been hitherto accustomed. In the *Philebus* he appears once more as the leader of the discourse, but greatly altered from his former self. He has now less in common with the Socrates of the *Apology* and *Protagoras* or with that wonderful creation the Socrates of the *Phædrus*, than with the solemn figure of the Eleatic stranger or with that of the Athenian of the *Laws*, which, as a *domino* rather than a mask, thinly veils the personality of Plato himself. The subject of the dialogue is the Socratic identification of wisdom with the good. And that is doubtless the reason why Socrates again occupies the leading place. But nothing can be less Socratic than the method of treatment. The cardinal notions on which the argument turns are from the repertory of the Pythagorean philosophy, about which Socrates knew little and cared less. And the tone of the conversation is formal, the humour forced—the “accustomed irony” is nowhere, unless we regard it as directed, not towards any human being, but against a personification of the abstract notion of pleasure. The atmosphere, so to speak, is altered too. We are no longer in the Athenian market-place, or in the house of Callias, or in some *Palæstra* whither the free youth resort, but in the class-room of a school where the master sometimes indulges in heavy pleasantry, and is on genial terms with his pupils, but where his authority is undissembled and unquestioned.

6. As the person of Socrates retires, that of Plato becomes a little more distinctly perceptible. The philosopher's real feeling shines through the dramatic envelopment which is becoming attenuated. Mr. Lutoslawski has noted several points where the traditional circumstances of Plato's life may be thought to be reflected in the dialogues. Without dwelling on these, for I cannot attach much weight to the epistles of Plato, I may indicate some respects in which the order of the dialogues, as here presented, enables us to trace the successive phases of a great spirit at once philosophical and practical. The order of the three dialogues, *Symposium*, *Phædo*, and *Phædrus*, is instructive. Plato, in writing the *Symposium*, was in full harmony with the normal aspirations of the Athenian mind. Polus and

Callicles, indeed, have disappeared, but a company is assembled with all of whom the philosopher is more or less in sympathy. He insinuates his high lesson, rather than dictates it, and holds up the example of Socrates in the prime of life to their spontaneous admiration. Divine truth is to permeate mankind, to purge the mists of passion and desire, to lift the soul out of the mire of sense, to the contemplation of the limitless ocean of ideal beauty. Thus mortal man is to partake of immortality, as far as mortal nature may. Living consciously in communion with the highest, his life will become supremely worth living. That is the first effect of the revelation of the ideal. It sums up all previous aspirations after higher things and imparts completeness to them. But the universal once beheld, leads onward to a yet loftier mood. In its growing light all earthly interests are annihilated. Must not this have been the secret which enabled Socrates, when doomed to die, "to cast away the dearest thing he owed as 'twere a careless trifle"? Nay, must not the philosopher, in contemplating immortal perfection, reap for himself the assurance of immortality? an immortality not to be compared to the Pindaric picture of Elysium, or the joys promised to the *Mystæ*, or the other vague traditions that were glanced at in the *Meno*, but one infinitely more worth having, an eternal beatific vision lifting the soul to an equality with Gods? This, then, was the wealth that Pluto hid, the boon which Hades, the unseen, has in store for the soul, as hinted in the *Cratylus*. Let us then renounce all other so-called joys, and steep our souls in contemplation and philosophic discourse, which is, in other words, the meditation of death.

So, perhaps, we may venture to interpret the alternation from gay to grave which brought the *Phædo* so closely in the rear of the *Symposium*. When we open the *Phædrus* the gaiety has returned; we are again in the great world, and in the presence of the rhetorical teacher. But the effect of the two previous Dialogues remains. Plato is now sure of his mission as the accepted leader of a school, and can afford to glance beyond its boundary at Lysias, whose great reputation he holds lightly, and at Isocrates, whom he condescends to treat with respect. The ideal world is now seen from afar off. And the philosopher who is assured by it of immortality, "and by the vision splendid is on his way attended" goes forth armed with his method of dialectic which he derives from it, to be the inspired instructor of mankind. Mr. Lutoslawski thinks that the *Phædrus* follows the *Republic*. This question is complicated by the doubt not yet resolved whether the *Republic* was written continuously or not. I would suggest, as an alternative hypothesis, that the *Republic* may have been sketched in outline, and the first four books may have been written when the task was impatiently thrown aside for a time as the philosopher returned with renewed energy to his work as a teacher

and that at this juncture the *Phædrus* may have been written. Be this as it may, the two Dialogues belong to the heyday of Plato's career, when he was most full of confidence in himself and in his mission, and of sanguine hope for the future of the world. In his time of triumph, he becomes more gentle towards his contemporaries, although the personal note of scorn and "*sæva indignatio*" also occasionally breaks forth.

But a cloud appears on the horizon. When he looks steadily at that vision of the ideas, at that science of dialectic which seemed, like another Pallas, to have sprung forth full-grown and armed from the philosopher's brain, and when he reconnoitres that "longer way" which is to lead him into all truth, he perceives the possibility of serious questionings. These are elaborately set forth in the *Parmenides* and *Theætetus*: and are disposed of in the *Sophist*, *Politicus*, and *Philebus* in the manner and to the extent which is described in the present volume.

A cloud has also risen to obscure that vision of a reformed humanity which in the *Republic* had appeared so bright. The reception of that great dialogue, and possibly the failure of some attempt to realise it in Sicily or elsewhere, the continual declension of his countrymen, these and other causes of which we know nothing must have intervened to account for the profound strain of pessimistic misprision of mankind, which we meet with for the first time in the *Politicus*. Another change of a different order goes along with this. From a patriotic Athenian (the author of the *Crito*) Plato is becoming cosmopolitan. Such hope for mankind as he still retains does not centre in Athens, but ranges about the Hellenic world. Even the distinction of Hellene and Barbarian is fading away, and is attributed to the partiality of local pride. Linguistic indications, such as the admission of Ionic vocables and the like, confirm our impression of this tendency.

When illusions and disappointments alike have passed away, in the serenity of age, the philosopher may take stock of the solid gains which have accrued to him from the long course of experience, observation, and reflection; and if enough of the divine fire and of the enthusiasm of humanity remains to him, he may seek by one final effort to communicate somewhat of the good which he has found to mankind. That Plato was such a philosopher is what constitutes the great and abiding interest of the *Laws*. Every page of this his longest writing abounds with common-sense, but it is a common-sense which has a world of philosophy as well as of experience behind it. Plato no longer appears to touch the sky with his crown, as when the first vision of the ideal world seemed to give him assurance of the immediate possession of a new and transformed universe. Nor does he yield, as in the *Politicus*, to the depressing thought that the power

which made the world has relinquished it, even for a time, to chance and human caprice. He looks forth sadly on the erring race of men, but not without hope and kindly persistent effort. That religious feeling about the external universe, which appeared increasingly in the *Sophist*, *Philebus*, and *Timæus*, has strengthened in him the conviction that the merely mechanical notion of the course of nature is impious and mistaken. It is as clear to him as to the modern physicist that every particle of so-called matter is not lifeless, but instinct with energy; but he is not content with that: he imagines further that a transcendent spiritual power is impelling it in ways inconceivable by us. This power is Mind. And while it cannot be maintained that there is no such thing as a malevolent mind, yet on the whole and in the long run the beneficent mind prevails. The eternal supremacy of Mind, and the transcendency of number (cf. *Philebus*) are almost the only purely metaphysical notions which appear in the *Laws*. These might have been further developed if the section relating to the higher education of the Nocturnal Council had ever been written. As it is, in the evolution of Plato's philosophy, the ethical interest is finally predominant, and it prevails in banishing for ever from the moral sphere those aberrations of erotic passion which Plato, though never giving them the rein, had once not disdained to make the vehicle of his romantic idealism. Nor does the end of his career forget the beginning. The paradox of the *Gorgias* has become a commonplace. Death is not the greatest evil. The Socratic doctrine of ignorance and the involuntary re-appears in a modified form, and suggests some further determinations which bring it more into harmony with experience. The worst ignorance is that which says, "Evil, be thou my good." The absence of envy is still the greatest test of goodness, as in the *Phædrus* and *Timæus*. The truth of immortality is assumed as the ground of moderation in funeral display, in a passage which forcibly recalls the conversation of Socrates with Crito at the end of the *Phædo* (cf. also 828 D. with *Gorg.* 524). In other passages the tone, in referring to this subject, is rather that of the *Symposium*, that man should aim at partaking of immortality so far as this is possible for a mortal being. It follows, that to Plato's mind these two views were to the last not incompatible, nor is the argument of the *Phædrus* left out of sight—that the prime mover must be of the nature of soul, and must be immortal. And though little is said about dialectic, the philosopher is still the man who can distinguish rightly between different aspects of a question, and also who can generalise a multiplicity of scattered phenomena under one universal law or principle.

Lastly, in the *Laws* we have the philosopher's final attitude towards Hellenic religion. There is no trace of irony in the passages, and there are many of them, in which he prescribes conformity to tradi-

tional worships. The great rule, that the beneficial is the holy, is carefully preserved; but Plato's selection of the Deities who are to preside over various public functions, while in each choice we find a Platonic motive, is in true accordance with Hellenic feeling. The introduction of Dionysus in the earlier books to counteract a bare asceticism, is perhaps not to be taken too seriously. But the consultation of the Delphic oracle on matters not determined by the law, the punishment of sacrilege, the special honours given to Pluto and Eileithyia, the dedication of the artisan class to Hephæstus and Athena, the description of Nemesis as the messenger of Δίκη, the distribution and ordering of festival days, the consecration of the lot as the judgment of Zeus, the institution of priesthoods, the solemn appointment of the νομοφύλακες in the temple of Apollo and the Sun, the special consecration of the εὐθύναι (945E)—these and the like provisions are seriously intended with the view of maintaining genuine religious sentiment in connection with the strict observance of the laws. The inculcation of a spirit of reverence pervades the whole work.

On the other hand, Plato is as firmly convinced as ever of the necessity of purifying mythology and diffusing worthy conceptions of the divine nature.

The gods of the national worship (οἱ κατὰ νόμον ὄντες θεοί, 904A), above all Zeus, Apollo, and Athena, are still to be revered; but a higher and more substantial divinity is attributed to the heavenly bodies, or rather to the souls that animate them and regulate their motions—it is blasphemy to speak of any of them as “wandering stars”—and higher yet is the silent worship given to the supreme invisible Mind that moves and guides the world (ὁ βασιλεύς). In this conception Plato rises out of the pantheism which had already permeated and transformed polytheism, but in legislating for the men of his time this higher thought appears to him rather as the harmonizing medium which is to dominate and reform the old traditions than as a mere abstract or transcendent notion which is to annihilate them.

LEWIS CAMPBELL.

CYCLES AND CYCLING :

SOME NOTES OF THE SHOWS.

SURELY it is no longer worth while, in writing of cycles and cycling, either to give a sketch of the sport or a history of the theory and construction of the machine. But yesterday, it would have been absolutely necessary to explain the cycle and why it should be used. To-day, every one knows, or rather thinks he, or especially she, knows, far more about it than any one else. But yesterday, the greatest feats or the newest developments in the sport or the industry, feats and developments that far eclipse more recent performances, were but a subject for sneers in the press, if noticed at all. To-day, the records of the tyre-tied amateur and the shady company promoter are more seriously received and considered in the daily papers than even the spouting of the statesman or the babbling of the parson. Certainly, then, it would be useless to do more than call attention to the vital questions of the hour in cycling and, therefore, the most vital issues of the moment. And yet, when one looks back a few years, how comic it is !

Of the questions which during the last twelve months have agitated the world, first and foremost is that of the chain-driven cycle *versus* the chainless. It was to see the chainless bicycle that the world crowded to the Agricultural Hall and the Crystal Palace. Most people imagine that this is a new thing, though, as a matter of fact, it is one of the oldest stories in cycling. On early tricycles, even on early bicycles, there were variations of chainless driving gears, while the present form itself was produced five years ago by Mr. Hemingway. It was, however, never taken up until now. But whereas some years since, bicycle makers, as a rule, were engineers, machinists, inventors, like Lallemand, Starley, and Humber, working each for himself in his own shop ; to-day, bicycle making is in the hands mainly of huge company-promoted, stock-jobbed concerns, some of whose principal people have no practical knowledge of the cycles they make. What they do understand is the invention or new device which they can patent and boom ; and to secure that patent they employ the best legal and technical experts, and to maintain it they continuously encumber the law courts. The race is no longer to produce the most perfect piece of machinery possible, but to sell the largest number of wheels or tyres. The small maker worked with his own hands and catered to his individual customers ; the large works of to-day simply turn out from one to a dozen patterns, from which, though none may suit the majority of riders, no deviation is allowed.

Four or five years ago, when one got a machine from the maker, one obtained for £20 something that could be relied on, and no guarantee was wanted. The guarantee system to-day is but a sop for bad workmanship and inattention to details. The machines of 1890 and 1891 are, some of them, still in good condition. The bulk of the machines sold at present will not last six months without elaborate repairs. A reliable machine is very little lighter than it was five years ago, but it is very much more fragile and delicate. So long as people know nothing about machines, the same system will be continued as more or less profitable to many of the makers.

But it is a waste of time to consider the cycle as it is used and misused by ninety-nine out of every hundred riders. For them the enamel is of more importance than the metal under it, the nickel plating must be protected even if the balls and bearings are smashed. A lady-like demeanour must be preserved, even if every hill is walked. While old gentlemen seem to imagine that they should be able to ride with the same comfort with which they snore in their clubs. Yet there is a small section of genuine cyclers who take intelligent interest in the cycle and its evolution. To one who has followed this development, and ridden a bicycle from the time of the bone-shaker until to-day, who has toured upon the ordinary, the extra-ordinary, the Kangaroo, the Facile, the geared ordinary, and the safety in all its forms, and the tricycle in its endless designs, it is curious to reflect that, superficially, the bicycle has again come back almost to its original form. The 1898 machine is very like the 1868 one, and yet utterly unlike it.

It so happens that the chainless bicycle in this country has been exploited by one firm until the present with comparatively little success. Some trivial point about it has been patented, and, by means of that trivial point, its manufacture is controlled in England and on the Continent. In America the chainless machine is being exploited by the Pope Manufacturing Company, which bears very much the same relation to cycle invention that the late Mr. Barney Barnato did to the development of South Africa. A year ago it was demonstrated by the performances of paid riders, in France, that the chainless bicycle was the fastest and the easiest known. But a few weeks ago, another paid rider appeared and eclipsed these performances by nearly fifty miles on a chain-driven machine. Though this, for the time, has exploded the claim of greater speed advanced by the inventors of the chainless machine, it might be remarked that neither of these records is of the slightest value whatever to the ordinary road-riding cyclist, for whom alone my article is written. After a practical trial, though to a somewhat limited extent, of the chainless bicycle, the conclusions arrived at are, that it is very much neater than the chain-driven wheel, very much more compact, this being true

especially of the latest models in which the shaft that transmits the power is inside the fork-leg of the machine; there is no chain to get out of order and require constant attention, there is no gear-case to rattle, smash, collapse, or curl up. The machine ridden was an Acatène, geared to eighty-four. It mounted all the hills of North London, Hampstead, Highgate, Muswell, and Harrow, on a very bad day, with much more ease than a Rover geared to ninety-two. In fact, I could not get up on the Rover thus geared. But a light, chain-driven racing machine, geared to seventy-two, went up much more easily than either of the others. The three were tried on the same day. Of course the trials were not altogether fair. They should have been made on the same machine geared to the same height, and on one occasion fitted with a chain, and on the other with the bevel gear, if this could have been done. As to the action of the chainless gear, it is very interesting. The machine starts off at once, there is no wasted energy in getting up speed, the power seems to be directly transmitted, there is no grinding or crashing, no looseness of parts. The machine moves off as easily as the well driven engine from a railway station. But as it starts, you become aware of a tremor and a jar from the cog-wheels that are rapidly revolving under your feet, and this increases with the pace up to a certain point, and is very like, though to a much less degree, the vibration on the old solid-tyred ordinary. And as one begins to climb a hill, and as the foot reaches the bottom of the stroke, a curious sort of stoppage occurs, a curious sort of dead centre which requires one to shove with the other foot; but there is no give or loss, as with the chain when not kept tight. The makers of the Acatène, and it alone is now referred to, say that the vibration comes from the fact that the machines are new and do not run as sweetly and silently as they will after a little wear. This may be quite true. But the grinding and the tremor will be felt in everyone of these chainless machines simply by turning the pedal with the hand. The makers also declare that, to get the best results, one must pedal in a different way than on the chain-driven bicycle, and this, too, may be true. The ease in stopping the machine, in back-pedalling, the absence of all back-lash and jar is phenomenal; and in going ahead again the machine responds at once. But whether the defects here pointed out can be remedied, or will be removed by use, and, still more important, whether these machines will last for a year, or even six months, is not yet known. By next autumn, however, the whole question will be settled by practical riders, and it cannot be settled before. As to the assertion of the Pope Manufacturing Company, whose chainless machines are beautifully made and beautifully finished in every superficial detail, that they have staked much upon them, one would imagine from their lists, in which they are making an equally strong bid with chain-

driven machines, retailed for £8, that they were trying to cover themselves from risk of loss on chainless machines offered for £25. There has been a severe slump in cycle business in America during the last year, and something had to be done. I have also tried, though only in the grounds of the Crystal Palace, the Quadrant Cross-Roller Gear Safety. The gear of this machine is not so compact as that of the Acatène. The gear-wheels are furnished with roller-bearing pegs, which engage each other almost at right angles. The makers believe that there is much less friction in the machine than in those driven by cog-wheels. Besides, if one of the cog-wheels is broken or worn in the bevel-gear machines, an entirely new wheel has to be provided by the makers, and they alone can provide it; but the little pegs which transmit the power on the Quadrant can be easily replaced, while provision is made for changing the gearing, for oiling, and even, though they say it is never needed, for adjustment. Theoretically, then, I should fancy that the Quadrant must be an improvement on the Acatène; practically, there is as yet no adequate proof. There seemed to me, in my short trial of a few minutes, to be less vibration. Wyatt's interchangeable chainless gear showed apparently the same system of driving. But its inventors offer as further advantage the fact that three different gears may be used with the same wheel, any one of which may be employed, without stopping or dismounting, by shifting a handle placed near the head. The machine can be back-pedalled, or thrown entirely out of gear, allowing the pedals to rest. It is most ingenious and most complicated. There are various other chainless gears, the Protean, the Eccentric chain wheel, which again crops up—the old varieties are for ever reappearing—the Squire frictionless cycle, Barker's compound cranks, and the Elliptic chainless safety, though one wonders if many of these will ever be seen to any extent on the road, the only real test of all machines. In ordinary chain-driven machines, for both men and women, the tendency this year is to increase the height of the gear and lengthen the cranks. There is no question that good riders who are tall have all along been riding machines geared too low, with cranks that are too short. But it is doubtful whether the average man can ride a gear much over seventy, day in and day out on a tour. For, against head winds and up and down hills, even good riders complain of fatigue and stiffness next day, though they may have covered only forty or fifty miles on very high-gearred machines.

As to the American bicycle, another burning question. Much has been claimed for it, and much denied it. Whether the English makers are afraid of the machine, and therefore deliberately boycotted it at the National Show, or whether it was thought indispensable that contributors to the exhibition should be allowed each to display thirty machines, and thus quickly fill all available space, it is

not for any one outside the trade to decide. Anyway, no foreign machines were included in the National Show, for which they were entered, and the consequence was that few of them obtained a place at the Stanley, where they would have been welcomed. During the last few years Europe has been invaded by the American bicycle, and the reasons for this invasion are simple to understand. The most expensive American bicycle costs less and looks prettier than the most expensive English one. It has more wood rims, and wood handle-bars, and nickel-plated parts, and electric lamps, and other fal-lals, than probably can be found in any English machine. The average rider to-day cares for nothing but novelties, and the American supplies him with them. Again, we are always told that the American bicycle is lighter than the English machine. But when you put a decent spring to an American saddle, when you add a proper brake, mud-guards, gear-case, a double-tube tyre, and a steel rim, it is just about as heavy as an English machine; while, if you remove these indispensable parts from an English wheel, it weighs just about as much as the American. For months there has been a wild discussion also as to the comparative merits of wood and steel rims. The American wood rim is but the survival in that country of the wooden bicycle. It is only a few years since it was announced, with the same blowing of trumpets which has heralded the chainless machine, that the American bicycle, like the American buggy, would be made of wood, and so it was for a season. It was constructed more or less like the bamboo or like Humber's cotter-pinned aluminium bicycle, which may be the coming design; though even the spokes of the American wheels were made of wood. But wood rims are all that are left of the great American hickory wheel. And the wood rim is used because the single-tube tyre, the "hose-pipe"—an English invention that caught on only in America—fits it best. The wood rim will not stand—even its own makers admit this—a double-tube tyre, and as the "hose-pipe" tyre is one of the worst things ever invented, it is natural to suppose there must be something besides practicability to encourage its extensive use in that country. I have, to the best of my ability tried to find out why wood rims and single-tube tyres were ever used. Rabid supporters can give no reason, except that they manufacture the articles.¹ The reasons against these tyres and rims are almost endless. It has been demonstrated by tests—not on the road, but in theoretical machines—that the weight, the elasticity, and the strength of wood and steel are almost equal. But if one should ride a wood rim with a partially deflated tyre over a stony, flinty road—the only practical test—it is just possible that, after a mile or two, a large number of pieces would be cut bodily out of the rim by the stones. Under the same circumstances, a steel rim would

(1) "One has declared to me recently, as an excellent reason, that they are "neater."

only be bent or nicked, a matter of small importance. This alone, one would think, is enough to warn most cyclers against the wood rim. But the majority of people who ride a bicycle are utterly unacquainted with the elementary details about its construction and use, and somehow a yellow wood rim, owing to the colour, is at this moment the fashion. On the Continent, makers paint steel rims yellow.

There are just as radical defects in the single-tube tyre. A puncture means that you puncture the whole fabric, which can seldom be made solid again. In the double-tube tyre, the outer cover, equivalent to the single tube, may be and is often punctured, slit, and gashed about, and yet no air escapes. Unless the inner tube is pierced nothing happens, and it alone has to be repaired, and when repaired, by sliding the outer cover half an inch, a perfectly new surface will be presented. I have found the only time I ever rode a single-tube tyre—and once was enough—that, after a few months, it was cracked and pierced with holes all round it, and no amount of patching would make it hold air again properly. As if the tyre was not bad enough in itself, the American maker supplies metal brake spoons to the front wheel, if supplied at all, which are warranted in one good coast of a few miles to wear out any tyre, single or double. But Americans do not use brakes until they come over here, nor do they carry gear-cases, a proof that now-a-days they do not ride in bad weather; while mud and dress guards are of the most primitive and flimsy description. The crank shaft and axle, and in some cases even the chain wheel, of these machines are all in one piece; with the result that a bad bend in the shoulder of the crank means that the tourist probably will have to buy a new bicycle. I am an American, and I rode American machines for years. But at the present time I can only say that I should never think of touring on any one I have lately seen. They are beautifully made—made like a watch, it is sometimes said—beautifully finished. But they are made for and used as fair weather carriages. They can only be repaired, in many cases, by mechanics furnished with special tools. Though one may tour hundreds of miles without accident, for I believe the metal and construction are usually good, yet the slightest mishap, as likely as not, would necessitate the fitting of an entire new part of some other make, if it could be fitted, or the end to a trip. As a tourist I refuse to be thus handicapped. If I were in America I should probably again ride an American bicycle. But until American machines are constructed so that they can be repaired by any ordinary mechanic or blacksmith, I do not want to ride them in Europe.

Tyres are another burning question, but it seems to me a very simple one. The tourist, the real road rider, wishes a tyre that he can repair with the greatest ease; for the puncture invariably does come. What is wanted, then, is a tyre that can be got out of the

rim, and, if it is wired on, the longer the puncture is staved off, the harder this is, until finally, if you have ridden for some months, you may not be able to get it out at all. Therefore, charming as is the sight of the deft-fingered damsels at the shows dissecting wired-on pneumatics, the wise man will steer clear of those sirens. The best type of the pneumatic that I know of is the Clincher. The only defect ever alleged against it was that, if the tyre punctured, it might fall off, and if one was riding at any speed, an accident would be the result. I have punctured a Clincher going down hill and it did not fall off; but if it did, I do not see that anything dreadful would happen. This was a serious thing on an old ordinary. But I have had tyres come off safeties, and I have no recollection that anything dramatic occurred. I have heard a great deal about the Fleuss tubeless tyre. At the two shows almost every machine seemed to be fitted with it. The makers affirm that, although it is not even a tube, nothing but a strip of rubber and canvas like an outer cover with a tongue to it, it combines all the best points of both the single and the double tube, that it punctures with the greatest difficulty, and can be repaired with the greatest ease. Never having ridden one, however, I must as yet take their word for it. I admit I am a trifle sceptical.

Brakes, too, this year—possibly owing to the action of the police—have occupied an enviable amount of attention. Here, again, one might imagine that in the rear-wheel band-brake something new had been invented; as a matter of fact, the band-brake on the hub is almost as old as the bicycle. I forget if I have ever tried it on a bicycle, but on tricycles I can only say that it usually acted when one did not want it to, and never acted when one did. To compel it to work properly one dosed it with resin or gravel and sand, and when on the next hill one applied it, the people encountered thought the machine must be surrounded by a legion of invisible, screeching devils. If the band got wet it went on, even up hill. If a drop of oil fell upon it, it refused to act under any circumstances, and it was always breaking down at the most unexpected places, times, and seasons. An endless number of back-peddalling brakes have been brought out during the last year, all of which it seems to me—who have never used them, and never mean to in their present form—are a little worse one than the other. Some will only go on when you get the pedals at a certain angle, though at the psychological moment they never are at that angle, and you have to stop pedalling to get them there. Others lock the machine quite tight if you attempt to get off by the pedal. And yet such things sell, and people appreciate them apparently. Still, good brakes are made, and always have been, and the person who rides a bicycle without one is a fool. Ordinary front-wheel brakes, if the spoon is shod with rubber and fits the tyre, will not wear it out, though I believe there are many people who

do not use brakes for fear of spoiling their tyres, and, to save a few shillings, will break their necks. It is a curious commentary on the present value of human life. There are at the present day at least two excellent rear-wheel brakes to be had—in fact, both can be applied to any wheel in almost any position. One is the Pneumatic which I have used nearly a year, over many thousand miles of road. The brake itself is an air-tight pad which is pumped up to any extent required by a little bulb attached to the handle bars. It stays on as long as it is wanted, though you have occasionally to pump it up again, and it may be instantly let off. It should really be used as a drag; it controls to any degree the speed of the machine. If an ordinary plunger brake on the front wheel is also used, the machine may be brought almost instantly to a standstill, and no accident should happen unless the rider loses his head—the cause of almost all accidents. With this brake I have coasted all the higher Swiss passes and the Cornish hills. The only objection to it is that, if the tyre puncture, the brake at once ceases to act. In fact, the tyre must be pumped up hard to make the brake act properly. As in the case of all other good brakes, it does not wear the tyre. Bowden's horse-shoe rim brake, applied by a wire, in which the problem of attachment of brake levers is utterly done away with, acts upon the rim, and the puncturing of the tyre therefore will have no effect upon it. It also, like the Pneumatic, remains on automatically. This principle of the rim brake—that is, of rubber washers pressing against the rim—has been taken up by several of the makers, but Bowden's is by far the best and the simplest. A brake-holder for the ordinary plunger on long hills is almost imperative; but though this useful little accessory was brought out many years ago, it cannot, so far as I know, be obtained any longer in a simple form. The many varieties of brakes that are put on by complicated action, such as the Whippet brake and the Doolittle, seem too complex to bother about; while the different schemes for free running wheels are most of them but resurrections of discarded old ideas. Of all these the Jubel appeared to me by far the best. A device of this sort may act perfectly on the machine driven on a revolving floor in one of these shows, and refuse to act altogether when it is wanted on the road.

For rational and intelligent tourists the gear-case is an absolute necessity. Though many are shown, varying both in form and in structure, but two or three styles are worth anything, and there is but one substance out of which they should be made. You get either a virtually undetachable gear-case, like the Carter or the Sunbeam, in which the chain runs in an oil bath, or else a detachable one, and the only really easily detachable gear-case, to my knowledge, is the Presto. The novice can look at his chain, or take the whole thing off without any trouble, and yet it is practically water and dust proof;

otherwise a gear-case is of no use at all. It must be of metal. If well made, it should not rattle; if badly made or fitted, it will. Celluloid cases are very pretty and, like most pretty things, of slight utility. A little heat, a little rain, a little wear, and they are curled, crinkled forms, far from suggestive of their original glassy elegance. As for leather, although it is noiseless, one good shower settles it. A neat form of gear-case was that fitted to the Fleet cycles this year, the frame of which acted as a stay to the machine—a very clever arrangement. Mud-guards, whatever they are made of, should follow the tyre closely, and all practical tourists know enough to add a shield to the bottom of the guard on the front wheel. Luggage carriers, lamps, saddles, and bells present such an endless variety that the wary tourist usually takes his well-tried adjuncts of this sort from his old wheel and fixes them to the new. But of saddles, it possibly might be said that they were perfected some years ago. All that is wanted is a strong, comfortable, easy seat, properly shaped. The better makers produce such saddles, and with them saddle soreness is a thing of the past. If you really wish to ride with pleasure and ease, you must sacrifice all idea of using a saddle which gives with every movement of the body, because this lessens the power of the leg just where it is wanted. You require a firm fixed point from which to give your muscular thrust, and not a yielding mass which lessens it. Good luggage carriers that I should be willing to recommend are not made any longer. The best were the leather bags to fit the frame, made by Rendle & Underwood; but, owing to the narrow tread, these now cannot be used on many machines, which is only one of the numerous disadvantages of the fashion for narrow tread. It is in practical matters of this kind that cycles to-day are vastly inferior to those of a few years ago. The sole object now is lightness and compactness.

At both the Exhibitions this year there was a great novelty, the Pedersen and the Cantilever bicycles. They had hardly been seen, and I doubt if, in its present form, the Pedersen machine will often be seen again. In it everything has been sacrificed to lightness. It must be made to fit one, for neither the saddle nor the handles are adjustable. But I have an idea that, carefully as it might be measured, a great deal of adjustment would be necessary before it could be ridden with comfort. The wheels are ridiculously small, and this greatly increases the vibration. Though they are said to weigh from eleven pounds, for a lady's machine, up to thirty, for a tandem, the lightness has been arrived at by dispensing with ordinary saddles, brakes, mudguards, and all the usual accessories. The Company's circular speaks of the Lady's Roadster, but how the lady in a short skirt, who figures in it, is going to get on the machine, or what she will look like when she is there, is left to the imagination. As

the rider is compelled, on the standard pattern of these machines, to adopt the most scorcheresque attitude, without the power even of shifting his grip on the handles, the state of temporary paralysis which might be induced can easily be imagined, and there seems a danger that he would be ultimately impaled on the head which conveniently projects almost into his abdomen. If the saddle broke, or the wire-back stays gave out, I certainly do not see how, with the greatest care, this could be avoided. While, if the machine upset, and one sat down upon it, would the eleven pounds stand eleven stone? It may be beautifully made, but one does not expect a watch spring to run Big Ben. On the other hand, the Cantilever, virtually the same machine, is much more practical. The back brace is not of wire but of tubing. The saddle and the handles are adjustable. A woman can ride it, as the top bar may be removed. Rigidity and lightness enabling a very much higher gear to be used with less exertion and insuring, it is maintained, greater speed, are the qualities sought for. Whether everything else has been sacrificed, a season's use upon the road alone can prove. However, the bicycles up to the present generally preferred for touring weigh, with everything on, nearer forty than twenty pounds. If this Cantilever or Pedersen machine will allow us to dispense with twenty pounds, we will do so at once. One of the most unfortunate features is that luggage cannot be stowed in the frame, save in very small packages. Brown's triangulated frame for women's machines has somewhat the look of the bottom part of the Cantilever. It undoubtedly possesses great structural advantages.

The growth of the use of aluminium and other metals which, like wood, were to supersede steel, is very slow. A mysterious compound called Romanum is the latest attempt in this direction. It is not, however, my intention, nor should I be able, to enter into the theoretical or the scientific construction of the bicycle. The merits of chains, the strife of chain pitch, the battle of the hubs, the gauge of tubing, the testing of steel—these are theoretic and scientific questions which the practical rider leaves to the often unpractical maker and the engineering expert. The maker must be trusted to put good metal into a machine and in the right place, in the frame, and the wheels, and the bearings. If he does, the machine will not break down in a year, and it is not reasonable to expect a bicycle, if much ridden, to remain in perfect order longer than that without an overhauling. On the other hand, it is the business of the maker to pay some attention to what he may consider the fads and the crotchets of the purchaser: fads and crotchets which at times are the outcome of hundreds and thousands of miles' practical riding; and the best makers, as a rule, do show some consideration for their customers. Therefore, if a maker refuses to supply you with any but one sort of saddle, or tyre, or

lamp, you can be pretty well assured that there is some other reason, besides excellence, which prompts his attempted refusal to comply with your rational wishes. But do not be imposed upon ; the prompt refusal to take a machine which is not fitted as you ordered it to be fitted, will bring to reason any maker I know of, especially if you do not pay for the bicycle until you get it, and there is no reason why you should. One does not pay for a hat or a pair of boots unless they fit, nor until they are brought home ; many people do not pay then. Who in the world are these cycle shopkeepers, that they attempt to impose conditions unknown in any other branch of trade ? A little firmness, however, will reduce the proudest to the most pitiful humility. Again, every year, there are fashions in cycles. Last season it was for wood rims and turned up handle bars. The wood rim might be pretty and the handle bar correct, but, with either of these devices, practical cycling is not possible. The Dunlop Tyre Co. have lately endeavoured to compel all the larger makers, by certain contracts, to fit their tyres only, for a certain number of years, and but a few months ago they tried to tie the hands of every agent in the country and thus throttle the tyre-making industry, which was to become a huge monopoly for their pecuniary benefit. The scheme failed. It was a very good thing for the Dunlop Co. that it did fail. There are many other smaller monopolies in the cycle-making world. But never before has a company endeavoured to dictate the actions of a sport-loving community. Their paid records, and those of many of the makers allied with them, may serve to throw dust in the eyes of the innocent. But their attempt to dictate to us how we are to take our pleasure, was a bit of autocratic manœuvring which the Czar might have been proud of initiating. But do not try to dictate to a maker, or to change a style, unless you know what you are doing. In my long experience I have usually walked into one of the big shops on the Viaduct, picked out the machine I wanted, had a few changes necessary made then and there, and ridden away on it, and, with the exception as far as I remember of one machine, I have never got a bad bargain, and in that one case the remains were at once taken back, silently and sorrowfully, by the maker. But I have always gone to the manufacturer who I believed was making the best wheels, and I have got the best standard machine he was turning out. But you must know what you want ; to-day, in some quarters, you cannot be sure of getting it.

The motor cycles this year are most numerous, but at the present moment my ignorance of that subject is profound.

J. PENNELL.

IDEAL LAND TENURE AND THE BEST MAKESHIFT.

THE new Agricultural Holdings Bill which the Minister of Agriculture, some time ago, promised to introduce as soon as possible after the issue of the Report of the Royal Commission on Agriculture, will be the third attempt to satisfy the reasonable demands of tenant farmers for security for the unexhausted value of their improvements; and the present is a fitting opportunity for a few words of warning against such mistakes as have led to failure on previous occasions.

The Act of 1875, except as "a homily to landlords," was almost entirely inoperative, as I ventured to predict that it would be in an article contributed to this Review when the Bill was under discussion in Parliament, not only because it was a permissive measure, but also on account of other faults and defects in it.

In 1883 the second Agricultural Holdings Act was passed, and, although it was nominally a compulsory measure, and in other respects an improvement upon the first Act, the advantages it offered to improving tenants were so hedged about with limitations and intricate formalities, and so seriously counteracted by expensive machinery, liability to still more costly litigation, and risks of loss under a complicated system in relation to claims and counter-claims, that farmers had reason to be thankful that it was not really compulsory in its incidence. Nominally its operation cannot be abrogated except by means of an agreement securing "fair and reasonable compensation" for at least the temporary improvements named in its schedule; but, as a matter of fact, the vast majority of tenants preferred to keep clear of it, however inadequately their just claims were met in their contracts of tenancy, or even if those claims were not met at all.

Indirectly the Act has done good, as it has induced many landlords to make concessions to their tenants in order to avoid coming under it; but its direct benefits have been ridiculously small. In nearly all cases decided under it claims have been capped by counter-claims, and the small balance due to one of the disputants has been nearly or quite swallowed up in the expenses of arbitration, while in some cases of appeal to a court of law both litigants have been heavy losers.

Strenuous efforts, in which the present writer took part, were made to induce Parliament to amend the measure before it was passed, as its unsatisfactory results to a great extent were foreseen; but the strong Government of the day, backed by the landlord party in the Opposition, obstinately refused to entertain the most reasonable and

moderate suggestions for the simplification and improvement of the Bill, which was, indeed, rendered less instead of more effective by the changes made in its original draft. Some of these suggestions have now been endorsed by the Royal Commission, and others in addition by the Chambers of Agriculture, so that there is some hope that the third Agricultural Holdings Bill will be a great improvement upon its forerunners. But, unless the Government are prepared to make more liberal arrangements than the Royal Commissioners recommend, there will infallibly be a third instance of ineffective tenant-right legislation.

It must be admitted that the ineffectiveness of the second Agricultural Holdings Act has been of less importance than it would have been under happier circumstances, by reason of the severe depression of the agricultural industry which has prevailed since it became law. When it was passed farmers had already lost a great deal of their capital, and they have since lost more still owing to the continued fall in prices. Consequently, as a body, they have been more concerned with the cutting down of expenses to the level of their diminished returns than in laying out money on improvements. Still, numbers of them have been wronged by the lack of security for the expenditure on the conversion of arable land into permanent pasture, if done without the landlord's consent, although it was, in thousands of cases, the only means of keeping farms in cultivation. Again, it is a well-known fact that tenants who had sunk most money in improvements before the depression set in were in the worst position for obtaining the reduction of rent necessary to meet the altered circumstances, as they dared not quit their farms, having no legal claim to the fair value of those improvements, and therefore they could not insist upon such reductions of rent as bad farmers easily obtained. In reality, they were rented on their own improvements until many of them were ruined, and then their farms were let to new tenants at greatly reduced rents.

One of the most striking results of the operation of the Agricultural Holdings Act is the breakdown of the valuation system. The measure of compensation prescribed in the Act of 1893 is, "such sum as fairly represents the value of the improvement to the incoming tenant." But, from the first, by taking outlay as the measure of original value, and framing time-scales of assumed exhaustion, valuers showed themselves to be incapable of assessing compensation on the basis laid down in the Act. The method pursued is not an equitable one, for a supposed improvement may turn out an utter failure, or it may be worth double its cost; yet it is not easy to suggest a better method under the valuation system, as no one, by spending a few hours on a farm, can fairly estimate the true value of some classes of improvements. Notwithstanding the proved inefficiency of the system of compensa-

tion by valuation, however, it is to be feared that the Government will not entertain the suggestion of a better system.

The vast importance to all classes of the nation of a good system of land tenure is very imperfectly realised. Under fair conditions for the farming industry a system which would fully stimulate the development of the resources of the soil might easily increase the returns of the land of the United Kingdom by fifty millions sterling per annum, in the course of a few years, and ultimately by double or treble that sum. But the continued appreciation of gold is so terrible an obstacle to success in any productive industry that a feeling akin to despair has prostrated the energies of the great majority of the farmers. So long as the interests of producers are sacrificed to those of the powerful "Gold Bugs" of the world, it is doubtful whether farming can be made to pay generally and fairly under any conditions. Therefore, so far as any hope of immediate results is concerned, the present is not a propitious time for land-tenure reform. It must be borne in mind, however, that it is only in a period of catastrophe that our legislators can be stirred up to the execution of any important changes, and that therefore it is desirable to take the first opportunity of laying the foundations of successful enterprise for a happier future. Besides, there is a glimmer of hope in the temporary revival of agriculture as the result of a great influx of gold from new sources of supply, and of the great extent to which misfortune has caused the acreage devoted to breadstuffs in the world to fall behind the growth of the population. Again, there are many farmers so favourably situated in relation to the disposal of their produce, or in respect of the superior natural fertility of their holdings, that they need only fair security for their capital to induce them to increase the producing capacity of the soil they cultivate in a substantial degree; while to others, in less favourable circumstances, the stimulus to enterprise which just and complete tenant-right would afford might make all the difference between a tolerable living and ruin.

Probably few people have any idea of the perfection to which farming could be brought under favourable circumstances, as even the best period of the "good old times" afforded no conception of what is possible at present. Agricultural science, the mechanical appliances of husbandry, manurial and stock-feeding resources, and the breeding of animals have made great advances during the last thirty years, while the instruction necessary to the application of these advantages has been widely spread among the owners and occupiers of land. It is only necessary to look at what has taken place in our market gardens in order to imagine what could be done on farms if prices were remunerative and conditions of land tenure equitable. Market gardeners who do not own the land they cultivate have only recently been granted legal protection for their improvements, and no class of

tillers of the soil has been more grossly wronged in the past. But by means of long leases and the prospect of remunerative returns, even the tenants of market gardens generally were encouraged to bring the fertility of their land up to a very high pitch, showing what could be done in this direction, although they might be constrained to take all they could out of the soil in the last year or two of each lease. It is true that the returns of ordinary farming can never justify such expenditure as is remunerative in a market garden; but it is not necessary, because much less is taken out of the soil in the former case than in the latter, and for what it has to produce a farm may advantageously be in as high state of cultivation as a market garden.

Except when rent has been unfairly raised upon a tenant's improvements, great crops must pay better than small ones, because there is very little difference in the necessary horse and hand labour, representing the heaviest outgoings, and the extra produce resulting from liberal and judicious manuring returns far more than the cost.

Unfortunately, in all countries there are circumstances which tell against the incentive to the best farming, where the people are civilised and educated enough to feel it. In new countries, where land is extremely cheap, men are tempted to take a large acreage with hardly any capital, and to rely upon the unassisted resources of the soil for their crops, which they cultivate under the most slovenly system, and gather in the roughest and most wasteful manner. In thickly populated countries, where land is dear, on the other hand, there are hindrances of other kinds to good farming. Where the cultivators own the land they till, they are too commonly impoverished by its high cost or the debts incurred upon it, and have not sufficient capital to cultivate properly even the small plots to which most of them are limited. Where they rent the land, insecurity of tenure and the risk of having any improvements confiscated, either directly or by an advance of rent, tell against any approach to intensive farming, and dispose farmers to take more land than they can farm well with the capital at their disposal.

In Great Britain, which is mainly a country of great estates, the landlord-and-tenant system has often been highly praised. Under it the best farming in the world has been carried on, and, although that is not saying very much, observers are apt to attribute the superiority, such as it is, to the system under which it has been possible. But it is to be borne in mind that Britons in the past, at any rate, have excelled other nations in most other branches of productive industry; and it may be that their superiority in farming has been attained in spite of, and not because of, the system of land tenure under which it has been reached. Bearing in mind that, speaking broadly, a peasant-proprietary would have been the only alternative, I am disposed to believe that our landlord-and-tenant system, with all its drawbacks,

has conduced, on the whole, towards our agricultural superiority, though only because no better system was attainable. Our great landlords, as a body, have been more mindful of the duties of property than those of most other countries. Many of them have been great improvers and teachers of improvement, especially in relation to the breeding of live-stock. They have spent large proportions of their rentals in buildings, draining, and other works; under some of them families of tenants have enjoyed fixity of tenure for generations; and on some estates rents have remained unchanged for long periods.

But, on the other hand, it is to be observed that the superiority of British farming, as a whole, amounts only to respectable mediocrity after all, in comparison with the best examples of farming to be seen in this and many other countries; and it is to a dead-level of mediocrity that our landlord-and-tenant system tends. Our tenants have been held in leading-strings and oppressed by many disadvantages. In return for being allowed to live on a great estate, they have had to submit to see their crops devoured by game; to be tied down by restrictions on cropping and sale of produce antagonistic to enterprise; and to wait, often for half their business lives, for their landlords to execute permanent improvements so urgently needed that they would gladly have carried them out themselves if security for the value had been attainable. Any tenant who ventured out of the rut of passable farming did so at his risk. Under a good landlord, or a succession of good landlords, he was safe, perhaps, although the most liberal of landlords have occasionally raised their rents, and the best farmers have then too often been rented partly on their improvements. Allowing, however, that such wrong has seldom been known on the most liberally managed estates, it has been common on many, and nothing could be more suppressive of agricultural enterprise. Thousands of tenants in the past have found to their serious loss that the sinking of capital in another man's land without any security other than his generous consideration is not business. The good landlord died, perhaps, and was succeeded by a bad one; or got into difficulties, so that rents had to be raised to save the property; or changed a considerate agent for a skinflint, who persuaded the owner that he was wronging himself by too great indulgence towards his tenants; and in any such case a revaluation of rents usually led to the confiscation of the best farmers' improvements.

Where long leases were formerly common, as in Scotland and some parts of England, the best farming was usually to be seen. But a lease is a security for its duration only, and an incentive to high farming for only a portion of its period. Without compensation for improvements at the end of the lease, it is to the tenant's interest to take out of the land as much of what he has put in as he can take without diminishing his returns seriously. Consequently, the landlord-

and-tenant system, with long leases, produced a see-saw system of farming. But it was a system which conduced vastly to the profit of the landlords; for, in many cases, and particularly in Scotland, tenants who hoped to get their leases renewed farmed well up to the end of their term, and too often had their rents raised on their own improvements. In not a few instances, however, the tenants who have paid high rents to succeed good farmers have been men of little capital, who have systematically exhausted the fertility of their holdings, so that the land has become less valuable than it was before the rent was raised.

As a rule rents have been lower on large than on small estates; but the tenants have had less independence and freedom for enterprise, so that, so far as my observation has enabled me to judge, I should say that good farming has been more common on small properties than on great ones. Partly for this very reason, and partly because the commercial system has superseded the paternal system generally on small estates, and less commonly on large ones, cases of confiscation of tenant's improvements have been more frequent on the former than on the latter. The general impression is that tenants have been better off in the long run on large than on small estates, and probably, in the absence of effective legal protection to tenant's property, that impression is true, taking periods of adversity as well as times of prosperity into account. But it does not follow that the paternal system has been conducive to advancing agriculture, and, for reasons given above, the converse conclusion, I think, may be accepted. With full and fair security for tenants' property, the commercial system would be preferable in the interests of all concerned.

In the last remark the interests of farm labourers are embraced, for although in respect of their cottages and allotments they are usually much better cared for on the large estates than elsewhere, as anyone may see by comparing the mere appearance of "close" and "open" villages, low rents for cottages and other indulgences for labourers tend to keep wages down, whereas the enterprise which would be promoted by the commercial system, under equitable tenant-right, would enhance them. Moreover, the benevolent despotism prevailing on most of the large estates is humiliating to labourers and farmers alike.

In England the large estate system at its best may be briefly described as one under which tenants and labourers are held in leading-strings and treated with consideration, and often with generosity; while landlords are less covetous of getting great profits off their estates than of retaining power, influence, and privileges. Even so much can hardly be said of its operation in Scotland, where most of the landlords appear to have introduced just enough of the

commercial principle to enable them to practise rack-renting, while retaining their semi-feudal powers and privileges to the full extent. Tyranny in connection with game or with political or religious opinions is less common than it used to be, though not by any means extinct. In short, while full credit should be given to most of the great English landlords for worthy motives, according to their light, and in respect of the good work in agricultural improvements which they have done, it must be concluded that the system which they govern is not in accordance with the spirit of the times.

To add the reproach that the system has broken down under the strain of the tremendous fall in prices would be unfair, for other systems of land tenure have shared the misfortune where the currency has appreciated. High Protectionist duties have mitigated the strain in some countries, where most of the cultivators, being owners of the land they till, have derived the whole of the benefit; but even in those countries the strain has been felt severely. Under the most perfect system of land tenure distress could not have failed to result from an almost constant fall in prices for thirty years, as no method of adjusting expenses to returns has yet been devised to meet such a continuous collapse.

Although the members of the Royal Commission on Agriculture, so far as their main report goes, disown all pretence of having discovered a remedy for agricultural depression, such as ten of them propose in the shape of currency reform, they place in the forefront of the palliatives which they recommend the amendment and extension of the Agricultural Holdings Act, and even the two members who declined to sign the report are with them as far as they go in this direction. But they emphatically reject any such change in our system of land tenure as the adoption of fixity of tenure, free sale, and arbitrated rents. Before examining their proposals, I desire to discuss this question briefly.

The proclamation in this country of opinions as to an ideal system of land tenure is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness; and yet, wide apart as "counsels of perfection" are from practical politics, they may be of some value as indications of the best attainable makeshift.

There can be no doubt that the best system of land tenure is one which would afford the strongest encouragement to the continuous development of the resources of the soil likely to prove remunerative; and if such a system can be attained without injustice, wise statesmen should unquestionably strive to secure it. This definition involves unrestricted liberty on the part of the cultivators of the soil to increase its productive capacity to the utmost limit of remunerativeness, perfect security for the value of the increment, and freedom of cropping and sale of produce, without which enterprise cannot have full play. It also involves safeguards against such an excessive subdivision of hold-

ings as would produce poverty, and therefore inability to farm well ; while the corresponding safeguards against excessive enlargement in relation to available capital would be inherent to such a system as is indicated, just as those against the deterioration of the land from mis-cropping or sale of produce without an adequate return of fertilisers would be. Obviously such a system would secure the improving cultivator against capricious eviction, against the exaction of rent from him upon his improvements, and against the destruction of his crops by game, while it would equally enable him to realise his property in or upon the land without hindrance, if he desired to dispose of it by sale or bequest. But such a system would also secure to those to whom it is equitably due any increase in the value of land arising from other causes than the occupier's improvements ; while, conversely, it would protect the occupier against loss occasioned by any decrement in the value of the land not caused by his acts or defaults. Lastly, land should be easily available for public purposes on equitable terms, for homes, and for the use of as large a number of people as can profitably cultivate or otherwise utilise it.

Now, the only system of land tenure under which all these requirements could be realised to the full extent would be one of national land ownership, and if the problem at issue were one concerning a new country, such a system might be strongly advocated. But the application of it to an old and settled country would involve a revolution of such extreme difficulty and perplexity, and arouse so powerful a resistance, that it is quite out of the question, at any rate for the present. It would have been a far less difficult settlement of the land difficulty in Ireland, and more just to the landlords, tenants, and taxpayers, than the meddling and muddling which has taken place, so far as agricultural land is concerned ; but even in that country its application in the towns, where some of its greatest advantages would be obtained, would have been one of extreme difficulty. In Great Britain that difficulty would be greater still, and owners of land, almost to a man, would vehemently oppose the arrangement.

Apart from the determined opposition and difficulty noticed above, I see no objection to the transference—or the restoration, as some people prefer to style it—of the ownership of land to the State on equitable terms of payment to existing owners ; for, of course, the late Mr. Henry George's scheme of spoliation is not to be entertained for a moment. A great deal of nonsense has been written on the subject by men who might have been expected to know better as to the ruinous character of the financial operations that would be involved, and as to the party and personal jobbery that would arise.

If applied to all the land, whether open or covered with buildings, in a country of rapidly increasing population, the acquirement of that property by the nation at its present value could hardly fail to prove

a splendid investment in its direct operation, while indirectly it would be of incalculable advantage. As to the imaginary abuses, there would be no more opening for them than there is in the levying of the land tax or the property tax at present. The State would levy a rent, adjustable at fixed intervals, upon all occupiers of land, charging only the annual value of the land, apart from buildings and improvements, gaining the unearned increment, and losing the unavoidable decrement, if there should be any. Then, if in the real or supposed interest of the majority of the people, land were driven out of cultivation, or brought to a condition of impoverishment by the maintenance of an appreciating standard of currency, the public not directly concerned with the land would bear their share of the loss obviously, instead of obscurely, as at present. The occupiers of land would have fixity of tenure, and the right of selling, assigning, or bequeathing their occupancy and improvements, subject to the rent of the bare land as adjusted from time to time. It would be to their interest to raise the value of their tenant-right to the utmost by judicious and continuous improvement; but they would have no power to sell the increment of value not due to their improvements, as many tenants have in Ireland. Sub-letting or sub-division without the consent of the State authorities would be absolutely prohibited; while, on the other hand, the division of large estates and farms, if deemed desirable, might be required by the authorities, and for various purposes of public advantage the possession of land could be resumed by the State, or handed over to the local authorities, on payment to the occupier of the market value of his tenant-right. The concentration of occupiers' capital upon a given area of land to the utmost profitable extent would thus be encouraged and made secure, while the number of holdings constantly in the market would probably meet the demand fully enough to prevent the abuses which arise from excessive land hunger. The farmer would possess all the advantages of land ownership without its disadvantages; labourers would be at a premium in consequence of the vastly increased demand for their services, while land would be available under a secure tenure to those of them who could rent it; and townspeople would not be crowded together and unmercifully fleeced, as they are at present, by the owners of building plots.

Turning from the contemplation of the best of all possible systems of land tenure as unattainable, at any rate for the present, let us consider the best makeshift. At first sight this might appear to be a universal system of occupying ownership, with perfect free trade in land, transfer being as cheap and simple as that of shares or stocks, but letting being prohibited. Such a system, however, while it would remove the abuses inherent to the existing landlord-and-tenant system, would admit all the evils, such as excessive sub-division and

general indebtedness, found in existence wherever peasant-proprietorship prevails, and, besides, would have obvious inconveniences of its own. Moreover, it would be even more difficult to carry into effect than the nationalisation of the land, and would involve greater hardships in its establishment.

It is necessary to turn, then, to proposals for making the best of our landlord-and-tenant system by bringing it as closely as possible into conformity with the conditions of ideal land tenure, as described above. How, then, can unrestricted liberty to develop the resources of the soil and perfect security for the value of their improvements be conferred upon tenants without injustice or real hardships to landlords? If we attempt it under the existing system of valuing improvements and compelling the landlord to pay his tenant for them, we are at once met with the objection that it is a great hardship to compel the owner of a farm to pay an unlimited sum for improvements carried out without his consent, and possibly in opposition to his wishes, leaving him to take his chance of recouping himself by an increase of rent. Under a system of approximately perfect security an enterprising tenant might thus bring in a bill against his landlord for a very heavy amount, which it would often be extremely inconvenient to meet. Many a small landowner would be compelled to borrow money to meet a single heavy claim. Another objection would be that the owner of a settled estate would be compelled to enrich the heir to it at the expense of his other children. The maintenance of the valuation system, then, involves this dilemma, that there must either be restraint of improvement, which is intolerable, or hardship to landlords; and there is no escape from it under that system. Obviously the more equitable arrangement is to let the tenant improve at his own discretion, but also on his own responsibility, selling his improvements in the open market if he quits his holding, or otherwise assigning or bequeathing them. This is Free Sale, and it is by far the best method of securing to the tenant the fair value of his improvements without injustice or hardship to his landlord.

The valuation system is a lottery, and good or bad luck under it is more dependent upon the cleverness or personal ascendancy of the representative of one of the interested persons than upon the justice of his claim. Against an award, often based upon a hasty survey, the tenant has no remedy. On the other hand, if he could take his improvements into the market, he would be able to bargain with one possible purchaser after another, until he found what their true market value was. Usually, neighbours who knew what he had done, and to what extent he had increased the productiveness and conveniences of his holding, would be customers for his occupancy for themselves or their sons. It is true that free sale involves security of tenure and

the possibility of an appeal to arbitration as to rent ; otherwise the tenant would be liable to have his improvements confiscated at any time, while, for that reason, no one would buy them. This system of land tenure is commonly pelted with epithets, instead of being criticised argumentatively. It is described as "dual ownership," as if that were a sufficient condemnation. But, as I have stated on previous occasions, where the properties of two persons are inextricably mixed in one tract of land, there must be dual ownership or confiscation. Dual ownership is recognised, although inadequately, in the Agricultural Holdings Act ; and the difference between compensation by valuation and compensation by free sale is only a difference in the method of dividing the mixed properties. Again, the arrangement is described as "the Irish system," whereas there is no need to embody the abuses of the Irish Land Acts in British legislation. It would be more correctly described as the Ulster system, without the drawback of "estate rules," by which that best of all tenancy systems was hampered.

There is a growing feeling in favour of the three F.'s among farmers in Great Britain, and many eloquent and earnest speeches in favour of the system were delivered at the Conference on the Agricultural Holdings Act, held recently at the Westminster Palace Hotel. But among the rank and file of farmers there is a prejudice, based on an erroneous idea, against fixity of tenure. That idea is that the tenant is fixed to his holding at a certain rent ; whereas he would be able to sell his interest in it at any time, and the rent would be subjected to arbitration, if desirable, at intervals. Another misconception is to the effect that a tenant would not find a customer for his improvements in a period of depression, because his holding would have deteriorated in value. But the deterioration would be mainly in the value of the holding, apart from the improvements, and this would be set right by a reduction of the rent. During the worst of the existing period of depression there has been a great demand for farms in high condition, in spite of the lack of security against the confiscation of improvements in rent, and if that lack were met, there would be no fear of failure to find customers for improvements. As to the prejudice against arbitrated rents in themselves, it is partly due to the conceit of farmers as to their cuteness in making bargains, and partly to the demoralisation produced by the system of outdoor relief known as rent remission. The ordinary farm tenant has as fond and fatuous an affection for a ten-pound note off his rent as the farm labourer has for a pint of beer, and the one is as ready to sacrifice his permanent interest for the former as the other for the latter. Besides, if landlord and tenant can agree as to rent, there is no need to appeal to arbitration.

Why should there not be arbitration as to the rent of land in which the properties of two partners are mixed ? In all probability, if the

enterprise of tenants were stimulated by security, their fair interest in a farm would soon be equal to that of their landlords, and it would be no more than simple equity to accord to one party as secure a tenure and as indefeasible a claim of proprietorship as to the other.

When the three F.'s are adopted in Great Britain, as they will be some day, it should be distinctly understood that there will be no tampering with justice in the name of charity, as there has been in Ireland. While the tenant must be secured as to the whole value of any increase in the value of his holding due to his skill and outlay, he must be contented with payment for results, and the landlord must be guaranteed any increase in the value of his land due to other causes than the tenant's improvements.

Although the system known as the three F.'s is the best makeshift for ideal land tenure at all likely to be put in practice in Great Britain during the life of any existing inhabitant, we shall not get it next session. There will be another trial of the valuation system, and the question to consider is the best method of applying it. The plan of scheduling the condition of every field on a farm, and the state of its buildings, roads, and fences, on the entry and quittance of a tenant, and crediting or debiting him with any difference in letting value, was discussed tolerantly by the Royal Commission on Agriculture; but the Commissioners could not see their way to its adoption. If this arrangement were carried out universally it would be the best one under the valuation system; but the objections to it are, in the first place, that it could not be brought into operation at once, because there are no existing inventories to start with; and, secondly, that it would be useless unless made obligatory upon all landlords and tenants, whether they wished to put it in practice or not, so that the expense of it, which would be considerable, would be wasted in a great number of instances.

There is no doubt that the tenant-right legislation promised by the Government will consist of an amended and extended form of the Agricultural Holdings Act, and the question is as to the amendments and extensions desirable. The Royal Commissioners have made some good suggestions, the best of which are that compensation should be made due for the long-continued use of manures, and that no sum should be recoverable as a penal rent, or in respect of any breach of covenant, in excess of the amount of damage sustained by the landlord. The former is a partial acknowledgment of the right of compensation for the accumulated fertility due to continuous good farming; but it is absurd to limit it to the use of manures, excluding that of feeding stuffs. The latter is to some extent an indirect method of promoting freedom of cropping and sale of produce, which would be better given directly. Other useful, though insufficient recommendations are those entitling a tenant to improve, but not to make, roads or water

courses, proposing the deletion of the senseless proviso as to the "inherent capabilities of the soil," suggesting compensation for home-grown corn consumed on the holding, and pointing to changes in the machinery of the Act. But the proposal to entitle a tenant to plant only a single acre of fruit or osiers, without his landlord's consent, with a claim for compensation, is mean and paltry; while the refusal of the general demand of tenants to be free to lay down permanent pasture, without the consent of their landlords, but with security for its value, is justly condemned as utterly inexcusable. Again, the further limitation of the Law of Distress, proposed by the Commissioners, is hardly worth notice, as the complete abolition of the unfair preference to landlord's claims over those of other creditors of farmers is needed.

If we must have another experiment in the working of the discredited valuation system, the best plan would be to sweep away the Agricultural Holdings Act, with all its elaborate machinery and restrictions, and bring in a simple measure, without any limiting schedule, entitling the tenant on quitting, or on a change of the conditions of tenancy (such as rent), to the capital value of any increase in the letting value of his holding¹ due to his improvements, and the landlord to any decrease in such value due to the acts or default of the tenant. Under such a measure the tenant would be free to make what improvements he deemed desirable, bearing in mind that the arbitrators would award him nothing for expenditure not increasing the letting value of the farm. In advocating this complete liberty of improvement, I am not unmindful of what I have previously said as to its hardship to landlords under the valuation system; but if they reject the only tolerable alternative they have only themselves to blame.

It would be a good plan to allow, as the only alternative to such a system of valuation, an agreement between landlord and tenant, entitling the latter to sell his improvements in the open market to any solvent person for a certain term of years, and with arbitration as to rent for that term. On at least one estate in the market-garden districts of Worcestershire, Free Sale has been voluntarily adopted, and appears to give satisfaction to landlord and tenant alike. But whether this alternative be allowed or not, it cannot be too strongly insisted that there should be no restraint upon improvements, as it is an abuse of the privilege of private property in land and a wrong to the whole community.

WILLIAM E. BEAR.

(1) It should not be, though apparently it is, necessary to explain that improvements increase the letting value of a farm even when, in a period of depression, the rent falls. That is to say, they keep the letting value from falling as much as it would have fallen if they had not been made. Conversely, deterioration diminishes the letting value of a holding even when, in a period of inflation, the rent rises.

THE PROBLEM OF GÉRARD DE NERVAL.

I.

THIS is the problem of one who lost the whole world and gained his own soul.

"I like to arrange my life as if it were a novel," wrote Gérard de Nerval, and, indeed, it is somewhat difficult to disentangle the precise facts of an existence which was never quite conscious where began and where ended that "overflowing of dreams into real life," of which he speaks.¹ "I do not ask of God," he said, "that he should change anything in events themselves, but that he should change me in regard to things, so that I might have the power to create my own universe about me, to govern my dreams, instead of enduring them." The prayer was not granted, in its entirety; and the tragedy of his life lay in the vain endeavour to hold back the irresistible empire of the unseen, which it was the joy of his life to summon about him. Briefly, we know that Gérard Labrunie (the name de Nerval was taken from a little piece of property, worth some 1500 francs, which he liked to imagine had always been in the possession of his family) was born at Paris, May 22nd, 1808. His father was surgeon-major; his mother died before he was old enough to remember her, following the *Grande Armée* on the Russian campaign; and Gérard was brought up, largely under the care of a studious and erratic uncle, in a little village called Montagny, near Ermenonville. He was a precocious schoolboy, and by the age of eighteen had published six little collections of verses. It was during one of his holidays that he saw, for the first and last time, the young girl whom he calls Adrienne, and whom, under many names, he loved to the end of his life. One evening she had come from the château to dance with the young peasant girls on the grass. She had danced with Gérard, he had kissed her cheek, he had crowned her hair with laurels, he had heard her sing an old song telling of the sorrows of a princess whom her father had shut in a tower because she had loved. To Gérard it seemed

(1) I have taken most of my facts from the two excellent articles of Arède Barine, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of Oct. 15 and Nov. 1, 1897, in which the story of Gérard de Nerval's life is, for the first time, related from original documents. All the verse of Gérard worth preserving has lately been collected by that delicate amateur of the curiosities of beauty, M. Rémy de Gourmont, in a tiny volume called *Les Chimères* (Mercure de France), containing the seven sonnets of "Les Chimères," the sonnet called "Vers Dorés," the five sonnets of "Le Christ aux Oliviers," and the lyric called "Les Cydalises." These poems have hitherto been imbedded amongst deplorable juvenilia, chiefly satires and versions of German lyrics; I believe the volume, in addition to being undesirable, has for some time been also unattainable.

that already he remembered her, and certainly he was never to forget her. Afterwards, he heard that Adrienne had taken the veil; then, that she was dead. To one who had realised that it is "we, the living, who walk in a world of phantoms," death could not exclude hope; and when, many years later, he fell seriously and fantastically in love with a little actress called Jenny Colon, it was because he seemed to have found, in that blonde and very human person, the re-incarnation of the blonde Adrienne.

Meanwhile, Gérard was living in Paris, among his friends the Romantics, writing and living in an equally desultory fashion. "Le bon Gérard" was the best loved, and, in his time, not the least famous of the company. He led, by choice, now in Paris, now across Europe, the life of a vagabond, and more persistently than others of his friends who were driven to it by need. At that time, when it was the aim of every one to be as eccentric as possible, the eccentricities of Gérard's life and thought seemed, on the whole, less noticeable than those of many really quite normal persons. But with Gérard there was, unhappily, no pose; and when, one day, he was found in the Palais-Royal, leading a lobster at the end of a blue ribbon, the visionary had simply lost control of his visions, and had to be sent to Dr. Blanche's asylum at Montmartre. He entered March 21st, 1841, and came out, apparently well again, on the 21st of November. It would seem that this first access of madness was, to some extent, the consequence of the final rupture with Jenny Colon; on June 5th, 1842, she died; and it was partly in order to put as many leagues of the earth as possible between that memory and him that Gérard set out, at the end of 1842, for the East. It was also in order to prove, to the world, by his consciousness of external things, that he had recovered his reason. While he was in Syria, he once more fell in love with a new incarnation of Adrienne, a young Druse, Saléma, the daughter of a Sheikh of Lebanon; and it seems to have been almost by accident that he did not marry her. He returned to Paris at the end of 1843 or the beginning of 1844, and for the next few years he lived mostly in Paris, writing charming, graceful, remarkably sane articles and books, and wandering about the streets, by day and night, in a perpetual dream, from which, now and again, he was somewhat rudely awakened. When, in the spring of 1853, he went to see Heine, for whom he was doing an admirable prose translation of his poems, and told him he had come to return the money he had received in advance, because the times were accomplished, and the end of the world, announced by the Apocalypse, was at hand, Heine sent for a cab, and Gérard found himself at Dr. Dubois's asylum, where he remained two months. It was on coming out of the asylum that he wrote *Sylvie*, a delightful idyl, chiefly autobiographical, one of his three actual achievements. On August 27th, 1853, he had to be taken to

Dr. Blanche's asylum at Passy, where he remained till May 27th, 1854. Thither, after a month or two spent in Germany, he returned on August 8th, and on October 19th he came out for the last time, manifestly uncured. He was now engaged on the narrative of his own madness, and the first part of *Le Rêve et la Vie* appeared in the *Revue de Paris* of January 1st, 1855. On the 20th he came into the office of the review, and showed Gautier and Maxime du Camp an apron-string which he was carrying in his pocket. "It is the girdle," he said, "that Madame de Maintenon wore when she had *Esther* performed at Saint-Cyr." On the 24th he wrote to a friend: "Come and prove my identity at the police-station of the Châtelet." The night before he had been working at his MS., in a pot-house of Les Halles, and had been arrested as a vagabond. He was used to such little misadventures, but he complained of the difficulty of writing. "I set off after an idea," he said, "and lose myself; I am hours in finding my way back. Do you know I can scarcely write twenty lines a day, the darkness comes about me so close!" He took out the apron-string. "It is the garter of the Queen of Sheba," he said. The snow was freezing on the ground, and on the night of the 25th, at three in the morning, the landlord of a "penny doss" in the Rue de la Vieille-Lanterne, a filthy alley lying between the quays and the Rue de Rivoli, heard someone knocking at the door, but did not open, on account of the cold. At dawn, the body of Gérard de Nerval was found hanging by the apron-string to a bar of the window.

It is not necessary to exaggerate the importance of the half-dozen volumes which make up the works of Gérard de Nerval. He was not a great writer: he had moments of greatness; and it is the particular quality of these moments which is of interest for us. There is the entertaining, but not more than entertaining *Voyage en Orient*; there is the estimable translation of *Faust*, and the admirable versions from Heine; there are the volumes of short stories and sketches, of which even *Les Illuminés*, in spite of the promise of its title, is little more than an agreeable compilation. But there remain three compositions: the sonnets, *Le Rêve et la Vie*, and *Sylvie*; of which *Sylvie* is the most objectively achieved, a wandering idyl, containing some folk-songs of Valois, two of which have been translated by Rossetti; *Le Rêve et la Vie* being the most intensely personal, a narrative of madness, unique as madness itself; and the sonnets, a kind of miracle, which may be held to have created something at least of the method of the later Symbolists. These three compositions, in which alone Gérard is his finest self, all belong to the periods when he was, in the eyes of the world, actually mad. The sonnets belong to two of these periods, *Le Rêve et la Vie* to the last, *Sylvie* was written in the short interval between the two attacks in the early part of 1853. We have thus the case of a writer, graceful and elegant when he is sane, but only

inspired, only really wise, passionate, collected, only really master of himself, when he is insane. It may be worth looking at a few of the points which so suggestive a problem presents to us.

II.

Gérard de Nerval lived the transfigured inner life of the dreamer. "I was very tired of life!" he says. And like so many dreamers, who have all the luminous darkness of the universe in their brains, he found his most precious and uninterrupted solitude in the crowded and more sordid streets of great cities. He who had loved the Queen of Sheba, and seen the seven Elohim dividing the world, could find nothing more tolerable in mortal conditions, when he was truly aware of them, than the company of the meanest of mankind, in whom poverty and vice, and the hard pressure of civilization, still leave some of the original vivacity of the human comedy. The real world seeming to be always so far from him, and a sort of terror of the gulfs holding him, in spite of himself, to its flying skirts, he found something at all events realisable, concrete, in these drinkers of Les Halles, these vagabonds of the Place du Carrousel, among whom he so often sought refuge. It was literally, in part, a refuge. During the day he could sleep, but night wakened him, and that restlessness which the night draws out in those who are really under lunar influences, set his feet wandering, if only in order that his mind might wander the less. The sun, as he mentions, never appears in dreams; but, with the approach of night, even the most solid and short-sighted of us becomes a little visionary.

"Crains, dans le mur aveugle, un regard qui t'épie!"

he writes in one of his great sonnets; and that fear of the invisible watchfulness of nature was never absent from him. It is one of the terrors of human existence that we may be led at once to seek and to shun solitude; unable to bear the mortal pressure of its embrace, unable to endure the nostalgia of its absence. "I think man's only happy when he forgets himself," says some one in the *Duchess of Malfy*; and, with Gérard, there was Adrienne to forget, and Jenny Colon the actress, and the Queen of Sheba. But to have drunk of the cup of dreams is to have drunk of the cup of eternal memory. The past, and, as it seemed to him, the future were continually with him; only the present fled continually from under his feet. It was only by the effort of this contact with people who lived, so sincerely, in the day, the minute, that he could find even a temporary foothold. It was something to hold back all the stars, and the darkness beyond them, and the interminable approach and disappearance of all the ages, if only for the space between tavern and tavern, where he could open

his eyes on so frank an abandonment to the common drunkenness of most people in this world, here for once really living the symbolic intoxication of their ignorance.

Like so many dreamers of illimitable dreams, it was the fate of Gérard to incarnate his ideal in the person of an actress. The fatal transfiguration of the footlights, in which reality and the artificial change places with so fantastic a regularity, has drawn many moths into its flame, and will draw more, as long as men persist in demanding illusion of what is real, and reality in what is illusion. The Jenny Colons of the world are very simple, very real, if one will but refrain from assuming them to be a mystery. But it is the penalty of all imaginative lovers to create for themselves the veil which hides from them the features of the beloved. It is their privilege, for it is incomparably more entrancing to fancy oneself in love with Isis than to know that one is in love with Manon Lescaut. The picture of Gérard, after many hesitations, revealing to the astonished Jenny that she is the incarnation of another, the shadow of a dream, that she has been Adrienne and is about to be the Queen of Sheba; her very human little cry of pure incomprehension, "Mais vous ne m'aimez pas!" and her prompt refuge in the arms of the "jeune premier ridé;" if it were not of the acutest pathos, would certainly be of the most quintessential comedy. For Gérard, so sharp an awakening was but like the passage from one state to another, across that little bridge of one step which lies between heaven and hell, to which he was so used in his dreams. It gave permanency to the trivial, crystallising it, in another than Stendhal's sense; and when death came, changing mere human memory into the terms of eternity, the darkness of the spiritual world was lit with a new star, which was henceforth the wandering, desolate guide of so many visions. The tragic figure of Aurélia, which comes and goes through all the labyrinths of dream, is now seen always "as if lit up by a lightning-flash, pale and dying, hurried away by dark horsemen."

The dream or doctrine of the re-incarnation of souls, which has given so much consolation to so many questioners of eternity, was for Gérard (need we doubt?) a dream rather than a doctrine, but one of those dreams which are nearer to a man than his breath. "This vague and hopeless love," he writes in *Sylvie*, "inspired by an actress, which night by night took hold of me at the hour of the performance, leaving me only at the hour of sleep, had its germ in the recollection of Adrienne, flower of the night, unfolding under the pale rays of the moon, rosy and blonde phantom, gliding over the green grass, half bathed in white mist. . . . To love a nun under the form of an actress! . . . and if it were the very same! It is enough to drive one mad!" Yes, "il y a de quoi devenir fou," as Gérard had found; but there was also, in this intimate sense of the

unity, perpetuity, and harmoniously recurring rhythm of nature, not a little of the inner substance of wisdom. It was a dream, perhaps refracted from some broken, illuminating angle, by which madness catches unseen light, that revealed to him the meaning of his own superstition, fatality, malady:—"During my sleep, I had a marvellous vision. It seemed to me that the goddess appeared before me, saying to me: 'I am the same as Mary, the same as thy mother, the same also whom, under all forms, thou hast always loved. At each of thine ordeals I have dropt yet one more of the masks with which I veil my countenance, and soon thou shalt see me as I am!'" And in perhaps his finest sonnet, the mysterious "*Artémis*," we have, under other symbols, and with the deliberate inconsequence of these sonnets, the comfort and despair of the same faith.

- "La Treizième revient . . . C'est encor la première ;
Et c'est toujours la seule,—ou c'est le seul moment :
Car es-tu reine, ô toi ! la première ou dernière ?
Es-tu roi, toi le seul ou le dernier amant ! . . .
- "Aimez qui vous aima du berceau dans la bière ;
Celle que j'aimai seul m'aime encor tendrement :
C'est la mort—ou la morte . . . Ô délice ! ô tourment !
La Rose qu'elle tient, c'est la *Rose dernière*.
- "Sainte napolitaine aux mains pleines de feux,
Rose au cœur violet, fleur de sainte Gudule :
As-tu trouvé ta croix dans le désert des cieux ?
- "Roses blanches, tombez ! vous insultez nos dieux :
Tombez, fantômes blancs, de votre ciel qui brûle :
—La sainte de l'abîme est plus sainte à mes yeux !"

Who has not often meditated, above all what artist, on the slightness, after all, of the link which holds our faculties together in that sober health of the brain which we call reason? Are there not moments when that link seems to be worn down to so fine a tenuity that the wing of a passing dream might suffice to snap it? The consciousness seems, as it were, to expand and contract at once, into something too wide for the universe, and too narrow for the thought of self to find room within it. Is it that the sense of identity is about to evaporate, annihilating all, or is it that a more profound identity, the identity of the whole sentient universe, has been at last realised? Leaving the concrete world on these brief voyages, the fear is, that we may not have strength to return, or that we may lose the way back. Every artist lives a double life, in which he is for the most part conscious of the illusions of the imagination. He is conscious also of the illusions of the nerves, which he shares with every man of imaginative mind. Nights of insomnia, days of anxious waiting, the sudden shock of an event, any one of these common disturbances may be enough to jangle the tuneless bells of one's nerves. The

artist can distinguish these causes of certain of his moods from those other causes which come to him because he is an artist, and are properly concerned with that invention which is his own function. Yet is there not some danger that he may come to confuse one with the other, that he may "lose the thread" which conducts him through the intricacies of the inner world?

The supreme artist, certainly, is the furthest of all men from this danger; for he is the supreme intelligence. Like Dante, he can pass through hell unsinged. With him, imagination is vision; when he looks into the darkness, he sees. The vague dreamer, the insecure artist and the uncertain mystic at once, sees only shadows, not recognising their outlines. He is mastered by the images which have come at his call; he has not the power which chains them for his slaves. "The kingdom of Heaven suffers violence," and the dreamer who has gone tremblingly into the darkness is in peril at the hands of those very real phantoms who are the reflection of his fear.

The madness of Gérard de Nerval, whatever physiological reasons may be rightly given for its outbreak, subsidence, and return, I take to have been essentially due to the weakness and not the excess of his visionary quality, to the insufficiency of his imaginative energy, and to his lack of spiritual discipline. He was an unsystematic mystic; his "Tower of Babel in two hundred volumes," that medley of books of religion, science, astrology, history, travel, which he thought would have rejoiced the heart of Pico della Mirandola, of Meursius, or of Nicholas of Cusa, was truly, as he says, "enough to drive a wise man mad." "Why not also," he adds, "enough to make a madman wise?" But precisely because it was this "amas bizarre," this jumble of the perilous secrets in which wisdom is so often folly, and folly so often wisdom. He speaks vaguely of the Kabbala; the Kabbala would have been safety to him, as the Catholic Church would have been, or any other reasoned scheme of things. Wavering among intuitions, ignorances, half-truths, shadows of falsehood, now audacious, now hesitating, he was blown hither and thither by conflicting winds, a prey to the indefinite.

Le Rêve et la Vie, the last fragments of which were found in his pockets after his suicide, scrawled on scraps of paper, interrupted with Kabbalistic signs and "a demonstration of the Immaculate Conception by geometry," is a narrative of a madman's visions by the madman himself, yet showing, as Gautier says, "*la raison froide assise au chevet de la fièvre chaude, l'hallucination s'analysant elle-même par un suprême effort philosophique.*" What is curious, yet after all natural, is that part of the narrative seems to be contemporaneous with what it describes, and part subsequent to it; so that it is not as when De Quincey says to us, such or such was the opium-dream that I had on such a night; but as if the opium-dreamer had begun to

write down his dream while he was yet within its coils. "The descent into hell," he calls it twice; yet does he not also write: "At times I imagined that my force and my activity were doubled; it seemed to me that I knew everything, understood everything; and imagination brought me infinite pleasures. Now that I have recovered what men call reason, must I not regret having lost them?" But he had not lost them; he was still in that state of double consciousness which he describes in one of his visions, when, seeing people dressed in white, "I was astonished," he says, "to see them all dressed in white; yet it seemed to me that this was an optical illusion." His cosmical visions are at times so magnificent that he seems to be creating myths; and it is with a worthy ingenuity that he plays the part he imagines to be assigned to him in his astral influences.

"First of all I imagined that the persons collected in the garden (of the mad-house) all had some influence on the stars, and that the one who always walked round and round in a circle regulated the course of the sun. An old man, who was brought there at certain hours of the day, and who made knots as he consulted his watch, seemed to me to be charged with the notation of the course of the hours. I attributed to myself an influence over the course of the moon, and I believed that this star had been struck by the thunderbolt of the Most High, which had traced on its face the imprint of the mask which I had observed.

"I attributed a mystical signification to the conversations of the warders and to those of my companions. It seemed to me that they were the representatives of all the races of the earth, and that we had undertaken between us to re-arrange the course of the stars, and to give a wider development to the system. An error, in my opinion, had crept into the general combination of numbers, and thence came all the ills of humanity. I believed also that the celestial spirits had taken human forms, and assisted at this general congress, seeming though they did to be concerned with but ordinary occupations. My own part seemed to me to be the re-establishment of universal harmony by Kabbalistic art, and I had to seek a solution by evoking the occult forces of various religions."

So far we have, no doubt, the confusions of madness, in which what may indeed be the symbol is taken for the thing itself. But now observe what follows:—

"I seemed to myself a hero living under the very eyes of the gods; everything in nature assumed new aspects, and secret voices came to me from the plants, the trees, animals, the meanest insects, to warn and to encourage me. The words of my companions had mysterious messages, the sense of which I alone understood; things without form and without life lent themselves to the designs of my mind; out of combinations of stones, the figures of angles, crevices, or openings, the cut of leaves, out of colours, odours, and sounds, I saw unknown harmonies come forth. 'How is it,' I said to myself, 'that I can possibly have lived so long outside nature, without identifying myself with her? All things live, all things are in motion, all things correspond; the magnetic rays emanating from myself or others traverse without obstacle the infinite chain of created things: a transparent network covers the world, whose loose threads communicate more and more closely with the planets and the stars. Now a captive upon the earth, I hold converse with the starry choir, which is feelingly a part of my joys and sorrows.' "

To have thus realised that central secret of the mystics, from Pythagoras onwards, the secret which the Smaragdine Tablet of Hermes betrays in its "As things are below, so are they above;" which Boehme has classed in his teaching of "signatures," and Swedenborg has systematised in his doctrine of "correspondences;" does it matter very much that he arrived at it by way of the obscure and fatal initiation of madness? Truth, and especially that soul of truth which is poetry, may be reached by many roads; and a road is not necessarily misleading because it is dangerous or forbidden. Here is one who has gazed at light till it has blinded him; and for us all that is important is that he has seen something, not that his eyesight has been too weak to endure the pressure of light overflowing the world from beyond the world.

III.

And here we arrive at the fundamental principle which is at once the substance and the æsthetics of the sonnets, "composés," as he explains, "dans cet état de rêverie *super-naturaliste*, comme diraient les Allemands." In one, which I will quote, he is explicit, and seems to state a doctrine.

"VERS DORÉS.

- "Homme, libre penseur ! te crois-tu seul pensant
 Dans ce monde où la vie éclate en toute chose ?
 Des forces que tu tiens ta liberté dispose,
 Mais de tous tes conseils l'univers est absent.
- "Respecte dans la bête un esprit agissant :
 Chaque fleur est une âme à la Nature éclosé ;
 Un mystère d'amour dans le métal repose ;
 'Tout est sensible !' Et tout sur ton être est puissant.
- "Crains, dans le mur aveugle, un regard qui t'épie !
 A la matière même un verbe est attaché . . .
 Ne la fais pas servir à quelque usage impie !
- "Souvent dans l'être obscur habite un Dieu caché ;
 Et comme un œil naissant couvert par ses paupières,
 Un pur esprit s'accroît sous l'écorce des pierres !"

But in the other sonnets, in *Artémis*, which I have quoted, in *El Desdichado*, *Myrtho*, and the others, he would seem to be deliberately obscure; or at least, his obscurity results, to some extent, from the state of mind which he describes in *Le Rêve et la Vie*: "I then saw, vaguely drifting into form, plastic images of antiquity, which outlined themselves, became definite, and seemed to represent symbols, of which I only seized the idea with difficulty." Nothing could more precisely represent the impression made by these sonnets, in which,

for the first time in French, words are used as the ingredients of an evocation, as themselves not merely colour and sound, but symbol. Here are words which create an atmosphere by the actual suggestive quality of their syllables, as, according to the theory of Mallarmé, they should do; as, in the recent attempts of the Symbolists, writer after writer has endeavoured to lure them into doing. Persuaded, as Gérard was, of the sensitive unity of all nature, he was able to trace resemblances where others saw only divergences; and the setting-together of unfamiliar and apparently alien things, which comes so strangely upon us in his verse, was perhaps an actual sight of what it is our misfortune not to see. His genius, to which madness had come as the liberating, the precipitating, spirit, disengaging its fineness, consisted in a power of materialising vision, whatever is most volatile and unseizable in vision, and without losing the sense of mystery, or that quality which gives its charm to the intangible. Madness, then, in him, had lit up, as if by lightning-flashes, the hidden links of distant and divergent things; perhaps in somewhat the same manner as that in which a similarly new, startling, perhaps *over-true* sight of things is gained by the artificial stimulation of haschisch, opium, and those other drugs, by which vision is produced deliberately, and the soul, sitting safe within the perilous circle of its own magic, looks out on the panorama which either rises out of the darkness before it, or drifts from itself into the darkness. The very imagery of these sonnets is the imagery which is known to all dreamers of bought dreams. "Rose au cœur violet, fleur de sainte-Gudule," "le Temple au peristyle immense," "la grotte où nage la syène": the dreamer of bought dreams has seen them all. But no one before Gérard realised that such things as these might be the basis of almost a new æsthetics. Did he himself realise all that he had done, or was it left for Mallarmé to theorise upon what Gérard had but divined?

That he made the discovery, there is no doubt; and we owe to the fortunate accident of madness the main foundation of what may be called the practical æsthetics of Symbolism. Look again at that sonnet *Artémis*, and you will see in it not only the method of Mallarmé, but much of the most intimate manner of Verlaine. The first four lines, with their fluid rhythm, their repetitions and echoes, their delicate evasions, might have been written by Verlaine; in the later part the firmness of the rhythms and the jewelled significance of the words are like Mallarmé at his finest, so that in a single sonnet we may fairly claim to see a foreshadowing of the styles of Mallarmé and Verlaine at once. With Verlaine the resemblance goes, perhaps, no further; with Mallarmé it goes to the very roots, the whole man being, certainly, his style.

Gérard de Nerval, then, had divined, before all the world, that

poetry should be a miracle ; not a hymn to beauty, nor the description of beauty, nor beauty's mirror ; but beauty itself, the colour, fragrance, and form of the imagined flower, as it blossoms again out of the page. Vision, the overpowering vision, had come to him beyond, if not against, his will ; and he knew that vision is the root out of which the flower must grow. Vision had taught him symbol, and he knew that it is by symbol alone that the flower can take visible form. He knew that the whole mystery of beauty can never be comprehended by the crowd, and that while clearness is a virtue of style, perfect explicitness is not a necessary virtue. So it was with disdain, as well as with confidence, that he allowed these sonnets to be overheard. It was enough for him to say :—

“ J'ai rêvé dans la grotte où nage la sirène ; ”

and to speak, it might be, the siren's language, remembering her. “ It will be my last madness,” he wrote, “ to believe myself a poet : let criticism cure me of it.” Criticism, in his own day, even Gautier's criticism, could but be disconcerted by a novelty so unexampled. It is only now that the best critics in France are beginning to realise how great in themselves, and how great in their influence, are these sonnets, which, forgotten by the world for nearly fifty years, have all the while been secretly bringing new æsthetics into French poetry.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

MY FRIEND ROBIN.

If we may judge from the legends which have found their way into literature, the redbreast must have been the friend of man from a very ancient period. I do not know whether date or origin has ever been assigned by those learned in folklore to the story of the Babes in the Wood, but Anne Pratt's theory, and she ought to know, was that it arose from the Robin's constant habit of collecting dead leaves for no other apparent purpose than to conceal its nest. But Anne Pratt, careful soul! wrote in the prosaic days of the fifties; we are more imaginative now, and I, for one, refuse to be put off with an explanation so plausibly simple. Of course the Robin must have buried some one out of pure charity, otherwise how could Wordsworth have called him "the pious bird," and old Michael Drayton crystallized the gracious work of the little sexton as follows:—

"Covering with moss the dead's uncloséd eye
The little redbreast teacheth charitie."

Observe Drayton calls him the redbreast; Shakespeare calls him the ruddock, or redcock, and perhaps it is because we English are a stand-off race that it is only in recent years we have come to the familiarity of "Robin," for in Norway he has always been "Peter Ronsmed," and "Thomas Gierdet" in Germany, for reasons best known to the antiquarian. Familiar with man he has always been, if we may credit stories of the wonderful places he has chosen on occasion for nest-building—libraries, schoolrooms, and the like—and once, indeed, his "piety" was established by his rearing a family upon the Bible in a church. So tolerant was the parson of this invasion of the lectern that he took to reading the lessons from another Bible, in order not to disturb the birds. All honour to his forbearance!

It is by this boldness of advance that the Robin has always made himself a favourite with mankind, and a singular example of it once fairly carried me away by its fascination. It happened on this wise:

A custom of mine had been to sit on a stone seat beside a path which runs through a copse near the house, and the place being sheltered and quiet, I found it a good spot for study. For some days I had noticed a Robin coming closer than usual, and apparently trying to attract attention. He would sit on a stone on the other side of the path, looking at me with perky curiosity, and then hop about within a few yards of my feet, evidently showing himself off. One day I was intent on my book when I caught the notes of a far-away song, as of a bird some fifty yards off; there was something

peculiar in the quality of sound which made me raise my head to listen, and lo! my little friend was perched within a foot of my head, on the rock which served as a back to my seat. He was so close that I could see every feather of his orange-coloured breast move as he breathed, and his whispered song was for my ear alone. His beak scarce stirred, and were it not that I could see his throat swelling in exact time with the music, I should even then have taken his song to be that of some other bird far distant. Then he hopped within a few inches round my head, warbling the while. Several times he flew to a bough a yard off, but he always came back to the rock. I turned my head and smiled, wondering whether it would please him, like the children who patted the tortoise, and I began a vile travesty of his song by whistling gently through my teeth. It is a mercy he did not cut me dead for such a parody; but he showed neither rage nor fear; he only sat up very tall, cocked his head to one side, and stared in astonishment. I could see the black-beaded rim which serves for an eyelid, and that the pupil of his eye was surrounded by a liquid dark brown ring. Thus we communicated our friendship, he asking, I giving, in a language understood by neither of us.

Now what could be the motive of this strange visit? Was it curiosity or love? If the former, why did he try to make up to me and sing so gently into my ear? And how is it that my smile—a veritable earthquake in a mountain-side—did not frighten him away? I thought of getting crumbs to entice him to feed out of my hand, but it seemed then to savour of bribery and corruption, and I considered we understood each other sufficiently without such a base medium of exchange. Let me confess, however, that at last the temptation became too great; I did bribe with a crumb, and he did perch on my hand.

The other day I was reading a book by Mr. Phil Robinson,¹ whose observation of the humorous and human side of the animal kingdom is inimitable, and, speaking of little birds in their friendly relation to man, he says this:—"They will come to know a person who is always dressed in the same way, or doing the same thing, or they will learn a call, or become accustomed to a regular routine. But their sight does not permit them to discern the same individual in two disguises, nor can they, like the dog, afford to wait till you are close to them, to acknowledge your identity; and no one, except a Thoreau in his wilds, or a Francis of Assisi, can spend his years in uniformity of garb for the reward of the confidence of the little folk in fur and feathers."

But my friend greeted me as spontaneously in a dark as in a light suit. "Gum" boots or gaiters mattered not to him; he would climb the dizzy heights of a trouser with the same ease as he would a

(1) *Gar:en, Ore:ard, and Spinney.*

stocking. Imagine meeting a Mammoth one day, clothed in a decent suit of brown bristles, and recognizing him for the same, next morning, painted like a pillar box ! But perhaps, *pace* Mr. Robinson, it was my smell which was the attraction, and he perceived the fellow carnivore. It is said the reek of a meat-eating European is as offensive to a herbivorous Chinaman as that of a negro to a European, and certain it is that a deer is painfully aware of even the distant presence of man, for he will throw up his head, pull a face as it were, and remove himself hastily to a less evil-smelling pasturage ; and why not the converse ? There was nothing inherently dangerous in a meat smell, and he was too small for me to wish him pickled in a pie, for he knew that only a Frenchman appreciates the delicacy of small birds. An edict had gone forth against the bullfinches on account of the gooseberry buds, and the gardener's gun had poured in grape and canister, but he cared not. Bang would go a gun at a rabbit not a hundred yards off, and our friend would merely hop on to another bough. One day we were holding quiet converse together, and suddenly the thicket began to resound with the yappings of two dogs in chase of rabbits. "Bother the brutes," thought I, "why cannot they choose some other time to make such a rumpus ?" and I stood on the path to drive them away ; and, as I did so, a baby rabbit, hard pressed, came tearing between my feet and disappeared. And not a moment too soon, for the terrier came hot on his heels. I am afraid I spoilt good sport as I sent him home with the threat of a stone. He probably pondered on the inconsistency of man, for what is a terrier bred for if he is not to chase rabbits ? As for poor bunny, he little knew that he owed a whole skin to a quaint friendship between Colossus and Robin. And was all this disturbance too much for my russet friend ? Not a bit of it ; he perched upon me before I had time to sit down.

Your Robin is a true gentleman, and walks *sans peur et sans reproche*. His orange waistcoat is proof against ignoble fears, and he does not flee round the corner at the first unwonted sight or sound. His curiosity, however, is insatiable. He must find out about everything. He is your true scientific observer. A new object is dropped on the road—say a glove or handkerchief ; down comes Robin with a few short decisive hops, cocks his head, and then pecks away for dear life till he has mastered the texture, and possibly the taste, of the new article. My homespun suit was a great source of wonder to Robin, for at first he tugged away at its threads with the insistence of a terrier. Having found out what manner of stuff it was, and satisfied himself that the hairs would not easily come out, he troubled himself no more on the subject and treated my clothes with proper respect. Once only he lit on my head, and thinking I was unaware of his presence sought to notify that fact by picking my cap, for indeed

I was scarcely sensible of his little feet through the cloth. But with all these amiable qualities towards Colossus, Master Robin assumes very stand-off manners towards his kind. He does not believe in Tolstoyism or the nationalization of the land. He exercises all the ancient territorial rights which he has received from his forefathers, and the boundaries of his kingdom are as exact as though they were marked pink on the plan. Several times I was the cause of a terrible squabble between him and a neighbour with whom he "marched." Half way down the path which led from my seat was a small trickle of water which made a line of demarcation. The frontier was more natural than scientific, for the water meandered in the arbitrary way water will meander. Sometimes, when I bade adieu to my friend, he would follow me to the threshold of his domain hopping down the path, and I, finding parting such sweet sorrow as to wish to prolong the last words, would frequently entice him by voice and gesture into the enemy's country. No sooner had he jumped the stream than flash came another Robin out of a bush, and there was a battle royal. The invader was the stronger of the two, so that my friend, paying dearly for his courtesy and gallantry, had always to beat an ignominious retreat. But the pursuit was never carried very far over the border; indeed, it seemed more an assertion of right than a display of vindictiveness, for, after a skirmish or so, they would both be back hurling chirps of defiance at each other over the tiny stream.

And, talking of chirps, this said note is quite different from the tone in which he addresses Mrs. Robin, or myself. It is very high and remarkably shrill, like the noise made by two coins struck together, and when repeated with insistence, sounds uncommonly like bad language.

The Billingsgate is not quite so low nor the vocabulary so varied as that of the sparrow, but each epithet is carefully thought out with a pause between, so as to sting. But whether it is compliment or abuse, it is always addressed to some one in particular, and when he comes and whispers his greeting into my ear, what would I not give to understand the language of his friendship and the tenour of his song? Perhaps in the coming years we shall discover the way, for Science is not quite yet at the end of her tether. Who knows?

GILBERT COLERIDGE.

THE NORWEGIAN-SWEDISH CONFLICT.¹

NORWEGIANS, Swedes, and Danes, as well as a good many Englishmen, must have read Miss Sutcliffe's article in the October number of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* with considerable surprise. The ideas of Englishmen regarding the politics and even the geography of the so-called "Scandinavian" countries have always been somewhat nebulous, in proof of which may be cited the indiscriminate use of the word "Scandinavian" in connection with anything appertaining to Norway, Sweden, or Denmark, which, whether it be in books, reviews, or newspaper articles, has been long only too prominent. Thus, we are continually hearing of Ibsen, the "Scandinavian" dramatist; of Grieg, the "Scandinavian" master; of *Seladon*, the "Scandinavian" ship, and so forth; all culled from last week's newspapers. And now we have actually the "Scandinavian" kingdom! If the writers, who use the words "Scandinavia" and "Scandinavian" so promiscuously in their books, articles, and paragraphs, knew how misplaced and misleading these expressions are, they would once for all discard the use of them. They ought to bear in mind that the word "Scandinavian" can, at most, be used in a geographical, or rather an ethnographical, sense, and that it is generally and universally understood—and rightly so—to apply to the three countries, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, which anyone may verify in most books of reference.

Miss Sutcliffe, therefore, by giving her article the title of "Scandinavia and her King," leads her readers at once to suppose that she is referring to Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and that she means to imply, that these countries are at present, or are at some future time, to be ruled by one king. Accustomed as we have been to the misuse of the word "Scandinavia," it has been reserved for Miss Sutcliffe to discover the "*Kingdom of Scandinavia*." We turn in vain to all the reference books, from the *Statesman's Year Book* to the great Encyclopædias in the English language. We fail to discover any such kingdom, either in Europe or in any other part of the world. Miss Sutcliffe, however, speaks deliberately of "Scandinavia" and her king, of the *double* kingdom, of *its* prospects and *its* history. She

(1) A reply to Miss Constance Sutcliffe's article: "Scandinavia and Her King."

[Miss Constance Sutcliffe desires me to say that her most important statements are corroborated by many authorities, among them being Lieut. Kuylenstierna, an officer in the Swedish Navy, author of "Warclouds in the North," in the *United Service Magazine*, April, 1895.—Ed. F. R.]

ought, of course, to have said the *two* kingdoms, *their* prospects and *their* history. Miss Sutcliffe's article is, therefore, likely to create still more confusion in the minds of English readers with regard to the affairs, political and otherwise, of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. We do not read very far, however, before we discover that her article refers to Norway and Sweden alone. At the very beginning she observes, that "in order the situation may be justly appreciated, the terms of the Act of Union (which she in other places, no doubt for the sake of variety, terms the *Treaty* of Union) and the Fundamental Law which regulated and defined that Union, should be clearly understood." Quite so! It is only to be regretted that Miss Sutcliffe herself should not have followed the excellent counsel she gives her readers. It is much to be desired that she should have "clearly understood," not only the terms of the Act of Union and the Fundamental Law, but also the many other matters of which she treats in her article. From the lines just quoted every reader would be led to infer that there is one Fundamental Law common to both Norway and Sweden, did he not know that these countries are two distinct and independent kingdoms, each having its own separate Fundamental Law, Government, Parliament, Army, Navy, &c., and that, by the Act of Union of 1815, they became united under one king, who, in fact, is the only institution they have constitutionally in common.

How little Miss Sutcliffe has observed the principles which she lays down for the benefit of her readers may be gauged by the following statement, which she makes on the very first page of her article :

"Karl Johan (Bernadotte) drew up a treaty of Union permitting the Norwegians to retain the Constitution they had mapped out for themselves. By the terms of this Treaty we learn that :

- "1. No Swede was to hold any official post in Norway.
- "2. The King was to have no power to dissolve the Legislative Assembly in Norway.
- "3. Any Bill passed by the Storting three times in succession, was to become law in spite of the possible disapproval of the King.
- "4. Norway was to have her own Parliament and her own Ministers in all departments excepting that of Foreign Affairs.
- "5. Norway was to levy her own taxes, control her own schools, and make her own municipal laws.
- "6. Norway was to retain her ancient institutions according to her own pleasure."

This "Treaty of Union" to which Miss Sutcliffe refers is, of course, the *Rigsakt* or Act of Union between the two countries, but if she will read this document, she will discover that not a single word of any of the six statements quoted above is to be found there. She will find that the only reference to Norway's actual political position

in the Union is contained in Paragraph I. of the Act of Union, which says :

"The kingdom of Norway shall be a free, independent, indivisible and inalienable realm, united with Sweden under one King."

How Miss Sutcliffe should have succeeded in extracting her six remarkable statements from this short and clear paragraph, relating to Norway's position and rights, is surely a mystery !

With regard to the first statement it is natural enough that no Swede should hold any official position in Norway. A Swede is, in fact, a foreigner in Norway, and can, as a matter of course, no more hold an official position in Norway than any other foreigner, or than a Frenchman or a German could hold a similar post in England. Miss Sutcliffe's second and third statements form part of the Norwegian Constitution of 1814, and are so far correct, but they are not to be found in the Act of Union at all, nor have they anything whatever to do with it. The fourth statement to the effect that Norway was to have her own Parliament and Ministers in all departments, except that of Foreign Affairs, is only partially correct. Norway being a free and independent kingdom, has naturally her own Parliament and Ministers ; but neither in the Act of Union nor in the Norwegian Constitution will Miss Sutcliffe be able to find any exception made with regard to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. If this matter had been settled by the Act of Union, as she asserts, the present difficulty between Norway and Sweden could scarcely have arisen.

No reference is made in the Act of Union to the management of the foreign affairs of the two countries, and as Norway, at the time of the Union, had few or no diplomatic matters or difficulties with foreign Powers, the transaction of foreign affairs and the appointment of Ambassadors and Consuls abroad were allowed quietly to drift into the control of the Swedish Foreign Office, but there is no paragraph in the Constitution of Norway, or in the Act of Union, that authorises such an arrangement, and Norway has never by a single act committed herself to the control of the foreign affairs of the two countries by Sweden alone. But in time the Norwegians began to understand that not only would it be more dignified and consistent with the spirit of their free and democratic Constitution, but also more advantageous to the commercial interests of the country, to have their own Consuls and Foreign Minister, who would be responsible to the Norwegian Government and Parliament. Too long have the Norwegians suffered an alien to be responsible for the conduct of their foreign affairs and consular service.

It is therefore most unwarranted and misleading to state, as Miss Sutcliffe does, that, according to the "Treaty of Union," Norway was

not to have the management of her foreign affairs. On the contrary, it is clearly stated in paragraph 26 of the Norwegian Constitution that the Norwegian King has the right to appoint and receive Ambassadors. What the Norwegians have of late been asking their king to do is to sanction the appointment of their own Consuls and ultimately of their own Foreign Minister, which is no more than any free and independent nation, possessing any sense of honour and dignity, would demand.

It is well known to all students of Norwegian and Swedish politics that ever since Karl Johan (Bernadotte) agreed, in 1814, to the union between the two countries—a union based upon a voluntary agreement between equal parties possessing equal rights—Swedish statesmen and politicians have secretly been hoping that the day would come when Sweden—in spite of the provisions of the Act of Union and the “brotherly” assurances contained in plausible speeches on festive occasions—might seize Norway and make her a province of Sweden. It is also well known that, since it has been found impossible to attain this consummation, repeated attempts have been made by the Swedes to introduce revisions of the Act of Union, the object of Sweden being, without doubt, to establish herself as the “predominant partner” in the Union, and ultimately realise her long-cherished hopes by quietly “pocketing” Norway.

It is, no doubt, these inherited aspirations which have prompted the Swedes of to-day to encourage King Oscar to oppose the legitimate wishes of the Norwegians, in the belief that their realisation would be further off than ever, if Norway had her own Ambassadors and Consuls abroad, and thereby established still more firmly, in the eyes of the outer world, her position as an independent kingdom.

One of the most transparent and flagrant attempts to violate the Act of Union was made by the anti-Norwegian party in Sweden in 1895, when they actually contemplated imposing a revision of the Act of Union upon the Norwegians by force. They demanded, among other things, that the king should be given an absolute veto in legislative matters in Norway, in place of the suspensive veto he now possesses; that he should have the right to dissolve the Parliament at pleasure, as he can do in Sweden, and that the *Rigsret*, or Supreme Court of Justice for trial of political offences, should be reconstructed. This, however, like all previous attempts of a similar nature, was doomed to failure.

It was hardly necessary for Miss Sutcliffe to state that Norway was to levy her own taxes, control her own schools, &c. She would, indeed, have been a poor specimen of an independent kingdom if she did not possess these rights! How frequently do writers on Norwegian politics forget that Norway has one of the most perfectly

democratised constitutions in existence at the present day! As to Norway retaining her "ancient institutions according to her own pleasure," to quote Miss Sutcliffe's expression (6), it is difficult to understand what she may be referring to.

Miss Sutcliffe, however, proceeds with her elucidation of Norwegian and Swedish politics, and fairly takes one's breath away with the following astounding exposition of the relations existing between the two countries:—

"However, both the Fundamental Law (*sic*) and the Act of Union certainly assumed that Sweden would always retain the *leading place*¹ in the Union; that the habitual residence of the King would be in Sweden; that the seat of Government would *always* be in Sweden; that Sweden *alone* could declare war, make peace, and form alliances with foreign powers; that the Swedish Ministers *only* should assist at the Cabinet Councils in Stockholm."

Among the many misinformed and untrustworthy utterances that have been published in English on the political crises in Norway and Sweden, it would be difficult to discover any so unauthenticated, baseless, and absolutely misleading as those reproduced above. Here, again, Miss Sutcliffe speaks as if there were only one Fundamental Law for the two countries, which, I need scarcely repeat, have each their own constitution, these being, moreover, nearly as opposite in character as could be imagined. But neither in the Fundamental Law of Norway, nor in that of Sweden, nor in the Act of Union, is there to be found a single paragraph, or even a single allusion, which would lead anyone to "assume that Sweden would always retain the leading place in the Union." On the contrary, the relations of the two countries, according to the Act of Union, are based upon absolute equality. Professor Rydin, a well-known Swedish jurist, states in his work, *The Union of Norway and Sweden*, that Norway and Sweden are entirely sovereign states, the independence of neither of which is conditioned by the existence or non-existence of the Union, while he maintains that the independence thus mutually recognised by both kingdoms necessarily entails the equality of both in the Union. Had Miss Sutcliffe "clearly understood" this, she would have been somewhat more qualified to discuss the relations of the two countries and the differences at present existing between them.

Notwithstanding the statements made by Miss Sutcliffe in other portions of her article, she clearly assumes, in the passage just quoted, that there is not merely one Fundamental Law, but also one government for the two countries. What else can she mean by saying, "that the seat of Government would always be in Sweden?" The general reader is naturally led to believe that there is only one government for Norway and Sweden together, and that its seat is in the

(1) All italics in the quotations are mine.—H. L. B.

latter country. Will it surprise Miss Sutcliffe to learn that the seat of the Norwegian Government is now and has always been, since the Union, in Christiania, the Norwegian capital, while that of the Swedish Government is in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden?

Equally startling and misleading are the statements, that "Sweden alone could declare war, &c.," and, that "the Swedish Ministers only should assist at the Cabinet Councils in Stockholm." No allusion to anything of the kind is to be found anywhere in the Act of Union. According to paragraph 4 of that Act, the King has the right to declare war and to conclude peace, but this right is fenced round by most stringent provisions as to the manner in which the Norwegian and Swedish Governments are to be consulted. When the King intends to declare war, he must, before doing so, inform the Norwegian Government of his purpose and await its decision with regard to it, together with its full report as to the state of the kingdom, its finances, and means of defence; as soon as this provision has been complied with, the King summons the three members of the Norwegian Government who are in attendance upon him in Stockholm to an extraordinary joint-council with his Swedish Ministers, when he explains the reasons for his action and the circumstances which have to be considered in connection with the question before them. The report of the Norwegian Government on the state of the kingdom, together with a similar one on that of Sweden, has to be laid on the table. The King then asks the Ministers to give their opinions, which they, one and all, must enter upon the minutes, and for which they are held responsible. The King has then the right to take and carry into effect that decision which he may consider most beneficial to the countries. Such are the words and provisions of the Act of Union, but it surely requires some stretch of imagination to deduce from them, that "Sweden *alone* can declare war."

When Miss Sutcliffe says that the "Swedish Ministers only assist at the Cabinet Councils in Stockholm," the reader is again led to believe (since she says that the seat of the Government is in Stockholm and that consequently Cabinet Councils are only held there) that the Norwegian Ministers are not allowed to attend any Councils at all, and that the Swedish Ministers transact and settle all business, Norwegian as well as Swedish. In that case one might reasonably ask: what is the use of the King having any Norwegian Ministers at all? The relations of the two countries, their constitutions, and the Act of Union, seem to have proved too much for Miss Sutcliffe. In order to make the true state of affairs clear, it is necessary that I should briefly give the facts with regard to the Ministers and the Cabinet Councils of the two countries.

The Norwegian Government, according to the Norwegian Constitu-

tion, consists of ten Ministers, of whom three are chosen to be in attendance upon the King, and assist in the dispatch of Norwegian business, when he resides at Stockholm, his Swedish capital; the remaining seven form the Government in Christiania, his Norwegian capital. When the King is in the latter, the Cabinet Councils are presided over by him, and if he is absent, the Norwegian Prime Minister takes his place. Paragraph 15 of the Norwegian Constitution provides that when the King is in Stockholm and transacts Norwegian business with his Norwegian Ministers in attendance upon him there, they *alone* must be present. He can, indeed, come to no decision regarding Norwegian business except in their presence and after hearing their opinions. When, however, the King transacts business which concerns both countries, he must, in the event of the Council being held during his residence at Stockholm, summon his three Norwegian Ministers in attendance upon him to a joint-council with his Swedish Ministers, while, if the Council happens to take place when the King is on a visit to his Norwegian capital, three of his Swedish Ministers who accompany him on such occasions, meet his Norwegian Ministers in a joint-council, and, naturally, when the King transacts Swedish business with his Swedish Ministers, this takes place in the Swedish capital and only in their presence.

I trust the foregoing observations will serve to show how exceedingly inaccurate and misleading Miss Sutcliffe's statement is when she says, that "Swedish Ministers only assist at the Cabinet Councils in Stockholm."

The student of political history will doubtless be struck with amazement at Miss Sutcliffe's references to the Treaty of Kiel and the state of affairs in Norway, as well as in Sweden, at that time. She writes :—

"The extreme Left [*the writer apparently means the Norwegian Left*] pursuing a somewhat original line of action, in making any new demands (*sic*) always point to the Constitution drawn up in haste *while* the allies were signing the Treaty of Kiel."

The Treaty of Kiel was signed on the 14th of January, 1814, but the National Assembly, which was convened at Eidsvold, and which finally adopted the Constitution to which Miss Sutcliffe refers, did not meet until three months afterwards (the 10th of April), and it was not until the 17th of May that the Constitution was completed and finally passed, Prince Christian Frederick, the then Danish Governor of Norway, being made King of the country. This, however, was *four months after* the signing of the Treaty of Kiel. It is, therefore, difficult to understand Miss Sutcliffe's purpose in stating that the Norwegian Constitution was "drawn up in haste, *while* the allies were

signing the Treaty of Kiel." If it was necessary to refer to the Treaty at all, why did she not give the actual facts? The Norwegian Deputies certainly did not take long to draft their Constitution, but it must be remembered that the enemy was on the other side of the border and there was no time to be lost. But in spite of the pressure under which it was prepared, the Norwegian Constitution, without a shadow of doubt, stands forth to-day as the freest and most democratic of all monarchical states. An English writer in *Fraser's Magazine* says:—"It is one of a thoroughly practical character, and good government seems to have been the end aimed at by its founders."

The Swedish Constitution, on the other hand, is of an absolutely different character. It is founded upon the feudal system, while that of Norway is based upon the udal principle. In order that the nature of the difference between the two countries should be appreciated, it is only necessary to mention that the Swedish Constitution gives the King an absolute veto, and the right to dissolve the Swedish Parliament at his own pleasure—powers which he does not possess under the Norwegian Constitution. The Swedish Parliament consists of an Upper and Lower House, while the Norwegian Parliament, on the other hand, is a single-chamber institution. Mr. Samuel Laing, the well-known traveller and father of the late M.P. for Orkney, considers the Norwegian Storting to be "a working model of a constitutional government, and one which works so well as highly to deserve the consideration of the English people."

To return, however, to the Treaty of Kiel, it will, of course, be understood by every impartial student of history that this Treaty could in no way concern the Norwegians. The Danish King had no right whatever to hand over Norway to Sweden, or to any other power. The Norwegians were not consulted in the matter, and consequently refused to recognise a Treaty in the conclusion of which they had had no voice, and to which, therefore, they had given no sanction. It is, therefore, somewhat curious to be told, in Miss Sutcliffe's article, that—

"Under the circumstances Norway would have had no right, even had she not injudiciously reduced herself to the condition of a rebel (*sic*), to demur if Karl Johan had merely announced that she was to be incorporated with Sweden in the same manner as she had been till then incorporated (*sic*) with Denmark."

But Karl Johan did actually announce to the Norwegians his intention of annexing the country, and even entered Norway at the head of an army of 20,000 Swedes, but he soon discovered he had to deal with quite a different people from what he had imagined the Norwegians to be, and he did not succeed in bringing Norway to her knees, as Miss Sutcliffe states. Both countries were unprepared for carrying

on the war, and a Convention was held at Moss, at which Karl Johan, partly under pressure of the allied powers, deemed it advisable to propose the Union of Norway with Sweden under one king, the maintenance of the independence of Norway being fully guaranteed. The Union was finally approved of by an extraordinary meeting of the Norwegian Parliament, and on the 4th November of the same year the Swedish King was chosen King of Norway. In the preamble to the Act of Union it is clearly stated that the Union between the two peoples was accomplished "not by force of arms, but by free conviction." I think I have thus abundantly proved that Miss Sutcliffe has altogether misunderstood the political situation and transactions of 1814.

It will be great news to the Norwegians to learn that King Oscar "has declared himself willing to accede to the petition as to the Consuls and to allow the sister country to have the direct voice in the regulation of foreign affairs, which she has so long demanded, but only on condition, that she would contribute to the defence of the two kingdoms in proportion to her population."

King Oscar has certainly never made any such declaration in public or officially, and, unless we are to suppose Miss Sutcliffe to be in possession of the secrets of his heart, the statement is unworthy of serious attention.

As Miss Sutcliffe proceeds, she shows herself more and more unable to grapple with the political problems of Norway and Sweden, and exhibits a total lack of knowledge of recent events. She observes:—

"English students of the question cannot, however, be too frequently reminded that many leading Norwegians declare that those (*in Norway*) who shout so loudly for a *revision of the Constitution* are, after all, in the minority. They argue that claims on Sweden are merely advanced as a party cry, and if a general appeal were made to the country, the majority would pronounce, without hesitation, in favour of a continuance of the Union, &c."

It is news, indeed, to learn that the Norwegians desire a revision of the Constitution! On this point Liberals and Conservatives in Norway are pretty well agreed, and neither party is now likely to listen to any proposals, which would "tighten the bonds of the Union." It is the Swedes, who are so anxious for revisions, both of the Norwegian Constitution and of the Act of Union. I need only refer, in this connection, to the attempt made in 1895, to which I have already alluded, when the Swedes actually had the intention of effecting a revision by force. I should not wonder, however, if Miss Sutcliffe really meant to say, that "many leading Norwegians declare that those who shout so loudly for *Norwegian Consuls and a Norwegian Foreign Minister* are, after all, in a minority." Even if it were so, the facts are, unfortunately, against Miss Sutcliffe. The results of all the elections since the question was raised, show a majority in favour

of separate Consuls and a separate Foreign Minister, and the General Election, which is just over, shows a still larger majority on the same side, the Liberals having gained twenty seats. They number already more than two-thirds of the whole Assembly. And the majority is sure to be still further increased at every election, until the question has been settled in accordance with the wishes of the Norwegian people.

Miss Sutcliffe's information with regard to the Norwegian merchant fleet, as well as the navy, is likewise quite inaccurate and by no means up to date. Thus she states that Norway "is not now herself the owner of one single modern ironclad."

As it happens, Norway possesses two first-class ironclads, the *Harald Haarfager* and the *Tordenskjold*. Has it escaped Miss Sutcliffe's attention that these two war-vessels were launched at Newcastle last spring? On both occasions nearly all the English newspapers contained accounts of the events, and particularly of the launch of the first vessel, at which Mrs. Nausen, the wife of the explorer, was present and christened the ship.

Miss Sutcliffe then proceeds to upbraid Norway for neglecting her "coast protection and arsenals," for begrudging every krone spent on her army and navy, and for being altogether neglectful of maintaining the efficiency of her army, &c., &c. I need only refer anyone interested in the question to the Norwegian budgets for the last two or three years, which will show that very large sums of money have been voted for the defences of the country, for important army reforms, for war-ships, &c.; in fact, the Norwegians consider that they have lately made enormous grants towards these objects. In 1895 the Storting ungrudgingly voted an extra grant of 12 million kroner for military and naval purposes, in addition to the ordinary grant of 11 million kroner. A total grant of 23 million kroner in one year for these purposes, is surely quite a respectable sum for a small country like Norway.

In the process of writing her article, Miss Sutcliffe appears to have forgotten some of the statements made by her in the earlier part of it. At the outset she stated "that no Swede could hold any official position in Norway. Yet, a few pages later, she writes:—

"Democratic Norway has complained, that too many state offices and positions of importance in parliament, in the army, the navy, and in the civil and diplomatic service, are in the hands of the patrician portion of the Swedish population."

Miss Sutcliffe, of course, can by this only mean, that the Norwegians think that too many state offices *in Norway*, and positions of importance in the *Norwegian* Parliament, Army, Navy, &c., are in the hands of patrician *Swedes*. Obviously she cannot possibly refer to

state offices in *Sweden*, or positions in the *Swedish* Parliament, &c.; for in that case, not only would Norway have no right or reason to complain, but she would not, as a matter of fact, trouble herself in the least as to what appointments are made in Sweden, be they given to the "patrician" or any other class of the Swedish population. Consequently, there have never been any complaints of the kind to which Miss Sutcliffe alludes, and it is difficult to understand why she should make such a random assertion! It will certainly not assist her readers in "appreciating and understanding" the actual political situation in Norway and Sweden. Possibly Miss Sutcliffe may have heard of the Norwegians' complaint some time ago, that too many "patrician" Swedes were appointed to the few posts of *Ambassadors* for Norway and Sweden abroad. If so, I may state that for a considerable time the Norwegians had just cause for complaint; but how, one must ask, does it happen that such a small item as these few diplomatic appointments gets mixed up in the writer's mind with "state offices, and positions of importance in Parliament, in the Army, the Navy, &c.?"

Miss Sutcliffe's opinions of Norwegian literature and music, and on the Norwegian intellect in general, are so curious, and her description of the Norwegian peasant's mode of living and his political ideas and stability is so completely at variance with general opinion and facts, that I am obliged to protest against a generalisation of such a sweeping character. Miss Sutcliffe writes:—

"Moreover, though here and there bright stars of literature, music, or the drama arise, *the general level of intellect is not high*, and the peasantry suffers from the modern mania of limiting their reading to the cheaper issues of their own party-press, with results that are not peculiar to this part of Europe. Politics apart, the Norwegian peasant is the best of men, kindly, hospitable, &c."

Norwegian literature and music may well rest satisfied with the general appreciation which they have met with beyond the borders of their native land, and the Norwegians themselves will, no doubt, be able to learn Miss Sutcliffe's estimate of their intellectual attainments with equanimity; but when she speaks slightly of the political opinions, the culture, and the economical condition of the Norwegian peasantry, it is necessary that she should be corrected.

There is hardly any peasantry in Europe, among whom the standard of education (including that of general reading) is so high, among whom the acquaintance with the constitution of the country and their political rights is so thorough as among the Norwegian peasants.

Mr. Samuel Laing, in his book on Norway, says:—

"The remarkable firmness, moderation, and judgment, with which the people have exercised the legislative powers vested by the Constitution entirely in the representatives, place them, in the moral estimate of European nations, in a much

higher rank than those, who have received a much greater share of the public attention in this country."

So much for the Norwegian peasants as politicians and citizens. Miss Sutcliffe's description of their life and occupations is almost pathetic. The general reader gets the impression that the bulk of the peasantry are poverty-stricken, living on "tiny plots of land" with half-starved cows and goats; and that the coast of the country and the shores of the rivers are lined with "curious cages of wood, high up among the rocks," in which the peasants sit the whole day with long ropes in their hand, supporting a net, &c., &c., which, according to Miss Sutcliffe, is apparently the principal occupation of the peasant. She has evidently never been in Norway, nor seen the large and well-kept farmsteads of the Gudbrandsdal, Österdal, Gausdal, and the other valleys of the country or the districts round the Christiania, Throndhjem and other fjords, with their extensive tracts of land, forest, and moor.

Mr. Samuel Laing, who lived in Norway for some years, says:—

"If there be a happy class of people in Europe, it is the Norwegian peasant. He is the owner of his farm; he is the king of his own land and landlord as well as king. . . He is well lodged, has abundance of fuel and a greater variety of food than the same class in other countries. . . . There is not, probably, in Europe so great a population in so happy a condition as this Norwegian yeomanry."

What a contrast to the picture presented to us by Miss Sutcliffe!

In addition to the unintellectual and poverty-stricken life which she assigns to the Norwegian peasant, she apportioned also to him the unenviable gastronomic task of eating the "rock-like cakes" of the Swedes, for the bread or cakes, which she describes as being "strung up to the ceiling by means of a thong passed through a hole in the centre" is nothing but the well-known Swedish "*Knäkkebröd*." The bread of the Norwegian peasantry is the "*Fladbröd*," which is so thin and crisp that the youngest child can eat it with ease. But in this fashion does Miss Sutcliffe proceed with her article, mixing up the Constitutions, the Parliaments, the politics, the bread—and even the ingredients thereof—of the two nations!

It is difficult to understand why Miss Sutcliffe should drag Finland into her article, particularly as she seems to be altogether misinformed as to the present state of affairs and the prevalent public feeling there. It will be remembered that Finland was lost to Sweden and became annexed to Russia in 1809. Miss Sutcliffe says that "Sweden has never reconciled itself to her loss, and as soon will France forget Alsace as Sweden her riven province of Finland." It is much to be regretted that such a misleading statement should ever have been published. It is now a very long time since Sweden gave up all

hope of regaining Finland, and no Swede nowadays would even dream of such a thing, especially as it is now quite well known that the Finlanders themselves are entirely opposed to any such change.

Miss Sutcliffe, however, has even more astounding news in store for us with regard to Russia's policy in the North, and with regard to what she has already accomplished there. In the extreme north of Norway, close to the Russian frontier, is situated the Varanger fjord, in connection with which a great deal of foolish writing has appeared in the European press for several years. Miss Sutcliffe now solemnly informs us that—

"This bay, so much coveted by the greater power, (Russia) is only separated from the Czar's dominions by a narrow strip of Norwegian soil, which has already been crossed by a railway constructed by Russia with the permission of Norway."

Miss Sutcliffe will, no doubt, be surprised to learn that no such railway has ever been constructed, or even contemplated; and one is compelled to ask why such a wild and absurd statement is published.

Miss Sutcliffe goes on to say with reference to this matter:—

"The value of this fjord to the Empire (Russia, in time of war would be incalculable, and to have this magnificent gift at its disposal, is a perpetual temptation to Norway to win the suffrages of the only European power she has reason to fear should she ever hoist the flag of revolt she has so long held half-unfurled in her hand. . . . There are, of course, not wanting those who demand that, by 'fair means or foul,' Russia shall at once become possessed of a harbour on the Varanger fjord which will give her free access to the open sea."

I have over and over again maintained, that these Russian designs upon territory in the north of Norway for naval stations, are purely imaginative, existing only in the brains of certain sensational journalists in the Swedish and Continental press, and that Russia, if she had any desire for one or more naval stations in the north, already possesses, on the Murman Coast, the best of harbours that she could wish, as this part of her coast in the north is ice-free all the year round.

And what has actually happened up there?

Only last October a London newspaper published the following account, taken from the *Mirovija Otogoloski*, one of the leading papers in St. Petersburg, of the establishment of the new Russian naval station, at Ekaterinsk, on the Murman coast.

"The construction of the new port and town on the Murman coast, which is afterwards to be converted into a naval station is now being rapidly proceeded with. A harbour is being built along the shore, which will be 1,680 feet in length, and Government buildings and houses are being erected for the officers and colonists, who will soon be invited to take up their residence in the new town, which will probably have a great future, not only as a fishing and whaling centre, but also as a naval station. This out-of-the-way place has been chosen for the new 'window in the north,' because this portion of the Murman coast never freezes."

Surely this ought to put an end to all the wild statements and speculations regarding Russian designs upon the Varanger fjord, and to the still more ridiculous assertion, that the Norwegian Liberals were willing to cede part of this fjord to Russia on condition that the latter would lend the Norwegians a helping hand in the event of a war with Sweden. No more conclusive refutation could be given to these reports than the actual construction and establishment of a naval station by Russia on her own ice-free coast in the Arctic region.

Miss Sutcliffe, in conclusion, writes :—

“ It is almost pathetic to hear the Norwegian Separatists (*sic*) argue on the dissolution of the Union, for their one charge against the continuation of the present conditions seems to be that they, having no voice in the foreign policy of the country, fear they may be dragged into war unawares by Sweden, etc.”

Why so many foreign writers on the present political conflict between Norway and Sweden will persist in stating that the Norwegian Liberal party desires the dissolution of the Union, and why this idea should always constitute the red thread running through their articles, is difficult indeed to understand. One is led to believe that they are aware, that if they argued on actual facts, there would be “no case.” Surely by this time it ought to be well known to all students of Norwegian politics, and especially of the present conflict, that what the Norwegian Liberals want, is their own Consuls, and their own responsible Foreign Minister. The Liberal party has never proposed, or even touched upon, the dissolution of the Union. It is simply the cry of timid Conservatives in Norway and Sweden, which is occasionally raised for the purpose of frightening the electors—a piece of strategy not altogether unknown to politicians on this side of the North Sea. To state, therefore, that the Norwegian Liberals desire the dissolution of the Union with Sweden, is absolutely untrue, and such an assertion ought to be avoided by every honest and fair-minded writer.

If foreign writers wish to refer to the feelings of the Norwegians on this particular question, they may more correctly, and, with some measure of justice, say, that the Norwegians insist upon full equality in the Union, which after all is only their full constitutional right, and that, in the event of the Swedes persisting in their interference in Norwegian affairs, and in encouraging King Oscar to refuse to carry into effect the wishes of the Norwegian people, thereby preventing him from acting as the constitutional King of Norway, to the constitution of which country he has sworn allegiance—then it may come to this, that the Norwegians, as a united nation, will take up the cry : “ Full equality, or out of the Union ! ”

It is the opinion of Miss Sutcliffe, that Norway, with a population of two millions, and with her limited resources, cannot stand alone,

but must inevitably fall into the hands of Russia. It may, however, be a source of some comfort to her to learn that the Norwegians are not in the least afraid of being unable to stand alone, and that they are equally unconscious of any fear that their country will ever fall into the hands of Russia.

This country, as I have pointed out on several occasions, is more likely to prefer the present gratuitous and effective protection of her north-western frontier, to saddling herself with a new and insecure frontier like that of the long, extensive Norwegian coast, which it would cost her millions to fortify and defend. At present she lies safe and secure behind Norway and Sweden, and it would be like baring her own breast to the enemy to extend her frontier to the North Sea.

There are still several statements in Miss Sutcliffe's article relating to the two countries, the King, the Gothenburg system, &c., &c., which are open to misconception, and ought to be corrected, but I am afraid I have already wearied the reader sufficiently with my selection.

H. L. BRÆKSTAD.

THE ADOPTION OF STREET ARABS BY THE STATE.

WHERE are the men and women now who in ten, fifteen, twenty years hence will fill our prisons, seek shelter in our workhouses, die in our hospitals of loathsome diseases engendered by crime and vice?

A walk through the streets of any of our large towns or cities will go far to answer the question. In them we have nurseries of vice, training schools for our criminals, the main source from which the workhouse supply is obtained.

Through every day and far into every night in our thoroughfares children of both sexes may be seen, from ages ranging from helpless infancy to growing boy and girlhood, wandering from street to street, dogging the footsteps, hanging on the skirts of crime, seeing sights and hearing sounds that disgrace humanity. Their birth a curse to those who have been its cause; their education one of oaths and blows; their future the workhouse and the prison; half naked, half starved, subjected to every possible suffering and temptation, dedicated from their cradle to a life of crime. What escape is there for them?

“Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?” and yet the British public, in spite of its strongest characteristic, that of common-sense, continues to act as if that was its expectation.

Every year new efforts are made in some form or another, whether by public legislation or private philanthropy, to control the criminal and help the destitute. Poor Law and Prison Reforms have done much as remedial measures: up to the present Philanthropy alone has attempted a policy of prevention. The State has done but little in this direction for the children doomed from infancy to pauperism and crime.

The arm of Justice has never been more vigorous, the doors of charity have never been thrown wider open, yet the tide of vice and misery never ebbs.

Legislation has done much to affect the present condition of the children of the British Isles. Has it done much to affect their future?

Reformatories, Factory Acts, Compulsory Education Acts, Child's Protection Acts—have they stemmed the torrent that never fails to keep to high-water mark our criminal and pauper statistics? Have they diminished, to any appreciable extent, the evil in our midst—that evil that changes the child of to-day into the convict of to-morrow? Legislation has dealt with its effects and its consequences—never yet with its primary causes. The gaol and the reformatory are its ready remedies, and year by year their machinery becomes more perfect, but the evil that gives birth to the greater part of the crime

that disgraces and degrades the land remains secure and unassailed, guarded by that falsest of all false safeguards, the so-called liberty of the British subject.

Our Lunacy Acts, our Vaccination Act, our Sanitary Acts, our Public Health Acts, what are they all but infringements of this so-called liberty? What greater infringement of the liberty of the British subject than to consign him to a gaol?

When an epidemic is sweeping through our land do we content ourselves with means for the relief of its sufferers and victims only; do we not attempt to ascertain and to strike at the cause from whence it springs? Yet the contemplation of the yearly statistics of crime, and the yearly expenditure of millions to cope with it in our Islands, might well make future generations, in their verdict of us, say, "This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

In 1893 there were 783,597 paupers in England, and the total cost of their support and maintenance was £8,847,678, at a rate of 6s. 1d. per head of the estimated population of England and Wales.

In 1892, in Scotland, for poor relief £912,838 was expended, at a rate of 4s. 3½d. per head of the estimated population.

In Ireland, in 1893, 102,865 persons were in receipt of poor relief of one kind or another at a total expenditure of £1,036,539, at the rate of 4s. 5¾d. per head of the estimated population.

From the estimates for 1895 it appears that the expenditure upon prisons alone was £623,000 for England and such of the Colonial prisons as are included in the English estimates, for Scotland £96,818, and for Ireland £119,883. This does not include the cost of reformatories nor the enormous expense of keeping up the police force, and of prosecuting and bringing criminals to Justice. On the principle of economy alone any experiment should be tried that would be likely to lessen this stream of waste at its source.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the philanthropic work done by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Its object is "that no child in the United Kingdom shall live an unendurable life." The necessity for its existence is one of the saddest features of our boasted civilisation. To its noble and persistent efforts we are indebted for the Child's Protection Act of 1894. Under that statute all children under a certain age found begging in the streets or receiving alms under the pretence of singing, playing, performing, or offering anything for sale as an inducement to charity, can be taken by the police to "a place of safety." Children also between the hours of 9 P.M. and 6 A.M. under a certain age found in the streets, singing, playing, performing, or selling anything or frequenting public-houses, can be dealt with by its provisions. Every Englishman feels satisfaction in bringing his fellow man to justice; but of what permanent benefit can this legislation be to these children?

Cases of neglect and cruelty are more easily detected, convictions more certainly obtained, with the result that the parent goes to prison and the child to the workhouse—that “place of safety” which (failing the friendly interposition of a relative who can give a satisfactory pledge as to the child’s custody, or in some happy instances an Industrial School or Philanthropic Institution), may in its degrading influences only make the last state of our street Arab worse than the first.

The millstone of *laissez faire* and political hesitation must be cast into the sea before the real remedy for this evil can be applied.

Why should legislation stop half way; why should it content itself with lopping only the branches of this upas tree of crime; why should it not strike at its roots? Why should one of the most grievous burthens of the State not be converted into one of its strongest supports? Why should the infant outcasts of our cities, for our sake, for the nation’s sake, for their own sake, not become the children of the State? Why should all children who come under the provisions of the Act of 1894, all found wandering in the streets either in the daytime or at midnight who are orphans or derelict, learning the lessons of crime and violence, sowing the seeds of disease and death; why should they who, under the present system, would be consigned to the workhouse, not be confiscated to the State, and be made its future servants instead of its future enemies? Why should the State not provide a “place of safety” for them, not only from neglect and brutality, but from the contamination of vice and pauperism? Why should it be content with affording them mere shelter from the street? The influences and surroundings of the poor-house are usually of the worst description, fatal to them in their growing years.

Why should a portion of the great sums of money paid by the British taxpayer not be devoted to the institution of real places of safety in our midst for these homeless children—State schools similar to those instituted and supported at present, chiefly through the generosity of private individuals? Why should the State not become the father of the fatherless, and in different shires and counties of our islands institute and properly organize Government refuges, compulsory military and naval training schools, or training ships for boys, and compulsory technical training schools for girls, where the children would be made the apprentices of the State? After the first outlay there would be a rapid return for the expenditure, as there would be a rapid decline in the expense of crime and pauperism. A step has already been obtained in enabling the police to bring them from the degradation of the streets to even the shelter of the workhouse; why should further legislation not make it possible to substitute a land of promise for that house of bondage? Let any young child that is

homeless and whose parents or natural guardians have in the judgment of a court forfeited their right to its custody be adopted by the State. Let the parents be adequately punished, let the children be placed in these Government homes and educated in the schools attached to them. When old enough let the boys who have sufficient physique be drilled and disciplined as soldiers and sailors, and drafted on at a proper age into our army and royal or merchant navy. Let such as are physically unfit for these services be trained to handicrafts or agricultural employments. Let the girls be trained and disciplined as domestic and farm servants, each in such branch as she is best fitted for both physically and intellectually. From the girls, and boys unfit for the army and the navy, numbers could be apprenticed out in rural districts among cottagers on the family system, found so successful in the administration of the Irish poor-law system, and by several of the philanthropic refuge societies—an apprenticeship or foster system which often leads to the adoption of the child and its final absorption into the family.

An education for manual work should be the main object of the instruction of these schools. Reading, writing, and arithmetic should be the limit of their curriculum.

A surfeit of higher education is upon us now, and men and women often stand all the day idle in consequence of it.

These institutions could to a large extent be made self-supporting. the tillage of the farms, the cultivation of the gardens, the care of the cattle and the dairies attached to them, could be mainly accomplished by the labour of the elder children, and the sewing, washing, and general domestic work could be done by the girls. Laundries could also be attached to them as a means of support, in which the girls could be trained to that most important branch of household work. The necessary glazing, painting, carpentering, &c., could be done by the boys, each at the same time being trained to his trade. When one sees what child labour can accomplish in private factories, it seems quite feasible to have spinning and weaving made the chief industry in some of these institutions, dyeing and finishing in others, tailoring, bootmaking, and dressmaking in others—the trade taught in one school supplementing that taught in the other. There might be thus created throughout the kingdom groups of self-maintaining child communities that would relieve the public of the greater portion of the cost of supporting them.

Why should so many articles in domestic use in our houses, even our children's toys, be imported from Germany? Why should the Chinaman be spoken of as our future domestic servant? Why should conscription become a probability in the near future?

To make the present recruits of our workhouses and prisons the recruits for our army and navy would contribute to the solution of

that perplexing problem of how the strength of those two great forces is to be maintained at a constant level. The statistics of recruiting seem to be only spasmodically satisfactory. So serious some short time ago was the falling off in this respect that Lord Wolsely spoke of conscription as its probable solution. The falling off in the numbers of British sailors in the merchant service is at present a grave national danger.¹ By making the apprentices of the streets the apprentices of the sea they would become a bulwark of the State instead of preying on its vitals.

The one training-ship for poor-law boys in existence at present, the *Ermouth*, commanded by Captain Bouchier, R.N., stationed in the Thames, affords a splendid example of what might be done in manning the navy and merchant service from these rescued street arabs. One has only to turn to the Annual Reports of the Local Government Board to see how successful that ship has been for some twenty years in sending boys from the Metropolitan Poor Law districts into the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine and Royal Naval Reserve.

Costly as the establishment and maintenance of these training schools and ships would be, the outlay would be of a more satisfactory kind than the double expense so common at present of the support of the pauper during childhood in the union, and his subsequent maintenance when a criminal in prison.

Surely it would be worth while for the State "to forecast the years," and to prevent in the future the necessity of the vast expenditure at present requisite for controlling the criminal and aiding the destitute, by checking the creation of our paupers and criminals by making useful citizens out of our waif population?

The industrial schools that do so much to check the evil are in their origin and constitution private charities; the supply of them is moreover wholly inadequate to the demand; every day applications are refused to admit children whose only alternative is the workhouse.

The buildings are not the property of the State, the managers may refuse to receive any child, and though when a certificate is granted to such a school the treasury contributes to the support of the children

(1) "THE EXTINCTION OF THE BRITISH SAILOR.—Captain R. B. Nicholetts, late R.N., draws public attention to the disastrous proportion—the percentage increased from 14 to 36 between 1885 and 1893—of foreign seamen in our mercantile marine. The mischief is still going on, he says, and the British merchant seaman is becoming extinct, although the Royal Navy looks to the merchant navy for its reserves in time of war. In past times, when our mercantile marine was manned solely by British seamen, they fought side by side with their brothers in the Navy, and largely contributed to build up our naval supremacy. He recalls some of the great deeds performed by those grand old seamen, and adds, 'when we come to think they were performed by imperfectly-armed merchant ships, fitted for the peaceful pursuits of commerce, and not for warfare, we wonder at the daring displayed. That wonder ceases, however, when we remember that it was British hearts and British courage that won the victory.'"—*Times Weekly Edition*, 4th September, 1896.

sheltered there, yet the institution is still a private one, and the managers may at any time resign the certificate, and thereupon there is no more contribution or control on the part of the State.

Why should not the State supplement private effort that has done and is doing such noble work, and establish State Industrial Schools to cope fully with the evil?

With the exception of these comparatively trifling contributions from Government moneys to industrial schools, philanthropy has done hitherto everything in the work of rescue. The orphan charities of the churches, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Farningham Homes, the Arethusa and Chichester Refuges, Gordon Homes, similar institutions in England, Scotland, and Ireland, all testify to that love of charity and philanthropy that places Great Britain and Ireland foremost among the nations.

If it be objected that this proposal exceeds the limits of the province of Government and endangers the freedom of the individual, let it be remembered that the persons to be controlled are children, incapable of controlling their own career; children who are without parents or protectors, or whose parents and protectors have forfeited their rights over them.

The principles which John Stuart Mill urges in support of that class of legislation which led to the compulsory education and Factory Acts are applicable to this case. To use his words, "Parental power is as susceptible of abuse as any other power, and is, as a matter of fact, constantly abused. If laws do not succeed in preventing parents from brutally ill-treating, and even from murdering their children, far less ought it to be presumed that the interests of the children will never be sacrificed in more commonplace and revolting ways to the selfishness and ignorance of their parents. Whatever it can be clearly seen that parents ought to do or forbear for the interest of children, the law is warranted, if it is able, in compelling to be done or forborne, and is generally bound to do so."

Again, in dealing with the question of the limits of the province, of Government, he says: "It may be said generally that anything which it is desirable should be done for the general interests of mankind or of future generations, or for the present interests of those members of the community who require external aid, but which is not of a nature to remunerate individuals or associations for undertaking it, is in itself a suitable thing to be undertaken by Government."

And referring to the indispensable duty of all Governments to prohibit and punish crime, he writes:—

"Even in the best state which Society has yet reached, it is lamentable to think how great a proportion of all the efforts and talents in the world are employed in merely neutralising one another. It is the proper end of Govern-

ment to reduce this wretched waste to the smallest possible amount by taking such measures as shall cause the energies, now spent by mankind in injuring one another, or in protecting themselves against injury, to be turned to the legitimate employment of the human faculties, that of compelling the powers of nature to be more and more subservient to physical and moral good."—*Mill's Political Economy*, Book V., Ch. II.

By the theory of the Constitution, the Sovereign, by virtue of the prerogative, is the *parens patriae*, the protector of the unprotected. Acting upon this principle, the Lord Chancellors of former times established those doctrines which have conferred such benefits on the orphans or ill-treated children of the upper classes. In this age of democracy why should the orphans and ill-treated of the poorer classes not enjoy similar benefits? Why should the street arabs not be made the wards of the State, as the children of the wealthier classes are made the wards of Court?

A safe investment is open to the State in the adoption of these children, both as a future strength to the nation and as a future economy. If testimony were wanting to the success that has attended the efforts of the various philanthropic societies in their noble work of rescue, the words of Lord Herschell, in a letter to the *Standard*, of the 20th December, 1895, might be quoted. Pleading on behalf of the Children's Aid Society, he says:—

"I am not seeking help for a mere experiment, but for work which has been in progress now for nearly forty years with marked success. By means of this Society large numbers of children have been rescued from criminal and vicious surroundings, from the almost certain fate of a future of dishonesty and vice, and have become honest and honourable men and women, and useful members of society. During the past year, 1,290 children have come within the beneficent operations of the Society, and it is gratifying to be able to state that it was recently ascertained that, of the children rescued by the Society and placed in industrial schools during the last twelve years, nearly 90 per cent. were known to be doing well, and only 5·1 per cent. were found to be not doing well."

The earlier the age at which children are taken from the contamination of the streets, the greater chance will there be of a permanent benefit. Statistics of juvenile crime all show that from twelve upwards there is a rapid increase in the number of juvenile offenders. Childhood, and not youth, is the period in which the remedies here suggested are to be applied. It is a legislation for prevention not for reformation.

Much might be said of the ultimate development of this measure: various schemes open up before one's mind in connection with it. When the boys and girls have attained a mature age, it would be possible to provide for the emigration of selected groups trained to different trades and pursuits, which could be planted as communities in different parts of the vast unoccupied tracts of the Empire of Great

Britain, a State-aided colonization unattempted as yet ; self-supporting colonies, different to the desultory system pursued at present, settled where the rivalries and jealousies of Trades Unions, so dominant among us, could place no hindrance in the way of their industries.

In the last thirty years there has been a tremendous upheaval of social relations going on among us ; the march of education, like the march of every victorious army through a land, has not been without its grievous evils.

The old kindly relations of employer and employed, remnants of feudal times, have passed away ; the age of progress is the age of strikes and Trades Unions, and an inordinate longing for wealth. The great man no longer loves the poor, the poor but feels envy towards the great. Foreign wares swamp our markets ; foreign hands largely turn the grindstone of our nation ; our girls no longer spin and knit and bake and churn, their picturesque dress has been discarded with their homely occupations ; our boys seek other spheres and other lands in their attempt to satisfy the vague cravings for a wealth and position to which they were not born. By whom is the future household work of our country to be done ? Already our homes are often miserable, our lives are spoiled, our peace of mind is gone with the ceaseless worry of those sons or daughters of the Horseleech, our domestic servants, who, ever crying "Give, give," is never satisfied, and yet return us nothing ; who live by us and on us, who by their waste and extravagance blast many a career ; who, with every device that science and machinery can contribute to perfect their work, are but too often hindrances to our happiness and our advancement.

Why should the probable future convicts and paupers of our prisons and refuges, "while it is yet to-day" with them and us, not be made a blessing to our land ?

"The old order changeth," and how much all has changed in this fast-dying century only future history can truly narrate.

There is a crying evil in our midst, a great Want and a great Opportunity exist side by side.

Legislation to permit of the utilization of that Opportunity, and properly organized methods to apply it to that Want, should be the next step in the progress of our civilisation.

EMMA SAMUELS.

THE MODERN FRENCH DRAMA.

V.—THE NEW COMEDY.

WE have touched on Jules Lemaitre, the critic, but we must dwell at much greater length upon Jules Lemaitre, the dramatic author. The two men are not, after all, so very different; they only appear so at the first glance, because the qualities of the one have become the defects of the other, and *vice versa*. But upon reflection the dualism vanishes, and there remains only Jules Lemaitre, the moralist. For I must reiterate the truth, which seems to have astonished some of my readers; we are a nation of psychologists and moral philosophers. This very characteristic, indeed makes us from time to time fall a stage behind other nations, for whilst we are studying our own minds, they are taking action and making progress; even their literature is a literature of discovery and advance.

Both his age and his early education, which dates back to the last years of the Empire, make Jules Lemaitre belong to the past. He assumed the *toga virilis* when Dumas and Augier were Consuls. From them he received those first theatrical impressions which determine a youth's vocation and give a permanent turn to his literary bent. Both as student at the Ecole Normale and as professor, he belonged to a society, and a select society. For ten years he wrote in a paper where tradition is all-powerful, and recently he has been admitted to the Academy, the most reactionary and most essentially aristocratic body in France. His lines are cast, therefore, in a society of the most dominant and absorbing character, in spite of the easy liberalism of its principles and its ingratiating cordiality. In such surroundings the most independent mind can hardly help being moulded into a certain shape. On the other hand, M. Jules Lemaitre has seen everything, read everything, and understood everything. Schopenhauer, Tolstoi, Ibsen, have passed before the prism of his mind, casting images which dwindle and vanish and break into a thousand colours. From his stall as a critic he has seen the death of one school and the birth of another. He has borne witness to the faults of the "well-constructed play," with its over-elaborated intrigues and its abuse of wit. He has assisted at the bankruptcy of the naturalist school and taken note of its causes. He has said, "This is good, that is less good. This may be taken, that is worth nothing, the other might be risked with a makeweight." And in this wise he has arrived at eclecticism.

All his plays hitherto have been experiments. He gave us political and social satire in *Le Député Lereau*, psychology in *Le Mariage*

Blanc, more psychology, but pitched in quite another key, in *Le Pardon*, something very like a *comédie-rosse* in *L'Âge difficile*, a little academic jesting in *La Bonne Hélène*, and lastly in *Les Rois*, a modern tragedy containing all the qualities of a historical play except its history, and even that might be there perhaps if one made diligent search till one found it. His first piece, *Révolte*, stands alone as being of every style and every sort; but that has nothing to do with eclecticism. It is just a "first play," sketched out, thrown aside, taken up again and finished, then despised, but picked up and remodelled, carried about in one's portfolio for long enough after being carried still longer in one's head. Crowded into it haphazard are all the thoughts, feelings, and experiences, between the twentieth and thirtieth year, reminiscences (literary and personal), tears, theories, hates, dreams, loves, disillusionment, fury, all that makes up youth!

Révolte contains one character and one situation. A woman in society has in her youth committed a fault, which she has succeeded in concealing. From afar she has watched over the child born of that fault, but without revealing herself, letting the child suppose her a friend of its mother's. The girl is grown up and married to a professor with gifts and a future. But Hélène, either because of her secret birth or because of her husband's position, has all the thirst for luxury and for emotions, which her modest means can never satisfy. It is quite true that, owing to the peculiar constitution of Parisian society, the wife of a professor gets an insight into high life without being able to play a part in it. She belongs to the aristocracy of intelligence, which in many ways and in many places rubs elbows with the aristocracies of birth and money. She can cherish the illusion that she is of the elect up to the moment when the countess, or the banker's wife, gets into the carriage and drives off, bespattering passers-by like herself, as she trudges back to her fifth-floor apartment. If she is to go to a ball, even in a dyed dress and a few shabby trinkets, her husband must slave away with his pupils from morning till night. It is all very well to go on telling her that he is a man of solid worth; you can't love a slave, and a slave has no time to make love. Is that all? No, the worst vexations and the bitterest stings are just those with no definite name and no assignable cause, diseases whose effects one can see clearly enough without being able to state the cause, or the seat of the evil, or its remedy. Hélène is in revolt—revolt against everything—against life, against society, against religion, against the husband, who loves her too much, yet does not love her enough, against the mother who gave her all these cravings and affinities, with nothing that can answer to them. When this mother at last reveals herself and stretches out her arms, the daughter, instead of falling into them, stands feeling her pulse and questioning herself, and then, finding that she feels nothing, refuses

the scene of effusion expected of her. This is hard enough for poor Madame de Voves, who thought that she had expiated her fault; but it is harder still to face the absolute and contemptuous condemnation that falls from the lips of her son. When she has forced herself to a half-confession in the hope of interesting him in Hélène, and is pleading the cause of the guilty mother, she only encounters the pitiless arguments of a virtue that will make no sort of allowance, the virtue of a moralist of twenty-five years old. She has to pursue her sad avowal to the bitter end. In the indifference of her daughter and the contempt of her son she finds her own punishment.

It is impossible to listen to Jules Lemaitre's Hélène without being forcibly reminded of Augier's Gabrielle. The same nameless unrest, the same aversion for any man who works, no matter whether it be at science or at law. Probably Hélène looked upon the volume of Euclid lying on the drawing-room table much as Gabrielle looked upon "that fat ugly book," the *Code*. I don't blame M. Jules Lemaitre for returning, in 1890, to the psychology of the woman who is bored, or for individualising and dating her by means of new and special features. The thing was done long before Augier did it, and will be done again long after M. Jules Lemaitre. But it is a real misfortune that he could find no other conclusion than his predecessor's. To regain his wife's love, the Professor—like the Lawyer—has to abandon, nay, even to belie his own character; for a few short hours the poor little *bourgeois* must draw his sword and play the gallant as principal in a duel, must flaunt himself, in fact, in heroic guise. By to-morrow the hero will have vanished, and the Professor gone back to professing "If A B C be a triangle"; and where will Hélène's heart be then?

Le Député Lereau aimed at being a complete study of actual political conditions, or, at any rate, of what they were six years ago, for the situation changes quickly. The artist had covered his whole canvas. Instead of one deputy we had three: the Radical, the man of the *nouvelles couches*; the Liberal of the Left Centre; and the Member of the Right, the man of monarchical and aristocratic traditions. The first represented the primitive sap, the strength which resides in the people, the second the intelligence that belongs to the *bourgeoisie*. And what did the third represent? Honour, the spirit of chivalry? *Mon Dieu!* no. He represented nothing but *chic*, truly a mighty power! Socialism was not so much as suggested, an omission which undoubtedly contributed to make the piece soon seem antiquated. It corresponds very imperfectly to the actual situation, to the present relation of parties and grouping of social forces. Besides, I think, I am hardly mistaken in supposing that the deputy, as material for the drama or the novel, is played out. These people have ceased to be interesting. France is weary of them.

Moreover, one must admit that the play had quite enough faults of

its own, without having to struggle against extraneous disadvantages. Only one of the three deputies is alive, both the others are mere lay figures. The gentleman of the Left Centre has a pretty gift of talking, but he does nothing. From the first scene to the last he has only one attitude and one phrase. The gentleman of the Right is an exasperating nonentity; he has only one scene, and he makes nothing out of it. His wife is the real deputy; she might have been a living being, but she only succeeds in being the stage *grande dame*, just a part for Madame Hading, all gowns and smiles. M. Jules Lemaitre might, without much difficulty, have found some better models, and some rather more interesting and complex types amongst the older French society.

Leveau is only partially successful. Is it vanity, or is it passion, which throws him at the feet of that insipid Marquise? Or is it both? Is he not abusing the right of the heart to be "a simpleton," to quote a celebrated lover? He is a little childish and absurd when he talks about love, but he is himself again when he gets into a passion, and he is really superb in the fourth act, when he turns upon his allies of yesterday and denounces the party that has proved so fatal to him. Madame Leveau is what she needs must be, a querulous stranger from the provinces, utterly devoid of tact or charm. She confides in the first comer, and her whining complaints are perfectly endless. She gets on our nerves, and pretty nearly disgusts us outright, when she laments out loud, and in her daughter's presence, the rupture of conjugal intimacy. But what a good honest soul she is after all, and how gallantly she defends her name, and her home, and the rights of her child! How that tongue-tied, ignorant woman imposes silence upon the tribune, whose very profession is eloquence! The *petite bourgeoisie* of France, with its honourable absurdities and its unlovely virtues, has seldom been better depicted on the stage, but perhaps the very truth and moderation of the portrait account for its apparent dullness and indefiniteness, and the soporific effect which it creates on the spectators. Madame Leveau is a character for a novel.

The fact is that at heart M. Lemaitre is bored with the study of the primitive desires of an uncultivated *parvenu*. In *Le Mariage Blanc*, which he carried to the Rue Richelieu, he found a subject far better suited to his delicate talent. Down in a quiet corner of that Mediterranean coast, which combines the poetry of health restored with the attractions of a life of pleasure, where some come to live faster and others to die more gently, a mother is living with her two daughters, one beautiful and full of health, the other a fascinating little creature on the verge of the grave, whose love of life and power of loving seem only quickened by the approach of death. Everyone crowds round Simone, and is eager to gratify her lightest whim. The three women have planned their whole way of living in the hope of saving or pro-

longing that cherished life. As for Marthe, she is well; what more can she ask? She is not interesting. What matters it if her five-and-twenty years and her wonderful beauty (it was Mlle. Marsy who played the part, the inevitable Mlle. Marsy!) waste away in a solitude, where they can never attract the attention of a husband?

However, there is one man in this household whose presence is a little agitating to the two girls. He is a world-weary, melancholy creature who has loved much and philosophised more. His sensual nature has been appeased and fined away but not extinguished, and it has left room enough in his soul for pity to slip in. For a man of his age and temper there is but one problem left to solve, one rare sensation which can still attract him. Of the two girls whom chance has thrown in his way he sees only one, the one whom death is claiming, and it occurs to him to give the poor doomed child the illusion of one day's bliss. He will marry Simone. The way in which he makes his declaration to the young girl, persuades the mother, and silences the doctor's scruples, is indicated with that supreme cleverness which foresees every objection and lifts every rock out of the path. Simone seems to receive new life. She has forgotten that she had just been speaking of marrying her sister to M. de Tièvre, and that she had almost entrapped Marthe into an avowal. Perhaps, then, she is not thought beyond hope since she is to be married? The wish to live returns with the joy of loving.

They are married. But how is M. de Tièvre going to play his part of husband-nurse? Will he keep up the illusion and complete the good deed? Indeed, is it a good deed? If it could be said that to the pure all things are pure, might one not say with even greater show of reason that to those who have lived mainly by the senses, all things are sensual, even pity and devotion. We needs must end by grasping this truth, even if we have not already felt it; there is something besides abnegation, charity, sacrifice, in this intimacy between a man, who knows too much of life, and a child, who knows it not at all, who believes herself a wife because she is married, and reveals all her maiden heart to her husband. For all M. Lemaître's discretion, he might have shown a little more, and I can assure him that the Théâtre Français is doing him a service, when it omits certain words and phrases, whose meaning is a little too clear. Even from the point of view of art pure and simple, some ideas gain by being only suggested.

This strange intimacy which won that *blasé* heart by its very strangeness, becomes sensibly warmer, as the young wife seems to take firmer hold upon existence. False situations are the sweetest of all, and this singular husband and wife would have gone on enjoying their oddly constituted happiness, made up of reticences and misapprehensions, if the cry of real living passion, the cry of a soul in

pain, had not broken the charm. Who uttered the cry? Who but Marthe, whom all have forgotten, and who could not take back her love, nor give up the hope of being loved. M. de Tièvre falters for a moment before the love that he has awakened in the heart of this beautiful girl, Simone sees the weakness, and it kills her.

Le Pardon is a very fine work, and some admirers of M. Lemaitre prefer it to all his others. Certainly he never displayed to better advantage his real mastery of the art of expressing the fine shades and gradations of human emotion. Nor has he ever better vindicated his title to stand beside Dumas as a moralist. But it must be admitted that M. Lemaitre's morality would scarcely serve as a code of rules for ordinary conduct. Morality ought to be something as solid and as capable of resistance as the umbrella of a countryman going to market, but M. Lemaitre's morality is at best only the elegant *en tout cas* of a pretty woman on her way to the Grand Prix. What will become of this supple, flexible, subtle, almost voluptuous view of life, when confronted with the hail of human passion and the soft, persistent, and penetrating rain of human sophistry? Take the case of Georges and Suzanne. Apparently to repent is easy enough, but to pardon almost impossible, unless one has oneself been guilty of the same fault. Then, indeed, in absolving the other sinner one absolves oneself, and it is so easy to be indulgent in one's own case. The idea is paradoxical, but not quite new. Dumas dealt with it in *Francillon*. But here it is the woman who has sinned first. She is allowed to return to wedded life, only to be tortured by stinging questions, humiliated by cruel memories and still more cruel comparisons, and insulted by constantly recurring doubts. So it goes on until the day, when a certain lady who has played the dangerous part of counsellor, accepts the still more dangerous part of consoler. Are the husband and wife at daggers drawn again? On the contrary, they are reconciled for good and all. The husband's adultery annuls the wife's; the two faults are both cancelled at once, like two equal quantities on two sides of an equation.

There, only much more delicately handled, you have the inevitable *dénouement* of the Théâtre Libre: "I am worth nothing, and you are not worth very much, let us kiss and be friends!" M. Lemaitre was still more "théâtre-libre" in *L'Age Difficile*, but at the eleventh hour he repented, like the penitent thief, and exactly at a quarter to twelve we found ourselves floating in pure optimism and all the virtues. What with her husband, an adventurer, and her father, an old knight of the pavement, whose moral sense has entirely evaporated in thirty years of *fête*, Yoyo is a highly amusing little rascal, but as repulsive as the heroines of M. Jean Jullien and Paul Alexis. M. Jules Lemaitre is amazingly witty. If he had been born five-and-twenty years sooner he would have been called Edmond About, fifty

years sooner Prosper Mérimée. Consequently there must be in him a strain of heroism, else he would not write plays in which wit can have no place, unless he is inspired by the very legitimate, if coquettish, desire to prove his possession of other and still more precious gifts. Anyhow, with the exception of a few stray sayings in the first act of *Révoltée* and the first act of *Le Député Lereau*, M. Lemaitre's spectators had been deprived of that original vein of wit which gave such delight to his readers. But throughout *L'Age Difficile* there is a ceaseless flow of wit without in anyway detracting from his delicate moral perception. The explanation between the faithless Pierre and his wife, Jeanne, at the beginning of the second act is perfectly delightful, and would be a masterpiece of truth and comedy, if its admirable beginning did not tail off into pedantic and somewhat wearisome argument. But to explain the title of the play, I must say one word about the principal character—the character that makes the play. Which is the difficult age? The sixtieth year. Doubtless this age is not difficult to the man who understands how to grow old, and who has been careful to lay up a store of affection for the time of life which cannot hope to gather in fresh harvests. But it is a difficult age for the old bachelor, who consoles himself with left-handed paternity, and is forced to intrude upon other people's happiness, if he is to win any for himself. When he sees that he is *de trop*, he rushes headlong into another danger; Yoyo. These two syllables suggest such a mingled aroma of childishness and corruption that I need not go on. What can save him from Yoyo? The friendship of a pure and innocent woman, rising out of the dead ashes of the past, and ready to resume a dream rudely broken off thirty years ago. Placed between the saint and the good-for-nothing, he chooses the saint. But, unfortunately, she is infinitely less real and life-like than the other, and one fancies that Yoyo will live longer in the memories of spectators of all ages. This *dénouement* is all very good and proper, but I fear that it is not much better than that of *Le Pardon*.

I am nowise discouraged by the fact that *Les Rois* met with a sufficiently cold reception from the public. Probably it is M. Lemaitre's best play, and except, perhaps, *Le Mariage Blanc*, the play most within his compass. It begins like one of Dumas' pieces. Some bystanders, who never reappear, put us *au courant* with the situation and the characters. The second act has a new *exposition*, meant to introduce us to Prince Otto, after all rather a minor character, and Acts III. and IV. contain the action of the play, which took so much setting in motion. For the ordinary spectator the piece is practically at an end with the death of the hero, and, but for the presence of Sarah Bernhardt, the fifth act would have received scant attention. Yet, both in thought and expression, this fifth act contains gems of the very finest water. Save for the character of Prince Otto, who is obviously borrowed from

contemporary history and treated in naturalistic fashion, the play is a tragedy. All the personages, from the king down to the old huntsman belong to the heroic world, and utter sentiments a little more magnificent than natural. In reading *Les Rois* I felt something of that deep and noble emotion which was awakened in me many years ago by the words of that sublime dreamer, the Marquis of Posa, in Schiller's *Don Carlos*. Doubtless the day will come when the works which stirred our hearts and moved our inmost being will seem cold and affected to future generations, when *Les Rois* will be listened to with the pious respect that we pay to Polyeucte and Athalie. We are in perfect agreement as to the beauty of their form; we fully expect noble thoughts, fine phrases and outbursts of passion, and never trouble ourselves as to whether or not they are really "dramatic" in the narrow sense in which that formula was used from 1840 to 1890. By that time their faults in construction will trouble no one, and the conclusion, which now seems confused, will be as clear as day, when historic evolution has done its work. Then we shall know that the struggle between monarchy and democracy is indeed a struggle without an end, that kings no longer possess the power to rule, nor the right to devote their lives to their subjects, nay, not even the right to abandon those rights. They have but one last sad duty, to await the end, crowned and sceptred, maintaining intact that inheritance of the past, which is doomed to pass away with them.

We assisted at M. Brieux's brilliant *début* amidst the writers for the Théâtre Libre, with *Blanchette* and *Ménages d'Artistes*. He is accused by some of having greatly changed, whilst others see in this change matter for congratulation. Personally, I do not think the transformation as complete as people suppose. If M. Antoine had looked closer, he would have discerned both in *Blanchette* and in *Ménages d'Artistes* the germ of the problem play, the very name of which was enough to give him a fit. M. Brieux has since taken firmer ground as a critic and a satirist, a very different attitude from that of the anatomical impassive artist demanded by the naturalist school. He has had the audacity to draw conclusions. And why not? If it is an interesting problem, why not an interesting play? Must we, as an excellent critic said recently, forbear to present any idea on the stage until it has penetrated into people's souls and become a sentiment, or even until this sentiment has become a passion? Is it not enough that the sentiment should be a passion to the writer of the play, as the equality of the sexes was to Dumas fils? Can a drama turn on nothing but the passions themselves? Cannot its subject be the birth of those sentiments, which originate in ideas, in the conflict

of interests, or the laws of society? To my mind such a drama is both possible and much to be desired.

But the writer of such a play, a play which instead of dealing with the private caprices of so-and-so, attacks professions, classes, institutions, the principles of conduct that govern society, needs to be something more than an ingenious satirist endowed with observation and wit. He must have studied and reflected much, he must be a man of robust convictions and perfectly sure of himself. He must neither miss his aim, nor strike at random, nor attack everything at once, nor involve in one common satire the guilty, the ignorant, the blundering, and those whose only crime is to have failed. M. Brieux has aimed his shafts successively at popular education (*Blanchette*), at art (*Ménages d'Artistes*), at science (*L'Evasion*), at universal suffrage (*L'Engrenage*), and at charity (*Les Bienfaiteurs*). So much the worse for him, if we refuse to believe him, and so much the worse for us, if we laugh with him, for all these things are really good, and we need to preserve them. Oh! I understand; M. Brieux is not jeering at them, he is only criticising those who abuse them and carry them to excess, who travesty them and apply them to false and foolish uses. No doubt, but the drama demands clear issues, and a frank adoption of a side. The "who knows?" the "perhaps," the "yes or no," so appropriate to a fanciful discourse on philosophy, are of no account on the stage. M. Brieux runs a risk of being misunderstood, and, as a rule, when one is misunderstood, one has failed altogether to understand oneself. That has been his fate in at least one instance, *Les Bienfaiteurs*. This play contains some excellent comic episodes, which abundantly prove the writer's talent, especially when it is a question of presenting popular types. But taken as a whole it is disconcerting and almost irritating. At the outset we have much pleasure in making the acquaintance of the engineer Landrecy and his wife. He has invented a beautiful scientific apparatus, and he has certain ideas about the relations between capital and labour, which seem honest and sound. His wife is full of pity for every sort of suffering. Both wish to do good, and are prepared to try and do it. But they lack one thing, a little money. Lo and behold it descends upon them. A brother of Madame Landrecy's, whose family had forgotten him, and who seemed to have forgotten them, turns up with his hands full of millions. He will lend his aid to the double experiment. Landrecy can set his invention going in his works, and can invite his work-people to share its profits. Madame Landrecy can realise her schemes for the relief of the sick and poor, and the reformation and elevation of the fallen. But things do not turn out as they had hoped, and the public, which had bestowed such hearty approval upon their beautiful dreams, shares their disappointment, and is saddened and almost humiliated by their failure. It is easy enough to see that the mistaken, misguided, and

misdirected benevolence of Madame Landrecy and her friends, often favours sham repentance to the detriment of honest industry, that electoral ambition, and the rivalry of schools, parties, and society mingle with charity and mar it, that it gives the flirt her opportunity, that it calls into existence an ugly class of hypocrites, the officials, the red-tapists of charity. We see these "benefactors" much abashed by the suicide which they could not hinder, crowding officiously round the corpse and attempting sophistical exculpations. Certainly these are some of the sins of charity. Admit for the moment a palpable absurdity, namely, that these sins counterbalance and neutralise all the good that is done in the world; still there is Landrecy. His invention was genuine, and his economic theory—that the workmen should share in the profits—was sound and reasonable. What evil had he done? None, but that he believed in the goodness and intelligence of the people, and that he had been a little stiff and petulant with his obstinate workmen, when he found out his mistake. Then why involve him in his wife's disgrace and oblige the young man to listen to a lecture, which he has not deserved? Simply because M. Brieux is not content with attacking one problem, which is too much for him, but must needs attack two, the extinction of pauperism and the organization of labour, nothing less than that! It is too much for one single evening, it would even be too much for one single life. What are we told about charity? That we ought to practise it, but that it is very difficult indeed to practise it rightly; that charity does not consist in giving alms; that we must treat those whom we benefit as human creatures, and "convey our benefit in friendly words," &c. But Landrecy and his wife, and all of us knew that after the first Act, and even perhaps before a child of the male sex named Eugène Brieux had been inscribed on the civil registers. I can see clearly the moral that egoism will deduce from this play, a nice, easy moral—complete abstention. And it will be a pity, for goodness is worth much even when misplaced, and devotion, even when unenlightened; it is better, to quote M. Faguet's witty phrase, to do good ill than to do ill well.

If the position maintained in *Les Bienfaiteurs* is not clear enough, that of *L'Erasion* is much too clear. It is more than a satire—it is a frantic attack upon science. Pseudo science? No, real science, the science which we are accustomed to respect, and ought to respect. In the first place, it is a little unfair to personify science in a doctor. Forced as he is by his profession to make it an article of commerce, he is tempted to certain compromises which diminish and degrade it. He may be a great savant and at the same time a great charlatan, and let us admit at once that Dr. Bertry is both. But just as Catholics count the Mass valid although the priest is unworthy, science remains science in spite of the unworthiness of her representative.

There are many points on which M. Brieux has failed to understand his great adversary. He has made war upon her without completing his equipment. If he had made a careful study of the writings of Sir Francis Galton, whose name he quotes twice, he would recognise the fact of regression, and he would know that selection corrects heredity instead of intensifying it, because it constantly tends to approximate to the normal type. Nevertheless, speaking generally, Dr. Bertry's theory of the transmission of instincts is true, and it is a theory which conflicts with the idea of freewill, upon which our society is based, and which is indispensable to our creeds and codes. It might indeed harmonize with the Calvinist and Jansenist doctrine of grace, or even be confused with it, but, I ought to add, that no view could be more antagonistic to the tendencies which prevail in France. M. Brieux relied on this disposition on the part of his audience for his success, and he was within his rights as a dramatic author. But I begin to rub my eyes when I see the Academy solemnly crowning M. Brieux' play. What did it mean to reward? The play or the problem? Certainly the play is not good, but the problem is detestable. In any case, its approval of M. Brieux' work put it in the awkward position of appearing to challenge its sister Academy of Sciences. Let the two ancient dames decide as best they can the standing quarrel between Fatalism and Liberty.

Literature has no part in M. Brieux' success. The Greeks and Romans can claim no share in the formation of his very modern mind. He clothes his thought in the first words that occur to him, the language of everyday talk or of journalism. He is no literary artist, and if he tried to be, he would probably only succeed in attaining the sort of eloquence which made M. Ohnet's reputation. After all, as Labiche proved, one can write excellent plays without a word of literature. M. Brieux' wit is robust and gay. Even when gloom and cruelty were in fashion he could never quite succeed. This was a great defect in Antoine's eyes, but, after all, it is a quality in ordinary theatres. Of course, he has been guilty of a few blunders. Now and again a scene opening with a simple and lifelike situation, and up to a certain point skilfully worked out, comes to an abrupt end, or loses itself in dissertations and declamations, or turns round, without rhyme or reason, and plunges into frantic melodrama. But every day will see him more master of his trade, and already he has few equals in putting a story on the stage. I was tempted to parody old Sylla's epigram, and to say that I see several Sardous in this young man. But then I went to see *Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont*. It is a leap backwards, a return to the savage and pessimist traditions of the Théâtre Libre—to the play which is no play, only a procession of characters; to the *dénouement*, which is no *dénouement*,

but an angry confession of impotence. There is no movement in the drama, it never advances a single step. Of M. Dupont's three daughters the saint will remain a saint without faith, the courtesan will remain a courtesan without love, the daughter unhappily married will remain unhappily married, and go on cursing her husband, and proposing to deceive him. There is no end to their trials, no cure for their ills. It is a universal and absolute condemnation of the existing social order.

Strange to say, at the very moment when M. Brieux was giving us this ominous and despairing fourth act of *Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont*, he had just tacked on an optimist ending to *Blanchette*, which seems much to the taste of the public. Which side of M. Brieux will win: the quick, energetic personality, the combative nature that can only find solace and serenity in the joy of fighting; or the gloomy, disintegrating melancholy of the decadent group, who try to monopolise him? I incline to the first hypothesis. Whatever school may reign, and from whatever quarter the wind may blow, every mind follows its own bent and works with its own gifts. These things are governed by the same law that rules the changes of fashion. Though skirts be long, have no fear for the woman with a pretty foot; nor if fringes come down to the nose, for her with a pretty forehead. Both will find some way of displaying their natural advantages, however much the fashion of the moment may be against them.

Doubtless this is why M. Henri Lavedan's wit has captivated a generation which is for ever depreciating that quality and pretending to get on very well without it. If I am not mistaken, Henri Lavedan's maiden effort consisted of some little society dialogues which appeared in *La Vie Parisienne*, work of a kind, charming in itself but not of yesterday, nor even of yesteryear, for are not Theocritus' *Syracusan Women* and Lucian's *Dialogues of Courtesans* delightful examples? Without going so far back, one may mention the success achieved thirty years ago by Henri Meilhac's sketches. But there is a marked difference in one respect between M. Lavedan and his predecessor. Meilhac was the faithful, ingenious, ironical, and much-amused delineator of the gay world of Paris, which he loved, and out of which he could not live. With Henri Lavedan it is more often guesswork than observation. He never plays with his model, either before or after the sitting, as some artists do; indeed, has he any models? Is he not one of those writers who can construct a whole scene or a character out of a chance phrase overheard in passing? In short, he has more invention, more humour, and more of the unexpected about him, he is more human and more profound than his predecessor, and underlying the mockery,

one can feel in him more than in any other writer of his time, emotion, goodness, tenderness, a great respect for all that is pure, a great pity for all that is weak. I think that, in spite of the excessive freedom of his portraiture, he would find friends in England. But how could one translate that inimitable style, so delicate and artistic in its disorder and disarray, with its fantastic grammar and amazing slang, its abbreviations, its brusquerie, its almost imperceptible suggestions breaking off into phrases, which strike one dumb. Some smart fellow will doubtless presume to try. Even *Tartarin* has been translated!

M. Lavedan has not been so misguided as to attempt to transfer any of those Tanagra-like figures, half doll, half statuette, from the idyls of the decadence, to which they belong, to the stage where they would be almost invisible. In his plays, proportion, relief, attitudes, everything is regulated according to the old laws of theatrical optics. His style also becomes broader and more emphatic. But there is the same psychology, the same boldness in attack, and even greater vividness. *Le Prince d'Aurec* had a brilliant success, all the more brilliant because it gave rise to burning controversies. The older aristocracy complained bitterly of the libel, all the more because it came from the son of one of their most energetic defenders. As a matter of fact, M. Henri Lavedan is the son of M. Léon Lavedan, whose proud unbending character and high-minded genius command universal respect. But did the father's forty years' record of honourable devotion and political fidelity bind the son to a cause, which has since passed out of the region of facts to that of memories? The question is easy enough to answer, but to my mind it ought not even to have been asked. I see in *Le Prince d'Aurec* a friendly warning; not a hostile gibe. What charge would an enemy bring against the French *noblesse*? That it clings convulsively to its traditions. But M. Lavedan's charge is just the opposite, that it forgets them.

The Prince d'Aurec is the modern gentleman whose creed can be summed up in two words, to be chic and to go the pace. Half-a-century ago a man so placed and with similar tastes married M. Poirier's daughter. That is what the prince's father, the Duc de Talais did. He took to wife Mlle. Piédoux who had the glory of being duchess at the price of a few millions and an infinite deal of domestic humiliation. In her old age and widowhood, and with a son who promises to be worse than his father, she has betaken herself to aristocratic snobbishness and the veneration of parchments. And it is amusing to hear a Piédoux talking with enthusiastic and devoted respect of traditions and ancestors, whilst a d'Aurec makes merciless fun of everything of the kind. We laughed at the good lady through two acts, all unconscious that we should have to admire her at the *dénouement*.

The Prince has an immense fund of wit because M. Lavedan has endowed him with his own. One cannot help joining in his gibes at the class and party to which he belongs, the last remnants of the Gothic age, the few surviving adherents of the throne and altar. But he is not content with gibes; he raises money on his title deeds and heirlooms. A hundred years ago on that famous night of the 4th August, in which the d'Aurecs must have borne their share, the French *noblesse* offered up their privileges on the altar of their country; he on the contrary prefers to carry them to the pawnbroker. He sells the sword of the Constable d'Aurec as if it were an ordinary piece of bric-à-brac; he sells his friendship to a certain Jewish Baron, who by advancing him considerable sums has gradually become his master, and what is more serious, the master of the princess, for precisely similar reasons, since she also is in his debt.

Why a Jew? I do not think that M. Lavedan intended for one moment to take part in the odious and preposterous crusade that has been waged these ten years back against the Israelitish element in Parisian society. De Horn represents the power of money. Now money has neither creed nor country, but it is an abstract power which needs to be reinforced by a living passion, and that passion needs to be given a human countenance. The Jew immediately occurs to the imagination, the Jew with his mysterious psychology, his unchangeable type subsisting through the ages, his deep undying ancestral hatreds, which make him in this dawn of the twentieth century the avenger of the tortures of the twelfth and thirteenth. The Jew ever since the days of Marlowe and Shakespeare has haunted the artistic imagination. Shylock is an obsession second only to Hamlet. To me Baron de Horn seems merely a Shylock in lavender kid gloves, concealing his rage under the cool exterior of a gentleman, but a figure to strike terror in the scene where he too comes to claim the pound of human flesh, that has been offered him as a pledge. The princess is his destined prey, and her beauty is to pay his debt. There is the wild beast's thirst, the slave's hope of vengeance, but with it all a deeply-laid scheme of policy. A d'Aurec the mistress of a de Horn, the conjunction is symbolical of the prostitution of one aristocracy to another; it will fix both for us and for those who come after us a really critical and decisive moment in the history of manners. The victims, alive to their danger, struggle like wild things caught in a trap; it is a splendid and horrible spectacle, but it is all in vain. They could never escape if the old duchess, who, Piédoux though she be, is the only member of the family with the soul of a d'Aurec, had not stripped herself so as to purchase the right to rout the intruder. But it is only a stage *dénouement* after all. De Horn keeps the Constable's sword, that sword which is symbolical of warlike courage and devotion to the common weal, the old ideal of

chivalry, the source of the greatness and strength of the ancient noblesse. All is lost, even honour.

M. Lavedan has combated the objections that have been made in an odd little act, which is scarcely more than a polemical article in dialogue, and which he has called, following Molière, *la Critique du Prince d'Aurec*. The sole charge to which he might perhaps plead guilty, is that of not having indicated where, in his opinion, lies the only hope for the restoration of the ancient aristocracy. Instead of allying itself with the fungous growths of the Bourse, and begging for a share in the great financial swindles of the day, let it gain new strength from work, and let it seek less for the reward that work brings, than for the virtues which it fosters. That is the idea represented by M. Lavedan in *Les Deux Noblesses*. The action of the second play is placed forty years later than that of the first. For an almost new-born child must be given time to grow to manhood, and to have, in his turn, a grown-up son. Consequently *Le Prince d'Aurec*, which seemed to us to correspond so closely to the social symptoms of 1890, that it might well have been called *Le Fils du Gendre de M. Poirier*, must be relegated to a remote past, where it will very likely seem an anachronism. We are the more disconcerted because the play that is assigned to our own days seems much older, both in idea and in its selection of characters. The Marquis de Touringe is another Marquis de la Seiglière; we have gone back to the days when a nobleman of ancient family found it a hard task, and a sacrifice of caste, to marry a roturier's daughter. We might get over that first shock, if the fundamental idea of the play afforded firm standing ground. But it does no such thing. The son of that Prince d'Aurec, who scandalised us and amused us so greatly, has been brought up in America, and has voluntarily abjured both his name and title. He is M. Roche "the French petroleum king," and he is so well satisfied with the change, and so set on remaining one of the people that he conceals the secret of his birth from his own son, and this when a revelation would remove every obstacle to a marriage which the young man ardently desires. An enemy accepts the task of making the disclosure, but with a result that contradicts all his hopes. For the workmen, who were just about to strike, change their minds at once. They are gratified by their master's rank, and shout at the top of their voices, "Vive le Prince d'Aurec!" Those workmen are not far wrong, and seem to enter into M. Lavedan's idea of the rehabilitation of the old noblesse by work, much more than the hero of the play or the daughter of the Marquis, who, when she enters her new family circle, declares that she wishes to bear the plebeian name of Madame Henri Roche. But that is no rehabilitation, it is an abdication. The chain of tradition is broken, shattered for ever. The Roches may win a place by their merits in the first rank of the new society, but

the d'Aurecs are no more. There will always be an aristocracy, that is to say a ruling class, but there will be no more *noblesse*, that is to say an exclusive or semi-exclusive caste, handing on from generation to generation a certain ideal of honour and devotion, a body of unchangeable rights and duties. M. Lavedan's play—if plays have any influence on social evolution—could only teach the old aristocracy one lesson, how to die nobly. But they could not if they would. A class cannot take refuge in suicide; it is not given to it, as to an individual, to die at a stroke. Neither the night of the 4th of August, nor the law of 1848, which abolished titles, put an end to the existence of the *noblesse*. It cannot escape the ignominy of gradual atrophy and progressive degradation. Democratic snobbishness even now offers it a last chance. It will live from hand to mouth as it did during the days of the emigration, when one of its members made a livelihood out of his superior skill in mixing salads. It will give lessons in deportment to banker barons and political *parvenus*. It will polish them up, and they will keep it from starvation. So much for its future.

Les Deux Noblesses had another defect over and above the weakness of its plot; only at rare intervals was there any suggestion of the author's charming and fantastic humour. It was the fault of the subject. But we get M. Lavedan back again in *Vireurs*, one of the great successes of the theatrical season of 1895-6. As we passed from the fitting-rooms of a great *couturier* to the big supper-room of a restaurant, we were introduced to the gay world, not the professionals—they are bored and gloomy enough—but the mad crowd of pleasure seekers, those who work by day and live by night, a strange crowd, where the feminine element is represented by young girls partly compromised, and married women who have no more reputation to lose. Half frightened, half amused, we looked on at the giddy farandole led by Rejane with inimitable *brio*. In the second act she jumped over a table to get back to her lover. All through the piece she jumped over all our old ideas of decorum and *bourgeois* morals. But at the end she owned herself conquered, she confessed herself guilty, and the skill of the actress, aided by that of the author, made this highly artificial conversion both touching and convincing. For all that it was a mere trick, and I think that M. Lavedan is called to higher things. Who knows whether it will not rest with him to put honest folk on the stage again? It would be a bold and unexpected innovation, a trifle risky, but an experiment worthy of him. *Catherine* and *Le Nouveau Jeu*, for which the Parisian public are at this moment waiting, will answer our question.

AUGUSTIN FILOX.

[To be continued.]

ANTI-SEMITISM AND THE DREYFUS CASE.

WHEN Simon Deutz, the apostate Jew, who betrayed the Duchesse de Berri to the Government of Louis Philippe, applied to Adolphe Crémieux to pen a *mémoire* which would justify him in the eyes of the disgusted public, the famous Franco-Jewish advocate and statesman answered the traitor in these terms:—

“I can do nothing for you. France would be deaf to the justification of villainy. One must suffer shame when one has committed treason. I can see nothing to excuse a crime which I detest. If you have relied upon me as your co-religionist, put an end to your error. You have abjured the faith of your fathers and you are not even a Catholic. No religion acknowledges you and you can invoke the aid of none, for Moses has called down execration on those who commit the crime of which you are guilty, and Jesus Christ, delivered to death by the treason of one of His apostles, is an example sufficiently eloquent in the eyes of the Christian religion.”

How is it that the Jews have not adopted this attitude in the Dreyfus case? They could have no better example, no more authoritative or more convenient precedent than this action of the late President of the Alliance Israélite Universelle. M. Castelin, the Boulangist deputy, asked this question in the French Chamber a year ago, when deprecating the clannishness which, in his view, prevented the Jews from seeing that the prisoner of the Ile du Diable “n'est pas Juif ; il est traître.” The answer, however, is very simple. It is because Dreyfus is a victim of the anti-Semitic terror. The Jews are convinced that he has been convicted wholly and solely because he is a Jew.

This view of the case is, however, not the only or the most important source of the agitation which has sprung up on Dreyfus's behalf. There are others than Jews who champion his cause. M. Scheurer-Kestner is not a Jew, neither is M. Waldeck-Rousseau, nor M. de Freycinet, nor M. Trarieux, nor M. Clémenceau, nor M. Zola, nor M. Gabriel Monod, nor is there a drop of Hebrew blood in the veins of many other eminent and obscure persons who have braved a reptile press and a fanaticised populace by their demands for a revision of the trial. Their motives are of wider scope. They are battling not against a judicial error which has, perhaps, sent a Jew to unmerited imprisonment for life, but against an infraction of the judicial system committed under the pressure of popular passion, a violation of the judicial securities by which the liberties of every Frenchman are guaranteed and which, given another form of popular frenzy, might any day be repeated for the unjust condemnation of a Christian or an atheist who had incurred a spasm of popular hatred.

In both cases, however, the allegations of a miscarriage of justice trace the final responsibility to anti-Semitism, and if we wish to understand the true inwardness of the Dreyfus case, it is as a chapter in the history of this sinister movement that we must consider it.

Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since this strange revival of mediæval obscurantism first manifested itself in Germany, the centre, as we are so frequently told, of modern learning and of latter-day enlightenment. It was, however, the very subtlety of German learning which made anti-Semitism possible, for at first the movement was a learned movement, and it repudiated all connection with the gross legendary which had so often maddened the brutal instincts of less blessed ages. Popular elements were, it is true, not wanting. In the first place there was in Germany a large Jewish population, which tended to increase as the *Drang nach Westen* of their oppressed Russian co-religionists assumed larger proportions. Again, the Jews being, through no fault of their own, essentially a commercial class, they took their place in Germany, as in every other free country, with the Liberal *bourgeoisie*, who, by the operation of the constitutional system, had ousted the nobles and landowners from their former monopoly of political power. Hence, not only they shared in the resentment and dislike with which the landed capitalists regarded the industrial capitalists, but, by the prominence and activity of a few of them in the new plutocracy, that dislike became tinged with a tacit reminiscence of the older religious prejudices and passions.

The political union of Germany and the great outburst of national consciousness following in its train, were the magical touches which blew these embers of superstition and race hatred into flame. Jewish blood and Jewish patriotism had contributed richly to the making of the German Empire. Riesser, Lasker, Bamberger, Auerbach—to name only a few—had been foremost among the protagonists of German Unity; but this counted for nothing with the theorists who now began to discuss the unity and supremacy of the German national elements in the light of the dawning Jewish question. The dominating schools of German philosophy had paved the way for the new agitation. Hegel had combated the Jewish spirit as being alien to the Germanic spirit; Schopenhauer had pictured the optimism of Judaism as a degrading phenomenon by the side of the Hellenic ideals; Nietzsche, at a later period, found his *tête de Turc* in Jewish ethics. These ideas, applied by men like Treitschke, Adolph Wagner, Dühring, and Marr, spread rapidly in the Universities. Anthropologists and economists were soon found to reinforce the metaphysicians, and so the possibility of subjugating or expelling the Jews, as a heterogeneous element in the national life, became a question of actual if not practical politics.

Had the movement remained at this comparatively respectable

level not much mischief would have been done. Even in Germany the mob is not led by philosophers, and it was hopeless for anti-Semitism to expect to exercise political power unless it adapted itself to a situation in which the most salient fact was an overwhelming tendency towards manhood suffrage. Moreover, the logical end of philosophical anti-Semitism—frankly acknowledged by Dühring himself—was to abolish Christianity, which, being a secondary manifestation of Hebraism, was alleged to be not less incompatible with the Germanic spirit! Thus anti-Semitism bade fair to fall between two stools, for Christian Conservatives could have nothing to do with it, and Democratic Atheists had a rooted aversion to intolerance in any form.

From this uncomfortable position it rescued itself by boldly taking the path of progressive degradation. From a mistaken though by no means ignoble doctrine of national life it became transformed into the unscrupulous instrument of political faction. The latent religious prejudices of the ignorant recommended it to German Conservatives as a means of reaching and “nobbling” the enfranchised democracy. The clericals of both Christian Churches recognised in its economic doctrines a plausible bait for the proletariat, hitherto hurrying in the direction of socialistic secularism. In this way arose Stoecker in Prussia and Lueger in Austria. When the struggle over the Ecclesiastical Reform Bills occurred in Hungary, the Vatican threw all its influence on the side of the local anti-Semites. The movement strengthened with the operation of that law of political evolution which, during the last decade, has steadily weakened the moderate or Manchester school of Liberalism all over Europe to the advantage of the two extremes of Conservatism and socialistic Radicalism. It strengthened, too, by the force of its own deterioration. It had long ceased to talk philosophy. The credulity of the public, its thirst for the old legends, reacted upon itself, while its predatory tendencies attracted to it all the scoundrels of journalism and politics, who, in the intervals of vulgar felonies which ultimately landed them in the criminal dock, forged and invented modern instances of the crusted old Judephobe superstitions so beloved of the *gobemouches*. In this way the monstrous fable related by Apion to justify the profanation of the Jewish Temple by Antiochus Epiphanes was revived, and by means of the most shocking perjuries and conspiracies Jews were brought to trial in Hungary and Germany charged with murdering Christian children for the ritual use of their blood. The statement seems incredible, and yet the Tisza-Eszlar case occurred only fifteen years ago, and since then we have had the Xanten case in 1892, and several abortive attempts to get up similar cases in Vienna. And these things, be it remembered, have not been done by isolated criminals. They have been organized by so-called politicians, by lawyers, and even by clergymen; they have been supported by the leading Clerical

organs in the press, and have been adopted and defended by the whole host of parliamentary and journalistic anti-Semitism.

So far I have not referred specially to France, although the broad lines in which I have sketched the rise of modern Judeophobia apply just as well to that country as to Germany and Austria. The purpose of this paper, however, renders it necessary that in the case of France I should deal with the question rather more closely.

France, which imports most of her Jews from Germany, has sought in the same country for their antidote. M. Drumont, the anti-Semitic leader, the fire-eating editor of the *Libre Parole*, the colleague of the *brave Général*, the champion of "France for the French," the passionate patriot whose mildest conception of a Jew is as an instrument of German treason, is himself a disciple of Treitschke and Dühring and a vulgariser of their theories, so far as they may be made to serve the cause of Clerical reaction. The present anti-Semitic agitation took shape in France after the *Krach* of the Union Générale, the well-known Clerical bank, in which so many millions of aristocratic money disappeared. The ruin of the bank was, of course, attributed to the "haute banque Juive." When the Boulangist campaign was started, its chief supporters were the former victims of the Union Générale. The movement, however, was not openly anti-Semitic until the secession of M. Eugène Mayer, of the *Lanterne*, and the crushing attacks of M. Joseph Reinach in the *République Française*, to say nothing of the refusal of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild to recommend the Boulangist candidates in Algeria to the Jewish voters, enabled M. Drumont to openly graft on the cause of Constitutional Revision his own wild craze of anti-Semitism. After the break up of Boulangism and the flight of the General and M. Rochefort to London, all the most daring and unscrupulous braves of the lost cause rallied round Drumont and the *Libre Parole*.

It must be confessed that they were not a very reputable set. M. Drumont has certainly never fallen to the criminal level of the Germans Ahlwardt and Hammerstein, and the Austrian Schneider, but nevertheless his record is far from the brightest. An idea of his sense of gratitude may be gathered from the fact that he commenced life as a *protégé* of the Jewish brothers Pereire, on the *Liberté*. Afterwards he edited the *Inflexible*, a journal published under the auspices of the Imperial police, and devoted to the systematic calumny of prominent members of the Radical Opposition. His financial associate in the establishment of the *Libre Parole*, in 1892, M. Gerin, started the *National* two years before, in the interests of the Jews, and with the public support of the Chief Rabbi of France. The Marquis de Morès, one of his chief allies, prefaced his anti-Semitic career by borrowing 20,000 francs of Dr. Cornelius Herz, and was personally supported in his request for the loan by M. Drumont, who visited Dr. Herz's

house with him for the purpose. Another of his associates, M. Lucien Millevoye, is the gentleman who fathered the Norton forgeries.

It may be imagined that with men of this kind, the operations of French anti-Semitism have not been conducted on dignified lines. Perhaps the most scandalous book published in these latter days is M. Drumont's *France Juive*, a work which has been called "le Bottin de la Diffamation." The *Libre Parole* is a daily edition of the *France Juive*. There is no calumny on the Jews too monstrous, or too cowardly, for its columns. Women and children are not spared. The Blood Accusation, of course, is one of its articles of faith. Here is a specimen of its good taste: In a leading article, published three years ago, M. Drumont permitted himself to say that "dans les grandes familles Juives toutes les femmes sont des catins." Quite lately Gyp has been illustrating this elegant thesis in a series of dialogues contributed to the same paper, in which, curiously enough, the authoress's finest types of Christian chivalry figure as the indispensable seducers. It is characteristic of M. Drumont and his propaganda that the seduction of Jewish wives by noble-minded Christians is not a reproach in his eyes. His greatest triumphs, however, have been scored in the domain of pure invention. When Caserio Santo assassinated M. Carnot the *Libre Parole* announced that the murderer was a Jew. The statement was afterwards confirmed by a letter signed "Don Lelio Goldoni," and dated from the church of Santa Frottola, in Milan, which was duly published, and boomed in large type. M. Drumont, having since discovered the meaning of *Frottola*, and also that Don Lelio exists only as the hero of Goldoni's comedy, "The Liars," has not repeated the charge which, it is almost needless to say, was an unblushing concoction.

Here, then, we have anti-Semitism at its lowest, and that level has been reached precisely in the same way as the degradation of German anti-Semitism. In both cases the object is the same. It is to appeal to the superstitions, passions, and salacious tastes of the most ignorant in the cause of Clerical reaction, to turn the Have-nots from the heretical faith of Socialism and attach them to the skirts of the dispossessed nobility and faithful. Republican France, however, with its low social tone, its brigand press, and its corrupt political life, has proved the forcing ground for a ranker growth than has been possible anywhere else in Europe.

Although the *Libre Parole* has always been widely read, and has proved a distinctly disturbing force in politics, its political influence so far as the Jewish question was concerned was, for some years, quite insignificant. The Blood Accusation, for example, and other distinctly ecclesiastical fictions, it quite failed to acclimatise in France. Its disclosures in connection with the Panama scandals, however, and

its wholly unjustifiable insistence on their essentially Jewish character, gave a great impetus to its agitation. The scandals were real enough, and their cost was felt in every pocket throughout France. The prominence given to the names of Reinach, Herz and Arton, threw into the shade the far more numerous and more important Gentile names connected with the *Krach*. The nerves of the public became upset, and a feeling that there might be something in the anti-Semitism of M. Drumont after all, spread widely. Then M. Drumont played a new and startling card. He commenced a campaign against the Jewish officers in the French army, declaring that the Jews were not only an alien element in the country, but that they were instinctively treacherous. Hence, he argued, by their holding commissions in the army the national safety was endangered. For a moment the effect of this sensational propaganda was marred by the tragical death of a promising and irreproachable young Jewish officer, Captain Mayer, who was killed by the Marquis de Morès in a duel arising out of the articles published in the *Libre Parole*. Nevertheless, a distinct feeling of insecurity had been created in the public mind.

This was the state of affairs when Captain Alfred Dreyfus, an officer high on the General Staff and an Alsatian Jew, was arrested on a charge of high treason. The important point to be observed here is that M. Drumont's campaign against the Jewish officers had so far been almost a fiasco. A little longer and the public would have recovered its confidence, and M. Drumont would have been compelled to take up some other aspect of Jewish original sin in its relation to state employment. He required a victim for his justification. It was vouchsafed to him in the person of Alfred Dreyfus.

The precise mechanical connection—as distinct from the psychological connection on which I have so far dwelt—between M. Drumont's agitation and the arrest of Captain Dreyfus is not known, but indications of its existence are plentiful and significant enough. The arrest had been effected early in October, 1894, with the greatest secrecy, and for over a fortnight not a whisper of it reached the general public. How was it first made known? By the official Havas Agency, perhaps, or through the medium of one of the Ministerial organs, or in some reputable newspaper like the *Temps* or the *Figaro*, which has connections in high quarters? Not at all. The information appeared first in the anti-Government, anti-Semitic, Clerico-proletarian *Libre Parole*. And mark the way in which it was conveyed to that paper. On the 28th October M. Drumont was informed, anonymously, that an officer had been arrested for treason. The next day he cautiously asked in his paper whether the news which had reached him was true. The rumour was in process of discussion when, on the 31st October, another anonymous letter was delivered at the *Libre Parole* office. This was more explicit, and it was printed

the following day with a great array of head-lines. It ran as follows :—

“ L'officier français arrêté pour trahison est attaché à l'état major du Ministère de la guerre. Il passe pour être en mission. L'affaire sera étouffée parceque cet officier est juif. Cherchez parmi les Dreyfus, les Mayer ou les Lévy, vous trouverez. Arrêté dequis quinze jours, il a fait des aveux complets et on a la preuve absolue qu'il a vendu nos secrets à l'Allemagne. Quoi qu'on dise, il est au Cherche Midi, mais pas sous son nom : on veut le faire réfugier à Mulhouse, où réside sa famille.”

This letter had a most important bearing on the subsequent history of this sad affair. That the writer was somebody intimately acquainted with the facts of the secret investigation is clear from the authentic nature of some of its details; that his object was to stir up the simmering anxieties of the public on the Jewish officers' question is equally clear from the fictions with which his letter was deliberately stuffed. The statement that Captain Dreyfus had confessed, for example, was untrue, within the knowledge of the writer; the further statement that the War Office had “absolute proofs” of his treason was equally untrue; and it was obviously because these statements were untrue that the writer sought to assure the conviction of his victim by pouring into the ears of the wrought-up public the incendiary warning that, despite the prisoner's demonstrated guilt, he was going to be released in deference to the all-powerful *Juiverie*. Thus, without anything being known of the charge against the prisoner, the passions of the public against him were inflamed, and when he was condemned—still without a scintilla of the evidence having been made public—such was the rage that had been excited against him that, both in the press and the Chamber, the angriest disappointment was expressed that he had not been ordered to be shot.

There might have been some extenuation for these tactics, if the alleged crime had been a rare thing in the history of the French army. This was not the case. The betrayal of military secrets by venal officers was and is constantly occurring in all the Continental armies. In October, 1890, Lieutenant Jean Bonnet was tried at Nancy for being in the pay of a foreign power and selling documents relating to the national defences; he was convicted. In 1888 Adjutant Chatelain was also convicted of selling military secrets to the foreigner, and in 1895 a similar charge was brought home to Captain Guillot. None of these cases excited more than passing attention in the press. Had these men been Jews it would, of course, have been otherwise.

Nor was it sufficient in the case of Dreyfus to start a press campaign against him. An uglier light is shed on the conspiracy, which foredoomed this unhappy man, by the extraordinary attitude assumed by General Mercier, the Minister of War, from the moment that the arrest was made public. Had he himself been the author of

the infamous letter addressed to the *Libre Parole* he could not have employed more unscrupulous means of keeping the anti-Dreyfus passion at boiling point. I have said that throughout the investigation the public was not made aware of the nature of the charges against Captain Dreyfus. This secrecy was maintained even during the trial before the Council of War on the ground that the charges touched the most vital interests of the country. Under these circumstances, silence obviously imposed itself on every one acquainted with the facts, and upon no one more than the responsible Chief of the War Office. If this silence was desirable after the trial was over it was absolutely imperative while the preliminary investigation and trial were in progress, since the lightest word was calculated to prejudice the prisoner. This was not the view of General Mercier. For reasons which are best known to himself, he found it necessary to play the Drumont game, and while the trial was actually pending he lost no opportunity of assuring the public that the prisoner was guilty. Semi-official notes, all tending to intensify the popular uneasiness, streamed from his cabinet in endless profusion. Interviewers were welcome. To representatives of the *Journal*, the *Patrie*, the *Figaro* he stated roundly that the documents in his possession had convinced him of the guilt of Dreyfus, "d'une façon irréfutable." To another interviewer he was more positive: "La culpabilité de cet officier," he said, "est absolument certaine," and he added, with negative but sufficiently explicit circumstantiality, that Dreyfus's employer was a foreign power, "neither Italy nor Austria-Hungary." Is it surprising that, under these circumstances, the whole country howled for the blood of the Jew-traitor, and that the judges themselves, impressed with the gravity of the crisis, were not too *exigent* as to the means employed to convince them of his guilt, so long as they were at least morally convinced.

Towards the end of December Dreyfus was condemned to imprisonment for life beyond the seas, and, before his departure, was publicly degraded amid the execrations of all Paris. Even then the public knew no more of the trial than they did on the morrow of the arrest. M. Rochefort, whose anti-Semitism is as virulent as that of M. Drumont, confessed as much, but added that it was quite sufficient for him that Judas was a Jew. It is piquant to find M. Rochefort citing Scripture for his purpose. Were he more accustomed to this literary exercise he would have remembered that Jesus was also a Jew, and furthermore that he was the victim of an *erreur judiciaire*.

This state of ignorance is now entirely reversed. Although each successive Government has maintained the secrecy of the proceedings, there is good reason to believe that the public is now in possession of all the essential facts of the trial. The way in which they have been obtained is very curious. It is, in fact, a sort of reflex action of the

means employed to stir up public clamour on the other side. While the clamour was loud and menacing it must not be imagined that it was universal. To begin with, the prisoner's family were all convinced of his innocence. Then his friends and acquaintances, who knew the absolute irreproachability of his life, and that he was a rich man devoted to his family and his profession, ambitious only of military advancement, could not but believe that some terrible mistake had been made. Then there were a number of comparative strangers, like the gallant old Governor of Cherche Midi prison, one or two officers of the General Staff, and finally Maître Démange, the eminent advocate retained by Dreyfus for his defence, who made no secret of their belief in an *erreur judiciaire*. These doubts grew through the very extravagance of the stories circulated to the discredit of the convict. Thus M. Scheurer-Kestner, the distinguished Vice-President of the Senate, who had loyally accepted the verdict in the first instance under the impression sedulously cultivated in official quarters that Dreyfus was altogether "a bad lot," had his doubts aroused by the accidental discovery that one of the most plausible and damning stories confided to him by an apparently well-informed person was wholly without foundation. This state of affairs created a new form of uneasiness, which was still further complicated by persistent rumours that the prisoner had escaped with the connivance of the Government. Hereupon General Mercier took a step which, in his circumstances, was exceedingly ill-judged. He confided to a Paris newspaper, first a summary of an apparently damning document which had been produced in evidence at the trial, and then a facsimile of it. His object, of course, was to deepen the popular conviction of Dreyfus's guilt, and so still the rising doubts. It had precisely the contrary effect.

This document was the famous *bordereau*, an unsigned and undated memorandum of military papers, apparently sent by a French officer to some person who had no right to be made acquainted with them. M. Bernard Lazare, a well-known Paris journalist and author, who had already made a profound study of anti-Semitism, and to whom I am chiefly indebted for the information given in this article, seized upon this facsimile as a clue to the mystery surrounding the trial. With a patience and devotion beyond all praise, and a really remarkable detective genius, he gradually pieced around it all the facts of the trial. The net upshot of his investigations was to show that this document, so clumsily divulged by General Mercier, was the only positive evidence produced at the trial, and that its attribution to Captain Dreyfus was the work of indifferent experts in handwriting, who had not been unanimous. The many other details he discovered need not be recapitulated here. Some of them, especially those bearing on the refined cruelty of the preliminary

investigation, are exceedingly painful ; all are almost incredible, and smack of Star Chamber procedure rather than of the judicial system of a civilised nation. That the account of the trial thus reconstructed by M. Lazare was accurate is borne out by M. Démange, the advocate who was present for the defence. The seal of secrecy prevented him from giving M. Lazare any assistance in his enquiries beyond the encouragement that he was convinced of his client's innocence. When those enquiries, however, were completed, he did not hesitate to state publicly, and in writing, that " je n'ai jamais connu d'autres charges contre le capitaine Dreyfus que celles discutées par vous."

Having discovered the evidence, it was necessary for M. Lazare to test its value. First, there arose the question of probability. Could it be proved that Captain Dreyfus had ever possessed, or had had access to the documents enumerated in the *bordereau* ? It was shown that at the trial the investigating magistrate had himself avowed that no evidence was available on this point. Then the general statements of the document—such as, for example, the final sentence, "I am just off to the manœuvres"—were absolutely unidentifiable with the accused. Finally, there was the question of handwriting. The experts heard by the Court—none of special eminence—were divided in opinion, the majority pronouncing against the prisoner. M. Lazare, adopting the Court's own view of the best evidence, submitted the facsimile of the *bordereau* to the twelve most eminent experts in the world, and they all declared that the handwriting was not—some said could not possibly be—that of Dreyfus.

The conclusion, then, is irresistible. If the *bordereau* was the only evidence produced at the trial—and no one has contested, nor does it seem possible to contest, Maître Démange's categorical statement on this point—Captain Dreyfus was convicted on flagrantly insufficient testimony.

This, indeed, is so clear to everybody, including the official propounders of the convict's guilt, that an attempt has been made to show that other and more serious evidence against him exists and that, in view of its exceptional gravity, it was submitted privately to the judges without being formally produced at the trial. This statement, which M. Lazare alleges comes from General Mercier himself, is the most shocking that has been made in connection with the procedure at the Court Martial. Although Maître Démange has said that he refuses to believe in the possibility of such an "enormity," it has been neither questioned nor denied in any quarter, official or otherwise. This allegation has done more to swell the ranks of those who are now demanding a revision of the trial than any question of anti-Semitic influence or of the insufficiency of the *bordereau*. And the reason is obvious. If Captain Dreyfus was convicted on evidence not submitted to the Court and not communicated to or tested by the

defence, then there was virtually no trial at all, and it is possible in Republican France, at the end of the nineteenth century, to tear a citizen away from his family, without assigning any reason, and immure him for life in an island bastille without trial and on what is tantamount to a simple *lettre de cachet*. This is not a crime against Dreyfus alone; it is a violation of public liberties, and as such is resented by many who have no opinion on the question of Dreyfus's innocence or guilt. M. de Cassagnac, for example, who believes in the Jew's guilt as firmly as M. Drumont, is one of the strongest advocates of revision solely on this ground.

Nor is it a mere academic hypothesis to say that, if this flagrant judicial irregularity—to give it no stronger name—is allowed to pass undenounced and uncorrected, the liberties, not only of possibly dishonest aliens, but of all patriotic Frenchmen, will be endangered. Let me call to mind the Norton case, which closely resembles the Dreyfus case in many of its features, and which might have been an exact parallel to it, but for the colossal vanity of one individual. It was about the time of the Siamese crisis and France was in one of her periodical fits of frenzy. On this occasion it was not the Jews but the English who were the objects of her clamour. They were as perfidious as Jewish officers, and everybody who was suspected of sympathising with them, such as M. Clémenceau, was denounced as a traitor to his country. This was the style in which the Drumont gang—the same persons, be it noted, who have been most prominently associated with the Dreyfus scandal—talked and wrote in the summer of 1893. Then came the usual extraordinary coincidence. It was one day announced that proofs of the perfidy of England and of the treachery of M. Clémenceau had been found. A “patriot of Mauritius,” while employed in the offices of the hated British Embassy, had nobly filched a collection of compromising documents from Lord Dufferin's strong box. Strangely enough the Dreyfus *bordereau* is stated in like manner to have been abstracted from the German Embassy. It appeared that the British documents made frequent reference to monetary transactions with French politicians, and among them was a *bordereau*—it is actually so described in the judicial proceedings which grew out of this affair—stated to be an original, written on official paper and stamped with the royal arms, in which the damning evidence of the venality of M. Clémenceau and other French politicians was set down in black and white. M. Millevoye, to whom these papers were communicated by their discoverer, Norton, showed them to M. Dupuy, the Premier, who was so much impressed by them that he strongly deprecated publicity, and offered to submit them to a magisterial investigation. According to M. Millevoye, M. Develle, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, also regarded them seriously. Thus confirmed in his estimate of the importance of his discovery, M.

Millevoye was unable to keep it to himself. Believing that he was about to achieve immortality, he produced and read the documents aloud from the Tribune of the Chamber of Deputies—only to be laughed at for having been victimised by an obvious forger.

Still the fact is undeniable that these documents had been taken quite seriously by a number of presumably intelligent persons—journalists, deputies, and at least two Cabinet Ministers. Suppose they had been kept secret, and had been made the subject of a Star Chamber inquiry, like that which has sent Captain Dreyfus to the Ile du Diable. Is it not quite within the bounds of probability—given the passionate agitation outside and the possible disregard of the usual judicial tests and safeguards in view of the exaggerated gravity of the evidence and the serious breach of international comity involved in its alleged theft—that there would have been another judicial error, and the Editor of the *Aurore* would have been the Dreyfus of his day?

For my part, I am strongly inclined to believe that the analogy of the Norton case affords at once the true clue to the Dreyfus mystery, and indicates the only way in which it can be satisfactorily solved. I don't think there has been any treachery at all. The demand for compromising documents, like every other demand, creates its own supply, and if the genuine article cannot be produced, the enterprising patriot is not likely to resist the temptation to manufacture a substitute. Colonel Schwarz-koppen, the late German military attaché in Paris, has, indeed, not hesitated to say, that if anyone will show him the purveyor of the documents produced against Dreyfus, he will show them the forger. My impression is that if the *bordereau* and other evidence were only made public, it would be at once demonstrated that they were spurious and had never seen the inside of any foreign embassy.

One word more. I have abstained from commenting on the Esterhazy aspect of this case, partly because I think the case for a revision of the trial is complete without it, and partly because I have no desire to follow the example set by MM. Drumont and Mercier while the charges against Captain Dreyfus are still *sub judice*.

LUCIEN WOLF.

THE STRUGGLE OF RELIGIONS AND RACES IN RUSSIA.

RUSSIAN statistics, if carefully sifted and intelligently studied, abound in remarkable surprises, of which the following pages offer a few typical specimens. As it is possible that enthusiastic partisans of conflicting political or religious views may seek to draw arguments in favour of their respective theories from the results of these researches, I desire to state distinctly and emphatically that I undertook them without any preconceived idea, and now lay them before the public, irrespective of the doctrines which they may be supposed to confirm or disprove. The facts disclosed by the figures which I set forth and compare are curious and instructive in themselves; they afford us an insight into a portion of the mechanism by which the heterogeneous groups of religions and nationalities in the Russian Empire are being welded into one homogeneous mass, they enable us to gauge the rapidity with which the assimilating process is going forward, and to measure the resisting power of each of the creeds and races concerned. And as the work has never before been done in England, nor even in Russia, I considered that I had sufficient motives for tackling it, without reference to the possible nature of the final results.

My figures are not drawn from those of the first complete census of the Russian Empire, which was taken last February. Those have not yet been analyzed; indeed, all the data have not as yet been received and tabulated by the Central Statistical Commission, so that a considerable time must necessarily elapse before the various totals have been compared with those of former partial returns. And even then it is, on obvious grounds, very doubtful whether they will be studied from the particular point of view of the longevity of religions and nationalities on Russian soil. Before the great census of this year the only periodical statistics of a really trustworthy character which we possessed were collected in the fifty governments or provinces of European Russia to the exclusion of the Caucasus, Russian Poland, and Finland. The sources from which I have drawn my figures are published once a year by the Central Statistical Commission of the Ministry of the Interior, and are undoubtedly trustworthy.

The questions which interested me most in these researches were the following: What is the most effective machinery in use for the assimilation of religions and nationalities in an empire in which religion is generally synonymous with nationality, and Roman Catholic practically means Polish, and Protestant connotes German

or Finn, Buddhist signifies Mongolian, &c., &c.; to what extent are the various religions capable of resisting the powerful outside influences brought to bear upon them? and how would Orthodoxy fare if deprived of this extraneous assistance, and left to struggle for existence on the same terms as all other religions of the Empire, with no other advantages than such as superior numbers and a naturally humane, christian, and tolerant spirit would afford? To these questions, I regret to say, I am not prepared to offer a complete set of answers; but incomplete as the results necessarily are, they leave no doubt as to the nature of the solution, while they throw curious sidelights on a number of other instructive matters as well.

In researches of this kind, the birth and death rates of the religions and races in question play an all-important part. First of all, however, it will be necessary to consider those of the Russian population as a whole. During the twenty years comprised between 1867 and 1886,¹ then, I find that the average birth rate amounted to 49·3 per thousand inhabitants, while the mean death rate for the same period was no less than 35·8 per thousand. The average number of marriages was 9·4. The mean increase, therefore, averaged 13·5 per thousand. The absolute yearly increase being 1,500,000. In spite of the very high death rate this balance to the good, if compared with that of other European countries for the same period, is very considerable. In this respect Saxony is the only state which takes precedence of Russia with an annual increment of 14·9 per thousand. England follows Russia with 13·2, Holland comes next with 10·2, then Prussia with 9·4, Germany with 8·4, Austria with 7·8, Sweden with 7·7, Italy with 6·7, Switzerland with 6·2, Hungary, despite its fruitful Slav element, with only 4·7, Spain with 3·3, and France with 2·5. The Russian death rate, it must be confessed, is proportionately large, owing to a variety of causes the most of which can be neutralized by improved sanitation and are being slowly removed even now. There is but one country in Europe which takes precedence of Russia in this respect, viz., Hungary with a death rate of 38·7.

The circumstance that before last February no general census of the population had ever been made, renders it impossible to fix with absolute accuracy the average number of marriages and the birth and death rates of the principal religious communities of the Empire. But the official sources quoted above supply us, at least, with absolute data, i.e., the totals of the deaths, births and marriages, and if we compare these concrete totals among themselves, we find that the respective increase is as follows:—

(1) *Cf. Movement of the Population of European Russia for the Years 1867, 1868-1891*, published by the Central Statistical Commission of the Ministry of the Interior.

Orthodox Christians	5.77 children to each marriage.
Roman Catholics	4.88 " "
Protestants	4.50 " "
Mohammedans	4.26 " "
Jews	4.67 " "
Armenians of the Gregorian Rite	4.21 " "

From these figures it is evident that Orthodox Christians—who consist mainly of Russians, Moldavians and Finns, are the most fruitful of all the religious communities enumerated. But this conclusion must be qualified by the remark that the percentage of illegitimate children among them is somewhat large, although considerably smaller than that of the other churches. The following figures will make that pretty clear. They are taken from the official statistics of the years 1887 and 1888, and give the number of illegitimate children among every thousand infants born in the various churches and creeds:—

	Orthodox.	Roman Catholics.	Protestants.	Jews.	Mohammedans.
1887	28.2	34.9	36.2	3.4	0.9
1888	26.3	34.6	38.5	2.9	0.8

The least fruitful marriages are those of the Armenians.¹ Taking the entire population of the fifty governments of European Russia for the twenty years ending in 1886, we find that each marriage produced, on an average, 5.45 children, whereas in the population of cities alone the average issue was 5.31.

The figures of the birth rate alone, however, are insufficient to convey a correct idea of the real increase of each religious community; they must be compared with the annual number of deaths and the ratio between the two established. As the official sources do not contain the number of deaths to every thousand members of each of the religious bodies, we must operate with the absolute totals which they do give. Having made the necessary calculation for the fifty governments of European Russia, we find that for every hundred persons who died during the decade ending in the year 1892 the number born was:—

	In Russia.	In Roumania. ²
Orthodox Christians	138.14 souls	149.02
Roman Catholics	156.97 "	120.69
Protestants	147.41 "	157.19
Jews	171.42 "	173.22
Mohammedans	139.68 "	142.07
.Greek Armenians	116.25 "	91.27

(1) By Armenians I understand those of the Gregorian Rite. The others, being members of the Roman Catholic Church, are included in the figures which deal with that religious body.

(2) Cf. *Mouvement de la Population de la Roumanie*, Bucharest, 1892.

The element of the population, therefore, which increases more rapidly than all others, despite conditions which can hardly be termed favourable, is the Jewish; and this superiority is traceable to two causes: the larger number of marriages which they contract and their smaller death rate. The death rate of Jewish children in particular is much smaller than that of Orthodox Russian infants. The figures for the year 1888 are: Of every thousand Orthodox children there died 407·1; Jewish children, 232·1; Protestants, 282·0; Mohammedans, 230·9; Roman Catholics, 216·6. It should, however, be borne in mind, that in reality the death rate among Jewish children was and is considerably less than appears from those figures. The explanation is that in order to free their male offspring from military service the Jews frequently conceal the births of their children, whereas they cannot hide the cases of death. And this relatively small death rate is noticeable not only in Russia but also in Roumania, where the conditions are as nearly as possible the same. Next on the list come the Roman Catholics [in Roumania the Protestants], after them the Protestants, and then the Mohammedans. The Christians of the Orthodox Church, despite the larger number of children resulting from each marriage, occupy but the fifth place, in consequence of their very heavy death rate. In Roumania, where the sanitary conditions are better for all classes of the population, they come third. In both countries the Armenians are at the very bottom of the list.

It should, however, be pointed out that the figures of the Armenian birth rate in Russia (116·25) represent the total increase observed in the two distinct classes of colonies in which these people live, the larger and the smaller communities of European Russia. If we consider the two categories separately, we arrive at results which are still more striking. Thus, in the less populous colonies scattered over the Governments of Astrakhan, Kherson, Tavrida, Bessarabia, Moscow, and St. Petersburg, the Armenian element, which numbers about 15,000 in all, is everywhere dying out. For every hundred deaths which occurred during the ten years ending in 1892, the average number of births was but 91·64.

The explanation of this curious phenomenon lies partly in the smaller number of children resulting from each marriage (*i.e.* 3·61) as compared with the ratio in other religious communities, but to a much greater extent in the large number of so-called mixed marriages contracted by Armenians of these colonies with members of the Orthodox Church. And herein is contained the secret of the rapid assimilation, not only of Armenians, but of all other non-Orthodox Christian communities to Orthodoxy. For according to one of the fundamental laws of the Russian Empire all the children, without exception, born of parents either of whom was at any time a member

of the Orthodox Church, must be baptized and brought up in the Orthodox faith. The number of Armenian marriages contracted in these small colonies among Armenians only and solemnized according to the rites of the Gregorian Church is relatively small, and does not exceed 5·3 per thousand Armenians, whereas the marriages between Armenians and Orthodox Christians reach the respectable total of from three to four per thousand persons. In St. Petersburg these mixed marriages, as we shall see later on, amount to 58·1 per cent. of all the matrimonial unions entered into by members of that ancient church and race.

This ratio is reversed in those districts in which Armenians form large communities wherein the sentiment of nationality—identical in this case with that of religion—is more fully developed, and the social conditions are generally less favourable to mixed marriages. In the military territory of the Don, for example, where a considerable number of Armenians dwell together, as in Rostoff and Nakhitshevan, with 25,500 Armenians, they usually keep to themselves, and rarely select life-partners among the members of any other religious body. The result is that in all those colonies the rate of increase is almost normal. Thus, for every hundred who died in those places during the ten years under consideration, there were 128·31 births, the average number of children to the marriage being 4·48. These facts are interesting, inasmuch as they supply the data necessary for calculating the longevity of the Armenian race in Russia in each of these groups, the smaller of which is becoming more and more common.

In Roumania, as in Russia, the Armenians occupy the lowest place among all religious groups in the matter of annual increase. The fruitfulness of their marriages, as compared with that of the other elements of the Roumanian population, is very inconsiderable. Thus, during the ten years ending in 1891, the average issue of each Armenian marriage was but 1·93 children,¹ whereas that of the entire Roumanian people amounted to 5·1. As, over and above this, the death rate of the Armenians there is very high, no one will be surprised to learn that they are dying out. Thus, for every hundred Armenians who died in Roumania during the decade under consideration, there were but 91·27 births. And if we compare the birth rate with the death rate of the ensuing year (1892), we find that the total loss was 8·54. So much for the Armenians.

Returning now to the entire population of the fifty governments of European Russia, we find that the average increase for ten years was 141·59, and in Roumania for the one year 1891, 140·57. Taking the cities of European Russia by themselves, we gather from the official

(1) The number of Armenian marriages, 8·86 per thousand souls, was normal.

statistics that for every 100 deaths there were but 120·23 births [in the so-called *communale urbane* of Roumania the ratio in 1891 was 100 : 113·82]. If now from the heterogeneous population of cities and towns which produces this excess of births over deaths we strike out the fruitful Jewish element, the ratio falls at once to 117 births to 100 deaths. In other words, the net annual increase of Christians of all denominations in Russian cities and towns amounts to 17 souls, whereas among the Jews of towns and cities it is exactly 71·4. Therefore the Hebrew population in the cities of European Russia is increasing and multiplying every year four times more rapidly than the Christians.

An analogous phenomenon is noticeable in Roumania. In that youthful state, for every 100 deaths which occurred during the decade 1882-91 the births averaged 173·22, which is tantamount to a net annual increase of 73·2. Taking Roumanian towns and cities by themselves, however, we find that their average yearly increment amounts in all to only 13·8. Further, if we separate the Jewish from the Christian elements of the Roumanian urban population, we find that the net annual increase of the former is more than seven times greater than that of the latter. In exact figures, it is 7·1 times greater. The Jews, who constitute but 20 per cent. of the urban population of Roumania, thus contribute no less than 63·1 per cent. of its entire annual increase, whereas the Orthodox Christians, who amount to 72 per cent. of the population of cities and towns, contribute no more than 39·9 per cent. to the total annual increment. Passing to the other religious bodies, we note that the Roman Catholics, who form but 4 per cent. of the entire urban population, contribute 2·7 of its total increase, while all the other religious bodies show an annual falling-off of no less than 5·7 per cent.¹ If we consider separately the two provinces of which the kingdom of Roumania is composed, we find that in Wallachia, and only there, the Christian element is

(1) Cf. *Bulletin de l'Institut Internat. de Statistique*. Vol. ix., p. 96 f.

The following table will make the relative positions of the various religions clear :—

72 per cent. of the urban Orthodox population gives an increase of + 39·9 per cent.

4 „ „ „ Rom. Cath. „ „ „ — 2·7 „

4 „ „ „ Protestant „ „ „ — 5·7 „

8 per cent. of Non-Orthodox Christians gives *minus* 3 per cent.

72 per cent. of the Orthodox population gives, therefore, + 39·9 per cent. = + 2872·8

8 „ „ other Christians „ „ — 30 „ = — 24·0

80 per cent. of all Christians gives, therefore, + 35·6 = + 2848·8

If 80 per cent. (Christians) gives an increase of 35·6 per cent., 10 per cent. will give 4·45 per cent.

On the other hand, 20 per cent. (Jewish element) gives an increase of 63·1 per cent., and, therefore, 10 per cent. of the Jews gives 31·6 per cent. increment. As the increment of the Christians is represented by 4·45 per cent. and that of the Jews by 31·6, the latter element of the urban population increases 7·1 times more rapidly than the former.

increasing and at a very slow rate; in the other province, Moldavia, the Christians of all denominations are steadily dying out. The vacant places of these vanishing Christians are being taken partly by Jews and partly by Christians from the rural districts, who migrate into the cities and towns. If it were not for the influx of this latter element from the country, it would be a very simple calculation to fix the year when the entire population of the cities and towns in Roumania and Southern Russia would consist exclusively of citizens of the Hebrew faith.

The following statistical table, which deals exclusively with Roumania, is interesting. It gives the number of births to 100 deaths of the various religious elements of the population for the decade 1882-1891:—

	In Cities.	In Rural Districts.	In Roumania Generally.
Armenians . . .	84·56	120·69	91·27
Roman Catholics . . .			120·69
Protestants . . .			157·19
Orthodox Christians . . .			149·02
Mohammedans . . .			142·07
Jews . . .			173·22

So far as the matter is left to the operation of natural causes, therefore, the Jewish race is far better equipped for the struggle for life than the Christian sects. In Russia, however, numerous artificial means are relied upon to neutralize the forces of nature and to Christianize and nationalize the numerous fragments of which the Empire is still composed.

The figures which I have heretofore given apply, as I remarked in the beginning, solely to the fifty provinces or governments of European Russia. In Russian Poland the religious, political, and social conditions are very different. To what extent they modify the phenomena thus far observed in Russia proper, the following statistics will show. I use the official sources (Report of the Warsaw Statist Committee, vol. xiii., p. 191) for the five years comprised between 1886 and 1890. During that period, to each thousand souls there were 41·5 births and 25·6 deaths, in other words, the natural increment was 15·9. If we compare the actual number of deaths with the actual number of births in Poland, we find that for every 100 who died 162·1 were born. The religious elements of Poland are Roman Catholics, who predominate among the Christians there, and together with the latter form about five-sixths of the entire population; and the Jews, who constitute about one-sixth. Now we already know, from the table given on page 149, the respective average increase of these two creeds: for every 100 Roman Catholics who die 156·97 are born; and for every 100 Jewish deaths there are 171·42 births. The Christian

five-sixths of the population, with 157 births to 100 deaths, would give 785·0, whereas the Jewish one-sixth gives 171·4; the total = 956·4, which, divided by 6, gives 159·4. This figure is not far removed from that given above, 162·1 [the number of births to 100 deaths in all Poland]. As a matter of fact the increment in Poland is a little larger, and the discrepancy is explicable as the result of the concealment of a number of births by the Hebrew element of the ten Polish provinces. This is admitted on all hands. It is also capable of being proved by the statistics of the few places in which the concealment of births is made difficult. Warsaw is one of these. The figures published by the Statistical Committee of that city are more trustworthy than those which deal with any other portion of Poland. According to them the increase of the population per thousand souls by births in the year 1889, was 45 among Christians and 55 among Jews, and the deaths were 30 among the Christians and 25 among the Hebrews. The Jewish element, therefore, seems much better equipped for the struggle for existence than any of the Christian sects, inasmuch as it increases even in Poland twice as rapidly as they do, the ratio being 30 to 15. [Cf. *Report of the Warsaw Statist. Comm.* vol. xii., p. 126.] And it must not be forgotten that the Catholics are the Christians who, of all others, increase the most rapidly in European Russia. The same phenomenon is visible all over Europe, and is owing in part, at least, to the extraordinary care which Jewish parents take of their children.¹ At the annual rate just given the Hebrew element, which forms about one-third of the population of Warsaw—or, say, 200,000 souls—increases yearly by as many as the Christians, who constitute two-thirds of the population, *i.e.*, by 5,000 souls. Within a given number of years, therefore, when the Christian element of Warsaw shall have doubled, and will amount to 800,000, the Jewish element will have tripled, and will have reached the total of 500,000 souls. The important part played by the self-sacrificing care taken by Jewish parents of their children, in bringing about the results just noted, is evident from the following figures: Of 1,000 children during the first year of their lives, there die in Moscow 391; in Breslau 314; in St. Petersburg and Berlin 257; in Dresden 251; in Cracow 227; in Lemberg 216; and in Warsaw 187; in other words, the more Jews a city possesses the smaller the death rate among children. In Warsaw the Jews form 33 per cent. of the population; in Cracow and Lemberg 28 per cent.; in Berlin and Breslau 5 per cent.; in St. Petersburg and Moscow 2 per cent.

But the surest, steadiest, and least troublesome of all the methods

(1) Reclus states that the Jewish element in Hungary has increased by eight times its number during the past hundred years. During the years 1868-1870 the death-rate of the various religions in Budapesth was: among Catholics, 48·0; Calvinists, 33·7; Lutherans, 46·6; and Jews only 18·2 per thousand souls.

by which the various ethnical elements of the Russian population are being kneaded into one homogeneous mass is the automatic working of the law which prescribes that children of both sexes, either of whose parents is a member of the Orthodox Church, must be baptized according to the rites and brought up in the faith of that church. Article 190 of the Russian Penal Code, which deals with this subject, says: "Parents who, being legally obliged to train their children in the Orthodox faith, shall baptize them or cause other sacraments to be administered to them, and bring them up in the rites of another Christian faith, are to be sentenced, therefor, to confinement in a prison for a period of from eight to sixteen months. Their children are to be confided, for their education, to relatives of the Orthodox Church, and should there be none such, to guardians appointed by the Government and belonging to the Orthodox Church." This law is further reinforced by Article 194 of the Penal Code, which declares that: "Members of the clergy of foreign Christian confessions, found guilty of having taught the Catechism to children under age belonging to the Orthodox Church, or of having made suggestions to them which are opposed to Orthodoxy, even though no intention should be proved on their part to pervert the said children, are to be sentenced therefor: for the first offence, to removal from the place in which it was committed, for a period of from one to three years; for the second to a loss of the sacerdotal dignity and confinement in a prison for a period of from eight months to one year and four months, and on the expiry of this sentence to be placed under police supervision."

This law has always been strictly enforced. During the reign of Alexander II. an exception was informally made¹ for the inhabitants of the Baltic Provinces, many of whom married members of the Orthodox Church and yet lawfully educated their children in the Protestant faith. Alexander III. would not endure this state of things, and put a sudden end to it in a manner which was clearly understood and taken to heart by all his subjects throughout the length and breadth of Russia. In August, 1882, a cavalry officer with whom I am well acquainted, Prince Barclay de Tolly, married the daughter of General Tshernyshoff on the express condition, accepted by the bride and her mother—both of whom were members of the Orthodox Church—that the children of the marriage should be educated in the faith of their father, who was, and is, a Lutheran. A year later a daughter was born and baptized in the Lutheran faith, whereupon the Ecclesiastical Consistory took action and ordered an investigation. The father and grandfather of the girl, however, remained firm, and when a second child was born it was likewise christened in the Lutheran Church. In September, 1887, a third child

(1) A secret Ukase of the 15-27 March, 1865, accorded this right to Russian subjects of the Baltic Provinces, professing the Lutheran faith.

was born, and when shortly after, the fact of its having been baptized by a Lutheran clergyman became known, the father, Prince Barclay de Tolly, was summarily dismissed from the army, and the grandfather was publicly reprimanded by the Tsar. From that time forth the permission formerly accorded to Russian subjects of the Lutheran Church living in the Baltic Provinces was expressly rescinded,¹ and the law strictly enforced in all parts of the Empire.

It is, unfortunately, impossible to analyze the working and gauge the full effect of this legislation upon the non-Orthodox Christians of Russia. I once set myself to study the question in all its details, but the lack of statistical data, which after this year's census will perhaps become available, soon convinced me that the task was hopeless. By confining my researches, however, to certain large centres, the statistics of which were both comprehensive and trustworthy, I arrived at very definite results showing the enormous annual gains of Orthodoxy at the expense of other religious denominations, within a very limited area, and supplying data for an approximate guess at the total profit and loss account in the Empire. It need hardly be pointed out that a member of the Orthodox Church, whatever the path by which he or she first entered it, can never again legally abjure that faith.

Let us take the Christian population of the city of St. Petersburg, therefore, for the decade 1882-1891, and going through the carefully compiled statistics published every year in the official *Yeshchodnik*), we shall find that during those ten years the average number and character of the marriages contracted were:—

Marriages of Orthodox males with Orthodox females .	47,493
" " Roman Catholic " .	459
" " Protestant " .	1,635
" " Armenian " .	8
Total .	49,595

Marriages of Protestant males with Orthodox females .	1,997
" " Protestant " .	4,879
" " Roman Catholic " .	214
" " Armenian " .	2
" " Jewish " .	10
Total .	7,102

Marriages of Roman Catholic males with Orthodox females .	1,265
" " Roman Catholic " .	1,657
" " Protestant " .	468
" " Armenian " .	1
Total .	3,391

(1) This was done in May, 1885.

Marriages of Armenian males with Orthodox females	25
" " Roman Catholic	0
" " Protestant	8
" " Armenian	10
Total	43

These figures reveal the interesting fact that the marriages contracted by Roman Catholic males with Orthodox females amount to 37·12 of all marriages entered into by the entire Roman Catholic population, during the period under examination, in the city of St. Petersburg alone. The matrimonial unions concluded by Protestant males with Orthodox females constitute 28·1 per cent. of all marriages contracted by Protestants, whereas those of Armenians with Orthodox brides are equal to 58·1 per cent. of all Armenian marriages.

The losses thus incurred by each religious denomination in favour of the Orthodox Church can be easily ascertained by multiplying the average issue of Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Armenian marriages by the total number of unions contracted by non-Orthodox Christian males with members of the Orthodox Church. We then obtain the average number of children to each marriage by dividing the grand total of births during the decade in question by the entire number of marriages. In the case of Orthodox Christians the figures are 253,553 divided by 49,595 = 5·11. Among Roman Catholics it is 5,501 divided by 2,126 = 2·12. In the case of Protestants the formula is 16,312 divided by 5,105 = 3·19; and among Armenians 54 divided by 18 = 3 per cent. The losses of Roman Catholicism to Orthodoxy consequently were :—

Roman Catholics, 1,255 marriages, averaging 2·12 children	=	2,660·6 children.
Protestants . 1,997 " " 3·19 "	=	6,390·4 "
Armenians . . 25 " " 3·00 "	=	75·0 "
3,277		9,126

Thus during the space of a single decade, in the city of St. Petersburg alone, non-Orthodox Christians lost to the Orthodox Church 3,277 marriages and 9,126 children. Of course, in reality, the losses were much more considerable; for the non-Orthodox parents of Orthodox children are already virtually lost to their respective churches, which they rarely frequent, and, not seldom, formally leave. The number of Roman Catholics of the former category in St. Petersburg is 1,255 males and 459 females; of Protestants it is 1,997 males and 1,635 females; of Armenians 25 males and 8 females; that is to say 5,379 individuals of both sexes; if we add to these the 9,126, we get a total of 14,505 souls. Now the population of St. Petersburg is hardly a hundredth part of that of all Russia, and the same process

is steadily and continuously going on throughout the length and breadth of the country, on a smaller scale here, on a larger scale there, according to the numerical strength of the members of non-Orthodox denominations, so that a certain vague, but not wholly inadequate, notion may be formed of the rapidity with which they are all being automatically assimilated. It may, perhaps, be necessary to point out that owing to the peculiar political conditions prevalent in the east generally, religious gains there are at the same time national profit. The Orthodox children of Germans, Poles, Armenians, Finns rightly regard themselves as Russian, which is not by any means the case with all those children who, though born and educated in Russia, retain the "foreign" faith of their fathers. The dimensions assumed by this kneading process in the provinces are very considerable, and it is not too much to say that in several cities and towns the presence of a non-Orthodox Christian element of the population is entirely due to immigration.

In the above profit and loss account I have not touched upon a very large item of Russian gains at the expense of other Christian communities by means of conversions. Yet this is a very considerable figure, which is not, of course, neutralized by analogous conversions of Orthodox Christians to other Christian confessions, this being a criminal offence in the eye of the law. In order to give an idea of the number of persons thus spontaneously converted to Orthodoxy during the eleven years from 1883 to 1893, I quote the official figures:—

25,637	Roman Catholics.
63,024	Rasskolniks (Russian Nonconformists).
30,855	Protestants and Lutherans.
7,977	Jews.
3,456	Mohammedans.
381	Armenians.
28,235	Pagans.

Total . 159,565 souls.

The losses of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, or, to change these terms to their political equivalents of Poles, Lithuanians, Germans, Letts and Finns, are very heavy. The Jews come off best of all with a loss, in round figures, of 800 souls yearly, as against an increase of 80,000. The Mohammedans lose comparatively few, for their only possible source of loss is through conversion. The marriage law does not affect them in the least, seeing that in the Russian Empire they cannot marry Christians.

To sum up, the Russian people, who now number 129,211,114 souls, have, with one exception in each case, the highest birth rate and the highest death rate of all other peoples of Europe. The Russian Empire is made up of a vast number of different races which

generally profess different religious faiths, and among all these by far the most fruitful is the Jewish element, the members of which are increasing in the cities and towns of southern Russia four times more rapidly than their Christian fellow-subjects, and would, within a measurable distance of time, absorb all the others were it not for the continual immigration of Christians from rural districts. On the other hand, the Russians are working hard and successfully at the assimilation of every heterogeneous element in the country, ethnical and religious, and the means at their disposal are so numerous and efficient that religions and races are being steadily absorbed. The law of mixed marriages brings thousands and thousands of children who, but for its operation, would have been Roman Catholics, Lutherans, or Armenians, into the Orthodox fold. The Armenians are dying out in consequence, and continue to subsist only in the largest of their colonies, which have a strong tendency, however, to split up into a number of smaller ones, that will eventually disappear from the operation of the same causes. Roman Catholics and Lutherans are likewise gradually, if more slowly, dying out. Of all races and religions the toughest and best equipped for the arduous struggle for existence are the Jews, whose net annual increase in towns and cities amounts to 71·4 souls, as compared with that of all Christian denominations, which is only 17 souls. Furthermore, they entirely escape the decimating action of the Mixed Marriage Law, and lose through spontaneous conversions to Orthodoxy only 800 souls a year, as against 25,637 Roman Catholics, whereas their annual increase amounts to 80,000 souls.

The general impression produced by these statistics is that the Russian people is not merely increasing in numbers, but is rapidly being kneaded into a compact homogeneous mass, speaking one and the same language, worshipping according to the same rites, and pursuing, more or less, the same political ideals. The comfortable old fiction formerly universally credited in Europe, and still cherished by a very few backward British politicians, that one of the immediate results of a shock of war upon Russia would be to split up the huge northern colossus into a number of ethnical and irreconcilable fragments, is once for all exploded.

E. J. DILLON.

RUSSIA AND HER PATIENTS.

WE have heard so much of the "European Concert," why not, for a change, call it the "European Hospital"? The term would be a novelty, besides being more appropriate; for there is certainly more sickness in the hospital than there has been harmony in the concert.

A hospital, indeed, it is which confronts us. With the Sick Gentleman at Constantinople we have been long familiar, but it now seems that we shall soon become on equally intimate terms with the Sick Lady at Vienna. Poor Greece, with a bandaged head, needs watchful and affectionate nursing.

France, "*La belle France*," after a prolonged period of convalescence, has at last recovered sufficiently to "go for a change of air" to the banks of the Neva. But she is wise in clinging to the arm of her physician, because, though now in the convalescent ward, she has not entirely emancipated herself from the necessity of hospital regulations.

In the time of Nicholas I., our Tzar used to be described as the Chief Justice of Europe. Alexander III. won for himself the noble title of "Peace-keeper of Europe." But now-a-days, if we are to adjust titles to realities, Russia could not be better ranked than as "Head Physician of the European Hospital."

Quite seriously, that is our *rôle*, and we shall adhere to it.

What furious denunciations have been levelled against us because, in dealing with the refractory patient in the Eastern ward, we have refused, and still refuse, to substitute the *rôle* of executioner for that of physician! We have even deprecated surgical operations, preferring palliatives and sedatives to amputations.

For my own part, I could have wished, more than once, that the physician had given place to the surgeon. But, of course, I reluctantly have to admit that operations are dangerous, when the atmosphere is poisoned with the gangrene of international jealousy.

The Sick Gentleman now recognises that Russia is anxious rather to prolong his morbid existence than to precipitate the scramble for his inheritance. A Lord Chief Justice, no doubt, is much less of a *persona grata* to the Sultan than a Head Physician.

Our position in regard to the Sick Gentleman is beginning to be understood. Our relations to the Sick Lady are not even recognised. But they dominate the situation. Ladies, they say, are much more devoted to their medical men than are patients of the other sex. It is, therefore, only natural that the Sick Lady should cling to us with quite an embarrassing devotion.

Judging from present appearances, she threatens to depose the Sick Gentleman from the position he has held so long of being the most troublesome patient in the hospital.

With regard to France, Russia has been the same "friend in need" as a physician, with his tonics and his confident assurances, is to the patient just emerging from a tedious convalescence. Encouragement to take the health-giving promenade has not been wanting, and there is no one in the hospital—least of all in the French ward—who does not admit that the Russian treatment has been a marvellous restorative to the patient's confidence and content.

On the whole, then, I flatter my patriotic pride with the conviction that Russia, as the Head Physician of Europe, will be not less successful than she has been as its Peace Keeper—not that the latter *rôle* has been given up. On the contrary, the responsibilities of the physician render more pressing the duty of keeping the peace.

I.—AUTOCRACY.

In all Russia's practice as Political Physician, perhaps her most correct diagnosis and successful treatment have been in protecting the principle of personal government. It is particularly in this century that Russia has been witness for the truth of Autocracy. She has been assiduous in her attendance upon all those who were afflicted with the malady of Parliamentarism. And of all her patients these especially seem either so completely cured, or so thoroughly convalescent, as no longer to stand in need of a physician. Moreover, the plague of Parliamentarism has now, under the Röntgen rays of political experience, been so clearly traced that any recurrence of its virulent outbreaks can be promptly dealt with. Even in England this is now very commonly admitted, and had indeed begun to be recognised some time ago, as, for instance, by Carlyle, Froude, and Sir Henry Maine, whose opinion is endorsed by not a few distinguished living historians.

The rehabilitation of the monarchical principle is quite astonishing. The change of Western opinion on that subject is indeed almost incredible, even to those who have watched it year by year. And it seems to me that what has brought this most prominently before the public attention has been the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. But whatever the cause it is a veritable Revolution that has been accomplished.

When I first began writing in the English papers it was assumed on all sides that civilisation had signed the death warrant of the antiquated system of monarchical government. There was, about that time, much public protest in England against the influence which the Queen exercised on Mr. Disraeli's Russophobia policy. This was

regarded as intolerable, for English Constitutional Monarchy was claimed to be but a veiled Republic. I well remember that it needed an effort to admit, in the midst of my Liberal friends, that we Russians were as staunch believers in Autocracy as we were thorough sceptics of the virtue of Parliamentarism, even for countries where that system was reputed to be a success. "Mais, nous avons changé tout cela!"

Russian beliefs and Russian scepticism are now echoed in many parts of the world. In England, I am told, even by enthusiastic Radicals, that they have re-discovered the usefulness of a Monarchy. Jubilee historians gravely assert that Queen Victoria has been the mainspring of England's action during all these sixty years. It was Her Majesty, we are told, who prevented war, in 1861, between England and the United States, and in 1864 between England and Germany. If such were the case, the only wonder is that the re-discovery of the English Monarchy has been delayed until the year 1897.

It is quite extraordinary how fond some people are of the practice of "making believe." We Russians cannot understand the complicated system of endless wheels within wheels, of checks and counter-checks, of monarchs who do not govern, of Parliaments that cannot legislate, and of all the *chinoiseries* of Constitutionalism. We do not wrap up *our* Monarch in layers of cotton-wool to re-discover him after sixty years.

Really it seems as if the civilised West were coming to see that the Russian plan is the wisest. Formerly we used to hear, "The One-man Power is doomed. Down with the Autocrats! The only possible form of Government is by an Elective Assembly." So everybody said twenty years ago. But who says so to-day? Look and see. It is a marvellous phenomenon, this subsidence of the dogmatic Republicanism of twenty years ago. The theory of Government by Elective Assembly is at a discount. Everywhere we find these assemblies discrediting the principles of Parliamentarism, endangering States by their corruption, imperilling Empires by their factions. And where are they doing good? Is it upon the Parliament that sits at Westminster, or upon the Queen who reigns at Windsor, that the average Englishman reflects with pride? Can any one with open eyes doubt that, whilst Parliament has sunk, the Crown has risen in popular estimation? And not only in England.

Nicholas I., the Quixote of Absolute Monarchy, made the maintenance of the Monarchical principle one of the chief objects of Russian foreign policy. No monarch was ever more of an idealist in his devotion to great principles, and there is no more imposing figure in the history of this century than the noble-minded Tzar,

whom the Western Powers warred to an untimely grave. Yet his zeal for Autocracy was not unreasonably exaggerated. At the famous conferences with the Sovereigns of Prussia and Austria, at Kalisch and Töplitz, in 1835, it was expressly declared that there was to be no incessant intervention in the affairs of other nations—"not even with those of France if she, without injury to foreign nations, wishes to establish a Republic."

Our chivalrous defence of the existing order and of the Monarchical principle did not extend to conspiracy against the liberties of nations. Nicholas I. no doubt fervently believed in his sacred mission to defend the Monarchical principle whenever that was in danger, and which in his time seemed everywhere to be threatened with destruction. His great grandson—Emperor Nicholas II.—no longer deems it necessary to lay stress upon that mission. Not because we have lost faith in Autocracy. We believe in it more than ever now that we see the principle of personal centralised power re-emerging from its long eclipse. But it is unnecessary to force an open door. The principle of Monarchy no longer needs a defender. The political knight-errant of the twentieth century is more likely to find Parliamentarism a fitting object for his compassionate protection.

Do you think that this is an exaggerated view? Well, look around. There is only one great republic in Europe. France, which in the time of the first Nicholas was the centre of revolutionary unrest, menacing established order, is now the staunchest ally of Nicholas II. What has Parliamentarism done for France? Her present strongest element of stability, of continuity, of prestige, is supplied by her alliance with Russian Autocracy.

Then cross the Vosges; go to Berlin. Who is master in the German Empire? There are Deputies in the Reichstag as there are sheep in the fold, but the shepherd is the Kaiser. Sometimes the sheep object to be shorn, or prefer to bolt along wrong roads, or refuse to be driven through the open gate. But it is the shepherd who leads, drives, and guards the flock. In spirit, the Kaiser is more imperious than the Tzar. His Ministers are but his pens. "*L'Etat c'est moi!*"

Indeed, the monarchical revival in the Fatherland has latterly been proceeding to extremes, and has this week culminated in Prince Henry's apotheosis of his Imperial brother, with such surprising extravagancies as those of his "crown of thorns" and "the gospel of his hallowed person." We believe in Autocracy, it is true, but, fortunately, we have never mistaken the Tzar for the Almighty!

Look at Austria! A Parliament is wrecking the Dual Kingdom. Who saves it from falling to pieces? The Emperor Francis Joseph. Without him, what is Austria-Hungary? Nothing.

In Scandinavia it is the same: Norway and Sweden are kept together only by the personal influence and prestige of the King.

At the other end of Europe even a child on the throne is more potent for the preservation of national unity than the influence of orators like Castelar, or statesmen like Sagasta.

Look, also, on Holland. Everybody has heard of the young Queen Wilhelmina, and of her great sorrow at not being allowed to ride a bicycle; but as to her Cabinet Ministers—they come and go, go and come; yet are there ten Englishmen in London who know the names of those distinguished gentlemen?

Perhaps the most remarkable examples of the rehabilitation of personal authority are supplied from the extremes of Eastern Europe and Northern America. The Hellenic kingdom is a Constitutional State. All the Greeks are politicians. The poor monarch is carefully denuded of personal authority, and his Parliament is all powerful. At Constantinople there is another system of Government: hateful, barbarous, Mahomedan, but based on the principle of personal authority. It is the monarchical system in its extreme and most repulsive shape. What we have seen this year has been the triumph of that detestable despot over the diplomacy of Europe, and over constitutionally-governed Greece.

Thanks to the influence of two Christian Autocrats, the Sultan was compelled to halt in his victorious march. But alike in diplomacy and in the field the One-Man Power has triumphed.

I have been reading Mr. Stead's *Despairing Democracy*, and I was startled to see how the principle of personal authority is gaining ground even in the American Republic. I do not understand American politics, but I was much impressed by what a leading English statesman said to a friend of mine the other day. "Since Napoleon left Elba to resume the sovereignty of France, what parallel is there in History to the case of Mr. Croker, who, after sojourning in England for three years, returns and resumes in a moment the mastery of New York?" So that even New York and the Americans are evolving a kind of Autocracy.

Some years ago I ventured to write: "As believers in progress and in freedom we think that more progress and liberty is possible in Russia at the present time, by placing supreme power in the hands of an enlightened Autocrat, than by vesting it in an assembly which must be either elected by a minority of the people, or by a majority who can hardly read or write."

In New York the majority *can* read and write, but the results of Universal Suffrage seem to have brought the best Americans very much to the same conclusion.

The work of the Physician is indeed accomplished.

The cure is complete!

II.—AUSTRIA.

Austria—"The Sick Lady of Europe"—has long been one of the most difficult of all our patients. The fever which now convulses her limbs is but the return of an old malady. Although the symptoms are different, and we may have to vary the treatment, the Sick Lady will not change her Physician. It is with States as it is with human beings. When they are well they ridicule their doctor, but when seriously laid up they fly to him for aid. The best evidence that Austria realises her danger is her *rapprochement* to St. Petersburg. The Empire-Kingdom, when feeling well, carried on more or less pronounced flirtations with Germany and Italy. But once let storm-clouds gather on the horizon, and Austria rushes in haste to consult her Russian mentor. She is an old patient of ours, a very old patient, and the fact that she has been so long on our hands enables us to look calmly upon her present alarming symptoms. It is only the new practitioner, called in to a first case, who imagines that a bad fainting fit is an inevitable precursor of dissolution. We know better. Austria has had attacks of this kind before. But we have pulled her through, and thus the Sick Lady expects us to do so again.

When our Emperor Nicholas I. paid his visit to the British Court, the Queen wrote to King Leopold: "He asked for nothing whatever—he merely expressed his great anxiety to be on the best terms with us, but not to the exclusion of others; only let things remain as they are. He is very much alarmed about the East and about Austria." And then Her Majesty described our Emperor's fear about his patient so frankly that the historian substitutes a row of asterisks for her words. It would be interesting to know what was that suppressed passage. Probably it repeated the Emperor's forebodings, expressed with his usual frankness, as to the fate of Austria.

But that was fifty years ago. We cannot keep on fearing for half a century without coming to some definite conclusion. The Austrian patient may be suffering from an incurable malady, but, at all events, the Sick Lady has a better chance of life than the Sick Gentleman. This, however, depends upon us. We have saved her before—perhaps even to our disadvantage; and if Austria "astonished the world by her ingratitude" in 1854, let us hope that that may have been partly due to the impossibility of adequately expressing her acknowledgements. "God be thanked," piously exclaimed an Austrian statesman in 1846, whose remark is preserved to us by Baron Stockmar—"God be thanked that Russia influences us now more than formerly, for without Russia there would be no longer an Austrian State." Count Goluchowsky may soon be singing a similar "*Te Deum*," for Russia once more "exercises her influence more than formerly," and in that fact lies the present hope of Austrian salvation.

Our enemies say that we cherish hostile designs against the Sick Lady, and they recall the famous saying, that Russia's road to Constantinople lies through Vienna.

Russia has no wish to take any road whatever to Constantinople, but if she did, it does not necessarily follow that the Vienna gate would have to be forced by war. Did not the Emperor Nicholas review the Austrian army at Vienna, hailed as the saviour of Austria by the Sovereign whose throne he had re-established? Vienna may be the gate of Constantinople, but Austria may prove as friendly a door-keeper as the Sultan is of the Straits.

The condition of Austria has long been the subject of anxious attention. Who can ever forget Prince Gortchakoff's witty saying, "Austria is not a nation; she is not even a State; she is only a Government." Hegel said much the same in a kinder way: "Austria is not a nation—it is only an empire." Lord Palmerston described it as an empire existing only on sufferance. Writing in September, 1849, the British Minister declared that "the Austrian Emperor holds Hungary and Galicia just as long as—but no longer than—Russia chooses to allow him. The first quarrel with Russia will detach those countries from the Austrian Crown. He holds his German provinces by a tenure dependent in a great degree upon feelings and opinions which it will be very difficult for him and his Ministers either to combine with or stand out against."¹

The recent scenes in the Reichsrath and the fate of Count Badeni, show how sound was Lord Palmerston's judgment. He was wrong of course—always wrong—in his views about Russia, but he was singularly right in his estimate of the difficulties with the Austro-Slavonic provinces.

The Austrian Germans have practically paralysed the Reichsrath. They have so long been the dominant power that they resent limitation, just as do Orangemen in Ireland. They fail to recognise that other populations (even though Slavs and in a majority) have a right to equal liberties and equal laws. It is nearly twenty years ago that the establishment of a Czech University at Prague "brought to a close," according to an indignant German, "the German period of the history of Austria." There is indeed no Austrian language—except a nasal slang in Vienna which even Germans understand with difficulty. There is no Austrian literature, no Austrian Church. There are Italians, there are Jews, who serve the House of Hapsburg, but there are no actual Austrians.

Still, there might have been an Austrian period, as Count Taaffe defined it when he said: "Austria should be neither a Slavonic, nor a German State, but a centre of action between different nationalities,

(1) *Life of Lord Palmerston*. By E. Ashley. Vol. i., p. 141.

all equal in law, and all accepting no other limit for the exercise of their rights than is dictated by the necessities of the commonwealth." Excellent indeed, but is it not evident that the centre of action, if not a Slavonic centre, must be—not the Reichsrath Babel but—Francis Joseph?

I am not the physician who sits by the Sick Lady's couch. I am only an interested observer of the skill of the doctors, and of the obstinacy of the patient. But I venture to repeat, what I have frequently said before, that although in Parliamentary equitably applied the ascendancy of the Slav is secured in Austria-Hungary, I see no hope for her salvation by Parliaments. Neither does anyone else. Her only hope is Francis Joseph. And after Francis Joseph—who knows? "*Après lui le déluge.*"

But even an inadequate Cæsar may be a better centre for the Austrian State than a Reichsrath, in which the German minority is in revolt against the rule of the majority. I do not worship nor trust majorities. But then I am not a Parliamentarian. To vow allegiance to Parliamentary Government, and then to obstruct the Parliamentary machine, so that it breaks down altogether, seems to me somewhat absurd.

Poor Francis Joseph! His task is hard enough; but how much harder will be that of his successors. Leaning upon the arm of his Russian physician, the Austrian Slav may expect from him something approaching to justice. From a Reichsrath, dominated by Obstructives, where Pandemonium reigns, surely there can be no hope at all!

The advantage of a Monarchy is that the position carries so much prestige that a third-rate man on a throne can do what the ablest man in a crowd would fail to accomplish. Of this Austria has many examples. When the Emperor Nicholas I. met the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria at Töplitz, in 1836, Ferdinand was little better than an imbecile.

Baron Stockmar wrote: "The state of the Emperor of Austria's health became very generally known through the Töplitz festivities. Metternich gave his coat a little pull whenever it was necessary for him to walk, to stand, and to shake and nod his head." Yet so great is the prestige of kingship, that even poor Ferdinand—thus reduced to a mere wire-pulled puppet—sufficed to keep things going till the revolution of 1848.

Francis Joseph is no genius. He is an honest, kind man, broken in spirit, and harrassed by domestic tragedies. But he suffices to counteract the mischiefs of the Reichsrath.

The Russian Physician is essentially conservative. Only in the last extremity does he resort to radical operations. He countenances no Revolutions.

Now that the Germans have killed the Reichsrath, might not Francis Joseph take its place? The provincial Diets would still exist. They might elect amongst themselves consultative delegates, but the Emperor's will, and not the vote of the paralytic Reichsrath would be supreme. What spectacle more encouraging for the close of the nineteenth century than if Austria, distracted by Parliamentarism, were to find a new strength and security by reverting to the principle of Central Autocracy and local self-government?

III.—THE OLD CATHOLICS.

So far as Russia is concerned there is, at this moment, a new craving for a reunion of Christendom, for which our Church has never ceased praying daily. The Greek Orthodox Church has missionaries in almost every land. In the Far East, in Japan, and on the western coast of the Western World, you will find a Russian episcopate. We are not active proselytisers, but we are, nevertheless, spreading "*par la force des choses*" through the world.

It is also not without significance, that the Russian Episcopate has this year sent fraternal envoys to this country. The Archbishop of Finland's visit to England, during the Jubilee, was only a return visit to that of the Bishop of London, during the coronation, to Moscow. Still such exchanges of personal courtesies does sometimes a great deal of good, and serves many important causes.

In the settlement of the affairs, alike of the "Sick Man" and the "Sick Woman," religion, and the Orthodox religion, plays a very prominent part. It is religious differences which have inflamed international feelings more than once.

I was interested and amused the other day to learn from an English friend, that he quite understood our position against Austria, "because" he said, naïvely—"I inherited the same feelings from Cromwell." I was mystified, not knowing what Cromwell had to do with Austria. Upon this my interlocutor handed me an extract from one of the Cromwell speeches, which explained his meaning. It only needs the alteration of the word "Protestants" to "Non-Romanists" to apply to the present day:—

Look how the Houses of Austria, on both sides of Christendom, are armed and prepared to destroy the whole Protestant interests. Is not the King of Hungary the son of a father whose principles, interest, and personal conscience guided him to exile all the Protestants out of his own patrimonial country—out of Bohemia—with the sword; out of Moravia and Silesia? and it is the daily complaint which comes over to us, that the Protestants are tossed out of Poland into the Empire, and out thence, whither they can fly to get their bread. But it may be said this is a great way off, in the extremest parts of the world; what is that to us? If it be nothing to you, let it be nothing to you. I have told you it is somewhat to you. It concerns all your religions, and all the good interests of England."

This is what all Russians feel when they hear of the way in which the Magyars are persecuting the Greek-Orthodox believers who do not conform to Rome, and who cling to their nationality. Rome has often been the serious cause of our troubles. Ah, if only Francis Joseph had had the faith and the courage of a Döllinger, or a Gladstone, when the decree of Infallibility was forged in Rome, the reunion of a large body of Christians would have been at present already an accomplished fact, and the chief cause of the ill-feeling between Austria and Russia, would have disappeared.

I hope I may be allowed to repeat what I wrote in my book, "Skobeleff and the Slavonic Cause."

"Take away that systematic persecution of the Slavonic countries, and that vast congregation of races which make up Austria and Hungary, and there will exist no more unfriendly feeling in any Slav, be he Russian or Bosniak, be he Eastern Churchman or any other churchman you like. That hatred of the Austrian officials towards a race who were supposed to remain always 'ignored and oppressed' was a crime and a mistake. Now, since there seems to be a slight hope of improvement, a slight attempt to do justice to the Slavs, there may also spring up a friendliness between the Russian nation and the 'piebald conglomeration.'"

The persecution of the Orthodox Slavs still goes on in Galicia, but the poor Ruthenians find no help from their Emperor. Possibly, the crisis in Vienna and the revolt of the Germans may lead to a more reasonable policy. This is certainly to be desired in the interest of Religion and Peace.

But who knows what may happen when from Chicago, of all places in the world, comes the glad news that 30,000 Poles and Czechs have forsaken the errors and abjured the schismatic despotism of Rome? A few weeks ago they applied for a bishop who will govern and guide them in the true faith. If 30,000 Poles and Czechs in Chicago have opened their eyes to the sinister significance of the Roman innovations and have enrolled themselves among the Old Catholics, why may not a similar movement spread in Poland, Bohemia, and Galicia? The influence of America on Europe is not diminishing but rather increasing. The 30,000 of Chicago may soon become 300,000, perhaps many more! And who can estimate the influence of a great Old Catholic movement across the Atlantic?

On the 21st of last November the Rev. Mr. Kozlofsky was solemnly consecrated as bishop, at the Old Catholic church in Berne.

The ceremony was performed by Bishop Herzog, assisted by the Archbishop of Utrecht and the Bishop of Bonn (Dr. Weber). The American Plenipotentiary Minister duly attested the act of consecration.

The new year will find Bishop Kozlofsky in his new diocese.

Who knows but that, in this growth of Old Catholicism, there may

be also found the open door to the reconciliation of Russia and Poland? On this subject, however, I prefer to quote a letter which my brother, General Alexander Kiréeff, addressed to the *Noroyé Vremia*, after making, at Wiesbaden, the personal acquaintance of the Rev. Father Kozlofsky, with whose earnestly religious views he was greatly struck. My brother is deeply convinced that the best basis for understanding between Russia and Poland is Old Catholicism. He says:—

“There can be no doubt that the principal reason of the Russo-Polish discord, the difference in religion, may be traced to the enmity of Jesuitical Romish Catholicism towards Russia. Without this influence we should long ago have found some *modus vivendi*. Are we not of the same stock, Slavs? The main reason of our differences, the chief hindrance to our friendship, is not racial but religious. Our chief enemy and the evil genius of Poland is fanatical Rome! Who prevented Vladislav IV. from uniting Russia and Poland? Rome and the Jesuits! Who were the cause of the withdrawal by Jan Kasimir of the favours conceded to the orthodox by his brother? Those same Jesuits! Without the action taken by the Jesuits, the revolutionary movement of 1862-63 would never have reached such proportions. All this is very clear to those who have been trusted with the details of the matter.”

In what way is a reconciliation now possible?

The way is Old-Catholicism, that is to say, a wiping out of Popish infallibility and the influence of the Jesuits, thus purifying Catholicism, or, in other words, the same orthodoxy which prevailed before the parting of the churches in the West, and which was one with us in dogma, in spite of the difference of ritual and theological views.

My brother believes that the re-establishment of this Orthodoxy of the West in the Slavonic world is quite possible.

The Slav is, in general, not a fanatic (moreover, he seldom believes in the infallibility of the Pope); the Poles, however, are an exception, but their fanaticism has a background of politics. The most cultivated among the Slavs—the Czechs—remember Huss and Jérôme of Prague, and hold the remembrance in high veneration.

Time will show whether my brother was too sanguine or not in his hopes. But why should the Pope be allowed to sever those whom Providence has united?¹

IV.—THE SICK GENTLEMAN.

I regret as much as any one that more drastic methods were not employed at Constantinople. But to amputate limbs, a toe at a time, hardly seems to me in accordance with the methods of rational surgery.

Nevertheless, Russia has succeeded in inducing all Europe to adopt

(1) To those who take any interest in the great Old Catholic movement I strongly recommend the *Revue Internationale Théologique*, edited with great talent and learning by Professor E. Michaud, at Berne, Switzerland. (17, Rue d'Erlach.)—O. K.

—in theory, at least—the policy of intervention. It is Germany, not Russia, who is the advocate of action; and the difficulties which Germany makes on the one hand, and that wretched black sheep, Turkey, on the other, in choosing a Governor for Crete, explains our refusal to act in Armenia without a definite and explicit mandate, which, as a matter of fact, was never forthcoming.

If the Sick Gentleman still shows some strength, that is only due to the deplorable weakness of the "Powers." It is amusing to find that, whilst unceasingly urging the necessity of speed, their highest rate of actual progression has, according to Lord Salisbury, not surpassed that of a steam roller.

As to Lord Salisbury's own action, however, although it was natural for Russians to complain of this in the past, yet to-day it seems entitled to more respectful recognition. Nothing, of course, can wipe out the past; Cyprus is still in his pocket. But in all the negotiations of the last year, Lord Salisbury has steadily promoted the cause of the Christian East. He even came to a practical plan. He says: "I should propose as a practical measure for at once bringing to an issue the question of the appointment of a Governor for Crete, that the six Powers should determine by their votes to which of their number they will entrust the selection of that officer, and that the decision of the majority should prevail."

It seems that, unfortunately, his proposal was—not rejected, but—put on one side, and the six Powers must still be as unanimous as British jurymen, before they can step in any direction. This will not last. If it is persisted in, it will destroy the precious Concert, the danger of this can be easily traced in the last Cretan *Blue Book*. Russia, better than any other power, can realise the mischief that comes from insistence upon absolute unanimity. What is it but the old "Liberum Veto" that has wrecked the Polish kingdom?

That will be the fate of Europe also, if the change is not made which Lord Salisbury suggested, with a foresight which does credit to his judgment. Besides, decisions by unanimity are only practicable when, as with a British jury, they can be enforced by starvation, or, as Count von Moltke has reminded us was once the case in Poland, where unanimity was secured by stabbing the dissidents.

Alas! neither method of securing unanimity is available in the case of the European Concert.

• MAKING THE BLIND TO SEE.

The crowning triumph of the Russian physician is in making the blind to see. As an oculist, his success has been so remarkable, that there is no need for me to do more than briefly allude to it.

For nearly a whole generation, the real Russia seems to have been

invisible to the eyes of the European public. Now we have taught Europe to see. We have removed the scales from her eyes. Europe now not only perceives Russia, but has to admit also, that Russia is the greatest and most powerful State in Europe and Asia.

There is no need any longer for me, or any other Russian, to dwell upon our resources—both moral and material. Suffice it for me to quote a passage from a remarkable letter of the *Westminster Gazette* :—

“The Russian,” says its correspondent, “with the whole twentieth century before him, as I believe he has, has to work out his plans without a break, he may well afford to let the trivial questions which disturb others pass him by and give no thought. He has not yet made a god of commerce or of comfort. Increase of trade or fresh markets are not what he desiderates. His mission is mightier and grander than the selling of calico or Brummagem ware. It is the mission which Virgil, in verse that survived Rome’s empire, spoke of as Rome’s destiny ; and as long as Rome stood true to that high calling, her empire which raised the humble was also able *debellare superbos*. Such an imperialism is very different from what we in the modern West have seen. It is an organic unity moving with giant tread over continents and bringing the stubbornest races and regions into order and productiveness. One hundred and thirty millions of human beings are now gathered under the banner of the Tzar. The marks of subjection are disappearing, or have already disappeared, in all parts east of the Dneiper. The work in Asia is triumphantly fruitful.”

I want no better testimony !

O. K.

(OLGA NOVIKOFF.)

* * * *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any Manuscripts. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written. The sending of a proof is no guarantee of the acceptance of an article.*

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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M. HANOTAUX.

It is now little more than three years since M. Hanotaux was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, with the surprising result that his reputation has remained unshaken. Ever since the brilliant opening of his career in 1894, Fortune has continued to smile on him; she has even been thoughtful enough to provide him with a secure retreat in case of any unforeseen accident. If the Chamber turns him out to-morrow in a fit of irritation, it will not much matter to him; true, he will neither be a senator nor a deputy, but he will always be an Academician. If he casts a backward glance upon the path he has traversed, he will have reason to congratulate himself on this success. Twenty years ago did M. Hanotaux, the young student, in his most extravagantly ambitious dreams, ever think that one day, after having accompanied a President of the Republic in the great capital of the North, and set his seal to the parchment which decides the peace of the world, he would enter the old Academy of Richelieu solemnly to crown his diplomatic victory with the triumph of the historian and the scholar?

We have not many records of his youth. He has not yet published his memoirs, and it is to contemporary magazines and journals that we have to go for biographical material which is scanty and necessarily incomplete. Born at Beaurevoir, in Picardy, the 19th of November, 1853, Albert Auguste Gabriel Hanotaux, after an obscure college career, went like many others to try his fortune in the capital. He felt his way, first of all studying law, like Thiers, Gambetta, Jules Favre—men whom he then saw masters of their country's destiny. However, at that time all eyes were turned towards Germany, in the hope of wresting from her the secret of her triumph. Towards 1874 there was hardly one young man with any feeling, moved by the ominous and tragic events happening in his country, who did not say to himself that it was his duty before all things to do the work of a citizen. At twenty, one's aspirations turn towards nothing less than complete social renovation. Young people amuse themselves by watching the lights of their dreams wandering in the darkness of the future, like so many guiding stars. Happy they who from the first can discover their true star through the gloom of destiny.

In his native country, round about Saint-Quentin, M. Hanotaux must have seen some of those tragic visions which can never be effaced, skies lurid, houses hollowed out by the flames, charred walls, and the great horror of a winter twilight brooding over battle-fields shrouded in snow. Nothing inspires energy more than suffering or at least the spectacle of suffering. But M. Hanotaux, the young Picard, had prudence as well as energy. He divined in the enemy that had just beaten his country a mysterious force which he determined to possess himself of. That is why he took the only line which could give him a knowledge of that methodical precision to which Germany, it is said, owes her fortune in science. By a ministerial decree of the 18th November, 1876, he was nominated a pupil of the *École des Chartes*. In the examination he passed ninth out of sixteen candidates.

It is only saints who forget themselves in their work. Every democracy has members who are as anxious to succeed on their own account as to do good to their country. Every year, about October, sees the incursion of these provincial hordes marching, so to speak, to the conquest of power. They are the *Déracinés* of M. Barrès. They have been torn from their native soil, swept along towards Paris, by the ambition that devours them. They are to be seen in the streets preserving the accent and the characteristics of their race. In that Latin Quarter, their usual haunt, the gay Burgundian elbows the astute Picard, and the prudent Normand sits at the same coffee-table with the exuberant son of the South. From these youths will come the great men of France, ministers, literary men, historians, scientists, or those who will pass for such. The victory is to the most adroit. He will triumph who knows how to make his life a marvellous tissue of subtle patience and continuous effort. They know it. Listen to them as they talk. Does not their thirst for success break out in their impatient gestures—in their phrases destitute of logic, but with a certain beauty born of their vigour and their joy of life—in the vehement apostrophes they use in ordering a simple *boire*? When, during some lecture on Roman Law or Paleography, the young Hanotaux, his attention wandering for the moment, raised his head, he saw across the high melancholy windows, beyond the pointed roofs of old Paris, a corner of the blue sky of France, he did not yet know nearly whether he was to be an archivist or a deputy, but he nevertheless meant to be a celebrity.

His vocation was decided by an accident. The friendship of his compatriot, M. Henri Martin, had made him turn his attention to history. He often went to ransack the manuscripts preserved in the public libraries. One day, at the Bibliothèque Nationale, he came across a volume of the Chénobault Collection. It was rebound and catalogued under the vague title of *Miscellanea*, and apparently contained nothing relating only to the eighteenth century; but in glancing at the practised eyes of the "*Chartiste*" fell upon a

well-known handwriting. M. Hanotaux had rediscovered the *Maximes d'État* of Cardinal Richelieu. From that day his fortune was made. Henceforth he passed among scholars as one of them. Twenty years ago he had the same look of a quiet, bookish, rather shy student which we notice in him to-day. We can easily picture him going out of the library that day, and reaching the Latin Quarter, lost in thought; surely if we could see into his heart we might find there the image of his future life such as he pictured it then, wrapt up in his texts, minutely and methodically busy.

He spent three years at the École des Chartes. At the first year's examination he passed eighth out of sixteen candidates; the second year fifth out of fourteen. At last, in 1880, he submitted his Essay on *Les Intendants de Province, les Origines et les Premiers Progrès de leur Institution* (1550-1631), and received the diploma of Paleographic Archivist, the eleventh out of eleven candidates. We cannot refrain from quoting the following delightful instance of an academic judgment: "M. Hanotaux's essay," so runs the examiners' report addressed to the Minister of Public Instruction, "brings us to modern history, a subject which is not outside the curriculum of the École des Chartes, so long as it is studied in a critical spirit and based on original documents. M. Hanotaux, already known by his discovery of Cardinal Richelieu's *Maximes d'État*, has attempted to throw light on the origin of the Institution of Intendants. If he has not given us a final solution, he has at least brought into the discussion new texts of which he will no doubt soon show the importance."

By this time M. Hanotaux was no longer a student; but he still found life difficult. He joined the Ministry of Foreign Affairs (on the 29th of February, 1879) as attached to the Archives. He climbed all the rungs of the ladder in succession. He was attached to the Cabinet on the 14th of January, 1880, was again attached to the sub-Directorship of the Archives on the 1st of February, became Under-Secretary to the Commission of the Archives on the 20th of March, and, a year after, Under-Secretary of the Ministerial Cabinet (the 18th of December, 1881). The appointments were poor ones, and he had some trouble in finding a publisher for the Essay. M. Hanotaux wrote articles on Richelieu for *Le Temps* and *La République Française*; he even collaborated for the *Bibliothèque des Merveilles*, in which series a book appeared with his name, under the title of *Villes Retrouvées* (*Thèbes d'Égypte, Ninive, Babylone, Troie, Carthage, Pompéi, Herculannum*), in 1880. These many efforts at last obtained their reward; he was nominated *Maître des Conférences* at the École des Hautes Études, and decorated in 1882. Two years later the Essay appeared in its turn.

At this moment he was pursuing two different careers. He was at the same time both a professor and an official of the Foreign Office. He was giving almost equal attention to the colonial

policy of England and the policy of Richelieu, the early days of Louis XIII. and the Eastern Question. But, though he had published successively his *Henri Martin: sa vie, ses œuvres, son temps* (1885), and his *Études Historiques sur le XVI^e et le XVII^e Siècle en France* (1880), though, as a member of the Commission of Archives, he had undertaken the publication of the *Instructions données par les Rois de France à leurs Ambassadeurs à Rome* (1888), and though he had prepared his great work on Cardinal Richelieu (of which the first volume did not appear till 1893, and the second obtained the *Grand Prix Gobert* at the Academy in 1896), he was only an historian on occasion. Like many officials of the Foreign Office he devoted his leisure to study;¹ but History, the mistress to whom men like Michelet or Augustin Thierry sacrificed their ambitions and their health, was not for him.

The qualities which may be observed in these works, the clearness of exposition, the skilful marshalling of facts, the convincing logic, are marks of the scientific spirit, but by no means the signs of the speculative intelligence or the artistic imagination tormented with the desire to put life into the dead elements of a forgotten age. He has nothing of Taine's boldness, who rises from the particular document to general ideas, and discloses in the passing fact the abiding law. No more has he Michelet's lively temperament, his creative imagination, the almost feminine soul that, by the fire of its love or hatred, can rekindle life in the heart of centuries long dead. But, lured by the logic of the one, led away by the magic power of the other, sometimes he borrows Taine's method, without altogether believing in it; sometimes Michelet's colour, of which all the time he has a faint distrust. Thus those original qualities which, in men like Taine or Michelet, we admire as the result of a philosophical system, or of a special temperament, become with M. Hanotaux mere literary method, a *façon de voir*, an after-thought, as it were, added to the already finished work, to the final selection of facts, or their arrangement in a definite order. In every historical work there must be as much artistic as scientific effort. The work of research or criticism once ended, we have no further need of the savant. Now is the right time, one would think, for the artist or the philosopher to speak. But, apparently, when M. Hanotaux writes his books, he denies them both admittance,² and has no ears but for the careful scholar

(1) "Tous les loisirs d'une vie qui n'est pas uniquement réservée à l'étude."—*Histoire du Card. de Richelieu*, Pref., viii.

(2) Sometimes the "Chartiste" swallows up the literary man, as the following phrases show:—"Des solutions trop promptes, des affirmations mal étreintes." "Le nègre, le bois d'ébène, être anonyme et sans patrie, est un chiffre dans le total, un profit ou une perte, selon qu'il vit ou qu'il meurt, dans le calcul indifférent du négoce Européen, qui transvase l'Afrique en Amérique, sans se demander d'où viennent les eaux noires qui alimentent pendant deux siècles le redoutable siphon."—"Le Partage de l'Afrique," *Revue de Paris*, March 1, 1896.

or the sagacious "*Chartiste*." All the same, this gives him an immense advantage. Taine or Michelet are masters to whose voice we listen submissively, without venturing on objections; M. Hanotaux is a servant who carefully furnishes us with every link in the process, and shifts the responsibility of judgment on our shoulders. With them we have more than once shaken our heads incredulously; with him we always feel ourselves in the presence of historic verity, and thus the very defects of this favourite of fortune become the most precious qualities.

History was nothing more than a recreation for M. Hanotaux; his political career absorbed his most brilliant energies. His progress was rapid. In 1883, M. Ferry, Minister of Foreign Affairs, made him joint Secretary of his Cabinet, and in 1885 sent him as Councillor to the Embassy at Constantinople, the Marquis de Noailles being then Ambassador. When, later on, he was made Minister, M. Hanotaux remembered his old chief, and did not fail to present the first vacant embassy to the man under whose orders he had once served.

M. Hanotaux made an admirable official. Nobody knew better how to ransack documents to note the almost imperceptible progress of a negotiation, to discover by a series of inductions the right course to follow, or how to lay before the Minister the precise results of a minute research. The subordinate was as invaluable as the Minister was remarkable. If M. Hanotaux never lost sight of the smallest detail in the preparation of an affair, it was to M. Jules Ferry that prompt resolution and energetic decision belonged. The man of action was the happy complement of the man of books. M. Hanotaux played the part of assistant in that dangerous laboratory—the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. When all the apparatus was ready, the retorts delicately adjusted, the various chemical products arranged side by side, convenient to the hand, the chemist entered, rapidly combined them, and in a few seconds the experiment was successfully made. At the Foreign Office M. Hanotaux continued to apply the method that he had learned at the *École des Chartes*. Is there not, after all, more than one point of resemblance between a yellow book issued by the National Press and some old document exhumed from the dust of the archives?

After an interval, during which M. Hanotaux was at the head of the Embassy at Constantinople, he suddenly abandoned the diplomatic service for Parliament. On the 18th of April, 1886, he was elected Deputy for the Département de l'Aisne by the *scrutin de liste*, gaining 52,666 votes against 48,654 given to M. Gilbert-Boucher, the other Republican candidate. But success refused to follow him into the Chamber. It is difficult for a man who has always spoken in the respectful silence of the lecture hall to adapt

himself to the thumping of desks, the thunders of "*la Montagne*," even to the discreet "*très bien*" of the Left centre. M. Hanotaux did not often face that tribune where the impassioned and the enthusiastic triumph. He preferred the work of parliamentary commissions. Intent on giving a strong organisation to the Union of the Left, he proposed, in concert with other members of that party, to convene the delegates of the departmental committees to a national congress, and to pass the statutes of a propagandist association (February, 1887). In July he made a speech in favour of the three years' system of military service, since made law by the Statute of 1889. In 1888, *à propos* of the vote for supplies, he showed all the difficulties in which France is involved by the protectorate of the Catholics in the East. In 1889 he was engaged in opposing General Boulanger, supporting a bill by which no one can be a candidate in more than two districts at a time, and by which the votes of every candidate violating this rule would be cancelled, if found in the ballot-boxes of a third district. We know that the Chamber adopted another and simpler scheme—the *scrutin d'arrondissement* (Laws of Feb. 13th and July 17th, 1889). As it happened, the new method of election was fatal to M. Hanotaux. Standing for the district of Vervins, in the general elections (Sept. 22nd, 1889), he was thrown out by two thousand and odd votes, obtaining no more than 5,262, against 7,501 given to M. Cafarelli, the Bonapartist candidate.

Fortune, always careful of the interests of M. Hanotaux, had set about to repair his error. In entering Parliament he was on the wrong road altogether. After three years' effort he was just as unfit to be a Deputy as when he began. The records of parliamentary debates at this period show him trying to answer objections, to put the laugh on his side—sometimes succeeding, more often failing. He seldom spoke withal, having apparently some scruples in profiting by that manuscript of his which was afterwards to render him such signal service.

He had kept his title of plenipotentiary minister of the second class, and he made his way again, not without pleasure, we may imagine, towards the Quai d'Orsay. M. Ribot, the head of the department, gave him the sub-directorship of the protectorates. Some years later he was promoted to the post of comptroller of commercial and consular affairs, thus completing the last stage of his career. Short of being made minister he had no further to go. In March, 1894, he was sent, with M. Haussmann, as a delegate to the conference at Brussels, convoked to settle African affairs. People began to notice that first volume of the life of Richelieu, to which he had put the finishing touches the year before.

However, the Cabinet of which M. Casimir Périér was president fell on the 22nd May, and M. Dupuy, on whom devolved the formation of a

new Cabinet, after having thought for a moment of the ambassador of Constantinople for the portfolio of foreign affairs, finally offered it to M. Hanotaux. A little shiver of expectation went through the public. M. Dupuy's choice excited much astonishment. The comptroller of commercial and consular affairs had no political celebrity. His very name was only known to historians and the clerks of the Foreign Office. No one remembered the obscure deputy who sat for three years with the majority like a man satisfied with the existing order of things, and by no means desirous of being the hero of a call to order or a vote of censure. Notwithstanding, he was received with general favour. The first thoughts of the French are never their worst. When a new man succeeds to power, he is very often credited with qualities which he has not got; he is loaded with every virtue that can be desired, and turned into an imaginary personage who, in a few weeks' time, will have cruelly betrayed the opinion so generously formed of him.

The actions of M. Hanotaux, however, so far from being criticised, at once won for him general confidence. He had failed as a deputy, but as a minister he had no difficulty in impressing an assembly remarkable for unbounded good-will and limited capacity. It was an immense consolation for the five hundred legislators of the Palais Bourbon to think that they had at the head of Foreign Affairs a thoroughly informed minister, who knew the exact geographical position of the most insignificant French possessions, who could produce from his pocket, in answer to the smallest question, a paper on which were solved the knottiest problems presented by disputed territories, the Hinterland, the line of watershed; who strolled across the Black Continent with greater ease and safety than a provincial deputy across the district he represents. His very defects stood him in good stead. Boundless stores of latent energy might be imagined behind that impassive brow. The jealous care with which he refrained from laying before Parliament more than the amount of information strictly necessary might—who knows?—conceal some tremendous State secret. Never improvising, hardly ever replying to interruptors, keeping silence after he had once made his speech, and leaving all discussion to the Premier, he seemed to soar sublimely above the heads of the assembly. With a minister like that members were naturally afraid of forming independent parties, lest they should be betrayed into some gross error, and appear in the eyes of the country to have compromised her prestige abroad.

It was rarely that anybody attempted to inform himself of the facts; and while waiting for the Yellow Books—whose publication was always indefinitely delayed—to ransack the Blue Books. The little mistakes (purposely exaggerated) made by M. Berthelot, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Bourgeois Cabinet (November 1st, 1895—

March 28th, 1896) only served to give greater authority to the voice of M. Hanotaux. Whether by address on his part, or by pure chance, M. Hanotaux appeared as the indispensable man. For three years he was, in the eyes of the majority of Frenchmen, the ideal minister, to whom they looked to give back to France her ancient superiority among nations. No sooner had a problem appeared on the International horizon than there was a cry of "Hanotaux is there, Hanotaux is on the look-out." On the whole he in some measure deserved this touching confidence, for he extricated himself very creditably from more than one delicate affair.

From the time when he first became Minister (May 29th, 1894), he was engaged with the Congo question. It may be remembered that England had concluded a treaty with the Independent State by which it ceded to her on lease a tract of territory taken on the frontier east of the Congo and extending for fifteen miles from the southern end of Lake Albert Edward to the northern end of Lake Tanganyika, and intended to connect the English possessions in East Africa with those in South Africa. England in return ceded to the State, either on lease or in full possession, certain portions of the disputed Franco-Congolese territory. M. Hanotaux and M. Haussmann were unsuccessful in their mission in Brussels. Arbitration was even thought of for a moment. When he succeeded to power M. Hanotaux relied upon former treaties to make good the claims of France. In particular he invoked the principle of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, the sphere of whose influence includes the Nile Basin. "It is not only a question of Africa," he said to the Chamber on the 7th of June, "but of international European right in its most legitimate and most universally acknowledged aspect. . . . For half a century the integrity of the Ottoman Empire has been considered by all Europe as the most certain basis of tranquillity, of peace, and of that mutual respect which the Powers owe to each other." Then, recalling the fact that two years before France had refused to put her signature to a scheme for partition of the Nile Basin: "The government of the Republic considers that France, who on many occasions has pledged herself to respect the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, who has always insisted and will insist on maintaining the rights of the Sultan and the Khedive in the Nile Basin, cannot take the initiative in herself violating that high sovereignty and the body of precedents which I have just recalled to your notice."

The Chamber granted to the Minister the authority necessary to his diplomatic action by 527 votes. On the 14th of August, after some troublesome negotiations and thanks to the good offices of Germany, who was already beginning to show signs of that mistrust of England which has since developed into hostility, a treaty was signed at Paris between France and the Independent State. The State

cancelled the treaty previously concluded with England, while renouncing the right to exercise any political influence west and north of the line formed by the crest of the watershed between the Nile and Congo Basins, thus preventing England from uniting the two enormous divisions of her colonial empire in Africa. If the latest reports on the Marchand Mission are accurate, the Minister must be congratulated on having, in the interest of his country, given up for a moment a principle so opportunely invoked at the beginning of his career.

In the affair of Madagascar, M. Hanotaux showed that in colonial matters he had not only great constructive ideas, but a remarkable ability in knowing just when to abandon them. It would be useless to retail the series of complications by which M. Larrouy, the envoy, was recalled in 1894 and M. Le Myre de Vilers commissioned to carry to the Government of Hova the ultimatum of the French Republic. Those who care to study an instance of diplomatic expertness as exquisite as ever was displayed by the English in the conquest of India should read the recent articles of Jean Carol in the *Temps*. M. Hanotaux, in announcing the failure of M. Le Myre de Vilers' mission, demanded on the 13th of November 15,000 men and 65 millions of francs, which the Chamber granted to him a few days later. It was understood that France meant to establish in the island "the system of the protectorate with all its consequences." The scheme of a bilateral treaty was submitted to General Duchesne. In it the French government regarded the government of Hova as a real power; but the troops had no sooner embarked than public opinion went on another tack. The expedition threatened to be something more than a mere military parade, and the most distressing reports were current as to its fate. It was not protection that was meant but annexation. M. Hanotaux was obliged to dispatch fresh instructions to the general. France now demanded from the Queen, instead of a treaty, a capitulation pure and simple. The dispatch sent out on the 18th of September did not arrive at Antananarivo till the 7th of October. In the meanwhile M. Hanotaux was replaced in office by M. Berthelot. The new Minister, adopting M. Hanotaux's last idea, substituted for the treaty concluded by General Duchesne, a unilateral declaration (January 18th, 1895). The *prise de possession* took the place of the protectorate, but it was not yet annexation pure and simple, for M. Berthelot refused to submit the treaty to the approval of the Chamber, as is required by article eight of the *Loi Constitutionnelle* of the 16th of July, 1875. M. Bourgeois, the real inspirer of this policy, would not enter into any agreement with the Queen. The capitulation remained always revocable at the option of the French Government, and with such an elastic formula as *prise de possession* it was always possible to pacify public opinion as expressed by journalists insufficiently posted in the facts.

When in April M. Hanotaux again succeeded to power, he thus found in Madagascar an actual annexation and a legal quasi-protectorate. After some conscientious scruples, with his passion for well-defined situations, and his fear of complications with foreign powers, to say nothing of his desire to propitiate opinion, he went back on the policy which he had defended with such magnificent conviction in the *Revue de Paris* and in his book on *L'Affaire de Madagascar*, and obtained a vote of Parliament for the annexation of the great African island.

The freedom with which he had just sacrificed his most cherished ideas to public opinion, procured him some popularity. It was not the first time that he had yielded to the seductions of the populace; for it was to please the French people that he tried to bring about an understanding between France and Russia. He had even the supreme ability to create the belief that he had contributed largely to the understanding between the two Powers. There was rumour of a friendship between him and Prince Lobanoff; it was supposed that their historical studies were of such a nature as to imply some peculiar intellectual sympathy. One of them was interested in Paul I., the other in Cardinal Richelieu; one had collected the papers of French emigrants by the thousand, the other had ransacked all the libraries for exhaustive information as to the state of France at the beginning of the seventeenth century; consequently the two ministers ought to understand one another. Only twenty-five years after the war, it was considered quite the natural thing to dispatch a squadron to the festival at Kiel, because the French ships of war had entered harbour flanked with the Russian ships of war. At bottom, public opinion was tricked. It was the triumph of M. Jules Ferry's idea, against which France had so loudly protested some years before. Like a faithful pupil of Ferry, M. Hanotaux had no wish to see France isolated. He feared for her the situation which we see so often in life. A woman gives up society when she goes into mourning; she denies herself to her friends; she does not wish for any friends. In a little time she begins to complain of solitude; but it is by no means an easy thing to take her old place. In going to Kiel, France had very much the air of some high-born coquette who, after retiring from the world, is again introduced by some friend into the society of which she was once the presiding genius.

It is more difficult to explain M. Hanotaux's policy in the Far East, at the close of the Chino-Japanese war. There it looked very much as if the French were carrying out the terms of an agreement concluded with Russia. Enthusiastic patriots did not fail to congratulate themselves on the situation, and the independent spirits to protest. The Socialists wanted to attack the Minister, but they were silenced by the accusation of playing into the hands of the hereditary enemy, of compromising "the Alliance," and of being

little better than cosmopolitans. Since then the same arguments have been reproduced *ad nauseam*, till they have become platitudes of the platform. Still, it is possible to imagine a Far East without Russia, and in that corner of the world France, in the long run, would never have suffered the Japanese to plunder unassisted the Chinese giant whom they had just stretched on the turf. Without Russia M. Hanotaux might have managed to leave this young and somewhat inexperienced nation the glory of having crushed the inflated pride of a decadent Empire. At the beginning of their existence what nations chiefly want is to acquire military renown. What, then, is the good of letting them have all the profit as well? It was found that in the Far East the interests of France and Russia were identical, and the two Powers joined hands the better to serve them. Germany stood by them for the time, completing a Triple Alliance, the strangeness of which may be seen again in the Far East, where such unforeseen events are continually happening.

Unfortunately, Eastern affairs were to disclose certain divergences between the two Governments, and to prove that the agreement, if it really existed, had all the fragility of that secret convention between Germany and Russia, of whose existence we learnt the other day through the indiscreet revelations of Prince Bismarck. We will not dwell on the sad events of the last year, more than is sufficient to give us the clue to the policy pursued by M. Hanotaux. We saw this Minister invoke the principle of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire in order to settle the Congo question. He has been unwilling to retract, even after the massacres of Sassoun and Trebizond, after the bloody butchery in the streets of Constantinople, even after the armed intervention of Greece. Loyal to his principle, which pledges him to maintain the actual state of things in Europe, against Germany, who is favourable to Turkey, against England, who is favourable to the Corea, against Russia, who is fettered by her own engagements, M. Hanotaux defended the policy of the agreement. He has always believed in the Concert of Europe, and has tried all means to retain those undisciplined members who have attempted to back out of it. If Europe lent herself to that policy, and if M. Hanotaux obtained the amazing result of seeing two of her most renowned statesmen, Lord Salisbury and Comte Mouravieff, coming to confer with him, it is because he is able to divine the secret desires of the nations. In the eyes of an anxious Europe, weary of her prodigious preparations for war, trembling at the thought that some imprudent hands may any moment set fire to her powder magazines, he has conjured up the phantom of a merciless war, interrupting her economical development, hindering and exhausting her reserves, dooming her for twenty years to the painful task of regeneration and reconstruction, in a word, causing her to fail in that work of civilisation which she imagines that destiny has specially reserved for her.

At home, however, the hitherto spotless reputation of M. Hanotaux came out of the ordeal with its glory somewhat diminished. For the first time he had let himself drift with a current which seemed for a moment strong enough to carry him away. He temporised, invoked principles—the equilibrium of Europe, *l'Alliance*, and so on. Public opinion, unnerved for a moment, was reassured; the Armenian and Philhellenic agitation, so skilfully repressed, quieted gradually down. As it happened, the Chamber had never appeared unfavourable to its Minister. It is to the press that we must look for reasoned criticism, and the exposition of a political system the very opposite of his. During that crisis, when the Radicals seemed to have given up Parliament, the real leader of the Opposition was neither a senator nor a deputy, but an academician. At last M. Hanotaux won the victory. He succeeded in being elected a member of the Academy (April 1st); not without some difficulty, only passing the fourth time by a majority of 18 out of 34 and 13 blanks.

Let us now look back over this three years' Ministry, and try to find out the probable springs of M. Hanotaux's action.

In the first place, it should be noticed that he has never himself provoked any of the affairs with which his name is so intimately associated to-day; he has simply taken advantage of the legacy left him by his predecessors. He knows his lack of initiative, and allows for it. See, for instance, in what terms he speaks of the expedition to Madagascar:—"There is nothing accidental or unforeseen in the circumstances which led France to exercise decisive action. They by no means arose from the caprice of any individual will; they were the results of all the traditional and successive past, by slow degrees leading up to the present hour, and shaping the decisions which it imposes upon you." We recognise the official always trying to shelter himself behind some will superior to his own. When M. Hanotaux cannot feel the responsible minister above him, he falls back upon M. Taine's historic determinism, and creates a master for himself in the fatal play of circumstances.

Beside this lack of initiative, observe the prudence of the student accustomed to advance only step by step, never by impetus, never by sudden leaps. Look through the Yellow Books, and you will find him at every turn asking the advice of the ambassadors. He is not a master speaking to his subordinates, he is rather a professor in the higher schools asking his pupils to collaborate with him in a common work.

But the official has his weaknesses as well as his qualities. By his very nature he is distrustful. M. Hanotaux, with whom professional secrecy is a superstition, mistrusts opinion too much. Hence the irritation shown throughout the country last spring. M. Hanotaux waited three years before publishing his official report of

Armenian affairs. On the other hand, he has been accused of having provoked the dismissal of M. Casimir-Périer, whom he neglected to furnish with the necessary information as to the course of affairs. He lives too much in the past, and, forgetting that he serves a democracy, he tries to rehabilitate the methods dear to diplomatists under an absolute monarchy.

Beneath the Minister, then, we always come upon the official, which would be hardly enough, if he were not at the same time the wise scholar, capable of observing, of grouping facts, and of having constructive ideas. See how he justifies the sending of the French squadron to Kiel—it is an exposition of his entire policy:—“In none of its acts has the present government departed from the general lines of foreign policy pursued by France since 1871. . . . This policy is the necessary result, so to speak, of the very circumstances of our history. It has aimed at re-establishing the country, not by persistence in isolation, but by keeping a vigilant eye on those favourable circumstances which, by giving France her place in the Concert of European Powers, will permit her to prove to all, not only her reconquered authority, but also the necessity of her existence and of her power in the equilibrium of Europe and the world.”

There are two ways of conceiving this active foreign policy of France. We may say with Gambetta that she should direct all her energies in the same mind, and in all her actions aim only at the same end—*la revanche*. It is a frank policy; there is nothing calculating or Machiavellian about it; it is suitable to a cold, calm, self-opinionated people; practised with intelligence, it is not wanting in a certain grandeur. M. Ferry was the first to adopt another policy more appropriate to the turns and subtleties of his diplomacy. Little by little, by force of seeing France always on the spot, speaking just at the propitious moment, using language full of good sense and moderation, the Concert of Europe, after having turned its back on her, will end by listening to her. France knows how to render all sorts of discreet little services, to make her own use of the cupidities, the blind hatreds, the brutal and unreasoning passions of the Great Powers, and the time will come when it will be considered the natural thing that she should take her old place at the common table. That is the policy adopted by M. Hanotaux.

All the same, he can find only a Platonic satisfaction in it. The Minister of Foreign Affairs is not only ambitious for the influence and authority of France, he also aims at her territorial aggrandisement. M. Hanotaux, like his master, M. Ferry, is a warm partisan of Colonial policy. “Is it not the same with a great nation as with individuals; can she, in the plenitude of her strength and maturity, sit down by the roadside and be belated with repose amidst the activity of the universal life?” Here, again, M. Hanotaux is a fatalist; he is content if he can disentangle from the chaos of

changing events the terms in which destiny formulates her sentence:—"Whether we approve or whether we blame, France, like the majority of European Powers, is drawn towards a policy of expansion abroad which does not spring from reasoned will or calculating design alone, but is the natural result of that need of action which, with vigorous nations, counts as one of the surest symptoms of health."

All the same, it would be a mistake to picture M. Hanotaux setting out on adventure guided by nothing but desire for conquest. He has very definite ideas of the part France has to play as a colonial Power. You will not find him, like certain fanatics of the Colonial Party, sending out to the conquest of Africa all the Capucins that the mother-country does not know what to do with. Like M. Ferry, he thinks that it is not the France of yesterday—bound in fee to a particular religion—whose influence must be extended; but the France of to-day, making at regular intervals most praiseworthy efforts to be liberal and tolerant, as well as *laïque*. It is this principle that inspires M. Hanotaux the historian, when he blames Henri IV. for recalling the Jesuits, and makes their Order responsible for the general weakening of character in the last century; it is by the same principle that, in 1888, M. Hanotaux, the Deputy, asserted that it was a gross mistake to increase the subsidy granted to the Catholic missions in the East. He wishes to extend the influence of France, not that of the Church. "It is the Sultan with his high authority, it is the Turkish soldier, with his peaceable and gentle ways, which constitute the religious police in that weltering chaos of religions which we call the East." We have here an idea which may serve to explain the action of France in Eastern affairs. If, in the East, she has interests which are greater than the protectorate of the Catholics, she will sacrifice the protectorate.

It is certain that, even after the slaughter of last year, M. Hanotaux will still keep to his word. He is an impassive and fatalist politician who long ago accepted the necessities of power. "Trickery and lying are, alas! most necessary parts of the art of governing men. Diplomacy takes advantage of those long, dull machinations which, at the appointed hour, burst forth like a mine, and blow up the adversary's counter-schemes. In the same way cruelty, whether it appears in tragic form, in the fever of battle, or whether it springs from that high and proud dominion which a man exercises over himself when he stifles, in the name of what he believes to be superior reason, his merciful instincts—cruelty, I say, has its noble, its great, its necessary, and—it must be said—its excusable side. Catholics have maintained that bloodshed is sometimes part of the designs of Providence. Modern science is compelled to recognise that social life is a struggle, and that this struggle may occasion

moments of pitiless intoxication." (*Études*, pp. 42, 43.) M. Hanotau should admire the Sultan.

Are we to see in this policy of a French Minister, in this coldness, this impassivity, the mark of a statesman? As a matter of fact this name is given to every individual sufficiently favoured by chance to keep himself in power. In this sense the statesman would mean the rope-dancer, or the skilful swimmer who succeeds by a *tour de force* in neither going against the current nor being carried away by it. A few years ago M. de Freycinet was the celebrated champion of this curious sport. Either through opposition or contempt for all equilibrists, there is a prejudice in favour of the view which regards as true statesmen those Ministers who have won a certain renown in the memory of nations. They have even been known to receive credit for the great things accomplished in their time independently from the will of man. It seems that we cannot include M. Hanotau in the category of those men of genius whose honour it has been to guide the world. It would be just as difficult to make him out a partisan of *laissez faire*, ironically sceptical as to general ideas, taking the world as it is, and trying to accommodate himself to it. M. Hanotau has not the look of a sceptic, and if he recognises that he has been mistaken, he does not know how to smile at his mistake. He has very simple constructive ideas, which he has borrowed from another, but he has never been able to give them any true unity or rational ground in deducing them from some metaphysical system as the hidden spring of all his actions. He is no more a Cromwell than a Charles II.; he is a grave and serious Opportunist, and a Minister of the Third Republic.

For, if he has no system, at least he has a method which he applies in all his functions, in all his works. At the Quai d'Orsay he has always remained the studious "*Chartiste*" of 1876. The things that hindered him from producing a great historical work have made him a perfect official. To the headship of the department where he worked so long as a subordinate, he brought the same spirit of slow and minute labour, the same cold passion for clearness and precision, the same prudence carried to the length of inertia. In the repository of archives in the Bibliothèque Nationale he spent fifteen years in tabulating documents on the youth of Cardinal Richelieu. At the end of these prodigious researches he admitted that his opinion on the great man was not in the least different from the ordinary one. The result of his labours might serve to modify some points of detail, might draw others from obscurity, or illuminate more clearly the figure of the Minister of Louis XIII. Certain parts still remained in shadow. With a slow gesture, cautious but sure, M. Hanotau brought the light to bear on them, very much as in a theatre they delicately adjust the reflector, so as to modify the light on the stage, and behind the figure of the Cardinal Duke, which

stands out with such life in history, behold there appeared, sifted to the bottom, all the intrigues and the often tragic chicaneries of the Court of Marie de Médicis. At the end of the nineteenth century, M. Hanotaux has done the same thing: he has begun the most methodical researches into the state of Europe; he has taken notes, or got his ambassadors to take them; has observed the sentiments which agitate the nations; has tried to divine their desires, and as sentiments and desires were obviously the same, he has uttered them aloud, and enlightened the Powers as to their secret intentions and unavowed fears. It is to this that his policy is limited for the moment.

He has somewhere drawn the portrait of statesmen sprung from Picardy: "They are all men of enterprise, of clear intelligence, of a ready hand, of energetic decision, of authority at times almost brutal." I am afraid his native country must disown him.¹ In this timid scholar, buried in his documents, fearing in the tribune the ironical cries of "*Lisez, monsieur!*" from the Socialist party, and at every interruption turning supplicating glances towards M. Méline, there is nothing of his fellow-countrymen, John Calvin and Camille Desmoulins. And yet this man of patience, with his light fatalism, mistrustful to excess and exceeding supple, is the right Minister for the French Republic. The Republic—that is to say, the sum of the interests of financiers, of artisans, of land-owners, of proprietors in the funds—as everybody knows, aspires before all to rest and tranquillity. Like a faithful servant M. Hanotaux guarantees her peace without the humiliations of it.

Thus if we would find his like among his predecessors we must go back to the eighteenth century. There was then in France a well-known diplomatist whose task it was to insure for the monarch long years of well-being and quiet. He was a careful clerk, a conscientious agent, and he knew how to adopt on occasion the fine manner of a Minister of the *Roi-Soleil*. Only M. Hanotaux is still more prudent than the Cardinal de Fleury, because he serves a more capricious master. Obviously, we cannot raise statues to a man like that, or bestow his name on market-places or on thoroughfares. But who knows what the future is reserving for him? Like all men with great ambitions, he believes in his star, and fate has never yet ceased to flatter him. Nobody can resist him. He makes his will felt in Africa, in Asia, at the heart of the Concert of Europe; and in receiving him under the dome of the Institute, the Academy too has yielded to the seductions of the man whom Fortune pursues so conspicuously with her favour.

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(1) All the same, the Picards were not indifferent to the Lurest of enthusiasm which in France followed the official proclamation of the Alliance. They offered their illustrious countryman a sword of honour.

THE MILLAIS AND ROSSETTI EXHIBITIONS.

THOSE who concern themselves with vindications of dead and buried iconoclasts, may find food for thought in the exhibitions now open at the Royal Academy and the New Gallery. In neither case are the impressions there to be experienced likely to be wholly comforting. At the Royal Academy there is what we may call a full measure of pictures—a measure pressed down and overflowing; at the New Gallery a rather meagre “special selection” of D. G. Rossetti’s, upon what principle made it is difficult to say.

At the Royal Academy the public—a not very discriminating one—gives all signs and tokens of high enjoyment. The great rooms are crowded with people, many of whom might have stepped down out of Millais’ later pictures. The class of public attracted would not be a subject for mention, were it not that it seems to prove to what an extent the various Millais’ types of costume and feature would seem to have impressed themselves upon that public.

At the New Gallery, on the other hand, the room consecrated to Rossetti is not inconveniently crowded by a public of a rather different character—a type, be it said, not markedly Rossettian. Maidens seem nowadays to have abandoned the struggle for æsthetic life. Yet, in its day, the impress of Rossetti’s ideal was more marked—or at least more noticeable—than is that of Millais’ to-day.

If the Millais exhibition is mercilessly inclusive, the New Gallery gathering of Rossettis is almost as unpleasantly selected. Rossetti,¹ in fact, comes off very badly. If we must judge him from the pictures there to be seen, we must give him a lower place among artists than he certainly deserves. We should almost be forced to say that he was one of those who only occasionally produced a masterpiece.

Millais, on the other hand, suffers from over-representation. But a good idea of how great a man he really was, may be gained at the cost of a great deal of winnowing. The process, however, is easier than it might be in the case of a lesser man; for Millais’ bad pictures, in spite of the fact that they are obviously the productions of a master, are so manifestly bad as to take up very little of one’s time and attention.

In writing of Rossetti, at the New Gallery, therefore, we must be careful to employ our powers of memory—memory of the great

(1) It is to be said that the New Gallery has been much hampered by the fact that so many of Rossetti’s works are in public and corporation galleries, which evince a daily increasing dislike to lending their pictures.

absent works; in writing of Millais we shall not be too kind if we are careful to forget much that hangs before us.

Millais, during the time that he was a pre-Raphaelite Brother (let us say between 1849 and 1859), must be called the greater painter. Passion and sentiment set aside, "Lorenzo and Isabella" (Royal Academy, 23, 1849); "The Carpenter's Shop" (57, 1850); "The Woodman's Daughter" (33, 1851); "The Blind Girl" (56, 1856); "Isumbras" (47, 1857); "The Vale of Rest" (9, 1858), must outweigh "The Annunciation," "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin" (New Gallery, 27, 1849), and the other works that Rossetti produced during the same years.

In this, of course, there is nothing to be wondered at. Millais, young as he was, was nevertheless a trained artist. He had, at least, learned all that the Academy Schools had to teach, and thus brought to the work an amount of experience and a knowledge of *technique* quite beyond those of Rossetti, whose studies had been hitherto of a rather perfunctory nature.

Nevertheless, Rossetti appears to the present writer unquestionably to surpass Millais during that period when both painters had allowed their styles to broaden out. The process seems with both to have taken much the same course. They usually included in their pictures some object or objects painted with the extreme minuteness of their earlier days, and to have filled in the rest of their canvases less carefully. This might occasionally lend to the pictures an air of faulty composition. How well Millais avoided this may be seen in the two pictures "Asleep" and "Just Awake" (Royal Academy, 22 and 24, 1867). Here the quilts on the beds are painted with a good deal of care (and the care is certainly not thrown away); yet, in each case, the effect of the whole picture is by no means incongruous.

It may be said that Millais' work in the 'sixties and early 'seventies is a justification of the movement as a simple training school. Between the "Eve of St. Agnes" (132, 1863) and the "North-West Passage," we have a number of such differing works as "Swallow, Swallow" (36, 1864); "Greenwich Pensioners" (175, 1869); and the noble "Chill October" (108, 1870).

Millais, self-possessed and unemotional as he seems on the whole, was without doubt a really impressionable man. Many of his pictures appear to have been painted under the influences of some style or even of some strong emotion. The latter is certainly the case in "Chill October," and it is difficult to account otherwise for the disagreeable "Ransom" (30, 1862), "Jephthah's Daughter" (98, 1867), unless, indeed, we regard them as experiments in looking backwards.

Little by little Millais drifted into the style of picture that found

due publicity in Christmas numbers and shop windows. Succeeding years brought a succession of portraits of uninteresting ladies, and of equally uninteresting children. This is, of course, an ill-tempered and unjust view of a great painter's work, yet it is not an unnatural outcome of the depression caused by the apparently endless procession of works of this nature at the Royal Academy exhibition. Occasionally the great Millais would show himself, as for instance in the portrait of Mrs. Jopling (71, 1879), to name one out of several. Occasionally, too, as in "For the Squire" (117, 1882), a carefully-painted hood, or what not, lends interest even to a trite picture. As much may be said for "A Message from the Deep," in which the character of the young girl, who is engrossed in a letter not addressed to her, is excellently rendered. Millais, indeed, had a remarkable knack of expressing character. One cannot but wonder whether many of his female sitters were not disagreeably impressed with that fact. For that reason his portraits of men were as a rule excellent; sometimes, indeed, as in that of Mr. Hook, they almost lure one into superlatives. The historic pictures that Millais painted during this period (say between the years 1874, the year of the "North-West Passage," and the year 1895, which saw the exhibition of "Speak, Speak") seem, unless we include the "Diana Vernon," to number only one; "The Princes in the Tower," a not very noteworthy performance.

Judging Rossetti in the same disagreeable manner, we may bring against him, too, the charge that succeeding years seem to have brought from him a succession of portraits of ladies of comparatively unvarying type—yet Rossetti's ladies are put upon canvas in a manner far more poetic. Rossetti saw such part of the world as he chose to see through more emotional eyes. He was, of course, a poet; and when he expressed himself on canvas his grammar was, at times, far more faulty than was Millais'; but his sentiment was certainly surer within its own limits. A number of his works are not up to the mark (this is the case in too many of those exhibited at the New Gallery), and some of his work was almost as bad as Millais' at his very worst.

The commercial element, sad as it is to have to write it, must have been the cause of whatever falling off is to be seen in the works of both men. That such should have been the case with two such painters as Millais and Rossetti is, perhaps, a sad comment upon the times in which we live. The responsibility for the crime rests to a great extent upon the public that held out the golden bribes, and the public is the real loser. A man has, after all, the right to decide for himself whether or no he shall paint for money, and Rossetti at least had borne adversity for many years before he allowed himself to reap an easy, if inglorious, harvest.

Millais, as an artist, was the less favoured by fate. In his case the class of pictures that proved most marketable was essentially uninteresting; and Millais depended to a great extent for inspiration upon his subject. Rossetti, on the other hand, could so well transfer his emotion into the record of the features of one or other of his models that, poet as he was, even his most casual efforts seem to take higher rank than the "stop-gaps" of Millais.¹

For this reason, if for no other, it would seem to the present writer that the later works of Rossetti must be esteemed more highly than the corresponding ones of Millais. Remembering such pictures as the "Beata Beatrix" (neither of the versions is at the New Gallery), "The Blessed Damosel" (the less preferable version is No. 63 at the New Gallery), "The Bride" (not at the New Gallery), "Proserpine" (New Gallery, 21), and the exquisite "La Ghirlandata" (absent), to name only those that occur to the mind without consideration, one cannot but give the preference over Millais' later period to Rossetti's.

Even as a depiction of a girl-child Rossetti's "Joli Cœur" (New Gallery, 55) is preferable to most of Millais' children. The girl is, of course, older, has, indeed, passed out of the stages of babydom; but that fact illustrates well Rossetti's appreciation of his own limitations.

The present writer, it is true, for family and other reasons, is open to the danger of favouring Rossetti. The judgment may, therefore, be taken as, to some extent, a biassed one, and is uttered not without reservation.

It is curious to consider to how great an extent Millais, as far as the public is concerned, was Millais the artist, how little Millais the man. Of the three great pre-Raphaelite painters, Rossetti had an unknown, but none the less piquant, and much canvassed personality. Mr. Hunt has always been, to some extent, a public character; but Millais, who should have had about him at least some of the official glamour attaching to a distinguished R.A., seemed, if not sedulously to efface himself, at least to make absolutely no attempt to let his personality become public property.

His life in its broad outlines was an ideal one for a painter of a certain type. He was looked upon as an infant genius. He then painted with facility, but without conviction we must think, master-

(1) It is rather interesting in this connection to remember that the last works of Millais were pictures that must be called historical. It was as if he had grown rather weary of a less worthy walk in art life, and had determined to return to some extent to his old-time habits. Millais' "Fore-runner" (1896), "St. Stephen" (1895), and "Speak, Speak" (1895), by the earnestness that inspires them suggests this very moral. "Speak, Speak" is a really fine work, though the realism that finds utterance in the rendering of the diamonds seems a little tawdry.

pieces in the styles of Opie and other heroes that have nearly vanished in an early Victorian *Goetter-Daemmerung*.

After a while, seduced from academic groves by the golden voice of an Italian iconoclast, and by a still small inner voice, he passed several years of severe apprenticeship and emerged honourably a master, who, whether working carelessly or carefully, never set upon canvas a stroke that was unscholarly. When we add to this the honours that ensued to him, the distinguished social position that was his, we must agree that his, of its type, was an ideal painter's life.

Rossetti's life, whatever it once bade fair to be, was nothing so little as a progress towards mastery and honours. He was the wilful, spoilt child of Genius; and Fortune, when at last, and with one hand, she gave him fame of a sort and wealth of a kind, took from him with the other happiness and contentment. Speaking, perhaps, a little loosely, we might say that the course of training that he underwent whilst a pre-Raphaelite was the outcome of a kind of passionate protest against the foggydom that proclaimed salvation only to be found in gigantic Westminster Hall cartoons, studio life, and all the blanket-drapery arcana of the Grand Style. Millais, on the other hand, with a perspicuity rare in so young and so early recognised a man, probably regarded the movement less as a "glorious spree" than as a school in which he would find that discipline he felt his art to need. In short, even in the one point in which Millais and Rossetti were for a time at one, they were spiritually, and in name at least, widely at variance.

It is sad to consider how excellent an opportunity has been missed at the New Gallery. An exhibition announced as consisting of a "special selection" of Rossetti's works and of British and Foreign Old Masters, suggests really splendid visions to the student of art history. We might have had a representative selection of Rossetti's, and a few of the better pictures of the lesser men who allied themselves to the pre-Raphaelites. There would have been the whole of the works of the memorable but forgotten Liverpool Academy to draw upon. We might have seen Windus' "Burd-Helen," William Davis' "Harrowing," the works by Tonge, Huggins, and those other men of genius who in London are almost totally unknown. We might have had works by Inchbold and Smetham, by Collinson and Deverell, by Mr. F. Sandys, Mr. Shields, Mr. Arthur Hughes, and even by Mr. Hunt and Sir E. Burne-Jones.

Instead we have a collection got together upon the simple principle that all the men who painted them are dead. We have Constables and Gainsboroughs, side by side with Fred Walkers and Masons, and we have two or three inferior pictures by that delightful artist Pinwell and Mr. William Morris' only picture.

We have a number of foreign Old Masters, too many of them of dubious interest, when we might have seen works by the early Italian Masters side by side with those who are accounted their modern English disciples. Could we but have had the ideal exhibition suggested above, the public, with the Royal Academy exhibition of Millais' works now before them, with the exhibitions of Sir E. Burne-Jones, and Madox Brown, not quite forgotten, and with those of the Arts and Crafts Society, fresh in its mind, would have had a really excellent opportunity of learning the truth as to the movement that may be set down as the most memorable contribution of Victorian England to the art of the world—a movement which, born at the worst possible time and cradled amidst storms of popular protests, lived triumphantly to vindicate itself.

It is not difficult to understand why the first efforts of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood were hailed with those taunts of abuse, those cries of "Crucify, Crucify." One need not even dwell upon the commercial aspect that the matter took in the eyes of artists and critics of the old guard. A wicked and probably unveracious story is told of the critic of a great organ who said, when confronted with "The Carpenter's Shop," "What do I know about people's ribs? How am I to write about them? — never paints a picture without robing the sacred personages, and as for Blank's nymphs, they are merely mythical bogies of arbitrary anatomy. If this sort of thing is to be allowed to continue — will be ruined, and I shall be thrown out of work." The public, on the other hand, behaved like an estimable night-hawk, into whose dim hollow a sudden blaze of daylight is introduced. Perhaps it never really accepted the new position. Pre-Raphaelism needed a great deal of what is called living up to. It was, in fact, except for some few esoterics, a rather troublesome passing fashion, which, after a while, was modified into æstheticism, and later, into endless "blue china" cults and schisms. Millais never followed the movement sufficiently far to identify himself with æstheticism, which began to flourish with the coming of the 'seventies. By 1869, he had, to all intents and purposes, evolved that final style which the approach of age alone modified. Rossetti, on the other hand, was the head and fountain of the later movement, Morris and Sir Edward Burne-Jones being, we may say, moulded by him.

The æsthetic phase has been branded pre-Raphaelite. The name is perhaps more correct artistically than historically speaking. The greater number of the works produced by the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood were not strongly mediæval in feeling. Mr. Holman Hunt learned from the Pisan fresco to be true to his own lights. It is true that Rossetti's earliest works and Millais' "Lorenzo and Isabella" and "Ferdinand lured by Ariel" were perhaps directly inspired by Italian

work. But when we come to look at the "Conclusion of Peace" (Royal Academy, 8, 1856), we see a modern subject treated simply with scrupulous fidelity to nature. Millais' sense of congruity would not allow him to treat archaically either that subject or such others as "The Blind Girl" and "Autumn Leaves." Neither did Rossetti in "Found" allow himself to be so misled. The pre-Raphaelites aimed simply at evolving a method that should be suitable not for an age, but for all time; they said: "Nature is always nature, and her will we follow." They learned that lesson, it is true, from early Italian pictures, but that fact did not, after the first years of their association, strongly influence their methods.

It was Rossetti, in fact, who gave us a kind of Italianised pre-Raphaelism. He buried his mind in the works of Dante, of Guido Cavalcanti and Botticelli, scoffed at Michael Angelo, and extended his admiration to everything that survived of the pre-Renaissance period.

It is a little difficult to estimate precisely the whole extent of the influence of pre-Raphaelism upon English life and art. We have to thank pre-Raphaelism for a release from sombre, or as we may call them, substantial hues. It is curious nowadays to consider that one of the most heinously radical crimes of the brethren was that of painting upon a pure white ground instead of upon one thickly bedaubed with bitumen. The pre-Raphaelites, it is true, committed excesses of colour in the attempt to get as far away as might be from this abomination. The colour of such paintings as the "Meeting of Dante and Beatrice" (New Gallery, 23), or as "Mariana in the Moated Grange" (Royal Academy, 62), may best be thus accounted for. The outbreak of pre-Raphaelism certainly did away, as far as art, and, perhaps, as life are concerned, with that sombre plague.

It may be asked: how would the matter have stood had the pre-Raphaelite movement never existed? Probably the revolution would have been delayed until the time when, a decade or so later, there occurred that inroad of foreign-influenced art that gave the *coup-de-grace* to what little pre-Raphaelism lingered in the land. Aestheticism was a plant of stronger growth. It influenced our dress, but that for a time only. Our furniture it certainly affected: in that, at least, its influence is still felt. Morris it was who principally effected this; but Rossetti imparted to it its initial Italian savour—a savour which, however, now grows yearly less and less distinguishable.

Regarded from one aspect it seems to be the result of the revolt of the individual against the mass, of the man against the machine, but the prime note—the really important note of both pre-Raphaelism and aestheticism is that of honesty. It may have been of importance to Millais that he should perfect his art. It is of more to us that

incidentally he and his brethren cleared away from a whole side of human life a mass of hideous shams and conventions. The same is true of æstheticism. It was to too many of its devotees an excellent pretext for affectation of a sort that is almost as irritating and noxious as the most effete of conventions. Yet the good that was in it has survived, has most certainly not been interred with its bones. It took away from the workman all excuse for being ashamed of his materials, and preached against veneering of all sorts and kinds. In these directions both movements were not ineffectual, have not yet ceased to make themselves felt.

That pre-Raphaelism was not, any more than any other, the school, in which the doctrine of art for art's sake was being forced upon its pupils may be conceded. Nor was it proved by æstheticism that saving grace is to be found only in robes that take certain lines, and in attitudes that allow the robes to fall into those lines. But both these are merely incidental detriments which will attend the most beneficent of revolutions, and the world at large is the gainer by both movements, in that both have increased the possibility of honest work in an age when the charlatan has no unprecedentedly great difficulty in finding a following.

FORD MAIDOX HUEFFER.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTION.

It has passed into the common currency of political maxims that the electorate is unable to consider more than one large issue at a time, and, if this be accepted as true of the country as a whole, it will apply with even greater force to a section of it, connected though not homogeneous, like the County of London. March 3rd is fixed for the general election of the fourth County Council, and both the municipal parties, which are not wholly identical with our political parties, are putting forth all their strength in the struggle. *Sulla locutus est.* The Prime Minister has himself laid down in terms, which admit of no contradiction, what the issue is to be. The ratepayers, and those who are taken as ratepayers, though their names are on no rate-books, are asked whether they wish for one effective and over-ruling municipality or for an indefinite number of municipalities, to which all functions that are not of absolute necessity centralised, shall be handed over, to cover indefinite areas, either coinciding with the boundaries of the ancient parish and the artificial union, or carved out at random like the Parliamentary Boroughs of 1868, or the School Board constituencies of 1870. "A large portion of the duties," to use the Prime Minister's phrase, are to be transferred to "other smaller municipalities." In other words, the County Council is to be "stripped," to adopt the forcible, if curious, metaphor applied to the governing body of the County of London by Lord George Hamilton, at the meeting of the Municipal Society. It only remains to be seen whether these brave words will be translated into statutory facts, when the people of London are asked to give their verdict on the evidence next spring.

Ireland has often been described as the shuttlecock of parties; it is to be earnestly hoped that a spirit of reckless and uninformed prejudice may not reduce London to the same wretched plight. For twenty years after the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835, the Metropolis was left in a "chaos of areas, rates, and authorities," and the parochial bodies which existed had nothing like the powers of a Parish Council in a rural district under the Act of 1894.

The vested and invested interests of the City prevented Lord J. Russell from including the capital in his measure, and Sir B. Hall's unifying Act of 1855 was due not to any theoretical preference for unified administration, but to the necessities of main drainage and the impossibility of effecting civic improvements without financial cohesion. Before that date, although local taxation was comparatively trivial, it was without system or method. Rates were not, in every

case, even distributed according to the parochial unit, for the estates of the different landowners, in what were then suburban parishes, were separately assessed and separately administered by Paving Commissioners. For example, in St. Pancras there were eleven different estates, established by private Acts of Parliament for rating purposes, from 1794 to 1824, of which the most notable was the Bedford Estate in 1800, and the latest the Battle Bridge Estate in 1824.

The arrears of local government in London are enormous, and the centralised form it has taken have been determined by the conditions of its existence. "Things are what they are and cannot be otherwise." For the enormous and inevitable duties and charges of its common services, London is, in fact and truth, one and indivisible. The "megalomania" of reform has its sole origin in the demonstrated impossibility of enforcing the Royal Proclamation of 1611 against the growth of the City, which forbade the erection of more houses.

The strangest of all the common errors on the subject is the assumption, constantly made and often broadly stated, that the London County Council was the first Corporation to receive and exercise the sort of control that it does over the general course of affairs involved in metropolitan administration, but the very contrary is the case.

By far the greater and more important of its work comes to it by inheritance from the Metropolitan Board of Works under Clause 40 of the Act of 1888, transferring to the Council "the powers, duties, and liabilities" of the Board, which, in spite of the unpleasant odour of its memory, so many enemies of the Council seem anxious to revive under another name. The Metropolitan Board was elected by the administrative Vestries and District Boards, and to reconstitute a Board so nominated, and with the same derivation, would merely be to recall the departed worthies to their old place. The Metropolitan Asylums Board is an example of the disadvantages of indirect election for carrying on the business of London, limited or unlimited. It is to no political prejudice, but to the result of a painful and discreditable experience, that is due the universal dislike of secondary selection as a machine of administration.

If Burke's maxim about diseases in civil affairs requiring strong remedies is to be followed, it is necessary for the advocate to prove the severity of the disease. On November 17th, in his speech at the Albert Hall, the Prime Minister drew up the indictment. First and foremost was his denunciation of the fallacy of "megalomania," but the statesmen of this country, among whom he must, as the head of the Government which ruled this country from 1886 to 1892, include himself, are, as he says, the principal victims. It would seem, nevertheless, as if he imagined that the substitution of the County Council for the Metropolitan Board of

Works under Mr. Ritchie's Act, and the Order of the Local Government Board, which advanced the date of its existence on account of the Report of Lord Herschell's Commission, were proof positive of this disease, but, except by some obscure interference with the "hamlet of Penge," the Act in question did not increase by an acre the "metropolitan area," as it was termed in the old days, or the County of London as we dub it now, whilst the addition of municipal power was insignificant in comparison with what was vested in the defunct Board. "Megalomania" must have been just as marked a characteristic of the statesmen of the 'fifties as of the statesmen of the day. Lord Salisbury speaks in just praise of the "municipal genius" of our country, and "the splendid results which municipalities have produced." *Omnium consensu*, this is true enough, but the Manchester police scandal, and many another in various towns, prove that City and Town Councils are not immaculate, and the efforts made by the County Council in nine years to secure better drainage and more open spaces will compare favourably with anything accomplished elsewhere.

The remark that the county is "ten or twelve times larger than any other municipality" is, obviously, a slip of the tongue, looking at the size of Liverpool and Glasgow. To talk of the Council being "hampered by all the difficulties which hinder the progress of business in its larger archetype," is to show that the Prime Minister has neither acquainted himself, nor let others acquaint him, with the history or transaction of the Council's affairs. As one of the original Standing Committee, which drew up its first Standing Orders in 1889, I can testify that the desire of all its members was to make the system as different from the Parliamentary, as the broad difference between a body mainly legislative and a body mainly executive clearly required. I am glad to note, coming back after five years' absence, that the tone and spirit of the Council make even more for workmanship, and less for show and posturing, than when I left it in 1892. Rule 52, limiting speeches to fifteen minutes, is seldom enforced, because the normal speech on Reports of Committees is of about five minutes' duration. If in an exceptional case leave be accorded to a speaker to exceed the limit, good care is taken that the liberty shall not degenerate into licence, and obstruction, in the sense of obstruction by talk, is practically impossible. Every member of the House of Commons knows that no amendment of the Rules of Procedure has, or could have, that result in "the archetype." Debates of the Council are seldom adjourned, and, if they be, it is because they do not relate to matters of urgency, *e.g.*, that on the incidence of rates and the site value resolutions, and can therefore be divided into two sittings without public inconvenience. There follows in Lord Salisbury's speech an amazing statement that debates "are

devoted rather to abstract questions which concern advanced politicians than to those more prosaic and simple matters, on which the happiness and welfare of five million people depend." All this is so wide of the mark as to make one wonder if some hoax has been perpetrated on Lord Salisbury by a facetious Radical. The Standing Orders forbid the discussion of any such question. No. 38 runs, "It shall not be in order to move an abstract resolution on any paragraph of a Report of any Standing Committee," and No. 41 makes it impossible otherwise, for it lays down that "every notice of motion shall be relevant to some question affecting the administration or condition of London." These regulations have never been a dead letter, nor honoured in the breach. Happily, without one exception, the Council has had from the start strong and capable chairmen; and even the well-known amiability of Sir John Lubbock was proof against the slightest attempt to break through Standing Orders. What is meant by a "daily Council" it is difficult to imagine, because never, not even in the dreary and difficult days of transition from the Metropolitan Board of Works, ordained by Lord Salisbury himself, did the Council meet more than twice in the week, and at the present time it avoids special meetings like the plague.

Very funny, too, is the contrast between provincial municipalities and London in respect to the character of their councillors. On the former, he says, "are the best men of the town or district which they inhabit, men who are well known to their fellow-citizens, men who have successfully conducted their own businesses with great success, and continue to conduct them still"; on the latter, "professional politicians" who "give themselves wholly up to this matter." Again one wonders who has been hoaxing the Prime Minister. Take the Council as a whole, it would be hard to bring together for any purpose a body of men more representative of the sections and districts of the metropolitan community. All classes and all interests have their spokesmen, and, with very few exceptions, the members are London men living on and in London. Three-quarters of them are actively engaged in commercial or professional business, and several are verily "captains of industry" in their particular line. In these days few citizens retire altogether, or at once, from active occupation, and it would be found on investigation that many among those who are classed as "retired" are directors of important companies, and it would not be too much to say that no single class of members has been so useful and valuable in the work-a-day affairs of London as the "retired" civil servants of the Crown, of whom Lord Lingen, Lord Welby, and Lord Farrer are the shining lights. Lord Lingen, called by Disraeli "the real governor of England," was the first Chairman of the Finance Committee; Lord Welby is the present Chairman; but in addition to the value of life-long experience of

public affairs, Lord Welby is now a Director of great business corporations as important to London as any banks can be to Manchester or Liverpool.

As a matter of fact, the "unemployed" members of the Council are principally Lords of Parliament, but they have the qualification for municipal office, that, almost without exception, they have filled or are filling places of trust and emolument under the Crown, apart from their considerable interest in good government locally; both Lord Onslow and Lord Dudley are Under Secretaries of State at this moment. To select another series, there is no division of inhabitants who bear, in proportion to income, so large a part, in the extent, of London's burdens and expenditure as tradesmen and shopkeepers. It is admitted that the small dealer is almost borne down by the weight of taxation. In comparing the net income of various classes with the rateable value of their premises, Mr. Dickinson, no mean authority on the subject, allows 9 per cent. for private dwellings, 12 per cent. for shops, 14 per cent. for buildings and factories, 26 per cent. for public houses. Of shopkeepers, a large body are returned to the Council with Sir Blundell Maple and Mr. E. Jones, of Peckham, at their head. The working classes, using the term in a broad way, to include mechanics, artisans, and labourers, pay, in reality, the bulk of the rates in sum total. It is quite true that their names do not appear on the rate-book of the parish, for they live increasingly in the central districts, in tenements forming part of a block or house, or in lodgings, where the landlord is resident, on terms of weekly or monthly occupancy, but, in their case, the rack-rent that they pay includes the proportion of rates and taxes payable on their portion of the building. It is only fair that those who are somewhat misleadingly called "direct representatives of labour" should find their place in Spring Gardens. In the present Council there are Mr. J. Burns, of the engineers, Mr. B. Cooper, of the cigar-makers, Mr. Taylor, of the bricklayers, Mr. Freak, of the boot-makers, Mr. Crooks, of the general labourers, and Mr. Steadman, of the bargemen—neither a disproportionate nor an inadequate number for a labour bench. Doctors, lawyers, and ministers of religion, are there in force; and "the services" have more than one to speak up for discipline—not unimportant in dealing with the large bodies of men in uniform, who are in the employ and receive the pay of the Council. One of such gentlemen, Colonel Rotton, is the present Chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee. Even the Privy Council is represented in the larger Chamber, and it is an *a fortiori* argument that those who have proved themselves capable of dealing with the larger affairs of empire, are not incapable of dealing satisfactorily with the affairs of London.

Over and above all this misconception of the actual ordering of

things, the point and seriousness of Lord Salisbury's charge are in the epithet that he applies to the whole of the past work of the Council. It has been, he says, "fruitless." If this be so, the Council stands condemned, and any change is justified which would replace it or sub-divide it in such a manner as would make the administration of the mammoth City fruitful. To test the truth of this general reprobation the different parts of the Council's system must be separately examined. The Finance Committee has in its hands the whole of the debt of London, excluding the City proper, and consequently the credit of London, in addition to the annual provision, by way of rating for the wants of the County as a whole. Let any financial expert look into the figures and examine the accounts. He will find that London can borrow at the same rate as the Imperial Exchequer, and that every application made by a local authority—be it Vestry, District Board of Works, or Guardians of the Poor—is carefully reviewed and reported upon by the various departmental officers concerned, whereas but for this check and supervision the wildest irregularity and hand-to-mouth extravagance would prevail in the financial arrangements of the county. If London were split up into ten or twelve municipalities, the credit of the best would be considerably below that of the Council, whilst the poorest, say the Tower Hamlets, would have to pay nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. higher interest on the loans it might contract, when once the Consolidated Metropolitan Stock had come to an end.

It is not uninteresting, in face of the criticism that the London County Council is pre-eminently unbusinesslike, to look at the attendance, as well as the minute-books, of its Finance Committee, and to find that at a typical meeting there is Lord Welby, for years the permanent head of the Treasury, in the chair, and Mr. A. Hoare, the banker, in the vice-chair. Then there would be Sir John Lubbock; Mr. Cohen, M.P., and Lord Hardwick, both well-known stock-brokers; Mr. Evelyn Hubbard, a Director of the Bank of England; Dr. Collins, the Chairman of the Council; and Mr. Beachcroft, the vice-chairman, a solicitor in large practice, with others of like kidney. Surely in that most business-like of places, the City of London, a banking or commercial company would pay highly for such a Board of Directors. Does Lord Salisbury imagine that Lambeth would find such a committee to organise or carry on its finance?

Undoubtedly the Metropolitan Board effected much in the way of street improvements, but it failed miserably to meet the growing need and demand of outer, even more than inner, London for breathing space and recreation; and during the thirty-five years of its existence the pressure of bricks and mortar increased with unparalleled rapidity. This neglect of opportunities has imposed a heavy obligation upon its successors, and if there be one sphere of its duty more than another

in which the Council has earned the gratitude of London people, it has been in more than doubling the acreage of parks and open spaces that were available when it came into existence. Ceaseless care and labour have been given by the Committee to the work of improving what there was and making blades of grass grow where there was nothing but rubbish and disused ground. The local authorities have had an equal chance of securing open spaces for their people, and if they had had chains and gowns of office their powers would have been no greater. Some, such as the Vestries of Hackney and St. Pancras, have done more than others, but on the whole they have failed to solve the difficulty, mainly because they have been unwilling to impose a heavier rate on an already heavily burdened district, when richer neighbours were letting things be. The separate rate for the maintenance of these separate open spaces varies, for the hundred pounds of rateable value, from 3d. in St. George's, Hanover Square, to 5s. 3d. in Hackney. The actual figures are as follows:—In 1889-90 there were forty parks and open spaces of 2,656 acres, costing £52,751 per annum; in 1896-97 there are seventy-nine of 3,685 acres, costing £104,430; and it is only by equalising the rates that any constant increase of open spaces can possibly be secured. It is somewhat amusing to note that at the meeting of the Council on November 30th nearly the whole of the Moderates voted in favour of an amendment to the Report of the Parks Committee, instructing that body to bring up a scheme for taking over the cost of maintaining the smaller spaces and playgrounds throughout the County, thus furnishing one more answer to the "tenification" plan.

In another direction invaluable results have been accomplished. When the Council appeared on the scene, the River Thames was in such a state of pollution by sewage, below bridges, that it was a source of danger to the health of the inhabitants of the lower reaches, and of disgust to all who value it as a national water-way and playground. By precipitation works and sludge ships, the improvement in which was largely due to the Chairmanship of Sir A. Arnold, the purification has been carried to such a point that the salmon is hourly expected to revisit the metropolitan stream. To make the single sewer system, as at present existent, equal to the enormous increase of population—not allowing for the incessant demands of the outer fringe of towns like Walthamstow and Leytonstone to be brought into the sewage area—is mechanically impossible without great enlargements; but that much has been done to improve the inadequate, nobody can or will deny who knows the facts.

Lastly, let me take the career of the Asylums Committee. It is the Council's duty, under the Act, to provide for the care of the

pauper lunatics of the County, and in no branch of its administration has more unselfish, more humane, and, to recur, more "fruitful" labour been undertaken for the sake of London's poor. The total number of lunatics for whom the County is responsible, and has to find accommodation, has risen from 10,104 in 1890 to 13,526 this year; and the percentage of recoveries, on average number resident in all the asylums, has risen from 8·72 in 1889 to 10·29 in 1895—in itself a significant and creditable fact. The chairman (Dr. Collins) said, in his annual address, "those who have not worked on the Committee can scarcely realise the magnitude of the duties it carries through."

These examples might be multiplied by the process of exhausting the duties of the Council; but it is more important, in anticipation of the attack to be made next Session, to see how far these duties can be parcelled out into new areas and among smaller bodies. It might be argued that the Fire Brigade, the strength of which has been doubled by the Council and the stations increased by half, could not be divided into sections and districts, and that the main drainage of London could hardly be dealt with in separate local compartments. If the Parks and Commons were appropriated to the various local authorities, Bethnal Green would enter into the proud possession of Victoria Park, Battersea of that which takes its name, and Clapham of its historic Common, with the pleasing addition of 1s. in the pound to their respective rates. Victoria Park is 217 acres and Battersea 198, a somewhat large figure for the parochial authorities to reckon with. If it is possible to judge by the action, or inaction, of some of the local authorities, many of the smaller open spaces would be shut up altogether, whilst St. George's, Hanover Square—the great open space belonging to which is maintained by the nation and administered by the Commission of Works—would escape scot free, so far as its rates were concerned. There is a plausible sound in the proposal that the schemes of clearing insanitary areas, and bettering the houses of the people, should be left to the new municipalities, and not, as now, under the various Artisans' Dwellings Acts, culminating in the Housing of the Working Classes Act, 1891, in the larger operations carried out by the central body. Bethnal Green, with its rate of 7s. 3d. in the pound and its additional rate for tithe commutation, would again be to the fore. Under the scheme for the clearance of the Boundary Street area, nick-named the Jago, the residue of the cost would be transferred to that lucky parish, perhaps in union with Shoreditch; Holborn would be saddled with Clare Market; and Clerkenwell with the Northampton estate.

Is it possible that any person with a cursory knowledge of the poorer districts can believe in this localisation of common duties? The functions of the Building Acts Committee, particularly in obtaining and carrying out the new Act of 1894, have been difficult of performance and not without offence to local interests. Broadly speaking,

the objects that they have steadily had in view have been the preservation of the streets against the encroachments of owners and lessees, the broadening of thoroughfares, and the prevention of the accumulated evils brought on by curtailment of light, air, and space, that any abnormal height of building is sure to entail. But for their efforts the fatal excrescences of the American city, that strike the Britisher as soon as he sights the figure of Columbia, would have been reproduced in London, as several cases in the South-West have clearly shown. Why, it may be asked, should not the same supervision be exercised by the separate municipalities of the separate districts? For the simple reason that it is only a central authority, careless of local persuasion and local inducements, that can enforce the strict provisions of the law, and smaller bodies, like the smaller municipalities of the country, would be likely to think too much of the individual applicant and too little of the silent community. That this is no imagining of vain things is proved by the constant pleas for exceptional treatment raised by the local authorities against the uniformity prescribed by the Committee. Lastly, it may be urged that those matters that fall to the part of the Public Control Committee, such as weights and measures, baby farming, and slaughter-houses, might all be equally well given into the hands of the municipality. It is possible that, with a sacrifice of efficiency, such a step might be taken, but inevitably the cost must be considerably increased, for instead of the centralised and competent staff, well paid and deeply versed in their own branch of the work, you would have ten or twelve or more different staffs of officers, necessarily paid at a lower rate and presumably less efficient. This emphatically means the sacrifice of practical utility to theoretical opinion, and not, as is constantly contended, the opposite process.

To come from the details of administration to the larger achievements of London, organised and embodied in its Council, I ask the little Londoner to consider a few of its deeds and measures. It has obtained, by private Act of Parliament, the power to do away with sky-signs, the last of which disappear at the beginning of 1898, in themselves one of the many curses of American cities; commencing in 1890, it has gradually obtained leave to abolish the gates and bars, which were in so many quarters an obsolete and purposeless hindrance to free traffic and communication, without appreciable cost to the ratepayer; to obtain true weight and good value for the consumer, and to render impossible the tricks and frauds of the dishonest tradesman, through special and appropriate remedies in the Weights and Measures Act of 1889. In order to prevent inestimable damage to the welfare of the community by petty filching of space and air, it obtained the Building Act of 1891; to better the housing of the people, by obtaining such peculiar powers as were

necessitated by the peculiar conditions of London life, it suggested and improved much of the amendment of the law made in 1891; in the case of the southern approach to the Tower Bridge, and more recently in the authorised plan of Strand widening, it has induced both Houses to approve and embody in their practice the principle of betterment with its correlative of worsement, and has thus paved the way for a great series of street improvements without the heavy incidental cost that the recoupment scheme of the Metropolitan Board of Works involved; it has taken over the tramways at cost price, the different properties coming into hand as the varying terms of twenty-one years fixed by Parliament for the time limit of the Companies' possession severally expire, and, although the gain to the public might have been greater, both in relief of rates and in increase of convenience, there is much to the common good on the transaction. After long and patient inquiry authorised by Parliament, Bills have been introduced and almost passed into law, for the purchase of the existing Water Companies on the fair terms embodied in what is known as the "Plunket Clause" of the Water Bill of 1895, and the consequent consolidation of management and means would have done much to help the consumer and prevent the scandals of recurring water famine.

To split up the metropolis into "watertight compartments" would make this persistent seeking after legislative reform impossible in the future, for no single municipality would have the means or the courage, and no union of municipalities the unity or the purpose, to introduce and carry such a book of statutes through Parliament. It must be remembered that, in the majority of these cases, the law-making was by private Bill, and, therefore, the drafting and the subsequent amendment were almost wholly the work of the Parliamentary Committee of the Council. The same argument would apply to such executive acts as the expropriation of the Tramway Companies. No smaller body would have been sufficiently powerful or sufficiently interested, for the lines are not parochial, nor could they be worked on a district system.

Can any enemy of the Council allege that the list of reforms and economies have been exhausted? At the very head of all the wasteful and unsatisfactory state of the water supply calls aloud for tardy remedies, first legislative, and secondly administrative. The Royal Commission now sitting may present a colourless and procrastinating report, but the miserable plight of East London will soon force the hand of any Government to action. The incidence of local taxation has likewise been referred to a Royal Commission, not for the first time. Whatever the changes recommended, the injustice to London of the present allotment of Exchequer grants, made greater by the inequitable allowance under the Voluntary Schools

Act of last year, must become yearly more apparent and harder to be borne. Under the new scheme for Voluntary Schools the total amount estimated for England and Wales is £616,000, and London's share may be estimated at £44,000, a ridiculously unfair division. It is doubtless something akin to high treason in the eyes of some people to propose the levying of any rate upon the ground rents and site values, but the attempt made in 1876 by the Metropolitan Board of Works to secure some contribution from the owners of land "in proportion to benefit received," is certain to be repeatedly revived in the House of Commons. So far as London is concerned, with its peculiar tenure of short leasehold, it is almost requisite for the proposal to be drawn up by those who know the circumstances, and can act for London as a whole.

The more the problem is sifted, the more difficult will it be to say where the Government is to begin its work of redistribution. If the powers of the County Council are to be pared and whittled away, it will inevitably lead to increased expenditure and diminished efficiency. Out of some three hundred different functions, which the Council performs under various Acts, public and private, it would only be possible to transfer two or three, by mutual agreement, to the local authorities, and any larger delegation of power would be opposed, not only to the opinion of the Council, but to that of the very bodies whose importance it is sought to augment. At the Conference of the Vestries and District Boards, held in the County Hall this year, at which nearly all were represented, it was resolved to be impossible to make any larger transfer of administrative duties, after a careful examination of the whole subject in detail. As soon as you parcel out among a number of Boards the series of functions that are conceivably capable of division, you make it necessary to provide in each Borough, or group of Boroughs, the machinery and staff for their discharge. Take as a crucial example the enforcement of the Building Acts, at present administered by a Committee of the Council through the Architect, as head of the Department and a number of district surveyors scattered throughout London. To provide equivalent supervision, even if local prejudices would allow of it, you would have to substitute a number of head officers to represent the architect, and a multiplication of clerical staffs to do the bidding of his successors. That the work would not be as efficiently done is certain to all who know the conditions of parochial life in the metropolis.

Mr. Chamberlain spoke the other day of the inability of the Council to look after the drains of all the houses in the County. He was unaccountably misled as to the facts of the existing system, for the Council does not look after the drains of a single house, except its own offices and industrial dwellings. This duty falls exclusively to the minor bodies. They, too, have the charge of all the streets

and footpaths, excepting the Victoria Embankment, as the Council found it impossible to take over the few surviving "main roads," for which the old grant was given by the Treasury. Is it contended that the diversity of opinion and, what is more important, the absence of a common control, produces a satisfactory result in the paving and management of the thoroughfares? When one local authority is putting down asphalt for economy's sake, in spite of the protest of the S. P. C. A., another is picking it up; when one favours soft wood another favours hard; whilst a third is set against wood altogether as an unwarrantable luxury. Then, as to the season for repair, in many cases adjacent parishes select the same moment for action, which certainly has the merit of being simultaneous, for all the streets in the neighbourhood seem to be up together at one and the same time. The very people who speak most against the "aggressiveness" of the County Council are the most anxious that the public convenience should be studied more intelligently than at present, and the only way in which order and regularity can be introduced into the chaos of the streets, is to give the central authority some sort of deciding and regulating voice. It would not be well for the County Council to deal with a matter of such complexity by its own officials, but it might lay down general rules to be observed by the different districts, and insist on such an interchange of plans and arrangements as would dovetail them into some kind of harmony. The more the government of London is studied the more it is apparent that the controlling power of the municipality at the centre will have to be increased. In regard to the infinitesimal number of duties that can be divided by consent, there need and should be no difficulty, and to such a transfer the Council would offer no hostile front. After all, the question is not a matter of labels or formulæ, it is one of practice and expediency. Small areas are neither more nor less democratic than large ones. What the opponents of "Unification" allege is, that the sub-division of common services is impossible, or, if not impossible, is so palpably disadvantageous to the common weal that no reasonable man, free from party bias, could incline to it.

The danger and difficulty are recognised as much by the local authorities as by the County Council. Apart from the duties the selection of the unit is a crucial question. If the existing districts and parishes are retained for the creation of municipalities, it will be necessary to adopt all the anomalies and monstrosities of the areas which have been mapped out without regard to symmetry or convenience, merely on account of the associations of the past. For example, the lizard-like figure of the Strand district will have to be kept for the new experiment. On the other hand, nothing would be more opposed to the sentiment of London than that new districts should be carved out, as they were in 1868 for Parliamentary, and in 1870 for School Board Elections, and parishes joined in new unions without common advantage or

common characteristics. Nothing would please Whitechapel less than to be joined in unity with St. George's-in-the-East, Mile End, and Stepney. It is a bad match to mate poverty to poverty. "I cannot discern," says Lord Salisbury, "what Hackney needs from what goes on at Putney, or what Hampstead needs from what goes on at Greenwich"; and another speaker has asked, "What has St. George's-in-the-West to do with St. George's-in-the-East?"

London, according to this doctrine, is not to be considered or administered as one city, differing in degree but not in kind from other cities and other capitals. If this be the right conception of things, the fiscal burdens of the vast area should not be borne mainly and increasingly in common, but in one quarter you would have a congregation of rich parishes with a rate of about 3s. in the pound, in another a mock municipality of the same nature with a rate of about 9s. in the pound. Every year the local boundaries become more marked and rigid; for every year the well-to-do—the upper crust of the middle class—desert the central parts of the town wherein they carry on their trade, and find homes in the suburbs or the rural districts still further out, which railway facilities and social tendencies are ever making more accessible.

If the census shows that every twelve months London adds to itself a town of the size of Nottingham or Northampton, it is equally sure that the inner ring, even if it get rid of a black spot here and there, loses also its admixture of the small section that Mr. Booth puts above the "one servant" limit. Under these conditions, where will be the reality of municipal life under the old forms and ceremonies? "Tenification" means a recognition of local facts, perhaps, but more than any other the disastrous and deplorable fact that the poor are to live in one district and the well-to-do in another, without mutual dependence or mutual assistance. Rumour has it that Her Majesty's Government will not propose much more than to take power for the Queen to issue orders in Councils for the grant of Charters of Incorporation to undefined districts of the metropolis, merely to result in the elevation of a few vestries to municipal rank. Chains of office and titles of honour will not do much harm, if they do not much good, but the very vagueness of the prerogative might enable the Government, by a mere decree under the prescribed formula, to disorganize the common functions of London government. It is for the County Council, after its re-election, to prevent such a mischievous retrogression. In Plantagenet days "the greatness of the city" caused the citizens of London to enjoy peculiar honour. Since 1835 they have waited for full municipal power and dignity. At least the electors may take care that no legislative barriers may be put in the way of their ultimate enjoyment of the benefits of united and organized administration in metropolitan affairs.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

I.

THE sonnet in Shakespeare's early life was the instrument on which every aspirant to poetic fame, in Italy, France, and England, was forced by fashion to try his hand. As soon as Shakespeare's Sonnets are studied in the literary atmosphere which he and his fellow-poets breathed, their pretence of autobiographic sincerity to a large extent disappears. To approach the sonnets aright, the critic should first make his way through the many thousands of sonnets which were in course of composition by Shakespeare's contemporaries at home and abroad at the same time as he was emulating their achievements. A comparative study of sixteenth-century sonnet literature has brought me to the conclusion that those who accept unreservedly the autobiographic significance of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and who detect in them a continuous thread of narrative, are travelling on a wrong road. The proof and arguments that I have collected in support of these hitherto-discredited contentions, far exceed the space which a right-minded contributor could expect an editor to allow him in a review. But it may not be without advantage to anticipate consideration of the whole question by examining the foundations of one of the buttresses of the generally accepted theory, that the sonnets are autobiographic documents. Mr. Archer, in the December number of the *FORTNIGHTLY*, endeavoured to corroborate anew the accepted interpretation, by restating the alleged facts on which rest the widely-adopted assumption that Shakespeare addressed the bulk of the sonnets to one young man and that that young man was the Earl of Pembroke. Mr. Archer spent most of his energy, it is true, in an effort to demolish the pretensions of a rival candidate, the Earl of Southampton, but in substance he adduced all that can be urged in behalf of the Earl of Pembroke, and presented that Earl to his readers as the sole hero of the stirring story of love and friendship that is said to be imbedded in the sonnets. This Pembroke theory, by winning very wide support, has, in my opinion, seriously darkened counsel. I believe it possible to prove that it has no just title to acceptance, and I do not doubt that, when the flimsiness of its texture is realised, one of the main obstacles to a sane interpretation of the sonnets will be found to have vanished.

Among the undisputed facts in the history of the sonnets is the circumstance that Thomas Thorpe, who first published them in 1609, designated by the appellation of "Mr. W. H.," the patron, to whom he in his own name addressed the dedication of the volume. It is generally assumed that Thorpe's form of address justifies the inference that, whoever "Mr. W. H." may have been, he and no other was the hero of the alleged story of the poems. No one is in a position to interpret the enigmatic sentences which Thorpe inscribed

to "Mr. W. H., the onlie-begetter of these ensuing sonnets," until the conditions under which Thorpe wrote are ascertained, and the motives which habitually guided his pen when composing dedications are considered. I shall do no injustice to the Pembroke theory by deferring for the present the production of the evidence that I have collected on these points. The stability of the theory of "Mr. W. H.'s" identity with the Earl of Pembroke can be judged from far simpler considerations.

The corner-stone of that theory is the assumption that the letters "Mr. W. H." do duty for the words "Mr. William Herbert," by which name the third Earl of Pembroke is represented as having been known in youth. That nobleman succeeded to the Earldom of Pembroke on his father's death on 19th of January, 1601 (N. S.), when he was twenty years and nine months old, and from that date it is unquestioned that he was always known by his lawful title. But it has been overlooked that the designation "Mr. William Herbert," for which the initials "Mr. W. H." have been long held to stand, could never in the mind of Thomas Thorpe or any other contemporary have denominated the Earl at any moment of his career. When he came into the world on the 9th of April, 1580, his father had been (the second) Earl of Pembroke for ten years, and he, as the eldest son, was from the hour of his birth known in all relations of life by the title of Lord Herbert, and by no other. During the lifetime of his father and his own minority several references were made to him in the extant correspondence of friends of varying degrees of intimacy. He is called by them without exception, "my Lord Herbert," "the Lord Herbert" or "Lord Herbert."¹ It is true that as the eldest son of an Earl he held the title by courtesy, but for all practical purposes it was as well recognised in common speech as if he had been a peer in his own right. No one, nowadays, would address in current parlance, or even entertain the conception of, Viscount Cranborne, the heir of the present Prime Minister, as "Mr. J. C." or "Mr. James Cecil." It is just as legitimate to assert that it would have occurred to an Elizabethan—least of all to a personal acquaintance or to a publisher who stood toward his patron in the relation of a personal dependant—to describe "young Lord Herbert," of Elizabeth's reign, as "Mr. William Herbert." A lawyer, who in the way of business might have to mention the young lord's name in a legal document, would have entered it as "William Herbert, commonly called Lord Herbert." The appellation "Mr." was not used loosely then as now, but indicated a precise social grade.

(1) Cf. *Sydney Papers*, ed. Collins, i. 353. "My Lord (of Pembroke) himself with my Lord Harbert (are) come up to see the Queen" (Rowland Whyte to Sir Robert Sydney, 8th Oct., 1591), and again p. 361 (16th Nov., 1595); and p. 372 (5th Dec. 1595). John Chamberlain wrote to Sir Dudley Carleton on 1st Aug., 1599, "*Young Lord Harbert*, Sir Henrie Carie, and Sir William Woodhouse, are all in election at court, who shall set the best legge foremost." *Chamberlain's Letters* (Camden Soc., p. 57).

Thorpe's employment of the prefix "Mr." without qualification is in itself fatal to the pretension that any lord, whether by right or courtesy, was intended.¹

Proof is at hand to establish that Thorpe was under no misapprehension as to the proper appellation of the Earl of Pembroke, and was incapable of venturing on the meaningless misnomer of "Mr. W. H." Insignificant publisher though he was, he shared the ambition of all his fellow-traders to adorn the prefatory pages of some of his publications with the name of a nobleman, who enjoyed the high official station, the literary culture, and social influence of the third Earl of Pembroke. In 1610—a year after he published the sonnets—he first managed to realise this aim. In that year there came into his hands some manuscripts by John Healey, a humble literary aspirant who was lately dead. Healey, a year before his death, had secured, through the good offices of John Florio (a popular figure in both fashionable and literary circles) the patronage of the Earl for a translation of Bishop Hall's fanciful satire, *Mundus alter et idem*. Calling his book *The Discoverie of a New World*, Healey had prefixed to it, in 1609, an epistle inscribed in garish terms of flattery to the "Truest mirrour of truest honor, William, Earle of Pembroke."² When Thorpe made up his mind to publish, posthumously, other translations by the same hand, he not unnaturally sought the same patron. Accordingly, in 1610, he prefixed, in his own name, to an edition of Healey's translation of St. Augustine's *Citie of God*, a dedicatory address "to the honorablest patron of the Muses and good mindes, Lord William, Earle of Pembroke, Knight of the Honourable Order (of the Garter), &c." In involved sentences Thorpe tells the "right gracious and gracefule Lord" how the author left the work at death to be a "testimonie of gratitude, observance, and heart's honour to your honor." "Wherefore," he explains, "his legacie, laide at your Honour's feete, is rather here delivered to your

(1) Thomas Sackville, the author of the *Induction to The Mirror for Magistrates*, and other poetical pieces, and part author of *Gorboduc*, was born plain "Mr. Sackville." He wrote all his literary work while he bore that and no other designation. He subsequently abandoned literature for politics, and was knighted and created Lord Buckhurst. Very late in life, in 1604—at the age of sixty-eight—he became Earl of Dorset. A few of his youthful effusions were reprinted above his early signature "M. [i.e. Mr.] Sackville," in an encyclopædic anthology, *England's Parnassus*, which was published in 1600, after he had become Baron Buckhurst. About the same date he was similarly designated when allusion was made to him as the author of the *Induction to The Mirror for Magistrates*, in a reprint of that work unauthorised by him. The *Induction* was in the original text ascribed, with perfect correctness, to Mr. Sackville. There is no parallel (as has been urged) between such an explicable, and not unwarrantable, metachronism, and the misnaming of the Earl of Pembroke, "Mr. W. H."

(2) An examination of a copy of the book in the Bodleian—none is in the British Museum—shows that the dedication is signed J. H. and not as Mr. Fleay infers, by Thorpe. Thorpe had no concern in this volume.

Honour's humbly thrise-kissed hands by his poore delegate. Your Lordship's true devoted, Th. Th."

Again, in 1616, when Thorpe procured the issue of a second edition of another of Healey's translations, *Epictetus Manuall. Cebes Table. Theophrastus Characters*, he supplied more conspicuous evidence of the servility with which he deemed it essential to approach a potent patron. As this address by Thorpe to Pembroke has not as far as I know been fully reprinted, I give it *in extenso* :—

"To the Right Honourable, William Earle of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlaine to his Majestie, one of his most honorable Privie Counsell, and Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, &c.

"Right Honorable,

"It may worthily seeme strange unto your Lordship, out of what frenzy one of my meaneesse hath presumed to commit this Sacriledge, in the straightnesse of your Lordship's leisure, to present a peece, for matter and model so unworthy, and in this scribbling age, wherein great persons are so pestered dayly with Dedications. All I can alledge in extenuation of so many incongruities, is the bequest of a deceased Man ; who (in his life-time) having offered some translations of his unto your Lordship, ever wisht if *these ensuing* were published they might onely bee addressed unto your Lordship, as the last Testimony of his dutifull affection (to use his own termes : *The true and reall upholder of Learned endeavors.*) This, therefore, beeing left unto mee, as a Legacie unto your Lordship (pardon my presumption, great Lord, from so meane a man, to so great a person) I could not without some impiety present it to any other ; such a sad priviledge have the bequests of the *dead*, and so obligatory they are, more than the requests of the *living*. In the hope of this honourable acceptance I will ever rest,

"Your lordship's humble devoted,

"T. Th."

With such obeisances did publishers then habitually creep into the presence of the nobility. In fact, the law which rigorously maintained the privileges of Peers left them no option. The alleged erroneous form of address in the Dedication of Shakespeare's Sonnets—"Mr. W. H." for Lord Herbert or the Earl of Pembroke—would, even apart from the interpretation commonly placed on the dedicatory phrases—that the person addressed was in all literalness the hero of the sonnets—have amounted to the offence of defamation. And for that misdemeanour the Star Chamber, always active in protecting the dignity of Peers, would have promptly called Thorpe to account.

Of the Earl of Pembroke, and of his brother the Earl of Montgomery, it was stated a few years later, "from just observation," on very pertinent authority, that "no men came near their Lordships [in their capacity of literary patrons], but with a kind of religious address." These words figure in the prefatory epistle which two actor-friends of Shakespeare addressed to the two Earls in the posthumously issued first folio of the dramatist's works. Thorpe's "kind of religious address" was somewhat more unctuous than was customary or needful. But of erring conspicuously in an opposite direction he may, without any misgiving, be pronounced incapable.¹

(1) A study of Thorpe's business transactions proves that, like all publishers of

II.

With the disposal of the allegation that "Mr. W. H." represented the Earl of Pembroke's youthful name, the whole theory of that Earl's identity with Shakespeare's friend collapses. Outside Thorpe's dedicatory words, only one scrap of evidence with any title to consideration has been adduced to show that Shakespeare was at any time or in any way associated with Pembroke.

Seven years after the dramatist's death, two of his friends and fellow-actors prepared a collective edition of his plays and dedicated the volume, in the conventional language of eulogy, "To the most noble and incomparable paire of brethren, William, Earl of Pembroke, &c., Lord Chamberlaine to the King's most excellent Majesty, and Philip, Earl of Montgomery, &c., Gentleman of His Majesties Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter and our singular good Lords."

The choice of such patrons, whom, as the dedication intimated, "no one came near but with a kind of religious address," proves no genuine intimacy between them and the dead author. To the two Earls in partnership nearly every work of any literary pretension was dedicated at the period. Moreover, the third Earl of Pembroke was Lord Chamberlain in 1623, and exercised supreme authority in theatrical affairs. That his patronage should be sought for a collective edition of the works of the acknowledged master of the contemporary stage was a matter of course. It is only surprising that the editors should have yielded to the passing vogue of soliciting the patronage of the Lord Chamberlain's brother in conjunction with the Lord Chamberlain.

The sole sentence in the editors' dedication that can be held to bear on the question of Shakespeare's alleged intimacy with Pembroke is their remark that both Earls had "prosequuted," *i.e.*, favoured, the plays "and their authour living." But this assertion only justifies the inference that the brothers shared the enthusiastic esteem which James I. and all the noblemen of his Court

his day, he selected patrons for his books with a view to advancing his own, and his publications' interests. In the absence of any law of copyright Thorpe, as the actual possessor of the manuscripts of the sonnets, was fully entitled to exercise all rights of lawful ownership. Elizabethan bibliographers know that he could only take the place of the author in choosing a patron for the book or could address the subject of his choice in his own name, because the author played no part in the venture. "Mr. W. H." was chosen by Thorpe as patron from his own circle of friends, in accordance with no uncommon practice of his. The suggestion that he intended any mystification, or introduced a "blind" to conceal behind it the Earl of Pembroke, is foreign to all we know of his and his fellows' methods of trading, and of his and their mercantile temperaments. A not very coherent plea, raised by Mr. Archer, that Thorpe found the words "Mr. W. H." pencilled on the manuscript of the sonnets, and penned his dedication to that phantom without knowing that he was the Earl of Pembroke, or, in fact, who he was, cannot be taken seriously. If Thorpe remained in ignorance, no writer of the present day is likely to enjoy fuller opportunities of knowledge.

extended to Shakespeare and his plays in the dramatist's lifetime. Apart from his work as dramatist, Shakespeare, in his capacity of one of "the King's servants," or company of players, was personally known to all the officers of the royal household who collectively controlled theatrical representations at Court. Throughout James I.'s reign his plays were repeatedly performed in the royal presence, and when the dedicators of the first folio, at the conclusion of their address to Lords Pembroke and Montgomery, describe the dramatist's works as "these remaines of your *Servant* Shakespeare," they make it quite plain that it was in the capacity of "King's servant" or player that they knew him to have been the object of their august patrons' favour.

The sonnets offer no internal indication that the Earl of Pembroke and Shakespeare ever saw one another. No importance can be attached to the vague parallelisms that have been adduced between the Earl's character and position in life and those with which Shakespeare credited the youth of the sonnets. It may be granted that both had a mother (Sonnet XVIII.), that both enjoyed wealth and rank, that both were regarded by admirers as cultivated, that both were self-indulgent in their relations with women, and that both in early manhood were indisposed, owing to habits of gallantry, to marry. Of one alleged point of resemblance there is no evidence. The loveliness assigned to Shakespeare's youth was not, as far as we can learn, ever set to Pembroke's account. The only portraits of him that survive represent him in middle age,¹ and merely confirm Anthony Wood's description of him as in person "rather majestie than elegant." But the point is not one to be pressed, and for the sake of argument we will allow that, in the sight of a poetical panegyrist, Pembroke may, like Shakespeare's youth, have reflected "the lovely April of his mother's prime."

But when we have reckoned up the traits that can be admitted to be common to both Pembroke and Shakespeare's alleged friend, they prove to be wholly indistinctive. All could be matched without difficulty in a score of youthful noblemen and gentlemen of Elizabeth's Court. With many of them Shakespeare, as a leader of the chief company of actors performing at Court, and as a man of acknowledged poetic genius, came into frequent contact. Mr. Archer insists that there were only three men of wealth or rank in England with whom Shakespeare is known to have come into personal relations, viz.: the Earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated two of his published poems, and the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, Shakespeare's intimacy with whom is deduced from their patronage of the first folio. The fact is ignored that Shakespeare, as a popular actor, enjoyed, in Elizabeth's day, the special favour of his company's

(1) Cf. the engravings of Simon Pass, Stent, and Vandervoerst, after the portrait by Mytens.

successive patrons, viz. : Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange, Earl of Derby, Henry Carey, first Lord Hunsdon (at one time Lord Chamberlain), and the latter's son, George Carey, second Lord Hunsdon, who was also Lord Chamberlain subsequently. When James I. promoted Shakespeare's company to be royal servants, all the great officers of the royal household became at once, as we have seen, Shakespeare's patrons. No social distinctions excluded great actors from personal relations with noblemen. Edward Alleyn, another distinguished actor of the time, was admitted on equal terms to the highest circles of society. Shakespeare, although he acquired a fortune, never acquired Alleyn's wealth, but he offered, by way of substitute, literary genius, which was the surest passport in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries to the hospitality of noblemen and gentlemen. Most of Elizabeth's and James I.'s statesmen and courtiers cherished through life an unalterable love of literature, and a regard, often developing into affection, for men of eminent literary ability.

Although it may be reckoned superfluous to adduce more arguments, negative or positive, against the theory that the Earl of Pembroke was a youthful friend of Shakespeare, it is worth noting that John Aubrey, the Wiltshire antiquary, and the biographer of most Englishmen of distinction of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was zealously researching at one and the same time, from 1650 onwards, into the careers alike of Shakespeare and of various members of the Earl of Pembroke's family—one of the chief in Wiltshire. Aubrey rescued from oblivion many anecdotes—scandalous and otherwise—about both the third Earl of Pembroke and about Shakespeare. Of the former, he wrote in his *Natural History of Wiltshire* (ed. Britton, 1847), recalling the Earl's relations with Massinger and many other men of letters. Of Shakespeare, Aubrey narrated much lively gossip, in his *Lives of Eminent Persons*. But neither in his account of Pembroke nor in his account of Shakespeare, does he give any hint that they were at any time or in any manner acquainted or associated with one another. Had close relations existed between them, it is highly improbable that all trace of it would have faded from the traditions that were current in Aubrey's time and were embodied in his writings. On the other hand, Aubrey reports Shakespeare's intimacy with the Earl of Southampton, in whom, unlike the Earl of Pembroke, the antiquary had no independent interest. Southampton is only once mentioned in Aubrey's works—in his memoir of Shakespeare, and there solely as Shakespeare's patron and friend.

It is unnecessary to consider seriously Mr. Tyler's ingenious suggestion, that the "dark lady" of the sonnets was Mary Fitton, maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth. This frolicsome lady was at one time Pembroke's mistress, and bore him a child. The sole ground for bringing her into a discussion of the sonnets lies in the initial assumption that her lover, Pembroke, was the youth whom the sonnets com-

memorate. If Pembroke's identity with "Mr. W. H." be disproved, Mary Fitton quits the scene, as far as Shakespeare and his sonnets are concerned, for ever.

Any forlorn hope that some new and yet to be discovered evidence may yet recall her, is dissipated by Lady Newdegate's recently published *Gossip from a Muniment Room*, which furnishes for the first time a connected biography of Pembroke's mistress. Nowhere does Shakespeare employ plainer language in the sonnets than in his reiterated statement that the female object of his poetic adoration was dark-complexioned. "Her eyes," he says, "are raven black" so that "they mourners seem." "Her breasts are dun," "Black wires grow on her head." To the blackness of her skin he politely attributes the viciousness of her disposition. But Lady Newdegate states that two well-preserved portraits of Mary Fitton remain at Arbury and that they reveal a lady of fair complexion with brown hair and grey eyes.¹

We learn from Lady Newdegate's volume that Miss Fitton, during her girlhood, was pestered by the attentions of a middle-aged admirer, a married friend of the family, Sir William Knollys; but this is nothing to the purpose. Mr. Archer suggests that Sir William Knollys was one of the persons named Will whom he alleges to be noticed in the Sonnets (CXXXV., CXXXVI. and perhaps CLXIII.) as competitors with Shakespeare and the supposititious "Will Herbert" for "the dark lady's" favours. Mr. Archer is here shooting wholly out of range. The wording of those sonnets, when it is thoroughly tested, proves beyond reasonable doubt that the poet was the only lover named Will who courted "the dark lady," and that no reference whatever is made there to any other person of that name.

III.

No one has had the hardihood to assert that the text of the sonnets gives internally any indication that the youth's name took the hapless form of William Herbert; but many commentators besides Mr. Archer argue that Shakespeare admits in so many words that the youth bore his own Christian name of Will, and even that the lady had among her admirers other gentlemen entitled in familiar intercourse to similar designation. These assumptions rest on a thoroughgoing misconception of Shakespeare's phraseology, and are attributable to the anxiety of the supporters of the Pembroke theory to extort, at all hazards, some sort of evidence in their favour from Shakespeare's text.² In four Sonnets (CXXXIV.—VI. and CXLIII.)

(1) Family history places the authenticity of the portraits beyond doubt, and the endeavour, lately made by Mr. Tyler, to dispute their authenticity, will be satisfactorily met in the second edition of Lady Newdegate's book.

(2) Professor Dowden (*Sonnets*, p. xxxv.) writes:—"It appears from the punning sonnets (CXXXV. and CXLIII.), that the Christian name of Shakespeare's friend was

—the most artificial and fantastic in the collection—the poet plays somewhat enigmatically on his Christian name of “Will.” The groundwork of the pleasantry is the identity in form of the proper name with the common noun “will.” This word connoted in Elizabethan English a generous variety of conceptions, of most of which it has long since been deprived. Then, as now, it was employed in the general psychological sense of volition; but it was more often specifically applied to two limited manifestations of the volition. It was the commonest of synonyms alike for “self-will” or “stubbornness”—in which sense it still survives in “wilful”—and for “lust,” or “sensual passion.” It also did occasional duty for its own diminutive “wish,” for “caprice,” for “good-will,” and for “free consent” (as nowadays in “willing,” or “willingly”).

Shakespeare constantly used “will” in all these significations. Iago recognised its general psychological value when he said, “Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners.” The conduct of the “will” is discussed after the manner of philosophers in *Troilus and Cressida* (Act II., ii., 51—68). In another of Iago’s sentences, “Love is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will,” light is shed on the process by which the word came to be specifically applied to sensual desire. The last is a favourite sense with Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Angelo and Isabella, in *Measure for Measure*, are at one in attributing their conflict to the former’s “will.” The self-indulgent Bertram, in *All’s Well*, “fleshes his ‘will’ in the spoil of a gentlewoman’s honour.” In *Lear*, Regan’s heartless plot to seduce her brother-in-law is assigned to the boundless range—“the undistinguished space of woman’s will.” Similarly, Sir Philip Sidney apostrophised lust as “thou web of will.” Thomas Lodge, in *Phillis* (Sonnet XI.) warns lovers of the ruin that menaces all who “guide their course by will.” Nicholas Breton’s fantastic romance of 1599, entitled *The Will of Wit, Wit’s Will or Will’s Wit, Chuse You Whether*, is especially rich in like illustrations. Breton brings into marked prominence the antithesis which was familiar in his day between “will” in its sensual meaning, and “wit,” the Elizabethan synonym for reason or cognition. “A song between Wit and Will” opens thus:—

“Wit: What art thou, Will? Will: A babe of nature’s brood.
 Wit: Who was thy sire? Will: Sweet Lust, as lovers say.
 Wit: Thy mother who? Will: Wild lusty wanton blood.
 Wit: When wast thou born? Will: In merry month of May.
 Wit: And where brought up? Will: In school of little skill.
 Wit: What learn’st thou there? Will: Love is my lesson still.”

the same as his own, *Will*,” and thence is deduced the argument that the friend could only be identical with one who, like William, Earl of Pembroke, bore that Christian name.

Of the use of the word in the sense of stubbornness or self-will, Roger Ascham gives a good instance in his *Schoolmaster* (1570), where he recommends that such a vice in children as "will," which he places in the category of lying, sloth, and disobedience, should be, "with sharp chastisement daily, cut away."¹ "A woman will have her will" was, among Elizabethan wags, an exceptionally popular proverbial phrase, the point of which revolved about the equivocal meaning of its last word. The phrase supplied the title of "a pleasant comedy," by which William Haughton—from 1597 onwards—held the stage for the unusually prolonged period of forty years.

It was not only in the sonnets that Shakespeare—almost invariably with a glance at its sensual significance—rang the changes on this many-toned verbal counter. In his earliest play, *Love's Labour Lost* (II. 1, 97—101), after the princess has tauntingly assured the King of Navarre that he will break the oath that he has taken to avoid women's society, the king replies "not for the world, fair madam, by my *will*" (*i.e.*, willingly). The princess retorts "Why *will* (*i.e.*, sensual desire) shall break it (*i.e.*, the oath), *will* and nothing else." In *Much Ado*, when Benedick, anxious to marry Beatrice, is asked by the lady's father "What's your will?" he playfully lingers on the word in his answer that, as for his "will," his "will" is that the father's "goodwill may stand with his" and Beatrice's will—that, in other words, the father may consent to their union. Slender and Anne Page vary the tame sport when the former interprets the young lady's "What is your will?" as an inquiry into the testamentary disposition of his property. To what depth of vapidity Shakespeare and contemporary punsters could sink, is nowhere better illustrated than in the favour they bestowed on efforts to extract amusement from the parities and disparities of form and meaning subsisting between the words "will" and "wish," the latter being in vernacular use as a diminutive of the latter. Twice in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (I. iii. 63 and IV. ii. 96), Shakespeare almost strives to invest with the flavour of epigram the unpretending announcement that one interlocutor's "wish" is in harmony with another interlocutor's "will."

It is in this vein of pleasantry—"will" and "wish" are identically contrasted in Sonnet CXXXV.—that Shakespeare, to the confusion of many readers, makes play with the word "will" in the sonnets, and especially in the two Sonnets (CXXXV—VI.) which alone speciously justify the delusion that the lady is courted by two, or more than two, lovers of the name of Will.² Sonnets CXXXIV. and CXLIII. lack even specious support for this suggestion. They run thus:—

(1) Ed. Mayor, p. 35.

(2) The employment of italics in the original edition of the *Sonnets*, follows, as is the wont of seventeenth century printers, no consistent principle, and confuses the interpretation.

"SONNET CXXXIV.

"So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
 And I myself am mortgaged to thy will.
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still.
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous and he is kind.
 He learn'd but surety-like to write for me,
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
 Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free."

"SONNET CXLIII.

"So, as a careful housewife runs to catch
 One of her feathered creatures broke away,
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:
 So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind;
 But if thou catch thy hope turn back to me,
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
 So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will
 If thou turn back and my loud crying still."

In the former sonnet the poet describes himself as "mortgaged to her will" (*i.e.*, to her personality in which "will," in the double sense of stubbornness and sensual passion is the strongest element), and deplors that the lady has captivated not merely himself but also his friend, who made vicarious advances to her. In the latter sonnet the poet represents the lady as temporarily deserting him in a somewhat hopeless chase of a wayward acquaintance who, standing to her in the insipid relation of a feathered fowl to a housewife, has broken away from her. He finally expresses the hope that, whatever the result of her chase, she may return to him and have her "will" (*i.e.*, may gratify her own and his—her lover Will's—desires).¹

The more complex conceits of Sonnets CXXXV. and CXXXVI. have hitherto defied paraphrase. But their intention becomes obvious when we bear in mind that in them Shakespeare exploits to the utter-

(1) Here Professor Dowden is inclined to accept a reference to the supposititious friend Will, and to believe the poet's prayer—that the lady may have her Will—to refer with singular disinterestedness to the friend "'Will' [i.e. W. H.]" rather than to the poet himself.

most the verbal coincidences which are inherent in the word "will." "Will" is the Christian name of the enslaved writer; "will" is the sentiment with which the lady inspires her worshippers; and "will," in Elizabethan speech, designates alike stubbornness and sensual desire, the two characteristics which, according to the poet's reiterated testimony, are the distinguishing marks of the lady's disposition. He often dwells elsewhere on her "proud heart" or "foul pride," and her sensuality or "foul faults." Sonnet CXXXV. runs:—

"Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,
And will to boot, and will in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will,
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one—Will."

In the opening words, "Whoever hath her wish," the poet prepares the reader for the punning encounter by a slight variation on the current catch-phrase "A woman will have her will." At the next moment we are in the thick of the fray. The lady has not only her lover named Will, but untold stores of "will"—in the sense of stubbornness—and of "will"—in the sense of lust—to which it may seem supererogatory to make addition.¹ To the lady's "over-plus" of "will" is punningly attributed her defiance of the "will" of her suitor Will to enjoy her favours. At the same time a like "will" in others proves to her "right gracious." All this, the poet hazily argues, should be otherwise; for she is so "rich in will" that, as naturally as the sea attracts and absorbs the falling rain, might her abundant store of will be expected to attract and absorb her lover Will's single "will" or desire for her love. The poet sums up his ambition in the final couplet:—

"Let no unkind no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one—Will."

This is as much as to say, "Let not my mistress in her unkindness kill any of her adorers. Rather let her think all who beseech her favours incorporate in one alone of her lovers—and that one the writer whose name is a synonym for the passions that dominate her." The thought is too wire-drawn to be commended, but the lines would

(1) Professor Dowden says "will to boot" is a reference to the Christian name of Shakespeare's friend, William [? Mr. W. H.] (*Sonnets*, p. 236).

sound unfathomed depths of imbecility if we assumed that the poet was not the only one of the lady's lovers—to the definite exclusion of all others—whose name justified the quibbling pretence of identity with the "will" which controls her being.

The same equivocating conceit of the poet Will's title to identity with the lady's "will" in all senses is pursued in Sonnet CXXXVI. The Sonnet opens:—

"If thy soul check thee that I come too near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy will,¹
And will thy soul knows is admitted there."

Here Shakespeare adapts to his punning purpose the familiar philosophic common-place respecting the soul's domination by "will" or volition, which was more clearly expressed in the lines of his contemporary, Sir John Davies, in the philosophic poem, *Nosce Teipsum*:—

"Will holds the royal sceptre in the soul,
And on the passions of the heart doth reign."

Whether Shakespeare's lines be considered with their context or without it, the tenor of their thought and language positively refutes the commentators' notion that the "will" admitted to the lady's soul is a rival lover named Will. The succeeding lines run:—

"Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love;
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account, I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing-me, a something sweet to thee."

Here the poet Will continues to claim, in punning right of his Christian name, a place, however small and inconspicuous, among the varied forms of will (*i.e.*, lust, stubbornness, and willingness to accept others' attentions) which are the constituent elements of the lady's being. Impulsively he brings his fantastic pretension to a somewhat more practical issue in the concluding apostrophe:—

"Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me—for my name is Will."²

This couplet proves even more convincingly than the one which

(1) Shakespeare refers to the blindness, the "sightless view" of the soul, in Sonnet XXVII., and apostrophises the soul as the "centre of his sinful earth," in Sonnet CXLVI.

(2) Mr. Tyler paraphrases these lines thus:—"You love your other admirer named 'Will.' Love the name alone, and then you love me, for my name is Will," p. 297. Professor Dowden, hardly more illuminating in this case, says the lines mean:—"Love only my name (something less than loving myself), and then thou lovest me, for my name is Will, and I myself am all will, *i.e.*, all desire."

clinches the preceding sonnet that none of the rivals whom the poet sought to displace in the lady's affections could by any chance have been, like himself, called Will. The writer could not in sanity have appealed to his mistress to concentrate her love on his name of Will, had it been common to him with one or more rivals and lacked exclusive reference to himself.

No clue to the mystery of the identity of the youth, Shakespeare's friendship with whom is alleged to be the main topic of the sonnets, lies in these sonnets. Nor does it lie in Thorpe's "dedicated words" to "Mr. W. H.," whom, as the patron of his venture, he addressed, with "strained touches of rhetoric," in the ordinary way of business.

There is one, and one only, distinctive fact which the text of the sonnets discloses respecting the young man to whom a certain number were admittedly addressed. Shakespeare categorically states that the young man acted as literary patron, not merely of the writer of the sonnets, but of more than one other contemporary poet.¹ If the riddle of the young man's identity is to be guessed aright, it is on that one fact that those who seek to solve it must concentrate their attention. It is among the patrons possessed of youth, culture, rank, and wealth, in Shakespeare's early days, that the inquiry must be pursued. A careful scrutiny of all the young men of rank and wealth who acted between 1590 and 1600 as patrons of poets can alone lead to a satisfactory conclusion.

Lord Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, attained his twentieth birthday in 1600, and no evidence suggests that before or at that early age he acted as a patron of any poet. Lord Southampton, on the other hand, to whom Shakespeare dedicated his *Venus and Adonis*, in 1593, when his patron was twenty years old, and his *Lucrece*, in 1594, when he was twenty-one, was the recipient of numerous attentions of a like kind in those and succeeding years. Much of the adulation that Shakespeare pays his youthful patron in the sonnets other poets were paying Southampton at the same time in language that was not dissimilar. No young man of like condition was the object of a greater number of dedicatory compliments. Southampton's military experiences, on which Mr. Archer lays unwarrantable stress, were mere episodes in his career. His most abiding characteristic, alike in middle age and youth, was, according to the unvarying testimony of numerous literary protégés, a love of learning and literature, and it is, I believe, to Southampton that Shakespeare addressed such of the sonnets as can be positively credited with a genuinely autobiographic significance.

SIDNEY LEE.

(1) Compare Sonnets XXVI., XXXVIII., LXIX., LXXIX., LXXX., LXXXII.—LXXXVI.

COREA.

I SPENT the greater part of two years in this singular country, just at the time when China seemed to be shaking up her dormant energies and successfully re-asserting her ancestral suzerainty over the Peninsula. During this period opportunities occurred of studying portions of the vernacular history books, as well as those published in Chinese, whether for Chinese readers or for Coreans and Japanese; for it should be remembered that, along with their own vernacular literature, both these latter countries possess standard histories of their own composed almost purely in Chinese. The result has been the accumulation of a considerable mass of undigested material, which I now propose to sift and reconstruct, in brief intelligible form, for the information of European readers who may not feel disposed to charge their memories with the effort of recollecting outlandish names.

In the case of Corean history the evil is aggravated to an abnormal extent by the fact that nearly all proper names have three forms, the Chinese, Corean, and Japanese. Subject to unimportant qualifications, it may be stated in general terms that all proper names, whether of men or of places, are either Chinese, imitations of Chinese, or were first written in Chinese. Half of both the Corean and Japanese vernaculars consists of Chinese words modified to suit the local tongue; just as half the European vernaculars consists of Latin or Greek words similarly modified. To take the single word "Corea" as an instance. Long before either the Japanese or the Coreans had the means of recording the way in which they pronounced this word at home, the Chinese called it Kao-li, whilst the Japanese and Coreans, modifying the Chinese characters according to the strict rules which govern Far Eastern etymologies, pronounce it Ko-rai and Ko-ryé, the last word sounding absolutely like our word Corea. So with the other two states into which the southern part of the Peninsula was once divided: they are styled Sinlo, Shinra, or Sinla; Petsi, Hiaksai, or Pakche; accordingly as the European writer using them may have Chinese, Japanese, or Corean ideas running through his head at the moment. For one fairly well versed in Far Eastern matters this is no more serious than it is for a European to use indiscriminately Vienna, Vienne, and Wien; or Liège, Luik, and Lüttich; but for those reading of the Hermit Kingdom for the first time, or desirous of assimilating quickly the main features of its history without troubling themselves with details, the strangeness of Corean names is itself a serious obstacle, but doubly intensified when presented in uncertain

or changing form. Hence it is the purpose of this sketch to take a rapid review of Corean political history, so far as is possible, without mentioning any proper names at all. Where it is positively necessary to use them, the forms in current use will be chosen; and, if no forms are in current use, then the Japanese forms will be preferred, as being the least repellent of the three to the European ear.

About three thousand years ago a Chinese prince, dissatisfied with the state of affairs at home, emigrated with a few adherents eastwards, and, tradition says, succeeded in establishing a realm of his own in the valley of the modern Yalu. Nine hundred years later, the dynasty which had established itself upon the Chinese throne, in consequence of the above-mentioned unsatisfactory state of affairs, itself tottered to its fall, and the then ruling descendant of the traditional emigrant took the opportunity of asserting a more complete independence of China than his house had hitherto enjoyed. His dependence does not appear to have been so much on the Imperial house itself, in Central China, as on the hereditary vassal princes who represented the Emperor in the outlying region of modern Peking. China at this time was a prey to revolutions, in consequence of which her peninsular neighbour was able to exercise considerable political influence, whether by harbouring refugees, or by assisting the rival claimants. In any case, the history of this very ancient period was not written until the first century of our era, after the Chinese had conquered the country for the first time, and had gathered all the traditions they could. And it was written solely in Chinese and for Chinese; there is no other authority. Amid a sea of words it is difficult to find a single firm foothold of fact. In short, we know nothing whatever of the people, or of what went on in the land now known to us as Corea. But when, as a result of all these wars and revolutions, the celebrated Han dynasty had established itself firmly on the throne, about 200 B.C., we find a new Chinese adventurer from the Peking region, recognised by the Emperor as ruler of a kind of buffer state between China and the barbarians. This state was called then, as it is called now—or was called until the king declared himself Emperor a few months ago—Chaosien, which, in Chinese, means “Morning Freshness.” Its rulers were hereditary, but for a hundred years they were left by China entirely to their own devices, and never came near the Imperial court; so effectively, indeed, did they perform buffer duty that the petty states to their south, including perhaps Japan, were unable to get past them in order to present their respects to the Emperor. In 109 B.C., a Chinese envoy was sent to try and remedy this rising independence of spirit. He was murdered, and the result was a series of Chinese invasions by land and by sea, which culminated in the parcelling out of Chaosien proper into four satrapies. The capital of the kingdom

destroyed as above described, was not the modern Sèul, but a city (half-way between the latter and the Yalu River, which now divides Corea from China), called in modern times Ping-yang, and situated on what the maps now style the Ta-tung River. Chaosien proper embraced the modern Liao Tung, Moukden, and North Corea. The southern parts seem to have been racially similar to, but almost politically independent of, Chaosien.

So far as it is possible to arrange the confused and struggling Chinese statements in orderly sequence, it seems that until the break up of the whole kingdom of Chaosien, the whole peninsula was inhabited by one fairly homogeneous race which had gradually worked its way down south from Manchuria; but there are distinct statements to the effect that the Japanese had some influence on the extreme south coasts, if indeed they did not actually occupy, as indigenous tribes, portions of them. In the north, the people had to contend with pirates, of what we now call Tungusic or Manchu race. At this period, both the name "Manchu" and the name "Japan" were totally unknown; the northern and southern neighbours of the peninsular people were, however, much inferior in civilisation to themselves. All three races spoke, and still speak, agglutinative languages, closely akin in syntax, but totally different in individual words; and all three again quite different in construction from the Chinese, from which, however, they have largely borrowed individual words to eke out their own primitive vocabularies.

The rule of Chinese proconsuls, or of native satraps in the position of Chinese proconsuls, was never very effective, and in any case disappeared before the end of the fourth century. The displaced kings always "moved on," and re-established themselves in one or the other of the tribal units or petty states, forming the *Hinterland* of this or that proconsulate. Besides, China herself had to struggle with the Tartars, the progenitors of the Turks and the Manchus, and these Tartars often shut off all communication by land between the peninsula and the empire. Indeed, during the whole of the fifth and sixth centuries the north parts of China proper were directly ruled by Tartar Emperors. During this transition period, the peninsula was in the main divided into three independent kingdoms, which had gradually evolved themselves out of the ruins of old Chaosien and her semi-independent vassals on the one hand, and of the nominal Chinese proconsulates on the other. We have fairly complete histories of all these kingdoms. The light thrown upon each other by the inferior Japanese and Corean chronicles confirm in the main the statements of the much more trustworthy Chinese accounts. Buddhism had been introduced along with Chinese literature. Roughly speaking, Corea and Japan were affected by these in the same measure that Gaul and Albion were affected by Christianity and Roman literature. There is this difference: China

never for one instant occupied any part of Japan, and her occupation of Corea was only as partial and temporary as the Roman occupation of Britain. Chinese political influence from the land side never extended far into the two southern kingdoms of Shinra and Hiaksai, whose history is chiefly bound up with that of Japan and the Chinese coast. But the northern state of Kao-keu-li (afterwards corrupted or abbreviated into Kao-li), had nothing at all to do with Japan, whose pretended "conquest of Corea" by the Empress Jingō—a most suggestive name in view of her supposed aggressive policy—certainly never took place. The word in its origin seems to mean "Corea of the Kao family," and "Cocorai" gradually dropped into "Corai."

About A.D. 600, the Emperor of re-united China, when on a visit to the Turkish Khan, met a Corean envoy in the nomad's tent, and had his attention drawn by an ambitious courtier to the fact that Corea had once been a Chinese province. The King, when reminded of his ancestral duty, declined to take steps to resume it, or to come to court, and several bloody invasions were the result of his contumacy, in which operations China's resources were seriously strained. It was not until 668, however, that the succeeding Chinese dynasty, with Turkish assistance, effected the complete conquest of the peninsula. The sequence of events is as follows: by A.D. 307, the four proconsulates had been absorbed into the northernmost of the three peninsular states; the old name of Chaosien had entirely disappeared except in poetry or elegant literature; and by A.D. 500 the abbreviated name of Corea had begun to take the place of the trisyllable. All three kingdoms had extensive relations with China, Corea chiefly by land and with the Tartar Emperors, the other two mostly by sea and with the southern courts at Nanking. When China was re-united in 580, the Tartar Dynasties disappeared as imperial rulers for 300 years, though the Turks and Ouigours continued to exercise powerful political influence throughout this period. China lost 250,000 men in the invasion of 611, but many of these simply remained as prisoners and settlers in Corea. Still the Coreans thought it prudent, despite their successful resistance, to recognise the suzerainty of their powerful neighbour. In 640, the great T'ang dynasty of China, which had now put an end, once for all, to the scramble for Empire, began to consider the advisability of re-establishing direct Chinese rule in Corea. A pretext was found in 643, when Shinra applied to China for protection against the designs of Corea and Hiaksai. A great battle was fought near An-ju, but the Chinese, who remained on the field, themselves suffered enormous losses, and can hardly be said to have pulled off a real victory. But in 668, as a consequence of further operations, the capital and the King both fell into Chinese hands, and Corea was once more parcelled out, this time into five military proconsulates, but mostly of native race. It has ever been the half-and-half policy of

the Chinese to use native rulers until their people are ripe for absorption into the Imperial system. Corea at that time contained a population of between 600,000 and 700,000 households, or say 3,000,000 souls. Probably the other two peninsular kingdoms together were as large. This conquest also involved the surrender of Hiaksai (including the large Japanese population) and Quelpaert, both of which were annexed to Shinra. Work was found for some of the brave generals of Corea and Hiaksai in the Chinese army, and two of them specially distinguished themselves in Tibet and the Pamir region; 60,000 Corean troops were settled in the region round Nanking, and the King himself was interned in Western China. His son was appointed chief proconsul in his place, and gradually gained his independence.

But Corea's fall had the result of creating a powerful Manchu state to the north, the nucleus of which consisted of the semi-barbarous Tungusic tribes that had formerly been under the rule of Corea. This state (called Puh-hai or Botskai), attained a very considerable degree of civilisation, and endured for over two hundred years, when it was gradually absorbed into the Cathayan and Golden Tartar Empires of North China. These in turn made way for the Mongols. The southern peninsular state of Shinra continued to exist also until the beginning of the tenth century, and, like Corea, as a tributary to China. During this period Japan had continuous relations with both Botskai and Shinra.

The T'ang dynasty, like all Oriental dynasties, soon lost the virility which brought it into existence. Tibetans, Turks, Manchus, and others began to lop off the gangrenous extremities, just as Russians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Japanese are doing now. In A.D. 918, a Chinese settler or adventurer set up a new kingdom, then first officially styled Kao-li or Corea, and by no other name, with capital at Kaisōng; it was recognised in 932 by the Turkish Emperor of China, then ruling in the north, and this dynasty lasted down to 1392. It seems subsequently to have allied itself by preference to the Southern Chinese dynasties of Nanking and Hangchow against the Cathayans and Golden Horde Nūchēns of the north. From A.D. 900 to 1368 these Tartars, both of them allied in a way to the now reigning Manchus, had it pretty much their own way north of the Yellow River; but Corea seems to have managed, by temporising and trimming, to maintain her kingdom intact on all sides. Genghiz and Ogdai Khans had some brushes with Corea, and Ogdai even went so far, in 1231, as to appoint seventy-two Mongol *darugachi* to supervise the administration; but the people promptly rose against and murdered them all. During Kublai's long reign, the Kings of Corea were fairly regular with their tribute. The Emperor's great object was to secure Corean co-operation in his projects against Japan; but Corea, though jealous of Japan, did not seem to like the rôle of jackal

to the Tartar lion. This shiftiness led to a good deal of Mongol interference in Corean affairs, and for some time Kublai hesitated whether he would not declare war against Corea first; as it was, the capital was occupied, or "protected" in modern style, and the King had to fly to Kang-wa Island. In Corean history flight to Kang-wa seems to be a concomitant of all revolutions, and as regular an occurrence as the land attack *viâ* the Yalu River and the sea attack *viâ* Chefoo. Except that the Japanese of 1894 worked in a reverse direction, all marches against Corea have followed the same lines. In 1273, Kublai's general took the chief or only city in Quelpaert, and further pressure was put on Corea in order to secure her naval co-operation. The King, who had meanwhile married a Mongol princess, wrote to Japan to call upon her to submit to Kublai, but Japan took no notice of his summons. Corea's good faith was seriously suspected during these negotiations, and it was therefore secretly resolved by Kublai to occupy the southern and western parts—the old Hiaksai, with the victorious troops on their return from Japan. However, the Japan expedition of 1281 was a complete failure, and in the following year we find the King complaining to Kublai of Japan's retaliatory attacks. Just before his death Kublai restored Quelpaert to Corea, but the remaining Mongol Emperors continued to interfere a good deal in Peninsular affairs. In the Japan war Marco Polo's "Vonsanichin" is Hung Ts'a-ch'iu, and "Abatan" is either Alohan, or Antaha who replaced him when sick. Marco Polo's account (except as to date) is textually borne out by the Chinese narrator.

In 1368 the Mongols were driven out of China, and Tartar rule disappeared altogether from the Empire until the rise of the Manchus nearly three centuries later. The King of Corea hastened to seek investiture from the ex-priest, who had thus secured the Chinese throne. Probably with a view to ingratiating himself with the new Emperor, the King in his letter laid stress upon the fact that he "relied solely upon Buddhism for happiness." The Emperor-priest promptly replied: "Take warning by the imperial Buddo-maniacs of antiquity: you have the Japanese on the south, and the Tungusic Tartars to your north: look to your defences rather than to your hymn-books!" In 1374 the King was murdered by one of his officers, who bore the same family name—Li or Ngi—as the Emperor of China. After a period of anarchy, the leading Coreans at last elected another general, called Li Ch'êng-kwei, or Li Tan, who, in 1392, was formally recognised by the Emperor of China. The name Corea was now abandoned, and the ancient Chaosien re-adopted as the national rallying word. This man it was who built the modern metropolis of Séul—a purely Corean word, of which I vainly endeavoured to find the meaning when there. If it has any meaning at all

shipwrecked seamen; but there was just a touch of the ridiculous about the "victories," promptly followed by retirement; however, the action of the gallant Admiral was limited by his instructions.

In 1873 the King attained his majority, and, backed by the old Queen Chō, managed to get rid of his father's dictation: his wife, Queen Min—the unfortunate lady recently murdered with the supposed connivance of the Japanese envoy, Miura—also proved of great assistance in steadying the policy of her somewhat too easy-going husband. The Japanese, who had ever since the war of 1597 continued to hold a severely restricted commercial footing at Pusan, succeeded in making a treaty with Corea in 1876; they also had found it necessary to attack Kang-wa Island in consequence of certain Korean outrages upon Japanese seamen, and they were certainly more effective in their general conduct than either the French or the Americans had been. Besides Pusan, the ports of Genzan in Broughton Bay and Chemulpho, near the capital, were opened to Japanese trade. In 1873, W. Mayers, Her Majesty's Consul at Chefoo, had already, of his own motion, made a flying visit to Corea in order to protest against the ill-treatment of British sailors, and in 1880 a British consular officer accompanied the Italian war-vessel, *Vittor Pisani*, upon a mission to Pusan in connection with the same subject. In this case, however, the Italians had the more agreeable duty to perform of thanking the Coreans for aid given to shipwrecked seamen. The Duke of Genoa, who was on board, was the first foreign official to receive a written reply to his letters. In 1880 the United States Commodore, Shufeldt, who was charged with the duty of opening communications, failed to get his letter sent on from Pusan to the capital because he had inadvertently addressed the King by the obsolete title of "Corean," instead of "Chaosien," Majesty. Li Hung-Chang, then Viceroy at Tientsin, now began to use his influence with prominent Coreans in order to promote the friendship of that secluded country with China and America, and, accordingly, in 1882, Commodore Shufeldt succeeded, supported by three Chinese men-of-war, in securing the Korean signature to treaties with the United States and China. Admiral Willes was next in the field, and three weeks later he had concluded a treaty with Great Britain; the French and Germans followed in the month of June. Meanwhile the Japanese had firmly established themselves in their Legation at Seoul, and the Chinese were quietly preparing to assert the new position accorded to them by treaty. Towards the end of July a revolution broke out in favour of the King's father; the Japanese were attacked, and had to fight their way down to Chemulpho, but soon returned in force sufficient to compel satisfaction. Whilst these details were being arranged with the King's father on behalf of the King, the Chinese suddenly appeared upon the scene,

with her vassal, and had sent consuls to the three ports; yet she claimed for her "resident" a status higher than that of the European representatives, and required the King to treat him with special deference. Her policy was to introduce as many Chinese traders, labourers, and soldiers, as possible; to keep the King as much as she could under her thumb; to thwart Japanese and Russian attempts to establish political influence at her expense; and to play with other European powers (including America in that category), accordingly as it should from time to time suit her interests to hold with the hare or to run with the hounds. In short, it was a false position all round, and this false position was made the worse by the dubious policy of her agents, who were never loyally trusted or supported when by chance they acted rightly.

Japan had first of all her baseless traditions of Jingo's conquests to influence her sentimentally; her undoubted interests for many centuries in South Corea; her successful raids of 1597-8; her foothold at Pusan; her jealousy of China's pretensions to superiority; her ambition to shine as a civilized power; her long-standing sympathy with the United States; her need for a colonising field; and general considerations of rising ambition. She declined to regard Corea as other than an independent power.

The attitude of the United States was singular. First of all there was her traditional sympathy with all budding nationalities desirous of shaking off the trammels of tyranny; then there was the American form of "Exeter Hall" influence, and the undoubted fact that the Coreans took kindly to the invasion of Yankee missionaries. Moreover, in 1885 several well-supported American jobbers and contractors began to compete for concessions. Conquest or political monopoly was of course not in accordance with United States principles. Yet in one sense America had been the first to set the ball a-rolling. She was certainly the first to gain a "victory" of any kind in warfare, and also the first of the white races to secure a treaty. She declined to recognise Chinese pretensions—though even here Judge Denny, as Li-Hung-Chang's *employé*, was necessarily on a different footing from the United States Minister—she was irritated by Chinese arrogance, and thus, although in no way hostile to British influence on its merits, found herself in a way ranged on the Japanese and Russian side.

Russia, of course, wanted, some time or other, to secure a port free from ice. After the scare arising out of the Pendjeh incident was over, Great Britain withdrew from Port Hamilton, Russia at the same time (it was said) promising China not under any circumstances to occupy any part of Corea. Now that China has by treaty with Japan fully recognised Corea's independence, it is of course for international law experts to decide—academically, at least—what becomes of this promise. Russia had also her frontier trade, Corean labour immi-

grants, and general interests to look to besides the naval port question. At this period France had as yet given no sign of joining hands with Russia in the Far East. Her immediate interest was purely a missionary one, based upon the persecutions of two centuries, which of course under the new condition of affairs must cease for ever. The insolence of Chinese pretensions, which might easily have been successfully asserted if done in an open, conciliatory, honourable way, was naturally displeasing to the Russian representative, who might, moreover, have been misled by the silly vapourings of the English "jingo" press into over-estimating Great Britain's supposed share in the pro-Chinese policy.

Germany's position may be dismissed in a word. She was acting as inexpensively as possible, and with this end in view followed England's lead, at the same time eagerly picking up on the way any good things in the way of trade, contracts, privileges, &c., that might turn up. Her representatives had no great personal authority; in fact, the Korean position was scarcely understood in Germany, who simply felt her way along.

Great Britain's attitude was complicated by innumerable accidents. First there was the premature death of Sir Harry Parkes, the real "opener" of Korea, who had been silently working with this end in view ever since the Japanese Treaty of 1876. Then there was the premature break up in the health of Mr. Aston, Sir Harry Parkes' able henchman, the only white man (not in hiding) who knew the Korean language up to the date of the treaties of 1882. Add to this unfortunate removal at a critical moment of both the skipper and the steersman, we must consider the effect of the loss of Khartoum, of the Pendjeh incident, of the conquest of Burma, of three changes of ministry in England during one year, and it will be seen that the scratch implements got together for dealing with the mass of new and raw material were at best severely handicapped. Then there was the material itself. How could Korea be recognised as independent of China when Korea herself persisted in asserting her dependence, and when the reorganization of the Chinese navy, under the patronage of the Emperor's father, formed what looked like a tangible guarantee that China had the power to compel recognition of her claims? Manifestly both Russia and Japan might be supposed to have objects of their own to serve in assisting the independence of Korea. The King was a poor, good-natured creature, who was practically at the beck and nod of any one, and the last one who could get at him.

The Queen, who monopolized the royal brains and nerves, was at any rate anti-Japanese, if not pro-Chinese. It was not easy for the agents of any country to come to clearly defined resolutions, even supposing absolutely true facts could have been ascertained with a view to deciding upon them. In a country beset with personal in-

trigue, political jobbery, murderous cabals, wild canards, and financial knavery, it is often extremely difficult to distinguish the fools from the knaves, and both from the disinterested patriot; and, even if an officer be at the outset uprightly disposed, he may be betrayed into mistake and yield to the temptation of saving his own skin at the expense of every one and everything else. It is quite certain that, whatever others may have done, Coreans themselves and Chinese often yielded to this temptation. It is also quite certain that no British Government, at any stage of the mean and petty local intrigues, ever sanctioned a dirty act, directly or indirectly, or was ever conscious of being the instrument of committing one. In a higher sphere it was in the same predicament that its agents were in in a lower sphere: it had to act upon the scraps of incomplete and incoherent information vouchsafed to it. As Great Britain had then practical charge of China's rising navy; had to humour China about the Burmese frontier; had only just emerged from a dispute with Russia; had no particular reason for drawing close to Japan; and was just in the act of withdrawing from Port Hamilton; it naturally followed that, on broad lines, she appeared to range herself, with Germany, on the Chinese or Suzerain side, as opposed to the Russo-Americo-Japanese side recognising and preaching Corea's independence. Out of this chaos an exceptionally strong, fearless, and upright man on the spot, whatever his nationality, might possibly have rescued his colleagues from suspicion and restored a situation honourable to all concerned. As it was, the fierce smouldering jealousy between China and Japan was allowed to spread itself into flame; China's false position, during seven more years of intrigue, betrayed her at last into attempting a *coup* on her own account; her tergiversatory and supercilious attitude in missionary matters effectively alienated from her all sympathy on the part of European nations; and when, after China had sacrificed the efficiency of her navy to a miserable personal intrigue, the Japanese promptly mobilised in order to forestall China's underhand attempt to get an army into Corea, China soon discovered that she was a helpless, lifeless carcase, without effective army or navy, without credit or allies, in the clutches of a daring and spirited foe.

Japan had plenty of warning that Russia was quietly biding her time during the war until both adversaries should have exhausted themselves, and she has no one but herself to blame for attempting to establish herself in Manchuria, without first counting the cost and making up her mind to run the whole risk, thus courting a diplomatic humiliation. If this settlement had been allowed, it would have only been a step towards turning Corea into a Japanese province: in any case, Corea would have been immediately wedged in, north and south, between two Japanese armies and navies. That

Russia had to seek the assistance of France and Germany in order to oust Japan, proves that Russia was not prepared, or not strong enough, to tackle Japan alone. Japan has now a naval base extending in an unbroken line from Kamchatka to the Pescadores; all her ports are free from ice all the year round; all her forces are within easy hail; and backed up by a peppery, courageous, pugnacious population, equal in numbers to that of France, or Germany, or Great Britain; with all the advantages of climate, cheap living, of individual intelligence, patriotism, and ambition on its side.

China is in a position of sad humiliation. To find that all her armies were mobs of cowards was bad enough, though by no means a novelty, or without palliation, when we consider the contemptible quality of the average Chinese general or mandarin; to condescend to sign away part of the cradle of her race was for the Manchu dynasty a further precipitate descent in dignity; to meekly accept Russo-French intervention, without having either the ability or the courage to turn it to account in a profitable way, was to drop stupidly and hopelessly into the ditch of intrigue in which Corea has so long wallowed. No doubt when the Germans administered a further kick to the dying lion by pouncing on Kiao-Chou they calculated that Great Britain would at once take alarm, violently appropriate "compensation" in the same style, and thus give France and Russia a fair excuse for moving in on a large scale. This act of the drama is, however, still in process of rehearsal, and it remains to be seen how it will be received by the world's audience when the curtain rises.

Corea is a splendid country: the summer, in three-fourths of the provinces, is bright, bracing, and temperate, not unlike that of Nova Scotia; in any case, the hot weather and mosquitoes do not last more than a month or two at the utmost. The winter is clear and very cold, rather like that of New York, or, perhaps, Quebec. Taken as a whole, the land is fertile, and the rice especially "has a bone in it," which turns out tough natives, and makes it very highly esteemed, even in Japan. Its bean crop is also enormous, and it has a plentiful supply of gold, cattle, tobacco, hemp, paper, leather, vegetables, fish, and medicine. The inhabitants are clean-made, erect, active walkers, with a physique, perhaps not so wiry, but far superior in grace to that of either the Chinese or the Japanese; not so coarse and uncouth in movement as the German physique; perhaps more like that of the Spaniards in general build than that of any other European nation. Women are kept in seclusion, and one sees none but old hags in the market-places. The men are great eaters, indefatigable marchers, ready drinkers, when they can get the liquor, interminable smokers, and very quarrelsome. But they are lazy, except under stimulus; calm and deliberate, except under provocation; obstinate, destitute of moral feeling, full of natural religious emotion, whilst recognising no

religious sanctions; dirty in person, thievish, cunning, untrustworthy, but affectionate and loyal if kindly treated.

They are without the simpering politeness of the Chinese or the obsequious ceremony of the Japanese. "Good form" is imperturbable placidity, deliberation, and taciturnity. Not even a Turk can approach a Corean in perfect calm and restfulness of attitude. The trading instinct seems good and well developed, but of course lack of experience and organization keeps it backward. The agricultural labourer works well, and would be hard-working if the fruits of his labour were secured to him. Party feeling runs wonderfully high amongst the official classes, who are corrupt almost to a man, cruel, and full of fierce personal hatreds; but both civil and military mandarins are often exceedingly refined in manner. I never saw more perfect manners in any country than those of the general at Torai, who entertained me in the most princely fashion. His palace was scrupulously clean, but very plainly furnished; his clothes were of the finest possible texture; his hands and nails clean; his hat and "button" a marvel of "basket-work," art, and jewel carving; in short, his whole bearing, as also the wine and sweetmeats he gave me, showed the utmost refinement and good taste.

The Corean people, whatever their defects, are much more susceptible of improvement than the Chinese or Japanese. Though destitute of religion, they make the most loyal of converts and obstinate of martyrs when once their hearts are touched. In many respects the peasant is like the Russian *muzik*. Kindness makes him brim over with gratitude, and he will fight to the death for any one who treats him with consideration. There could not be a finer colonising country than Corea, and any European race could easily withstand the summer heat. Carefully drilled, the Coreans would make as fine infantry soldiers as any in the world. The people possess no prejudices or habits which would make it impossible for British settlers to live on equal terms with them. Even their seclusion of women is not very serious. National jealousies, of course, stand in our way; but if we had a free hand we could, in ten years, make a second South Africa out of Corea at a very small expenditure of money, and next to none of force.

E. H. PARKER.

FORTY YEARS IN THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

“WHAT a rum thing time is, Neddy, ain’t it?” asked Mr. Roker, head turnkey of the Fleet Prison, of one of his fellows—illustrating his question by a remark, “It seems but yesterday that I saw Tom Martin whop the coal-heaver down Fox-under-the-Hill and a-coming along between two street-keepers, a little sobered by the bruising, with a patch of winegar and brown paper over his right eyelid, and that ’ere lovely bull-dog as arterwards pinned the little boy a-following at his heels.”

I find time equally as flitting as Mr. Roker did, as it seems but yesterday that I was standing close to the Bar of the House of Lords when the Corn Bill was brought up from the Commons by the members who attended the Speaker; and old Lord Shaftesbury (father of the great philanthropist), the Chairman of the House of Lords, who acted for the Lord Chancellor when absent, walked down the House to the Bar, and after three bows interchanged with the Speaker received the Bill which had passed the Commons; and on being told its title muttered in one of his audible whispers, “And a rascally Bill too,” and he added the “big, big D” as a prefix to “rascally.” This I would swear to, as I was within a yard of him. You see his Lordship was a young man in the days of the Regency, when manners were rather “free.”

The old Lord Shaftesbury was much esteemed by all parties as a hard-working, clever old gentleman, and was notorious for this thinking out loud, at which bystanders judiciously “coughed.” I witnessed this in 1846. The champions of Free Trade were much in evidence amongst the Members who accompanied the Speaker to the Lords. I think Mr. Patterson, M.P. for the City of London, handed in the Bill. He was an advanced middle-aged man of very large dimensions, and the only Member of the House who wore the old-fashioned dress of drab breeches and gaiters, loose black-tailed coat and waistcoat, and limp, loose white neck-cloth—signs of undoubted wealth. *Punch* knew him as *mutum in parco*, “Patterson in smalls”; but call him what you please, he was much respected by all parties.

Bright and Cobden, and the Hon. C. P. Villiers—now alas, no more—three of the chief leaders on the Corn Bill Question, were amongst those who accompanied “the message to the Lords.”

Just as Mr. Roker’s memory was refreshed by the contest between Tom Martin (on whom Mr. Pickwick was to be “chummed”) and

the coal-heaver, so mine is refreshed by the railway mania and by the celebrated fight over Free Trade which raged throughout all England, and caused riots in many localities, and the stormiest debates in the House of Commons; and it seems to me hardly possible that over half a century has passed since those days. And how came I to be at the Bar of the Lords? It happened "thusly," as Artemus Ward used to say. After four years passed in the office of a very "swell" firm of solicitors whose clients were almost exclusively peers, country gentlemen, and people of high position—where I was at liberty to pick what law I could, in exchange for three hundred guineas prepaid, without any one to instruct me—I came to the conclusion that my chances of ever earning £100 for myself were very visionary, as the firm had no general business, but simply conveyancing.

To my great delight, when the railway mania, which broke out in 1845, was at its height, on the meeting of Parliament in 1846, a firm in Parliament Street, who were at their wits' end for help, made an offer to the gentlemen with whom I was to take over the articles of any pupil, and to give him a hundred guineas for the session, and engage him afterwards at a good salary if efficient. I jumped at the offer, and found myself in a new world, which exactly suited me. There was a rush and a tear of business; constant excitement, continuous work from half-past nine in the morning till the small hours, from February till after Whitsuntide; though after that date the all-nights were somewhat curtailed. To cut a long story short. I pulled the labouring oar for a few years, and saw every class of business, and earned money enough to keep me, till I found myself man enough to sail my own ship, and I stayed in Parliament Street for forty years.

My first duty being to attend in the lobby of the House of Commons daily at four o'clock when the House met, and to learn, as far as possible, the names of all the Members, I found myself, so to say, rubbing shoulders with all the eminent men in Parliament, as well as those connected with the business; and there passed before my eyes all the prominent peers and members, engineers, railway magnates, and contractors; and I had the *entrée* to all parts of the House, and also to the House of Lords.

The first face I recognised in the Commons' lobby was that of little Williams, the head doorkeeper, as an officer of the House, who was in charge of the Strangers' Gallery in July, 1834, to which my father took me on my way home from Laleham, where I was at school, and where I saw, in the following October, from my bedroom window, the blaze over London which proclaimed the destruction of the Houses of Parliament.

The thing which struck me in the old House of 1834 was seeing Members with their hats on laughing and talking together, not a few

of them attired in breeches and top-boots, and some wearing white hats, which were considered the sign of a Radical—a class from which all country parsons' sons (of whom I was one) shrank in horror. I also remember how I was struck by the large glass chandelier with many rows of wax candles, which hung from the roof.

In addition to the railway mania, 1846 was the celebrated year of the battle of Free Trade. In the country we should have liked to have rigged up the gallows and have hung Cobden, Bright, and the other apostles of Free Trade who went round the counties in 1845-6. Setting politics wholly aside, how differently we look back on many of these agitators after their death.

I make a remark here, which is that I shall take the liberty of frequently calling well-known public men by surname only, on the same principle which the subaltern adopted in naming the Duke as "Wellington" within the old warrior's hearing, who told him that he should not speak so familiarly of the Commander of the forces. "I beg your pardon, your Grace," said the young officer, "but I never heard of any prefix to the name of Cæsar or Napoleon, and I treated your name with a similar honour." I may also remark that I avoid all modern politics.

I could recognise very many members from *Punch* caricatures. There was no mistaking Cobden, or Bright, or Peel, or Palmerston, and especially Lord John Russell, or D'Israeli, or Sibthorpe, or Lord Morpeth, afterwards Lord Carlisle, one of the kindest and most genial of men. Having been brought up in the strongest old Tory school, I felt indignant at seeing Mr. Wilson Patten (a Tory county member afterwards Lord Wimborne) shaking hands cordially with Cobden and laughingly asking "If he did not feel the tyranny of taxation in the penny bun which the latter was eating at the refreshment stall." And when I heard the door-keeper shout, "Who wants Mr. Bright?" I said to myself "The D., I should think."

Muntz, the member for Birmingham, the only man with a beard except Colonel Sibthorpe, a magnificent specimen of a thorough John Bull to look at, with his low-crowned hat, collars like two sails, long frock-coat, buttoned across his chest, full trousers, broad thick boots and carrying a stick like a small tree, was a lion amongst the ultra-Radicals and anti-Church rate party, and had been prosecuted for a riot in the vestry.

His brother member, Richard Spooner, a charming amiable old gentleman who was always early in attendance to assist the Speaker in all matters of private legislation, was the Don Quixote of ultra-Protestantism, and ran his annual tilt against the Maynooth Grant with the same success as the real Don achieved against the windmills.

Mr. Brotherton, Radical member for Oldham, a dear old boy who was a total abstainer, vegetarian, and earnest Baptist, ran in couples

with the old Tory Mr. Spooner and worked with him in assisting the Speaker in minor details of the House. Both were on the "Tea-room Committee," and the couple were called the "old ladies." They were the compilers of the tariff which was printed and stuck up regulating the prices: for "single cup of tea, 3d.;" "ditto and one slice of bread and butter, 4d.;" "small pot of tea with a muffin or bread and butter, 6d.;" &c. The tea-room was used for the Chairman of Committees' sittings on unopposed bills; and the keeper of the room said that the dear old fogies almost wept when some wag who was attending an unopposed Committee, with a sacrilegious pen wrote in red ink at the bottom of the tariffs, "*shrimps or creeses*, 2d. extra." And here is the place to note that one of the charms of Parliamentary life in the House and amongst parties who are engaged in daily strife, was that, amongst well-bred people no matter how great discrepancy there might be in politics or personal interest, good manners and courtesy prevailed. The Speaker, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, one of the handsomest and most genial and dignified men in England, reigned supreme, his word was law, no one doubted it.

I can speak from pretty long experience that in rival companies' contests which have been waged with every available weapon, if, by mutual consent, a truce has been called, and both sides showed their hands with an eye to establishing a *modus vivendi*, and it has ended in fighting it out before a Committee, not a word spoken in confidence was ever dropped or hinted at by either side, in the Committee-room; and moreover I have seen compromises which involved thousands and thousands of pounds settled by word of mouth, leaving the details of carrying them out to some disinterested party afterwards.

Now let us reckon up Cobden and Bright on looking back in their past. True it is that Cobden was very hard against the aristocracy and their influence, and dead in favour of peace, and carrying his dislike of military matters to such an extent that he cheapened the Iron Duke. He had known poverty and hardship in his youth, and if truth was spoken, the Tory party rode hard enough at him and heaped obloquy on him and his Quaker ally.

The latter was not afraid, and if the Hon. Grantley Berkley's record of his own days is to be credited—and I believe he is pretty accurate—Cobden told him, "If Bright had not been a Quaker I believe he would have been a prize-fighter." It is pleasant now to remember how Peel, who had changed his mind about the Corn Bill, gave the credit of its success to Cobden, and how Peel, when the last stage of the Bill was carried, walked out of the House, and to his surprise found the street almost black with people, who, without riotous shouting or clamour, accompanied him to his house in Whitehall Gardens with great respect, bareheaded. I have no politics now of any kind, except that I hate the old politicians who are now off

the wires, and whose teeth are gone, growling and snapping with an eye to making those who are now on the wires fight and squabble; but I know the fact was that the accompaniers of Sir Robert Peel to his house were the people who wanted the bread; and that in 1845 the great "corn ring" were masters of the situation and the stack-yards were almost groaning with corn, and the farmers were holding back for still higher prices, which were then enormous, in the autumn. One likes now to call to the mind's eye Lord Palmerston's interview with Cobden, some years after the Corn Bill era, when, by the Queen's earnest desire, he was offered honours and power, both of which he respectfully declined. I believe him to have been a thoroughly honest man. And as to the old Quaker, who was true to his Queen and country, it is refreshing to revert to the days when he was waging constant war. I call to mind hearing him, in 1848, in the House of Commons, on the appointment of a new Bishop of Manchester. Quoting from memory (as I do throughout), he said, "You wanted a new Bishop of Jerusalem a short time ago. How did that holy man go out—with his staff and his scrip like one of the apostles? Not a bit of it: he went out in Her Majesty's steam frigate *Retribution*, and landed under a salute of 18 guns, not far from the spot where the apostle lodged with Simon the tanner." This I heard, and no scene in a pantomime of the past—even when clown and pantaloon took lodgings together, and clown, thinking the housemaid had left the warming-pan in the bed, pulls at a wooden protuberance, and at the end of it comes a drunken sailor whose wooden leg has stuck out at the bottom, and who with much nautical language fights them both—ever produced greater roars of laughter than did the Quaker's reckoning up the colonial bishop. Or when we turn again to the Quaker, who was attacking, in Parliament, the ruinous expense of the army, and claimed that the young officers with their scarlet and gold, were kept up mainly for the amusement of the young ladies of the aristocracy; and he added, "And these young ladies pet the robin redbreast, who is the most quarrelsome and disreputable of birds—simply because he wears a red waistcoat." And lastly, when we remember his passionate appeal, during the Crimean war, to Lord Palmerston for peace—again quoting from memory—"The Angel of Death has gone abroad through the land till you can almost hear the beating of his wings. There are none here to scatter blood upon the lintel and the door-post, and from the palace to the cottage there is hardly a house in which there is not one dead." Why, the fact is that Bright's memory is dear to all reasonable men, no matter what their politics may be. Reverting once more to the Quaker's utterances, who does not remember his speech at Birmingham when a Minister of the Gladstone Government. "You call ours harassing legislation, and of course all progressive governments must be harassing legislators, and

doubtless, when Moses brought the Law down from the Mount, many stout Conservatives present thought the Ten Commandments very harassing legislation."

How these ghosts of the past haunt me now, as I see them passing before me. Here is Sir Robert Peel just arrived, whom O'Connell described as a man with a protuberant stomach and two left legs. There is the familiar blue frock-coat, canary-coloured waistcoat, and grey trousers, the hat rather back on the head, and the black ribbon and eye-glass hanging in front. He has a grave expression on his face, as the fact was that he sacrificed numberless private friendships, like all men who find that a time has come to change their minds. He wanted to resign when he saw that the Corn Bill was a State necessity, and the Duke of Wellington backed him, foretelling serious riots and disturbance if no relief was given. However, that is all passed and gone now.

Here is Sir Robert's secretary, the late Lord Cardwell, then Mr. Cardwell, who is almost his shadow, and a new Member of the Government, who was called "young Mr. Gladstone." Mr. Gladstone must have been in Parliament some thirteen years, as he took part in the Slave Trade Question in the thirties, and both spoke and voted for the abolition of slavery provided there was ample compensation. He had just taken office in the place of the then Lord Stanley, afterwards "The Rupert of debate," as Lord Derby, in the Lords, who had drawn his sword against his former leader, Sir Robert, and had thrown away the scabbard; and at his side two knights, the least expected, appeared, Lord George Bentinck, who had just sold off his large racing shed, and had abandoned the turf for politics, and Benjamin D'Israeli, who was generally looked on previously as champion of the Young England party, remarkable by his rolling velvet collar to his frock-coat, white waistcoat, and dandy trousers and patent-leather boots. No one dreamt of his grand future then. Lord George was one of the handsomest and best dressed men in the House, and one of the most polished gentlemen. It seems funny to look back on the number of ghosts. Joseph Hume, the hard-headed old Scotchman, the terror of Chancellors of the Exchequer—no one could fail to mark the sturdy figure and firm-cut features.¹ He and Cobden and Bright and Milner Gibson were practically the heads of the extreme Radical party. They were the hobby-riders against taxes on knowledge, and advocates of abolition of the newspaper stamps, advertisement duty, and paper duty. Then come some other hobby-riders: Lord Duncan, afterwards Lord Camperdown—who was named Trotty Veck, as he was always carrying about

(1) It is pleasant to remember that when Peel's sad death was communicated to the House, that Hume, his old opponent, immediately moved the adjournment of the House amid dead silence; and also that when the Crimean War broke out he announced that, as the country was at stake, he would not question a single Army or Navy Estimate.

a dispatch-box—who was death on the glass duty; Mr. Ewart, an amiable, quiet member, who annually brought forward a motion against punishment of death, and so far succeeded that, according to ordinary parlance, it requires some ingenuity to get hung now, if there is a fair loophole for the Home Office to creep through; the Hon. Henry Berkeley, with his green cut-away coat and brass buttons, who had an annual tilt in favour of the ballot; the quiet Joseph Protherton, “the nightcap of the House,” who annually attempted a motion for early closing; and, as before mentioned, the equally amiable old “Joe Spooner,” who in vain tried to upset the grant to Maynooth; and least expected of all things, Mr. Duncombe, “Tommy Duncombe,” of Finsbury, very handsome, well dressed, well bred, and fashionable man, stands out before me as “the Chartist Champion.” Whether he really cared about the cause or not is a mystery. He was a most popular member with all parties, and a regular club and society man in private life. He was a kind-hearted man and perhaps he believed in the cause. His successor, Fergus O’Connor, was an ill-mannered boer, and was ultimately declared insane. He fanned the flames of the Chartist riots in 1848.

There were also what would now be called the “Advanced Liberals,” in those days, “Radicals,” Sir Benjamin Hall, afterwards Lord Llanover, the pioneer for promoting beauty of the parks; Lord Robert Grosvenor, afterwards Lord Ebury; Sir de Lacy Evans, a good soldier in the Crimean War, who discovered the weak point in our defences and pointed it out; Sir William Molesworth, and many others.

These were men of great mark and advocates for the “Health of Towns” and Local Government Acts; and a wonderful Radical, who bounded about like a tennis ball, was Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., R.N., conspicuous for an entire disregard for dress, who appeared in the lobby in a curious costume, consisting of somewhat of a shabby kind of shooting jacket, a shocking bad hat, sometimes a white hat, a much-worn shirt-front, open in front owing to the want of buttons, and what once were white trousers, and shabby shoes. He was always “boarding an enemy” of some kind, either in Parliament or the columns of *The Times*. He was sent out in command of the fleet in the Baltic during the Crimean War, and was not much heard of afterwards in Parliament.

The most pleasant ghosts to my mind are those of the old country gentlemen, perfectly harmless in every way. Sir Brooke Bridges, afterwards made a peer, with his blue coat and brass buttons, an ardent Tory and great on the hop question; Sir Robert Inglis, similarly attired, a violent Oxford Tory; Colonel Sibthorpe, who was, notwithstanding his thinkings aloud and sentiments, a polished old gentleman. Sir Thomas Acland, with his low-crowned rough beaver white hat,

and his twinkling eye and rapid talk, looking as if he was watching for anyone to whom he could do a kindness, emphasising his remarks with a hazel stick.

So we see my Madame Tussaud's Exhibition was a real one, my working diagrams talked, and many talkers and hobby riders saw great portions of their hobbies adopted later on—for instance, the taxes on knowledge redressed or abolished, the ballot, great extension of the franchise, and abolition of Church rates, earlier closing of debates, and so on.

But lest I get weary and tiresome—Curtain.

Change we the scene, let us hark back. Time, February, 1846—Parliament just meeting—something like eight hundred petitions for private bills to deal with, myself an utter stranger, a new puppet on the wires, pitched into a large Parliamentary house where all were trying to make order out of chaos. The officers of the house were almost paralyzed with work. Parliament occupied temporary buildings, many of the offices were scattered and far apart. Members in both Houses, of all creeds and politics, came boldly to the front and manned Committees of all sorts and kinds and tried to promote order, but it was impossible to define the times for individual cases coming on, and consequently witnesses from all parts of the country had to be summoned in case of being wanted, and they were about in battalions, and very thirsty battalions too. Houses in Parliament and Great George Streets, which had been amongst the most fashionable streets in London, were eagerly sought for at extravagant rents for offices for companies, lawyers, engineers, and Parliamentary agents. The gas never went out in business places and in printers' and law stationers' establishments. The order of the day was business hours from 9.30 till 7 o'clock, and from 8.30 P.M. till any time next morning for several months. Parliamentary counsel held consultations up to midnight and began again at 7 o'clock in the morning, *plus* attending Committee each day from 12 till 4 o'clock. Many of them were engaged in half-a-dozen Committee rooms in the same day, either for or against Bills. The hotels in the neighbourhood were crammed to the attics, and some of them, especially Nicholls' Hotel at the foot of Westminster Bridge, had a hundred beds out, and they let two small summer houses which stood on the river bank, and were used as smoking rooms, for ten guineas a week each, as railway committee rooms.

All the great engineers in England were retained, as the broad and narrow gauge question was being fought out. Brunel was the champion of the broad gauge, and George and Robert Stephenson, Locke, and George Bidder, George Stephenson's right hand for many years, represented the narrow gauge.

Money was a drug almost, as by an ingenious contrivance a document called a "Subscriber's Agreement" was signed by shareholders,

which was almost tantamount to a power of attorney to the Directors to do what they pleased with the money.

An enormous number of country gentlemen had become Provisional Directors under the idea that no responsibility attached to the office, until the Act was obtained.

One fine day a large creditor sued a Provisional Director, who was in happy ignorance of his peril, and obtained judgment in the Court of Queen's Bench, and the bubble burst. Many of the rotten schemes collapsed, and the promoters put the sea between themselves and their creditors, and the panic set in.

However, there was plenty of sound business to do and plenty to help on the heavy strain.

It was a great pleasure to me to hear the most eminent engineers examined. Though the work was very exhausting there was much interest in it. After a long fight, the "wait" outside a committee-room for the verdict was as exciting as a Derby. The winners went off exultant to Greenwich or Richmond, and the losers had to bewail their fall and pay the bill—for after defeat, creditors were very anxious for their money.

Amongst the most honest workers in Committees were the county members and the Irishmen. Old Dan O'Connell, with his well-oiled wig and smiling face, was a capital chairman, and I saw him on St. Patrick's day with a bunch of shamrock on his hat as big as a cheese-plate. He was sitting in one of the temporary rooms in the Cloisters on a Brighton (East Grinstead) bill, and dropped asleep—as the weather was very hot, and woke up and rubbed his eyes and remarked to a counsel who had been speaking, "Don't you know, Mr. Blank (I forget his name), that I listen hardest with my eyes shut." There were five O'Connells in the house. The old county members who had been active at Quarter Sessions at home were most useful. In the Peers the old Duke of Cambridge was a good Committee man, and I saw a bishop on one Railway Committee.

The most conspicuous member everywhere was George Hudson, the railway king. He was a very homely kind of man, with a broad Yorkshire dialect, nor did he help himself out by dress. He was a bluff, good-humoured man, and everything he touched turned to gold—for a while. His house at Albert Gate, to which I sometimes went for large cheques on account of expenses, was almost a palace, and his parties were thronged by the cream of society. His fall was like the crash of a cliff. He who had been slapping noble lords on the back, and the king of his Company, was left like a wreck on the shore and deserted by all who had battered on him. I always think he was more sinned against than sinning, as his temptations were enormous; and after he had suffered great poverty and want, honest old George Stephenson and George Bidder conspired with others and

made an annuity for him, and the Carlton Club invited him back and restored him to his old berth as chairman of the smoking room. So he had rest and quiet in his later days.

I think it was after Easter, 1848, that we got into the new House of Lords, and the first view of it was an enormous surprise. It reminded me of the old boyhood feeling of unpacking the box with the Twelfth Cake, under the lid of which were disclosed the glories of the King and Queen, the Dandy, Paul Pry, the fairy, and other well-known emblems, showing out in gold and crimson against the white sugar surface. It was very gorgeous. Two members of the Commons were the first I saw above the bar, Muntz and Spooner, the Radical and Tory M.P.'s for Birmingham: "Well, Spooner," observed his Brobdingnagian fellow member, "is this grand enough for you? Ah! my boy, there won't be a House of Lords sit here forty years hence." The Hon. Member's remark has not come true, but it seems now to have been prophetic of the commotion, which has been raised against the Upper House by some of those who ought to have known better. Fair argument is one thing, blackguard abuse is another. The old shoddy temporary house, with its green baize skirting and cocoanut-matting floor, seemed a little dingy after the magnificent House of Peers; but we learnt two things, after both new houses were opened, which was that we could hear perfectly in either temporary house when we went into a debate, and the new chambers were much deficient as regards acoustic principles. If Sir Charles Barry had been left to himself to turn out two perfect chambers he would have done it; but he was pursued by committees on this and that, faddists who were mad about ventilation and other things, reminding one of Albert Smith's account of a mutual improvement society, consisting of a lot of humbugs who knew nothing, meeting a lot of humbugs who knew less, and combining their information. Some of the selected stone was crumbling away before the house was finished.

I have a lingering regard for the old temporary houses. Bellamy's kitchen—so accurately described by Charles Dickens in *Sketches by Boz*—remained unaltered. You got the best chop and steak and cold meat and salad in the world; and the parrot who called "order! order!" and "chair! chair!" and all the cries of the House, and the immortal "Jane," who chaffed every one—as described by Dickens—were still there; and Members of the Government might be seen eating their dinner at a real deal kitchen table. "Give you a kiss?" Jane asked of a young Member who was chaffing her; "you, a younger son, and only a Borough Member! Why, I boxed a duke's ears for asking such an impertinent question yesterday." There was a very different House of Commons from that of the present, in those days. The Bribery Acts, such as now exist, had not

been passed. The clubs had their fighting funds, and their boroughs were quite ready to be bought, and the political agents of both parties were always in the Lobby in close conference with the whips on either side. This system will not do now, but it brought into Parliament many very useful men of all politics, who wanted to get in for some special purpose, and who were hard workers.

I was in the Lobby on two memorable occasions—in the old house in 1848, on the occasion when Lord George Bentinck charged the Government with suppressing a despatch from Jamaica, pending the sugar duties question, which was as angry a subject as the Corn Bill had been. Another occasion was many years after in the new House, when the Irish members were sent out, one after another, for contumacy.

On the first-named occasion Lord George and the late Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. D'Israeli, were harassing the Government on all occasions. I was very nearly being brought to the Bar as a stranger in the Lobby during the division—as I must have been, had I been caught. It was no fault of mine. The division bell had rung, and little Williams, "red in the gills," was shouting, "Clear the gallery, withdraw strangers!" and I obeyed, and went up to the Lords, and when I got to the end of the passage I heard a voice, in very broad Scotch, "You must go back, there is a Royal Com-meesion, and the door is locked." The speaker was Mr. Hume, Punch's "Old Joe." I hurried back to the Commons' Lobby and the bell ceased; I was trapped and could not get out. It was no use appealing to the door-keeper; he had no alternative but to report me to the Speaker. Of course I should have been let off on paying my fees for arrest, five pounds, but it would have been in all the papers. In the corner of the Lobby there was an enormous round stove, which, being summer, was unlit; I made a dive and slipped behind it, and sat down in a corner of the floor, and was present, though not visible; and in a pretty good funk; however, when the crowd broke in again, I mixed with them undiscovered. I saw Lord George Bentinck standing on the top step of the little flight of stairs leading into the Commons, addressing his party in the Lobby: "Gentlemen, pray don't away for dinner; we have roasted the Colonial Under Secretary on one side, and if you will remain, you will see me roast him on the other." It was an angry debate. Lord John Russell taunted Lord George with adopting his Newmarket tactics, as he did when he exposed a gigantic swindle on the turf connected with the "running rein" fraud, and the late Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. D'Israeli, rose, and informed Lord John that the Jockey Club, as an acknowledgment of his honourable conduct, wished to give his noble friend a handsome testimonial, which he declined, and that

the chairman of the committee of the Jockey Club who suggested it was the Duke of Bedford, Lord John's brother.

The other occasion was years afterwards, when most of the Irish Members were "ordered out" of the House for contumacy. The Lobby was full of those who had been sent out, and as a fresh Member came out there were roars of laughter: "Another prisoner of war! What will you drink?"

It was a regular joke. The last "prisoner" was the old O'Gorman Mahon, the most popular member with all parties, and who, according to his biography, which appeared after his death, only a few years since, was reputed to have fought sixteen duels in days past. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I decline to leave unless compelled by superior force," when the Sergeant-at-arms, Sir W. Gosset, offered him his arm, which he accepted, and having made three respectful bows to the speaker, walked out with Sir William, and on reaching the Lobby said, "Gosset, I am very dry; where are the groceries? Take me to your room, and give me some whiskey."

After the Fenian "blow up," through the courtesy of Sir William Gosset, I went into the House. There was not a pane of glass left in Westminster Hall, and a fourth of the seats in the House were blown up half-way to the roof. Some of my ghostly visions are very precious. It is pleasant to bring to mind a scene in 1846, when the old Duke spoke on Sir Henry Harding's brilliant Indian campaign, and when his audience partly consisted of his old Peninsular officers who were round him, such as the Marquis of Anglesea, Marquis of Londonderry, Viscount Combermere, and others. And it is also pleasant to have heard Lord Lyndhurst, when ninety years of age, the son of Copley Fielding, who was born at Boston, U.S.A., an English subject before the Independence of America, speaking on a Canadian question, and his voice ringing as clearly as a bell.

On looking back I do think that in the past, in spite of angry controversy, there was not the vulgar personality which is now sometimes heard with regret.

Whilst I think of it I must introduce my mysterious member whom, in my own mind, I christened "the mooner." He was seen occasionally—mostly in by-passages, walking alone and talking to himself. Evidently he was no common man, but somehow I never had the curiosity to ask who he was. He would disappear for a session or two and then appear again. Years went by, and long after the present House of Lords had been inhabited I was in the Victoria lobby, and saw my old friend "the mooner," hat in hand, and talking to himself, and he woke up suddenly with a start at a touch on the shoulder by a liveried servant, "My lord, your robes are ready, and it is nearly time." It was Lord Macaulay going to take his seat, and I went into the House and saw him and his old friend

Lord Belper—well remembered as Mr. Strutt, M.P. for Derby—introduced to the House and taking their seats as the new peers. Most of the peers rose and bowed as they passed, and a small crowd of the most distinguished men came round Macaulay.

The House of Lords was a favourite resort of mine in days when they did a great deal of work, and it was not the fashion for members of the Lower House to throw stones at them and abuse them. I could always go in when I chose, and the door-keepers let me know when Lord Derby was in the House—the Lord Derby, for there never was another like him, though for hard work his son, both in the Commons as Lord Stanley and afterwards in the Lords as Lord Derby, was unsurpassed by any legislator in either House. No doubt Lord Derby was, to a great extent, a bigot; he was determined, for one thing, that the Jews should not enter Parliament if he could help it. The debate on the Jews Bill was fixed for the Thursday between the Derby and Oaks day. It was in 1848 when “Surplice” won the Derby and “Shylock” was a great favourite. “Springy Jack,” I remember, was second, for I saw the race. I was going into the Lords below the Bar near the throne to see a peer, and I saw Lord Derby talking to the Bishop of Durham and both laughing. One of the officers below the Bar said to me, “What do you think I just heard Lord Derby say? The Bishop asked him what the division on the Jews Question was to be?” and Lord Derby said, It depends on the bishops. We shall follow their lead. It ought to be like yesterday’s race, ‘Surplice’ first—‘Shylock’ nowhere.” I am certain my informant had not the wit to have invented this. And this brings to mind the celebrated occasion when in Derby week Lord Palmerston, being the Leader in the Commons in 1852, a division was to be taken on the day before the Derby, and Mr. D’Israeli looked for a majority against the Government. Lord Derby was under the gallery, in the peers’ seats in the Commons, and, according to accepted newspaper accounts, gave the word to Mr. D’Israeli to divide. The result was that Lord Palmerston’s party were practically *out*. I saw Lord Palmerston about eleven o’clock on the day of the Derby riding down Parliament Street on his flea-bitten grey, evidently bound for Epsom. In the *Times* of the next morning, if I remember right, it was announced that amongst the earliest arrivals on the lawn were Lord Derby and Lord Palmerston, and for a moment they looked surprised, and like two dogs doubtful whether they should fight or not, and by mutual consent they both burst out laughing and shook hands. “Are you going to win the race to-day?” asked old Pam—for that is his name of affection. “No,” answered Lord Derby, “we cannot win on Tuesday and Wednesday both.”

Such men as these are the class of statesmen whom England likes to be in power.

Peel was admired and respected and feared. Lord John Russell was a thorough "Whig," and associated with those who set the wheels in motion. He was in general opinion what in the prize ring would be called "a clever light-weight," but not clever at finishing a fight. Roebuck called him "the fly on the wheel." He was a strong Whig, but people thought him fussy. The best thing which he did when in power was managing the country during the eventful year 1848, when the Chartist movement was very dangerous, owing to our having all the foreign scoundrels in Europe amongst us, pending the revolutions of almost all Continental powers and the rising in Ireland. The Earl of Clarendon in Ireland, as Lord Lieutenant, and Sir George Grey at home, got us well through our difficulties, and Sir Robert Peel, then out of power, supported the Government loyally, especially as regards the suspension of the Habeas Corpus in Ireland, and was himself sworn in a special constable; and he was sworn in in the same batch as little George Trout, the dwarf messenger of the House. He also worked on most important public business, sitting as Chairman of the Indian Railways Committee, a long and important investigation.

I heard Lord Derby's speech on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and *inter alia* his attack on Earl Russell on his foreign policy, when he said that "the noble *luod*," as he expressed it, "was good enough to offer himself as the champion. Only leave it to me, and I will settle it in a moment," or words to that effect—forgetting the apology which a celebrated actor used to use, "I hope I don't intrude"; and again, on a similar occasion, "When the noble earl astonishes all the world, he is good enough to put his head through the lion's skin and say, 'Good people all, don't be alarmed. It is not the British lion roaring; it is only me. Bottom the weaver.'" Earl Russell, as he was then, was pretty sharp at reply, and told Lord Derby that he reminded him of the man who got his wit from Shakespeare and facts from imagination.

But Lord Derby's most touching speech was on the siege of Delhi, when he described in faltering tones—a rare thing for him—the blowing up of the gates of Delhi by Lieutenant Sankeld of the Engineers and Lieutenant Hope of the 52nd, with the little bugler in attendance, who were all killed, and he said, "My lords, we are charged with keeping up the army for the benefit of the aristocracy. I may tell you that the sister of Lieutenant Sankeld is a governess, who, with her gallant brother's aid, supported a widowed mother." There, this is a good place to say Peace to Lord Derby's ashes!

One word about old Pam's private life. I had it from his steward,

with whom I was much in contact, as I was concerned in a railway company who were making a railway through some land at Broadlands, Lord Palmerston's estate. I will put it in the steward's words. "He is perhaps the last speaker in the House on Friday night. Down here at eleven A.M. Saturday morning. I meet him on horseback, and he mounts his own horse, rides with me over the estate, goes to many labourers' cottages, where he has ordered improvements and comforts; rides till luncheon time, out again on a second horse round the estate till five o'clock; home to meet Government messengers with his dispatches; works alone till dinner-time, has a party of his neighbours to dinner, and off Sunday morning to London by first train."

"Talk about the *labour* attending deputations, they are my amusement," Lord Palmerston remarked to a brother minister, and probably this was true; he enjoyed being "baited," as they say badgers do.

In proof of this, at the close of an interview with a somewhat stormy deputation about the wine duties, he called the members back and said, "Perhaps, gentlemen, a recollection of my boyhood may help you. When a boy my grandfather took me with him to stay at Lord Pembroke's. After dinner his Lordship said, 'I hope you liked my wine. I did my best to please you. As a member of the Government I ought not to tell you that I get my claret and champagne direct through a smuggler. I am answerable for the port, *as I made it myself.*'" Old Pam had hit the bull's-eye, and the deputation retired with much laughter.

Now for a word about Parliamentary private business when I left it and what I believe it is now. There is no court where it is more hopeless to try to work a job in private bills than in the Houses of Parliament. Rules and orders are simple and explicit; every word of each Parliamentary Bill and all amendments during its progress are carefully scanned by the Chairman of the House of Lords and his Counsel, and gone through with the professional men in a regular Court of Star Chamber, when nothing can be concealed and where all questions must be answered; and the same process is adopted by the Chairman of the Commons and the Speaker's Counsel. Beyond this the heads of the Board of Trade and other Government departments read every Bill and send their remarks to the Chairmen of both Houses.

The tribunals before which Bills go are Committees of both Houses, which are carefully selected with a view that no member shall have any private interest in the Bills. Any mistake can only be corrected by being submitted to a Special Committee of members, who decide whether it arises from gross carelessness—if so it is stopped at once—or if the Bill may be allowed to proceed under certain conditions. The Parliamentary agents all sign a declaration, and if any-

thing dishonest should be detected, the agent would be instantly removed from the list and not allowed to practise.

The Bar are men of the highest stamp, and any attempt to mislead a Committee is looked on as a most disgraceful proceeding and would much injure a barrister's practice. Moreover, in London all the first men in engineering and other sciences are close at hand.

In Committees the members want facts, and shut their ears to all local town gossip, if attempted to be introduced.

The second House before which the Bill goes is of the nature of a Court of Review, and it is seldom that Committees reject Bills which have passed the first, though it sometimes happens that some very strong facts have been discovered since the first hearing which nullify the proceedings of the first House, and the Bill may be rejected, or materially amended.

Now, looking at these facts and, considering that a private Bill simply means a Bill which enables petitioners to do something which the Common Law does not allow, such as taking land by compulsion, conferring or extinguishing existing rights and suchlike, does it not occur to most reasonable people that the Houses of Parliament, which are practically the law-makers, should be the tribunals which should have the power of altering it? Public Boards or Councils of all kinds have been established, but their doings have by no means met with anything like universal approval, especially as the aspirants for power have been advised to run the elections "on party lines," a most pitiable mistake, much on a par with the old Test Act.

Local inquiries before some officer appointed by a public authority have often been protracted to a ruinous length, as every local gossip tries to get a job out of it paid by the rate-payers.

I am nobody, but simply an Englishman who went down to Parliament to make what living I could, and have been thrown amongst thousands of men of all classes, whose acts and characters I have had much opportunity of studying; and my verdict is that "the higher the rank the greater the courtesy"; and I do not think my experience quite wrong, as from what one sees, if you happen to be a duke or peer of any rank you are in danger of being a mayor of a borough, for rate-payers now often put their trust in the magnates of the land.

When we look at the fact that all our railways, docks, drainage improvements and other things have been authorised by Parliament, and we all know exactly that they are under the same governments, is it not time to say to those innovators, who are always trying to alter things as they are, that which was Lord Melbourne's frequent observation, "Cannot you leave them alone?"

FREDERICK GALE.

AUTHORS, PUBLISHERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

THE book-trade is now passing through one of the severest crises ever known in its history. Periodic depression is incident to most trades and professions. War, famine, epidemics, commercial or financial panics affect even industrial concerns which might be thought well beyond the range of influence. The book-trade, curiously enough, is usually the first to feel and the last to recover from the ill-effects of any general disturbance. In the present instance, however, the main evil began, where charity should begin, at home. True, the Society of Authors has discovered that the unhappy condition of the retail bookseller is not wholly attributable to a ruinous system of discounts, agricultural depression and the competition of other and alerter traders, being named as contributory causes. Every hardship tells; but there can be no question that the present crisis is directly due to a method of underselling, which, pushed to extremes, has reduced booksellers' profits to the vanishing point. Perhaps the fact that the complaint is internal makes it all the harder to deal with. At any rate the problem of restoring to the retail trade a measure of its former prosperity has for some time been exercising the wits of authors, publishers, and booksellers. That the matter is fraught with difficulties must be clear even to the outsider. Varied and sometimes conflicting interests have to be reconciled, dissensions overcome, differences smoothed over, so as to secure concerted action. For concerted action is, above all things, essential to the success of any scheme of amelioration. Unhappily this elementary necessity has not yet been secured. The trade is divided; and authors have declined to co-operate with publishers in trying to raise the sinking bookseller.

As many readers of this Review must be aware, the proposal which has been engaging the attention of the three societies representing the three principal interests involved is that the discount allowed to book-buyers should be reduced by a penny in the shilling. The system of underselling originated, needless to say, in that stress of competition which characterises nearly all departments of human activity in our day. Competition, according to the proverb, is the life of business, but if it be carried to irrational lengths, death is not unlikely to be the issue. And in fact the bookseller is the victim of his own enterprise. To save him from ruin and extinction, it was proposed to reduce discounts from 25 per cent., the current rate, to 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent., in other words, from 3d. to 2d. in the shilling. On the face of it that seems a trifling thing to make a pother about. The bookseller, like the dealer in patent medicines, has but to say to his customer, "Since

last I had the pleasure of serving you prices have gone up. I am no longer permitted to make the old allowance. In future you shall pay 10d., instead of 9d., for a shilling book. The difference, which is really nothing to you, is everything to me, since it will enable me to live, and perhaps clothe my wife and educate my children as well. Moreover, on the new terms, you see, I can afford to keep a better assortment of new books for your selection." But, alas! this dream of easy settlement was scorned by the wisdom of authors, who reply to the proposal laid before them by the Publishers' Association with an emphatic *non possumus*. And there the matter for the present rests.

That a large section of the bookselling trade stands in urgent need of assistance there cannot be the slightest doubt. Mr. Robert MacLehose, the head of the trade in Glasgow, lately prepared a document which sheds a strange light on the method of sharing profits with the public. Mr. MacLehose finds that a turnover of £3,000 per annum with twopence in the shilling discount will yield a greater profit than a turnover of £10,500 with threepence of discount. He finds also that a turnover of £6,000 of non-nett books will, on a twopenny discount, yield a profit of £492; whereas, on a threepenny discount it actually involves a loss of £20. Further, he states that on the 25 per cent. principle it would require a gross turnover of £14,000 or nett of £10,500 to give a profit of £170. Is not this a curious study in profit and loss! The argument, however, is not new, as the efforts made in 1852 to put an end to underselling prove. It will be remembered the movement failed because the authors of that time refused to sanction any scheme which might tend to restrict sales. Their successors are evidently of a similar mind respecting the movement of to-day; so that we are thrown back to the exact position of half a century ago.

The authors' objections categorically stated are: (1) That the coercive measures proposed by a majority of the publishers and booksellers could not be carried out (*a*) because, in case of coercion, new publishers would spring up; (*b*) because a single popular author could defeat the scheme. (2) "If it were found possible to enforce the present proposals, other and more stringent restrictions would doubtless follow," and the independence of the author would be compromised. (3) That the price of books would be increased to the public. (4) That the German system of coercion would be abhorrent to Britons, and therefore foredoomed to failure. In sending the report to the President of the Publishers' Association, Mr. Haggard, Chairman of the Authors' Society, remarked: "Independently of these detailed conclusions, we feel it impossible to give support to the joint proposals of the publishers and booksellers on the broad ground that, even were it possible to carry them into effect—which remains

an open question—they would, as we understand them, be in restraint of free trade and a fetter on individual liberty.” The remedial measures suggested in the report enable us to perceive yet more clearly the mind of authors in the matter. These remedial measures are: (1) greater energy and enterprise on the part of retail booksellers. (2) Publication of non-copyright works for themselves. (3) Efficiency. Number one presses upon a tender spot. It has been the complaint of the bookseller that he cannot afford to carry a proper stock in consequence of the ruinous discounts. Whether the recommendation of the Society of Authors is likely to induce him to speculate more generously in new books is a question which the present writer cannot pretend to answer. The first feeling is probably one of irritation. The bookseller, being human, may retort: “I invited you to assist in a definite object, and you reply by preaching at me? Of what good are sermons in helping me to make ends meet?” Yet there is surely much to be said for the spirit of enterprise. It may take a wrong direction, as in this very matter of discounts; but without it nothing considerable ever was, or ever will be, achieved. As we have seen, Mr. MacLehose apparently proves that it is practically impossible to make a profit out of new books on the basis of a 25 per cent. rebate to customers. Yet other booksellers, some of them doing business round the corner from Mr. MacLehose, not only express themselves content with present conditions, but are actually hostile to the plan of reform. This is one of several glaring anomalies which must be taken into account. Moreover, the records of the trade show there are still chances for the man who can take them. Let me give an instance. Some years ago there started in business as a bookseller in a provincial town a young man without qualification other than his own intelligence; his capital was under £100; he had no connection; yet for years his income has been close on £1,000 per annum. How has he done so well for himself in a state of things which makes others think seriously of the workhouse? Simply by the exercise of intelligence. The authors’ remarks about energy and enterprise have therefore really some point. The suggestion, however, that the bookseller should bring out new editions of old books on his own account is hardly to be taken seriously. If adopted, it would merely mean the creation of a publisher and the spoiling of a bookseller; and of publishers we have no scarcity, either for old books or new.

Broadly speaking, then, the remedial measures of the Authors’ Society are to be construed as a polite hint to the bookseller that to improve his position he must rely on himself. “Heaven helps them who help themselves,” was indeed never truer than it is to-day. It is not in bookselling alone that a ceaseless vigilance is necessary if the trader is to profit by the rushing current of events. Efficiency invari-

ably means success; lethargy, incompetence, prejudice, indifference, will more and more surely mean failure. The world is now travelling at express speed. We are frequently reminded that the ancient race of booksellers, the race that read a book before selling it, is dead or dying. The bookseller of to-day, it is said, has no time and perhaps no inclination to read. The spirit of the age gives us all less leisure than we should like to cultivate our minds, and the bookseller suffers like his fellow-men from the universal hurry. All the same it is manifestly to his advantage to know something of the wares he sells. In respect to knowledge of his craft he ought at least to be on a level with the draper and the shoemaker. On the other hand not all the information of all the pundits in the British Museum would enable him to sell books if he neglected those elementary principles which, insignificant as they seem, really constitute the delicate and difficult art of the salesman. "Cultivate pleasing manners and a willingness to oblige," said the wise man to his son in sending the youth forth into the world. The advice is full of worldly wisdom, and especially valuable to booksellers' assistants, or for that matter to booksellers themselves. As a means of rousing the listless to an interest in current literature, booksellers have never properly understood the art of utilising reviews. A review is theoretically meant for the man in the street. But that sublime person is loftily indifferent; he does not read reviews, or if he glances casually through one in the train or at his club he straightway forgets it. The alert and ingenious bookseller should contrive to bring it back to his memory—with practical results. I know one bookseller who, when he finds a eulogistic review of a new book, instantly cuts it out and displays it in a conspicuous manner. He tells me the system is a gratifying success. Could other booksellers not follow his example? Publishers might aid him by having extracts from laudatory press notices printed either in the form of "show-bills" or on sheets for circulation among private buyers. An enormous amount of money is annually spent in advertising new publications, with results which are too often disappointing and dispiriting. The value of the press as "an advertising medium" is not for a moment to be questioned; yet it is doubtful whether any, save born book-worms and those directly interested in the sale of literature, wade through the interminable columns of publishers' announcements which have become so prominent a feature of the morning papers. My own observation and inquiries force me to the conclusion that the general reader usually skips those columns. Perhaps no part of his business causes the publisher more anxiety than the department devoted to advertisements; assuredly it is true that on no side is money so easily misspent. Yet it is the one department in which publishers lag behind the times. For it must be owned that originality and alertness to new ideas are scarcely the distinguishing

characteristics of advertisement managers in publishing houses. If these gentlemen could but realise that it is not enough to transfer a page from a catalogue to the columns of a daily paper, with an utter disregard of attractiveness, better results might be obtained. There are, of course, striking exceptions; but the rule unhappily holds good. Now I cannot help thinking that some scheme might be devised in which publisher and bookseller could help each other without any increase of an expenditure already sufficiently heavy. At present the advertising is left wholly to the publisher, a circumstance which may have suggested to the Authors' Society that hint to the retail trade about energy and enterprise.

The stores furnish an example of push. In America, as everybody is now aware, popular works—the sensational novel, the fashionable book of devotion—have long been used as bait for customers expected to invest in millinery, soaps, pills, perfumery, cosmetics, and so forth. The device has succeeded to admiration, greatly, however, to the detriment of the old-fashioned bookseller. That unlucky being, it is understood, is regarded by the new generation as a fossil of an extinct age, the age of fifteen or twenty years ago. It is not to be thought that a system which succeeds so admirably in America should fail to attract the attention of enterprising traders in this country; and as a matter of fact the hint was promptly taken. The consequence is that in every considerable town in England you will find the go-ahead haberdasher adding a stationery and book department to his business. Here, also, the plan is succeeding. Hence arises the problem of the draper. Experts have racked their brains to discover whether the man of muslins and calicoes is a *bonâ-fide* bookseller or merely a draper who deals in books—in other words, an interloper. But whether technically bookseller or draper, he sells literature in considerable quantities. Nor can it be doubted that his activities and his influence in this direction will increase. I yield to no man in my regard for the old type of bookseller, the man who was the friend and often the valued counsellor of both author and publisher in the days when literature was expected to have literary merit. He read books and sold them to customers who were guided by his opinions. His house was a house of culture, of ideas, of discussion on literary subjects. But we gain nothing by blinking facts. He has vanished with the order of things in which he existed. His lamp cannot be relumed. Let it not be imagined that in bookselling there is no longer room for intelligence. There never, indeed, was a time when intelligence contributed to the exchequer as it contributes to-day. But it is intelligence of a different kind from the old; at any rate, it is differently applied. The old bookseller liked to consider himself a literary critic; the new has, perforce, to take himself simply as a man of business with such and such wares to sell. Sentimental people

cling to cherished ideas, and one of these lingering notions is that the bookseller ought to be the guide, philosopher, and friend of his customer; that he should stand over a prospective buyer expatiating on the extraordinary beauty of this volume of poems or the transcendent merit of that novel. By all means let him play the critic when he has a chance, and is sure of himself. The well-read bookseller may still be a power for good, and he could hardly know too much of the insides of his books. But it were folly to expect from him what the conditions of the time obviously render impossible. It seems clear that the bookseller of the future must largely or altogether discard the methods of his predecessor, that he must become more and more a tradesman, selling what his customers wish to buy without regard to quality. To the lover of letters this is not a cheering view. Personally my conviction is (and I am not without means of forming a judgment) that literature, considered as a fine art, is hopelessly on the "down-grade." I believe, for instance, that to be called "stylist" rather hinders than helps a man in the business of writing. Greatness is at a discount. Intellect, imagination, power of expression, humour, taste, truth to life and human nature—these are not the qualities which to-day make a writer popular. An author may earn his thousands a year without any of them. The spread of education has done for literature. These things carry a weighty moral, especially to the bookseller. Why should he whose business is purely commercial vex himself over bad taste and illiteracy? He is not responsible for the love of reading engendered by the Board School. It is all very well to have fine ideals, to talk sublimities, and tread on air; but one must live. Those who preach a counsel of perfection to the bookseller are unkind as well as illogical; and he certainly would be wise to ignore the transcendentalists, and provide, without comment or demur, what his customers want. Otherwise he might one day find himself unable to pay for his dinner.

A writer in *The Times* modestly suggested a reduction, not of discount, but of the published prices of books, as a possible means of benefiting the book-trade. He instanced the case of France and M. Lévy, whom George Sand and Matthew Arnold eulogised for his sagacity in seizing a great opportunity. Instantly "a Member of the Publishers' Association" warned authors and publishers against an experiment so revolutionary, so indubitably subversive of their true interests. Such a project he declared could not possibly succeed; the writer who proposed it incurred a grave responsibility, and so forth; which may be true. Yet assertion is by no means proof, and in this case the logic of facts gives force and point to the illustration from France. We have specially to note two things: first, that the sagacious M. Lévy inaugurated a new era in the French book

trade; second, that he made his fortune. These simple facts seem to imply a considerable measure of success. He was not, of course, permitted to undertake the work of reform without the pleasant predictions of failure which new ideas always call forth. His friends implored him not to ruin himself; others chuckled, awaiting the inevitable disaster; but he knew what he was about, took his own way, and died a millionaire, with the added satisfaction of having helped his authors while enriching himself. "The practical mode," says Mr. Arnold, "by which Michel Lévy revolutionized the book trade was this. He brought out in the *format Lévy*, at three francs or three francs and a-half a volume, new works such as, for example, those of George Sand herself, which formerly would have come out at seven francs and a-half a volume. Nay, such works would very often have taken two volumes, costing fifteen francs, to give no more than what is given in one volume of the *format Lévy* for three francs and a-half. New books in octavo were cheapened likewise . . . In general we may say that the important reform accomplished in the French book trade by Michel Lévy, and by other publishers of like mind with him, was this: to give to the public in the *format Lévy*, new books at half-a-crown or three shillings, instead of at from six to twelve shillings." Such were the achievements of M. Lévy—to cheapen books, and make a fortune.

Mr. Arnold spoke of "our absurd system of dear books." Since his death important changes have taken place, and one change in particular which he would probably have welcomed—not indeed for itself, but for what it might eventually mean. That change illustrates, I think, the tendency of the time. When in 1894 Messrs. Mudie and Smith resolved to abolish the three-volume novel, it was affirmed they had dealt fiction its death-blow. Experience, which Coleridge has so felicitously likened to the stern-lights of a ship, that "illumine only the track it has passed," was quite sure of this. Popular novelists would probably survive; but the rank and file were doomed, and for beginners there was no chance whatever. Well! three years have passed, and the rank and file are not only still alive, but are actually more vigorous and prosperous than they ever were before. As for beginners, they are appearing faster than we can count them. Instead, therefore, of killing fiction, the abolition of the three-volume novel has resulted in a tremendous impetus to the production of stories. On this point Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. could furnish irrefragable proof. Are we to conclude that six shillings mark the fixed and ultimate price of the full-blown novel? Would it not be more reasonable to suppose that an innovation which has proved so profitable in France is likely in the course of time to be tried in England also? And, in fact, those who study such matters closely, already, I think, perceive the tentative beginnings of a movement similar to

that with which M. Lévy's name is associated. We talk of the dignity of letters; but the book follows the popular periodical, which is showing us all the possibilities that lie in small prices and big sales. On the Pangloss theory everything is for the best in the best of worlds. Only when the British Lévy arises to conduct us to the paradise of cheap literature, that is, when the half-crown or the three shilling book is established in our midst, it is to be hoped booksellers will be sternly on their guard against repeating the mistake of sharing profits with the public.

Discussing the question of reform in *Chapman's Magazine*, Mr. Andrew Lang suggests a very drastic plan, nothing less indeed than the inhibition of new books. He would have us all keep to works which have stood the test of time.

Good Emersonians, we know, observe the golden rule, never to read a book which is not at least twelve months old. If the months be turned to years so much the better. The public, however, is not Emersonian in principle; and in its desire for novelty it goes on buying current literature in spite of frequent disappointment and grievous waste of time. For this the majority of us ought to be profoundly thankful. The classics will take care of themselves; and if the activity of publishers means anything, it certainly cannot be said they are neglected. There never were so many reprints of good books as there are to-day. But probably Mr. Lang is less serious than he seems when he inveighs against the new. At any rate, he feels it cannot well be abolished; and so to make the best of misfortune he suggests docking the author and getting more out of the public. "I see no reason," he tells us, "why the public should get any discount." In fact, there is no reason, except that cruel pressure of competition already noted, and the circumstance that buyers have been educated to expect and demand a rebate. As to the author, not much is to be expected from any process of docking. Few writers, Mr. Lang admits, make £4,000 a year each. The popular novelist is indeed reaping a bountiful harvest, but he is not likely to consent to any reduction of royalty or advance payment, and poets, historians, essayists, and miscellaneous writers "don't count." The novelist, therefore, appears to be master of the situation.

To the December number of *Chapman's Magazine*, Mr. F. Frankfort Moore contributed a lively article on the bookselling question. With much that he says every reasonable man will agree; but is he not too severe on publishers when he asks:—

"Could anything be more ridiculous than the fixing by a publisher of the price of a book without the least consideration of the value of the contents of that book? What would be thought of the trader in Mincing Lane, who would offer a hundred chests of different teas—Souchong, Orange Pekoe, Assam, Ceylon—at a uniform price? What would be thought of the tea-dealer who would demand

for a chest of the crudest Ceylon tea the same price as he asks for a chest of the finest Chinese? What would be thought of the wine merchant who might ask for a bottle of that exhilarating champagne which comes from the Saumur districts precisely the same as for a bottle of '84 Roederer? Such traders would be looked on either as knaves or fools; but a publisher has no hesitation in issuing at six shillings a novel by Miss Amelia Stubbs, although this is exactly the price he places upon *Tess* or *One of Our Conquerors*."

It is not clear how publishers could change their methods with advantage either to author or public. Suppose a publisher were to affix a special price to the Tom Robinson brand of fiction or the Harry Jones brand of poetry, would the public be edified? And what publisher would have the temerity to say how much the fiction and the poetry of Messrs. Robinson and Jones were worth intrinsically? Mr. Moore will perceive that the task of valuing literature otherwise than in bulk is both delicate and dangerous.

Mr. Frederick Evans, who also contributed a paper of great interest and no little practical value to the December issue of *Chapman's*, is reported to have said that "bookselling is not to be snuffed out by a puff from the Authors' Society." This betrays irritation. Because authors have declined to help in restricting the enterprise of undersellers we are not to conclude that all remedial measures have been exhausted. Mr. Burleigh, the Secretary of the Society of Booksellers, believes that the work of reform is but beginning. I agree with him, though for a little there may be differences of opinion respecting methods. That it is to the interest of all concerned to have a prosperous retail trade is as clear as the sun at noon. Authors and publishers sail with the bookseller. If he makes shipwreck they cannot hope to escape with undamaged fortunes. We are probably on the eve of radical changes. It is best we should be ready for them; ready to turn them to account. While all else is moving on it would be fatal for the book trade to stand still—even were that possible. Retrogression is evidently impossible. The fact need not, I think, dishearten booksellers. Some re-adjustment of forces will be necessary. Other schemes will doubtless be proposed, for the trade has by no means reached the end of its resources. A good deal will depend on the spirit in which future plans are approached and discussed. Tact, patience, the catholic mind, and above all, good temper are essential. From these the happiest results may still be expected.

JOHN A. STEUART.

FROM CANTON TO MANDALAY.

THE world has been by this time so extensively explored that few accessible spots are to be found where the foot of the white man has not trodden. It was a desire to get beyond the beaten track, to break a little fresh ground, that induced me to undertake the expedition, a brief sketch of which is given in the following pages. I was informed at Sze Mao that only a very few Europeans had traversed the route from Canton to Mengtze, which I followed. So far as I could gather, only one person, a Mr. Davies, of the Intelligence Department, had done part of the journey I undertook from Sze Mao to the frontier. South of the Red River I was in the same district that Prince Henri d'Orléans traversed, though on a different track. I have every reason to believe that I was absolutely the first European to visit several of the villages through which I passed. This, I hope, will be accepted as my excuse for attempting a description of the journey.

My first proceeding on reaching Canton was, of course, to engage an interpreter and secure a boat with the necessary attendants. When I first saw Lo, as my interpreter was called, the idea that I was well on the way to the discovery of the missing link, and that there was more in Darwin's theory than I had hitherto imagined, was forcibly borne in upon me. Lo, however, was to some extent better than his appearance warranted me in supposing. I found him fairly intelligent; he spoke English with considerable fluency, with no little happiness of diction, indeed, doing much credit to the education he had received in Hong-Kong. He was, I discovered, a man of some position, and, although he had never assumed the dignity of office, was entitled to rank as a sub-Magistrate. The examination for this post takes place in Canton, the chief part of it consisting of questions on various chapters of Confucius. The candidate whose memory enables him to prove himself most fully word-perfect in this highly-prized Chinese writer is sure to pass with greatest success. How such parrot work can qualify any man to govern and superintend thousands of his fellows is a problem only to be solved by the Chinese mind. Suffice it that the authorities maintain its efficacy, and that all public offices are competed for on the same plan.

But to return to "Lo." He was an efficient interpreter, and did all that he was paid for doing. But he never took the initiative, and the idea of volunteering a little information never seemed to enter his head.

My boat was my next thought, and having secured it, I arranged

for the necessary crew. This consisted of four men, two women cooks, a baby, and a boy, together with Lo's servant. The boy was my personal attendant, by name Ah Fuk. To him I entrusted the purchase of the necessary provisions, cooking utensils, &c. Then, having got all the luggage on board, I was soon fairly off. For the hire of boat, including the wages of the captain—who paid his own crew—I was charged 1 dollar 70 cents, about 3s. 6d. per day.

On the 13th of January we started from the south side of the little Shameen Island, now used as a foreign settlement; but the journey up the West River considerations of space prevent me from discussing on the present occasion. Mr. Colquhoun, one of the little band who had crossed the route before me, has, however, written ably and exhaustively on the subject. My own notes are kept for later presentation in other form, and I pass over an expedition which occupied nearly three months, starting my narrative on practically unknown ground; for of my predecessors, Mr. Davies was, of course, unable by reason of his vocation to write, though Prince Henri's book has been published since this article was penned.

Mengtze, which I reached on the 9th of April, is built on a plain about ten to twenty miles in dimension. It contains some eleven thousand inhabitants, and though only ranking as a district town, is one of the most important cities in the Province of Yun Nan. It was opened as a treaty port for trade with Tong King, the frontier being at Lao Kai, and Tong King, eight days' journey from Mengtze. The Taotai, who is an Inspector of Customs, lives here; he is Taotai of South Yun Nan, and has also the following Fus under him—Lin An Fu—in which he used to have his Yamen—Pu-Rh Fu, Kai Hua, and Kuang Nan. There are about nine Europeans living in Mengtze, exclusive of missionaries, and of these seven are in charge of the Customs under Mr. Spinny. The remaining two are attached to the French Consulate. The Consulate, Custom House, and residences are built half in Chinese, half in European style, the result being a series of picturesque bungalows, each standing in a large compound. There is one American lady here, the wife of the Commissioner, the first and only lady who has stayed in these parts.

On arriving, Mr. Henry, one of the staff, kindly took me under his wing. He put me up at one of the bungalows, and, during the few days I remained here, I accompanied him on botanical expeditions. I also learned what I could about the trade of the place. Tin is exported in large quantities from the mines of Ku Chu and Pin Ku. But the principal trade is with Hong Kong, *via* Tong King, which latter benefits, therefore, very little from this "port." In the western or business part of this city, the rubbish is allowed to accumulate till it becomes the source of a plague, which annually destroys a large percentage of the population. This is notwithstanding the

fact that the city on the whole is a "clean" specimen of a Chinese town. In winter the climate is very dry and healthy, the sky at this period being remarkably clear. The plain on which the town stands is one vast amphitheatre, with, on one side, a lake which receives the drainage in the wet season. This lake is half its usual size in the dry season, and owing, it is supposed, to some underground passage, it never overflows in the time of heavy rains. There is no visible outlet, but it is thought to be connected underground with the northern branch of the West River. All round the plain the limestone hills rise to a height of from three thousand to four thousand five hundred feet above it.

Various tribes, Miaotze, Lollos, Paie, Houni, &c., known also under different local names, inhabit these regions; those living in some of the villages among the mountains near Mengtze are savages of a very low type of humanity. I left Mengtze on the 18th of April, and in the evening arrived at the tin mines of Ku Chu, a place quite out of the beaten track, as few people visit this plain, or cross the Red River. Ku Chu is a prosperous town, which has only sprung up since the discovery of tin. There must be an enormous amount of ore in the mountains; but the Chinese are too lazy to work a mine, and prefer to wash the sand of the rivulets near Ku Chu. In this way they obtain their tin. My followers, I have omitted to add, consisted of Lo, two boys—our attendants—four muleteers, and a "mafvo," or groom. Previously, after leaving Pe-Se Ting, on the West River, I had depended on coolie carriers. We reached the Red River two days after leaving Ku Chu. This river lies at an altitude of eleven hundred feet above sea-level. We had to descend some two thousand to three thousand feet down a steep incline to reach the beautiful valley in which it lies. I was disappointed to find the water clear, not red, as I expected; but the natives say it is only red in the wet season.

The other side of the river is well-watered, and of entirely different geological formation, mica-schist, which very often contains large garnets. The huts at this part are mostly built of bamboo, and stand upon piles, so as to keep the floor well above the ground; the whole district is well wooded and covered with jungle in parts. The next day I reached Fenchun-lin, the chief village of one of the so-called Tussu States. The chief's surname was Lung; and I found him a very agreeable man, a Chinese by descent. He welcomed me and put me up in a room over the Yâmen, which was much superior to that usually found in a prefectorial city. Prince Henri d'Orléans and his party were remembered by Mr. Lung, who had entertained them when they passed through the village. Mr. Henry also—my host at Mengtze—had stayed there when botanizing the preceding February in this neighbourhood. The tribes known locally as the "Black Coat" and "Indigo," together with some smaller communities connected

with them, inhabit the country through which I passed on my way to Ta Lang.

None of the chiefs of these tribes equalled Mr. Lung in wealth, nor kept up such state. I saw two, named Bon and Sah, like Mr. Lung, Chinese by descent; these had, however, aborigines for their subjects. All these chiefs govern according to Chinese law, which they must not break. The taxes (except a small amount of tribute which goes to the Chinese Government) the chiefs keep themselves. Lo told me that after the tribute was paid, Mr. Lung had about ten thousand dollars left—not a bad income for a mountain chief! The crystal button marked Mr. Lung as ranking with a Mandarin of the fifth degree, and his whole costume was that usually worn by Mandarins. The land is well cultivated in spite of its mountainous nature, paddy fields rising terrace upon terrace almost to the summit of the mountains. The opium poppy is less common on this side of Mengtze than between there and the West River. Tobacco plantations, found on the other side of Kuang-Nan, do not extend to here. In Lung's territory there are mines, chiefly copper and gold.

A few days after leaving Fen-Chuen-lin we passed at an elevation of six thousand eight hundred feet a mountain apparently about ten thousand feet high. It was of a sort of white granite formation, and five peaks of naked rocks rose from the jungle at its base. We journeyed through the State of the Chief Bon and into the Black River basin, where the mica schist gradually disappears. Then we came to Sah's tribe. This is a very poor one, only about a thousand in number. Sah himself has a Yâmen not much better than a pig-sty. He had a Chinese General amongst his ancestors. The chief village, in which he lives, is called Na Ka; and we arrived there on the 3rd of May. It is situated on the side of a deep and very pretty valley, at the bottom of which runs the Nor Mar Ho River, which rises in the forest. Sah's tribe is called the Ror-Ror, and they have a dialect and written characters as unlike Chinese as English is. Lo told me they were a branch of the Lollo tribe. I found them, as indeed I did all the aborigines, very pleasant people to deal with. The men are dressed in Chinese attire, with sometimes a white jacket; the women usually wear a short petticoat, with a pale blue jacket patterned with circles of red and white nearly reaching the knees, and drawn in at the waist. Their hats are blue, about an inch deep, quite flat, and with a yellow band.

Once or twice on our way we passed close by the primæval forests, said to be inhabited by savages not under the Mandarin's control. These people will not take money, which is a great nuisance, as we had to barter with opium, stopping to weigh it like silver. They decline to trade for anything else. The country after leaving Ror-Ror land

changes; the mountains are not so high and the woods not so frequent. The rocks are stratified clay—a sort of reddish brown.

On the 6th we found ourselves amongst the Black Coat tribe again. As we journeyed we could see the Nor Mar Ho river always far down below us, flowing through the picturesque valley, and we passed pine and alder woods, instead of sub-tropical vegetation, till we reached the main road which leads from Mengtze to Sze Mao. On this road lies Ta Lang Chou, which is situated on the main route from Mengtze to Sze Mao. On all this part of the route the familiar telegraph wires are found. Telegraphic communication would seem to be in good working order—for China.

The approach to Ta Lang is picturesque in the extreme. Situated in a valley at a bend leading into the high road, as we turned the corner the town was seen in all its beauty. The main portion of the city lay in the valley. Behind rose the hills, on whose gentle slope other buildings nestled, the whole surmounted by a temple. Standing out against its background of trees the sacred building and its myriad terraces shone resplendent in the morning sun.

Despite its appearance, Ta Lang is a small place and of no great commercial importance. It is a subprefectorial town, and has little trade of its own, though situated on the trade route. In this valley is a stream which dries up after the rainy season; this part lies in the basin of the Black River. In the neighbourhood I again heard of gold being found in dust in the river sands; the natives wash the sand and sift it to obtain the precious metal. Numerous different tribes and races inhabit this region. The Bay-i have the reputation of being friendly to strangers. They are, I think, a branch of the Chinese Shans. The Bay-i women wear a very distinctive costume of an indigo-blue colour. They have turbans on their heads, with the end falling in a flap over the forehead, a long petticoat and open jacket, folds of the same blue cloth covering the breast, leaving the throat bare. Some of these women are handsome. The men of the tribe wear the usual Chinese dress, and are not different from natives of other parts.

The next day we reached the valley of the Bou Fou Ja Ho. The rainy season was just beginning, and what little water the river contained was of a deep red colour. The bed of this stream is about two thousand six hundred to two thousand seven hundred feet above sea-level. Above the river hangs the suspension bridge, three hundred to four hundred feet long. It is made of twelve strands of iron girding about a foot apart, and kept together by iron bars. It is very narrow, and would only allow two horses to cross at one time. The pack animals always ford the river when it is low, that being the quickest way. Many of the villages in this district had been burned to the ground, and in the one in which we halted for the night only

two houses were left standing. The whole village population was crowded into these two buildings. I decided to sleep in my tent, and my servant found a corner in the over-thronged house. The village is on a little ridge from which we could see the river again.

Passing Tung Kuan on the 12th May, we entered the Black River Valley, which lies about three thousand feet above sea-level. The waters of the river were clearer now, and we followed the stream up to a long pool formed by the rubble brought down to the valley by a tributary stream which is said to be a roaring torrent in time of heavy rains. I was at a loss to account for the numbers of villages burnt in all directions. As we passed along we found ruins on every hand, and no one seemed able to suggest a reason for the devastations.

On arriving at Hsia Pa we were refused admittance at one or two inns, as the landlords were expecting some teams of mules coming from Sze Mao. However, we got into a shed at some distance from the village. Afterwards, when I bathed in the river, I noticed the fish, which were very numerous, and mostly like large roach. The river itself rises about fifteen feet higher in the rainy season, and is about five times as broad. Here also was a bridge, rather longer than the first, and called Da-jung-cho. This was begun in the sixth year of the Emperor Kuang Su, and took three years to build.

The first day after leaving the banks of the Black River we passed Mar Ho, where there are some brine springs, salt being obtained by evaporation after the water has been boiled. A small stream here was the last tributary I saw of the Black River. An important trade route follows the course of this stream till it joins the Black River, thence up to King Ting and on to Tali Fu. This route was followed by Colquhoun, after his attempt to leave China by way of Sze Mao. The journey occupies from ten to fourteen days, and is that usually taken by tea merchants. These merchants come from Ipang, the centre of the tea trade.

On the evening of this day we crossed the watershed between the Black and the Mekong River basin, at an altitude of about five thousand feet, and, descending, found ourselves in a plain covered with rice fields.

Purh-Fu, the chief town of this quarter of Yun Nan, is situated here at an elevation of about four thousand five hundred feet, and in its high position it bears resemblance to many other towns in the province. The trade of this town is not so great as that of Sze Mao.

Outside the south gate of the town I discovered an inn, but, as the rooms were very full and anything but pleasant, I put up my tent in the courtyard. No sooner had I pitched it than it began to rain, and the water ran right across, because I had forgotten to have a

trench dug round it. The landlord had forbidden any one to dig it for me, so I just made the cutting myself, greatly to his astonishment and disapproval. The inn was full of merchants, who kept on bothering Lo to let them come in and see me; but as I wanted to be quiet, Lo kept them out, and so prevented them showing me any civility. They were mostly Cantonese traders in tea, who abound on this route.

During the next day I met a traveller from Muang Hu, on the Tong King frontier, who was returning through Mengtze to Hanoi. The more direct route being impassable at this season, he had to travel out of his way for an extra four hundred miles.

The rainy season was now beginning, and thunderstorms and heavy showers heralded its approach. We were one hundred li—about thirty-three miles—from Sze Mao, a journey we reckoned would take two days. The usual stopping place on the way is Nakali, a very pretty village, built just in a fork of a valley where two streams meet; and here I found a better inn than one usually comes across in a prefectorial town. From Nakali we travelled over the hills and across a small plain in the direction of Sze Mao. Rising ground hid all but the towers of the city gate until we were close under the walls, passing which we reached the south gate, but found it shut. It is a Chinese custom, it appears, to close the city gate when they are in need of rain. I realised fully on this occasion the drawbacks of the practice, for it prevented our making a short cut through the city. Reaching the suburbs, I first visited the Commissioner of Foreign Customs. The Custom House flanks the north side of a large square formerly used as a drilling ground, and crowded, at this time of day, with pack horses and bullocks. Only two of the three European officers were in Sze Mao when I arrived—Mr. Carl, the Commissioner, and Mr. Cary, who kindly put me up in the vacant place. After my twenty-seven days' march, without a day's rest, I duly appreciated my new quarters.

The city of Sze Mao ranks as a "Ting," or independent sub-prefectorial town. It is governed by a Chinese official called a Ting, and this person I visited on the second day after my arrival. The Commissioner accompanied me. The Ting was a pleasant old man, about fifty years of age, very like a newly-unrolled mummy, and he received me kindly, entertaining me in a mixture of Chinese and European fashions which upset me completely. First, after I was seated, came tea; then (in a Chartreuse bottle) an indifferent sort of claret, cigars, and cakes made of sugar and ground rice followed in unwonted order. I am not likely to forget that highly indigestible entertainment. The old man gave me much useful information about my journey; he also advised me to let him make up a passport, as the chiefs of some of the tribes I had to pass through would not

understand the Cantonese passport I had already. The city is a Treaty port, and was opened on the 2nd January, 1897, for trade with Tong-King, the frontier town being Muang-Hu, about six days' journey to the south-east. Most of the trade, however, comes from the Trans-Salwen Shan State of Kiang Tung. Whilst I was there a merchant arrived from Mandalay, reaching Sze Mao forty days from the time of starting. There is a good trade in cotton, but, the Frontier Question being as yet undecided, it is impossible to say whether it comes from British or Chinese territory. Quantities of goods are imported; amongst the most singular items I observed in the lists with which I was kindly furnished were 37 piculs of deers' horns, value 301 taels; three piculs elephants' teeth, value 755 taels; twelve piculs elephants' bones, value 147 taels; 161 piculs young deer horns (the horns in these cases are soft and fresh), value 2,440 taels. The horns are used as medicines. Betel nut, for chewing, was another article; and the list included Burmese cotton cloth, 2,737 pieces, value 963 taels; foreign carpeting; raw cotton, 6,058 piculs, value 63,603 taels. It will be seen how large a proportion to the total value of imports, 69,814 taels, is derived from the last item. Among the exports is Yun-nan opium, which is only sent to Hong-Kong. The famous birds' nests are imported from Siam into Annam through Sze Mao.

There is a certain amount of shooting to be had here. I found snipe, pigeons, a sort of partridge, and hares near the city; farther away on the hills tigers and deer afford excellent sport, and there are a good many peacocks in the woods. The hills are bare of wood and covered only with a short thick scrub.

I left Sze Mao on the morning of the 21st. In 1867, this city was visited by Lagree; Coloquhoun was here in 1882; and Morrison, Davies, Prince Henri d'Orléans have been since at different periods, before the Custom house was opened. I now come to a comparatively unknown part of China. So far as I could ascertain, Mr. Davies was the only European who travelled over the route I pursued from Sze Mao to Kun Long ferry on the Salwen. I endeavoured to make rough maps of the district through which I passed.

Crossing the small plain leading out of Sze Mao, I then made my way over the hills. It was at the close of a fifteen-mile march, on the second day out, that I was able to buy some flesh of a fresh-killed bear. Bears abound in this district, and the meat I found by no means bad eating, especially as I was very hungry. On the 25th May, after crossing two rivers, one probably the same we had met between Pu Ru and Na-ka-Li, we reached Mōng-chu, four thousand eight hundred feet above the sea-level, our one important stopping-place on the way to the Mekong. It stands on a plateau covered with fir wood. Here, on May 25th, as there was no inn, I passed

the night in a small temple, the doors of which were thronged with people, few of whom had ever seen a European before. Two days after we came to the ferry of Nam-Pa. It was too late to cross the Mekong that night, so I put up in a cottage, the village being on the other side. The appearance of the Mekong is somewhat like that of the Danube at the Iron Gate, only the hills are higher here (fifteen hundred feet to two thousand five hundred feet above the river), and you can see the course of the stream for a considerable distance, narrow, straight, and deep. This Mekong is a most remarkable river, lying in a valley two thousand two hundred feet above the sea-level, and I was struck by its great swiftness and extraordinary depth, though I judged that it was barely four hundred feet wide. It is called Nam-Pa River by the villagers. Here I encountered about the worst three-quarters of an hour I ever spent; it thundered, lightened, and rained in torrents whilst I wandered about trying to find my muleteers, of whom I had lost sight. In and about this district the people are like the Bayi, and live in small villages. In the morning the old ferry boat came to carry me over to Nam-Pa. It took one hour and three-quarters for three boat-loads to cross over. My entourage consisted of myself and my servants, four riding horses and eleven pack mules, with their loads.

If it had not been for the rain, and the long delay in crossing the river, we should have been able to reach Chen-Nör before dark. As it was we had to stop at Nar-Pou-Ten, about eight miles nearer the river. This place is about four thousand three hundred feet above sea-level. I noticed a number of wild fig trees about here, the ripe fruit being of a very pleasant flavour. About eleven next morning we arrived at the mud white-washed wall of Chen-Nör. First of all we called on the Sun Chung, or petty Mandarin, who gave us the use of a temple as lodgings—one dedicated to the God of War. As the Mandarin was said to be ill, I did not see him then. The day being fine, I explored the city, and some children near the gates ran home shouting "Yang Quai," the sight of my ragged appearance and dirty clothes probably suggesting the idea of some evil spirit. The mothers then came out, but, though curious, they were quite friendly. I was just in time to receive a return call from the Mandarin when I got back to the temple. He came to visit me because he wanted some quinine, to which I helped him liberally. He was named Yen-Chung-Yin, and, I surmised, did not hold high rank, as he rode upon a rough-looking pony instead of coming in a chair. He evidently took a great interest in foreign affairs, unlike most Chinamen, especially considering the remote region to which he belonged. He told me that my shortest route to the Burmese Shan States would be *via* Man-Ho-Chai; but I did not go that way, as I wished to see the

Kun Long ferry. Vegetable gardens and rice fields cover the plain surrounding Chen-Nör, the hills beyond being bare, or covered with short scrub.

The next day we passed up the hills into a pretty valley watered by a stream, in crossing which a slight accident occurred to one of the mules. The animal, which was loaded with baskets and cooking utensils, happened to stray from the ford into a deep hole, and was nearly drowned. It took some time to haul the creature out, the sides of the pool being so steep, and it was then a long and tedious business to fish out of the mud the utensils which had fallen from his pack. From the opposite side of the stream we had another view of Chen-Nör in the distance.

Rather an unfortunate thing happened in the evening. We had to camp out for the night, for the village we wanted to stay at had been burned, and in the darkness we could not find another. This was a further instance of the disastrous fires of which I have before spoken. The country here is strewn with huge boulders of what appears to be water-worn granite. We passed a rather uncomfortable night, four sleeping in my tent, which was only meant for one. The four muleteers had a tent of their own, about the size of a dog-kennel. The local guide, in half an hour, built a shelter for himself and the mafvo. He made it by driving stakes into the ground, with boughs laid on top, and thatched with the long grass which grows in abundance about here. It was, luckily, a fine night, so my boy could cook outside without getting wet. The mules and horses were unloaded, and turned loose. A huge bonfire was also made of the half-charred stumps of small trees which had escaped the hill fires a few months back. This was to keep off the tigers, which the muleteer said were plentiful about here, and to give our animals warmth during the night in case it was wet.

The summit of the ridge along which we passed next day is nearly seven thousand feet high, being the highest point I had traversed on this journey. On our arrival at a suitable camping place in the evening, we found an old shed, big enough to put all the luggage in—an improvement on the previous night's experience, as we could make a tent of the waterproof luggage coverings. All around were small woods and open spaces covered with bracken. The next day, as we journeyed on, the ridge broadened into an undulating plateau with patches of bracken here and there, the scenery, indeed, having some resemblance to our own English rural landscapes. At nine o'clock we had reached the end of the plateau, and saw a small plain some distance in front, where lie the two little villages of Mong-Nyim-Nö and Mong-Nyim-Tau. It took us two hours to descend the three thousand odd feet from the plateau to the plain. The views we got on the way were very fine; rice fields made green oases in the plain,

and through gaps in the hills we caught glimpses of them, as well as of the picturesque towns below. It is curious to notice the little effect a very heavy shower has on the hills after the drought of winter and early spring. The rain as it falls runs off the dry ground like water off a duck's back into the rice fields below. Of course this is only at the beginning of the rainy season. This small plain has been cleared in many parts of the low scrub, and well cultivated. It is a change to see mango plantations as well as jack-fruit trees instead of the everlasting rice fields. On the well-wooded hills which surround the plain are many monasteries dotted about here and there. One of the largest of these is in Mong-Nyim-Nö. The first Mong I went to was ruled by a Tussu, or native Chief, who sent word on my arrival that I could put up at the Buddhist Monastery. Most of the natives and the inmates of the monastery were Shans; their form of Buddhism resembles that of the Burmese, but there were a few Chinese traders staying here, as well as the officials in the Yámen. I found there was a market, and that supplies in plenty of beef, pork, various sorts of fowl, eggs, mangoes, bananas, jack-fruit, melons (pápyx), cabbages, Chinese potatoes, turnips, onions, and a sort of spinach, amongst other good things, were to be had. Game was plentiful about here, and resembles the species I saw at Sze Mao. The temple of the monastery where I stayed was painted in dull red and dead gold. Inside was a gigantic and anything but flattering statue of Buddha; he was represented sitting, and the whole was heavily gilt. The ornaments in the temple consist chiefly of bright-coloured balls, such as one would see on a Christmas-tree, only rather larger. Pillars are ranged round the walls, and this leaves the centre space clear. The books used in the temple were written in Shan characters, which bear some likeness to Chinese. The monks are decked in the yellow robes of the Indian Buddhists, such as might have been worn in the time of Gautama. With them they wear red caps and girdles. There is a trade route from here to Shun-Ning Fu, one of the places Davies passed through. Thence it is easy to get on through Tali Fu to Yum Nan Fu, the capital of the province. In these villages salt is the current coinage. Two cash equal one cake of salt about two inches square and half an inch thick.

The next night I spent at the monastery of Mong-Nyim Tau—a much finer one than that at Mong-Nyim-Nö. I found the priests here a great deal more curious than those I had met on the preceding night: they kept continually coming into my room. In front of the temple was a large terrace built of glazed bricks, overlooking the village. A Tussu of the name of Dow Hwar governs this village and part of the country round. His Yámen is in the middle of the village, and lies between this monastery and another situated on

rising ground opposite. Here I found a market too, as good as, if not better than, that at Mong-Nyim-Nö.

On my journey I often heard of Mr. Davies. The natives frequently inquired whether he was a relation of mine, thinking all Europeans alike, I suppose. It is curious that Europeans are also apt to fail in distinguishing one Chinaman from another. The plain in which I now found myself was drained by a stream, which runs past the little village where we halted, through a gap in the hills back to the Mekong river. One or two traders here had rupees with them, and wanted to exchange them for their weight in silver; a truly profitable arrangement—for the traders. Salt is the usual medium of barter in this part of the country. It is about eighty to ninety li to the next stopping place, which seems a very long way, considering that until you get to it you meet with hill after hill. I was heartily glad to find there was a military camp about midway, where we could get shelter, and decided to avail myself of it. I started for this place on the 4th January.

This camp has been established for the protection of the villagers, who are constantly suffering from the inroads of the Was. It is situated six thousand feet above sea-level, and is just on the borders of the Wa country, a wild forest region, as strange as the cannibals who inhabit it. These Was are probably the lowest tribe of mankind in Asia. They are in the habit of making raids on the villages, decapitating the inhabitants, and they then worship the heads of their victims, under the impression that thereby they ensure the speedy growth of their rice. From one village alone which I passed through these cannibals had taken seventy heads since March. The Wa's favourite weapon is a crossbow, with which they shoot poisoned arrows. Occupying the borderland between Chinese and British rule, the Wa tribe defies all authority.

It is related that an English officer, with some Sepoys, once fought their way out of the Wa country, and, losing men on the way, stopped to bury them. Some time after the English heard that the Was had dug up one of the Sepoys and feasted on the body. No wonder the poor villagers are in a constant state of terror. They never go out except in parties of some dozen or more together, and it was only after a great deal of difficulty that I managed to hire a guide at the camp. This camp is just a number of rough huts enclosed in a fence made of stakes driven into the ground on the edge of the ditch, which is mostly filled up with a sort of very prickly mimosa bush. The villagers also plant the mimosa round their houses, as it is very useful in securing them from the Wa raids by night.

When we reached the camp I let my servants and mules stand inside for safety, but I preferred to stay outside. I made myself very comfortable, after pegging my tent well down; the wind was very

strong that night. A kind peasant brought me some grass, thinking I was going to sleep on the ground, and it came in useful for stopping up the crevices at the bottom of the tent. There I slept soundly, only waking occasionally as the wind rose higher and higher, and I drowsily wondered if it were going to blow the tent away.

When morning dawned I was ready to go on, but could get no guide. Such was the fear the natives have of the Was, that I found I must either take a body of guides, or one guide fortified by Chinese guards, and I chose the latter. We made our way along the edge of the dreaded Wa-land, greeted on all sides with tales of the Wa raids and their general cruel character. I was curious to see if their land resembled its owners, but never were country and inhabitants more strikingly at variance. Forests crowned many summits and covered the sides of the mountains, which rose on our left eight thousand feet above sea-level. The wood fires which make such havoc round the villages are never heard of in Wa-land. The forests are dense, and like nothing so much as a succession of primeval woods—perfect in beauty, vast in extent, the very perfection of a gift of Mother Nature's own planting. The fairy tale forests were never more lovely than this. Orchids of rare shape and exquisite loveliness grow here in richest profusion. I have never seen any to equal them.

Our next stop was at the village of Nawng-Hpaw. The Wa raids are so dreaded that the inhabitants arm themselves with old match-lock guns, swords, daggers, crossbows, and even pitchforks, when they go to the fields. They asked me if I would load my gun, as they would be very pleased if I managed to kill a Wa that night, and thought some of them might be lurking about. I purchased some poisoned arrows found near the village after a raid. Here also a mimosa hedge surrounds the houses.

As we quitted this place we had still forests on our left, and also a stream, into which, farther down, the smaller ones empty themselves in coming from Mong-Nyim-Nö. This stream was in a valley on our left. On the top of some hills near here we found a second camp, also garrisoned by Chinese soldiers.

Next day we came to Wing, one of the chief villages of the Mōng Su State, which is tributary to Mōng Ka, and governed by a cousin of the ruler of the latter city. It being market-day when I got there I did not run short of supplies.

Here I was met by the cousin in person, who, after having asked to see my passport, said he would send word to the Chief, telling him of my arrival. The Chief lived at Mōng Ka, the principal village in the Mōng Ka State, two easy days' journey from here. The mid-way village is known as Mōng Leung, and is inhabited by a tribe called Ka Wa, who, I am told, are half savages. These people wear round their necks a metal ring, which looks like silver, heavy ear-

rings, and also a necklace of small shells. The women are attired in a blackish blue jacket and a striped petticoat. Men, women, and children have pipes in their mouths all day long. The villagers here as well as at a good many other places I passed, could seldom speak Chinese. The forest is still on the left, though some distance away. We have again merged into a limestone district.

After one day's journey down the open valley, which is in some places about two miles wide, and mostly taken up with rice fields and marshes, we reached a village where another largish stream joins, and here we stopped for the night. From here two days' climbing over the limestone mountains brings us to Tawnio, called by the Chinese *Mar Le Pa*.

On the 11th June we reached Mōng Ka. This is beautifully situated in a fertile valley with many rice fields irrigated by a pleasant stream, the headwater of that at Wing. Information from his cousin at Wing having probably announced my coming the day before, I was welcomed by the Chief's officials, whom he had ordered to receive me in his absence. The chief of Mōng Ka was absent, having been called away to the scene of a Wa raid, in which several villagers were murdered and decapitated.

The next day at an altitude of about six thousand feet we crossed the watershed between the Salween and the Mekong; then on past a pretty village hard by a stream with a beautiful waterfall, over hills, down dales, and always around us the lovely sub-tropical forests. Here the rainfall is very heavy. The villages are all very much alike, and with no special objects of interest, unless various Buddhist monasteries—where the monks are all extremely kind and obliging—can be so described. The district owes much of its plentiful rice crops to the clear streams which are always running. The forests add to the contrast which all this region presents to the dry streams and parched, almost treeless, country of China Proper. I first noticed this change after leaving Wing; and for four days we journeyed on through these leafy shades, often by the side of sparkling streams, till we reached the Nam-Ting Valley on July 16th. Here is Mōng-Ting, the next halting-place of importance. Mōng-Ting is not more than two days from the frontier, or rather it is two and a-half days' journey from Kun Long ferry on the Salween passing Nam Hu, which is close to the frontier. Mōng-Ting, though no bigger than Mōng Tseze, is marked on Bretneider's map as a district town, and was in former days on one of the old, but now little frequented, trade routes between China and Burmah. It is noted for its mangoes. We left it to journey on down the valley. The Nam-Ting river, one of the largest tributaries of the Salween, flows through this valley.

Tawnio is in the sub-State of Ko Khan and a part of North Theinni, formerly part of Yun Nan. It is governed by a Chinese official

called the Heng. There are several Chinese here, subjects of the Saubwa of North Theinni. Besides the Shans various tribes live in these parts, including:—

The Paloungs, who come up from Taing Bang Shan State.

The Los, closely connected with the Was (the difference being that they are Buddhists) and also called Lawas.

The Kachins, called here Khongs, spirit-worshippers, who came originally from the region between the rivers Mehkha and Malikha and the far north of Burma.

Not far from here lives the son of the so-called Sultan of Yun Nan, amongst a colony of Panthuyes, or Chinese Mohammedans.

It was at Tawnio I spent the Queen's Jubilee. In honour of it there were athletic sports, which the Heng attended, a sight which few of the inhabitants had seen before.

Market day at Tawnio is a gay scene, as all the different tribes gather there in their varied and brilliant costumes. It takes place every fifth day. I stayed here ten days for the shooting. Game is very plentiful. Barking deer, black partridge, pheasants, quail, teal, plover, peacocks, &c., kept me busy till I left on the 29th of June.

Two days' journey over the hills again brought me to the Kun Long ferry on the Salween, where I stopped the night. The Salween lies one thousand eight hundred feet above sea-level, and I found it in full flood and very muddy. At this time of the year it is somewhat over a thousand feet broad and very swift and deep, so swift, in fact, that the bullocks would not swim over. I managed, however, to get three of my four horses across, by leading them from the boat; one was torn away and I lost him. The canoes used for taking people and luggage across are about two feet wide and thirty feet long, cut out of a trunk of sound wood. When the current is very strong they lash two together. I, however, got away safely and continued my journey towards Lashio, also in North Thienni. Mr. Johnson, of Tawnio, had sent some Sepoys of the Burmese Military Police with me, so that I was spared all annoyance from the villagers on the other side. They are Kachins, and in a constant state of feud with the Shans. My bullocks I had to replace, but did so with little difficulty.

The country is densely wooded and very mountainous. The Kachins live in long, narrow huts, each containing several families. They are like the Paloungs and Ka Was in appearance, the women having thick, short hair and well-formed figures. Over the hips and down to their ankles they wear many hoops made of some stuff, the nature of which I did not discover. Like the Shans, they bear rolls of some material stuck through their ears. In other ways they resemble the Was.

I did not see anything of the Paloungs. The country is very

beautiful all the way to Lashio, and most of the stopping-places are provided with open sheds, where we put up, unless, indeed, we were fortunate enough to find better accommodation at a village temple, or Phoongyi Kyaung, as they are called in this part. There, little temples are built of bamboo, as are most of the Shan huts, and several times I have rested my head under the protection of Buddha. About four days before arriving at Lashio, we crossed the watershed between the Salween and the Irawaddy, and entered an open plain containing the villages of Mōng Yaw, Mōng Yang, Mōng Tim. The word "Mōng" is the Shan for an open space in the mountains. One of these villages (Mōng Yaw) was formerly much larger, as is shown by the ruins of pagodas and temples. I arrived on the 12th July at Lashio, where several Europeans reside, as it is the seat of the British Government in the Northern Shan States. I was put up by Mr. Leveson at the Residency, and spent three days very comfortably. Here the cart road begins, and also the earthworks of the Kun Long Ferry Railway. With no little satisfaction I got rid of my tediously slow oxen, and bought mules instead, with which I finished my expedition, and nine days later, after passing through the State and town of Thebaw and the hill station of Maye Mew, I reached Mandalay on the 23rd July, just six and a-half months from the time that I left Canton.

WILLIAM A. JOHNSTONE.

A REMEDY FOR BABY-FARMING.

SOME months ago, upon the occasion of some peculiarly horrible baby-farm exposures, I took the opportunity of pointing out that not only were the public responsible for the existence of these institutions, but that their existence was an inevitable necessity, so long as no proper asylums were provided for the reception of illegitimate infants whose mothers are compelled to work for their support. In the same article, which made its appearance in the *Daily Chronicle*, I briefly proposed a scheme which would in time tend to the elimination of baby-farm establishments, and that, necessitating neither drastic legislative changes nor complex machinery, depended for its successful execution upon the concerted action of philanthropic women, carrying on their work in conjunction with lying-in hospitals, parish doctors, and midwives.

The project, which I mistakenly imagined to be the product of my own brain, being at that time unaware of the existence of a similar enterprise in actual operation, aroused some apathetic interest and a greater degree of criticism, the essence of which was that it was wholly indefeasible and impracticable. No response or co-operation from women, with whom the achievement of the experiment mainly rests, was evoked; and new and more exciting sensations, in the shape of divorce and society libel cases, having arisen, the whole subject was dismissed, and the iniquities of baby-farming allowed to flourish unrestrained until the next "revelation" should call public attention thereto. It happened, however, that the little article somehow found its way to Germany; and ere long the writer learned, to her astonishment, that an organization, almost precisely identical in its object and methods of attainment, had for ten years and more been actively promoted and working in Berlin, and was now crowned with complete success. The Berlin Kinder-schutzverein differs from my plan in so far that it does not limit its offices to illegitimate children, although, as may be inferred, they are more extensively employed upon this class of children; but otherwise it is carried out on the lines suggested by me, being composed of a central committee of ladies and doctors, with more than a thousand members, whose duties, active, constant, and practical, consist in a systematic supervision of the infant or infants in their district. As, then, nearly all the important points specified in my scheme concerning part payments by the mother, the co-operation of medical and nursing authorities, the periodic and systematic inspection of the homes and the infants by unpaid ladies, and the maintenance of free intercourse and close

personal relationship between mother and child, are vital principles of the *Kinder-schutzverein*, it is possible to advocate the scheme which is given in fuller detail here, by the courtesy of the Editor of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, with an assurance and confidence that could not be sustained so long as the experiment remained untried and untested.

It has been said that, under the present existing social conditions, the baby-farm is an inevitable necessity to a certain class of young mothers; and in justification of this assertion it is only necessary to present the facts which from time to time we realise, expend a considerable amount of indignant sentiment over, and then comfortably forget or dismiss with the cheerful reflection that "there are a sufficient number of charitable agencies to look after these cases." Yet, incredible as it may sound, scarcely any of these concern themselves with the placing of infants except in institutions; and, furthermore, there are not above half-a-dozen of these institutions where infants under two years are taken at all; and, so far as my very careful inquiries and investigations reveal, not more than two of them where the mother is not compelled to give up all her rights over the child if she avail herself of the benefits of the institution. Now, a very large proportion of the young mothers—very often little older than girls—whose recklessness, and confidence, and ignorance, and not unfrequently ardent affection, have brought them into the situation of motherhood, without the desirable and necessary legal and social safeguards and formalities, are not only very far from being lost and abandoned creatures, but are capable of exhibiting qualities of self-sacrifice, tenderness, courage, and endurance in a very exalted degree, and in a manner of which most of us, in our correct, conventional lives, have neither the conception nor capacity for. Happily, too, for our own peace of mind, there are few amongst us who are capable of realising the utter hopelessness, helplessness, and bewilderment of a girl of the respectable class who finds herself burdened with an infant, and who cannot turn to friends for shelter and help. She comes out of the hospital weak and penniless, yet willing and eager to work for the support of her child if a temporary refuge can be found for it. The matron of the hospital, with the best of intentions, gives her the name of some *Magdalene Refuge* or *Penitentiary*, and it is to this dismal shelter that she turns her saddened eyes if she be not made of stronger and more heroic stuff. But suppose she refuses to label herself a *Magdalene*; suppose some divine instinct in her bids her cherish the child at her bosom, and work for it, and ultimately find in it her own redemption and salvation; and suppose between her and her child there is already established that bond of affection which makes her unwilling to surrender it to strangers, and for ever deprive herself of the right to have any choice or part in its destiny; then in what direction is she to turn for advice and guidance, in what

quarter is she to seek for a safe and happy home for her infant? It is hardly conceivable, but nevertheless a fact that, with all our countless societies and philanthropic agencies, not one amongst them lays itself out for this function. There is no Association to which a matron of one of the hospitals or a parish doctor can direct a young mother. The matron herself has too many similar cases, and is too much overburdened with work to be able to give any practical help; the secretary is, as a rule, a man, and such a task hardly comes under his scope. Incidentally, it may be remarked, that whilst women are doing all kinds of unsuitable forms of labour which could be better accomplished by men, there are posts, such as the secretaryships of lying-in hospitals, which are most improperly filled by men. As is well known there are a certain number of male medical students attached to these institutions, but their primary purpose is for the reception of women; and when it is recollected that at Queen Charlotte's and most of the other maternity hospitals the mothers are not received until they are in such a condition as to require the immediate presence of the physician, it would seem almost superfluous to point out the propriety, and necessity, and desirability of appointing female officers. Should the scheme that we have in view ever come into operation, a woman secretary would be an inseparable and indispensable part of it, and would be the first link in the chain of guidance that would encircle the young mother on leaving the lying-in ward. Under the present condition of affairs, unless some relative of the mother is willing to take her infant, she must bestir herself to find a home for it. Only the individual who has had practically to confront this problem can adequately appreciate its perplexities and difficulties; and if it presents a not swiftly conquerable solution to an educated person, who has some knowledge of the quarters in which attention should be directed and application made, and who is familiar with the resources offered by directories and societies, to a defenceless, ignorant, inexperienced girl, it is little less than hopelessly unattainable. The Rescue Societies and Homes, and the numerous Associations for Women and Children, cannot assist her in any way. They keep no register of respectable persons willing to take in children, as this would involve special officers and inspection, and funds and operations that do not come within their sphere of philanthropy; and of the eight Societies I consulted upon this difficulty, not one of them offered a single suggestion of the smallest value, or gave utterance to any expression which showed that they recognised the gravity of the dilemma or the iniquity of the situation which compels a mother to resort to the baby-farm. In short, I discovered that my own efforts to procure a home for an infant had given me a deeper practical insight into the conditions underlying the problem, than was possessed by all these secretarial ladies and gentle-

men put together. After endless inquiries and investigations, during which the child had been temporarily disposed of, and the mother established in domestic service, a most satisfactory home was found with a highly respectable widow living in her own cottage in the country, and not too far off for monthly visitations from the mother. Then a new trouble presented itself. The widow could not make it worth her while to burden herself with the care of a child unless she could at least cover the entire expenses of its keep, and in addition receive sixpence or a shilling a week as extra remuneration; and her demand of five shillings, justifiable as it was, could not be met by the mother, whose contribution of 3s. 6d. a week left her barely enough for her own necessities. This deficiency had to be met by two ladies, who undertook to pay the extra weekly amount required, and who in addition promised to pay occasional unexpected visits, and see if the child were properly fed, washed, and cared for. Now, it will be seen that to ensure a fairly satisfactory home for this infant, a considerable amount of search, and inquiry, and personal investigation had to be undertaken, and the small payments of the mother had also to be supplemented from some outside source. Had the business of securing a home been left to the helpless and distracted girl-mother, one of two things would have happened—either she would have found out a home for it through the “adoption” advertisements that still appear in many of the low-class newspapers, or through the equally discreditable medium of the unqualified, unregistered midwife, whose labours are often carried on in connection with baby-farm keepers, and contracted to pay a weekly sum for its maintenance; or she would have paid a lump sum down, the amount being probably as large as could be extorted from the other parent of the child, and parted with her offspring for ever. The lump-sum system of barter is really more humane in its effects than the weekly payment of 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d., which necessitates for its profitable aspect that the infant shall be semi-starved, semi-clothed, and wholly neglected. The baby-farm keeper, knowing that the lump sum of £2 or £5 that she has received represents the entire payment of the transaction, proceeds to make it as profitable as possible by cutting short the victim’s life at as early a period as she safely can. To evade the police, who, if they be armed with sufficient legal powers, show themselves singularly reticent in using them, the child is passed through half-a-dozen different hands; is starved and neglected; and, finally, although many of these infants have an astonishing vitality, and survive an incredible degree of starvation, succumbs to a “natural death.” The doctor who signs the certificate may be, and probably is, far removed from the class of infamous professional men who connive and co-operate with baby-farm keepers; but he is a busy man; he sees that the child is wasted, and devitalised, and suffering from no

specific organic disease; and it is not his business to pursue investigation into its past treatment and history. But, at any rate, in this little span of life the suffering has been brief and the release speedy, and the destiny infinitely kinder than that of the little creature for whom weekly payments are made. Here it is to the advantage of the keepers to prolong the life of the child at the smallest expenditure upon which it can be maintained and actual death postponed. It is an impossibility to rear a growing child after the first few weeks for the sum of 3s. 6d. a week, and in addition make a profit out of the venture; and as these persons do not adopt babies from philanthropy or love, their object has to be attained by supplying it with the smallest quantity of food which will prevent the cessation of its existence. The trade can be made more lucrative by taking in three or four infants at the same time, and as there are certain legal conditions necessitating occasional inspections which have to be complied with under these circumstances, many practices are resorted to, with the successful object of deceiving the authorities and rendering their efforts nugatory.

In one instance, of which I had personal experience, where the woman advertised herself as "lonely and longing for the care of a sweet little baby" which she would look upon as her own, the *modus operandi* consisted in never having more than one child in the house at the time. This personage got as much as six or seven shillings a week for the infants for which she was "longing"; and after treating them pretty well for a few weeks, and allowing the mothers to visit them, she would declare they ought to have country air, and that with this sole object she was about to remove to the healthy but remote district of X., situated in one of the midland counties. If a poor mother, happy perhaps to think of her little one growing strong and rosy in country air, consented, she would sub-farm the child to some other wretch living at Acton or Peckham, and continue to regularly pocket the payment of six shillings sent by the mother to some county post-office, whilst paying her own tool two or three shillings a week for keeping the child. Knowing the defencelessness of the mother, her inability to resent or punish whatever happens, these conscienceless baby-farmers act with an impunity that it is hard to credit, until one understands the immense difficulties that beset the detection and punishment of their subtle and secret proceedings, which, notwithstanding recent legislative enactments of a stringent character that should effectually prevent any grave malpractices, are carried on as extensively as ever. The remedy would seem to lie in more definite legislative measures, both as regards registration and inspection;¹ but it must always be borne in mind that any measures

(1) The New Infant Life Inspection Act does not provide any legislative measure for the keeping of one infant.

which tend, however indirectly, to make illegitimacy a penal offence, result in pressing with greater severity upon the female parent, and in leading ultimately to concealment of birth; and although it is easy to conceive a system carried out by the State, which would more adequately and comprehensively protect these children by means of registration, identification of the child, and periodic notification of its residence by the mother, it would on the whole operate disadvantageously for the interests and character of the mother, just in the same way that the police supervision of a released criminal, however necessary it may be for the welfare of society, in many ways handicaps the efforts of the individual. Anything, then, acting in the direction of pressure upon the mother is to be avoided; but this does not apply to the guilty persons who take advantage of her defencelessness, and legislation involving registration and inspection might be advantageously brought to bear (i) upon the midwives who attend these cases and who should be compelled to be registered; (ii) upon any person who takes in a child for payment, even if only one child be taken.

But the most important part of the scheme is the creation of an organization consisting of a central committee of ladies and members in every town and district, whose services and knowledge and counsel would be available to the inexperienced, ignorant young mother, anxious to work for her infant, and utterly at sea as to any safe refuge where it can be placed.

Every lying-in hospital, district nurse, midwife, and parish doctor would be furnished with the address of the headquarters of the association, and the nearest local branch, or if none such existed within measurable distance, of a lady member whose help could be obtained. Before leaving the institution or the doctor's hands, the mother would be advised to seek such advice and aid in one or other of these quarters; and with the view of reaching those cases that are only attended by the inferior midwives, there might be such an alteration in the law as to make birth registration compulsory within a fortnight instead of six weeks.

The registration officials would be provided with the same information, and their co-operation would be sought in directing such cases as seemed in need of help to the offices of the association. Both headquarters and branch offices (which, like the Charity Organization Society branches, would be locally self-supporting) would be furnished with a list of reliable, respectable working women willing to take a child and act as foster-mother to it. They would only be registered on the list upon the distinct understanding that they must submit their home and the child of whom they have the care to the inspection of a lady visitor without any previous warning. The duty of supervision and inspection must be undertaken volun-

tarily at present by a lady visitor attached to each local committee, and her reports would be forwarded to the head office and then examined. The association would employ in addition a couple of trained salaried lady inspectors to travel through the country, and supervise and report upon the working of the organization.

It has been shown that, in a large number of cases, it is impossible for the mother to bear the whole cost of the child's maintenance, and it would therefore be necessary to have a fund collected by each local branch for supplementing the mother's payment. Wherever possible the child's foster-home would be within walking distance of the scene of the mother's work; and an elemental principle upon which the efforts of the society would be based would be that of strengthening and vitalising the tie existing between mother and child. The mother would be given some voice in the ordering of the child's life, and would be encouraged to interest herself in all the details of its dress and health and progress that are denied her when she hands over her little one to an institution. The knowledge that she was mainly responsible for its support would act as an incentive to steady and industrious habits, and the proximity of her child with constant visits and frequent companionship would strengthen the bond that becomes loose and feeble when parents and children grow up asunder. It will be seen that this modest proposal does not involve turning the world upside down, nor the creation of complex machinery, nor the production of vast funds. The offices of the central association, the printing and distribution of lists and directions, and the maintenance of a paid secretary and two lady inspectors, would fall upon the central committee of ladies: the funds for the supplementary payments would be dealt with by the respective local branches, who would also maintain their own office and staff of lady officers. Or, if it were found preferable, the central committee might receive all funds and allot the supplementary payments through the branches which are responsible for the cases; and in time, as the benefits of the organization to the community at large became recognised, a demand for a state or municipal subsidy might be justifiably made and obtained. One need not cherish an unduly optimistic faith to hope that a scheme, which at least promises to diminish, if it does not wholly banish, the evil of the baby-farm system, will commend itself to women of means and leisure, willing to devote personal service to its achievement, and animated with that wisdom, compassion, and ardour which characterise all generous human enterprises.

FRANCES H. LOW.

MR. WILFRID WARD'S *CARDINAL WISEMAN*.¹

It is thirty-eight years since Cardinal Wiseman died. And, at last, his life has been written and published. There are two reasons why, as it appears to me, we may account the delay not unfortunate. It is far easier, now, to judge Cardinal Wiseman fairly and impartially, than it would have been at any time during the episcopate of his immediate successor. And in Mr. Wilfrid Ward he has found quite an ideal biographer. It is not merely that Mr. Ward writes with a singular fulness of knowledge, an unusual discrimination of judgment, a rare psychological power, and a candour that might satisfy even Othello. He possesses the still more unfrequent gift of sympathetic diagnosis—a gift as essential to high excellence in the literary as in the pictorial portrait painter. I remember spending an hour in the late Sir John Millais' studio while he was engaged upon the likeness of Cardinal Newman now in the possession of the Duke of Norfolk. Millais liked to smoke in silence at his work, and to get someone to talk to his sitter. I was engaged in conversation with the Cardinal upon some topic which specially interested and animated him, when Millais, pipe in hand, suddenly exclaimed, with subdued excitement, "I've got him." So he had. At last, after being often baffled, he had "divinely found the man,"² and the Cardinal's face lived upon his canvas. Now, in these volumes, Mr. Wilfrid Ward has certainly "got" Cardinal Wiseman. The testimony of those who knew Wiseman well, leaves no doubt about the fidelity and vividness of the portraiture. He has given us not merely the great prelate, but the man, with his pompous manner and his shy nature, his grandiose tastes and his childlike heart, his singularly wide culture and his boyish love of fun, his social success and his simple piety, his august achievements and his miserable mistakes. We know his aims; we understand his actions; we are let into the secret of his inner life. And the result is one for which Cardinal Wiseman would undoubtedly have been grateful. "I don't think," he said, when he lay dying, "they will always think me such a monster." By "they," he meant his fellow-countrymen in general. Assuredly, no one can rise from the perusal of Mr. Ward's volumes without feelings of esteem, admiration, and I will say reverence, for the accomplished and devout churchman, whose righteousness is there made as clear as the light and his just dealing as the

(1) *The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*. By Wilfrid Ward. In two volumes. London. 1897.

(2) Millais told me that Cardinal Newman's likeness was extremely difficult to catch: "There is so much in that face," he said.

noonday. We may apply to him, without hyperbole, the beautiful and familiar verses :—

" We know him now : all narrow jealousies
Are silent ; and we see him as he moved :
How modest, kindly, all accomplished, wise.
Sweet nature, gilded by the gracious gleam
Of letters ; dear to Science, dear to Art.
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure ; but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

Mr. Wilfrid Ward's book, however, is of interest and importance not only as an admirable specimen of the biographer's art, but for another reason. *The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman* is the title which he has given it. And the side-lights which it throws upon the momentous period in which the Cardinal's lot was cast, and upon some of the famous personages with whom he was associated, are of great historical value. The Catholic reaction, of which Chateaubriand was the herald, and in some sort the initiator, the condition of the Papal States in the first half of the present century, the growth and issue of the Tractarian movement, the attitude of Rome to modern thought, are among the topics touched upon and illuminated by him. Again, we may take it—indeed, Mr. Ward, in his Preface, hints as much—that a subsidiary object of his book is to put before the world a juster view of Cardinal Manning than the one exhibited in a recent *Life*, with which most of my readers are probably acquainted. In what I am about to write I shall, in the first place, present some of the more salient features of Cardinal Wiseman's personality and career, using, for the most part, the materials provided by Mr. Wilfrid Ward. And, by way of epilogue to this, I shall briefly consider what he has to tell us about Cardinal Manning, supplementing it, so far as may seem desirable, from my own knowledge of that most eminent ecclesiastic.

Cardinal Wiseman was born two years after Cardinal Newman—that is, in 1802. He claimed descent from a Protestant Bishop of Dromore ; but his grandfather was a Catholic merchant, who, at the end of the last century, migrated from Waterford to Seville. There Nicholas Wiseman was born ; and there he spent the first three years of his life. Thence he was sent to a boarding-school at Waterford to acquire a knowledge of English ; and in 1810 he passed to Ushaw College, near Durham. As an infant he had been consecrated to the service of the Church by his mother, who, we are told, laid him upon the high altar of the Cathedral of Seville ; and he never doubted of his vocation. Looking back over his career in his last illness, he told a friend : " I have never cared for anything but the Church : my sole delight has been in everything connected with her." He remained

at Ushaw for eight years, one of his greatest friends there being George Erington, who was subsequently to become his coadjutor. Dr. Lingard, who was Vice-President of the College, showed him, as he writes, "many acts of thoughtful and delicate kindness," the foundation of "a correspondence and intimacy" between them in later years, which lasted till the death of that eminent historian. As a boy, Nicholas Wiseman was shy and retiring, destitute of all aptitude for athletics, and devoted to books. In 1818 he went to Rome to the restored English college. His life there has been described by Mr. Ward in a passage which it is worth while to quote :—

"The student-life which Wiseman led for the next four years was one of great regularity and of strict discipline. The English college—although less exacting in its regulations than some of the Italian colleges—preserves a measure of Continental severity. The students rose then at half-past five. Half-an-hour's meditation was followed by Mass and breakfast. Every day, except Thursday and Sunday, lectures were attended on philosophy, theology, canon law, church history, biblical exegesis, as the case might be; and the rest of the morning was devoted to study. The midday dinner was preceded by the daily 'examination of conscience.' After dinner came a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and, a little later, the *siesta*. A space in the afternoon was allotted to a walk through the city, either to some object of interest—a church or a museum—or to one of the Palazzos, or to Monte Pincio, where friends would meet the collegians and exchange greetings or converse. Nearly all the colleges—and among them the English—would take their walk *in camerata*—that is to say, the students walking two abreast, in double file. Outside the city or on Monte Pincio this order was relaxed for the time, and students might disperse, reassembling for their return home. The bell towards sunset for the *Ave Maria* would summon the *camerata* back to college, and the rest of the day was spent chiefly in study and prayer. On Thursday, the weekly holiday, expeditions were often made beyond the city walls to places of interest. The Easter vacation and the long summer holiday were spent at the country house belonging to the college at Monte Porzio, near Tusculum. Here the discipline was somewhat less strict, but was still a life of great regularity, and passed under community rule. The day, both in Rome and at Monte Porzio, was brought to a close with night prayers and the reading of the meditation for the following morning."

It is not easy to over estimate the depth of the impressions left upon Wiseman by the four years passed by him as a student in Rome; by his contact with its relics of the past and its life in the present. "Two influences," writes Mr. Ward, "are especially to be noted—which became intimately blended—that of the historical associations of early Christian history made by the Catacombs, shrines and museums; and the effect of the frequent sight of the Pope himself. No one can reside in Rome without being affected by both these aspects of the life there; but with Wiseman the impression which they made was the deepest of his life. It was deepened by years of close intimacy with every detail of both aspects; an intimacy represented in later years by the most popular of his books *Fabiola*, and by the *Recollections of the Last Four Popes*."

In 1824 Wiseman took his degree of Doctor of Divinity, having acquitted himself with much credit in what was called "The Great Public Act." This was the chief feature in the examination, and consisted in maintaining a number of theological propositions against subtle and trained disputants, in the presence of an audience of prelates and professors. "Among those who came to witness his prowess," Mr. Ward tells us, "were Father Cappellari, afterwards Pope Gregory XVI., then 'a monk clothed in white,' who, glided in, while the disputation was in full course, and the celebrated French divine whose writings this same monk later on condemned, *Félicité de Lamennais*."

Wiseman was not quite twenty-two when his career as a student—his apprenticeship, let me rather say, for he was a student all his days—thus came to a close. And here I should like to insert a portion of a letter of his, written thirty-four years afterwards, in which he reviews this early period of his life. After observing that the method which guided him was to classify leading principles and thoughts, and to refer all he read to a definite aim, he continues :

"I think my powers, such as they were, had been trained and formed and logi-
cised by rude exercises and inward severity which no one saw. Such a course of
years ! (oh, my dearest Willy, may you never experience them)—years of solitude,
of dereliction, without an encouraging word from Superior or companion, de-
nounced even, more than once, by unseen enemies ; years of shattered nerves,
dread often of instant insanity, consumptive weakness enfeebled from sinking
energy, of sleepless nights and weary days, and hours of tears which no one ever
witnessed. For years and years this went on, till a crisis came in my life and
character, and I was drawn into a new condition, where all was changed. It was
during this period, to me invaluable, that I wrote my *Horæ Syriacæ* (which you
probably have scarcely looked into, to see what they cost me), collected my mate-
rials for the Lectures on the 'Connexion,' on the Eucharist, &c. Without this
training I should not have thrown myself into the Puseyite controversy at a later
period. Yet many of that body, then and since, have told me that I was the only
Catholic who understood them, or could throw his mind into theirs. If so, this
was only the result of the self-discipline . . . of previous years. The very
principle which pervades the Lectures on the Eucharist is the ground of my
Oxford Movement papers : that of trying to seize the ideas and feelings of those
whose moods you interpret . . . Some principles and thoughts have been so
familiar to my own mind since I was eighteen or twenty, that they appear to me
to be universal and commonplace ; yet I find when I have compulsory occasion
to utter them, they seem new . . . to others. They are seeds of early planting,
which everyone should value in himself. There was one consolation through this
early time of trial, that the intellectual so thoroughly absorbed the physical, that
it made me pass through a passionless youth—I had almost said temptationless.
Very early I chose the one object of all my studies, to defend and illustrate reli-
gion, Christian and Catholic, and I do not think I have ever swerved in purpose
from my aim. Whatever variety of motives may have been attributed to me, I
do not think that I have ever been unfaithful to this end."

In 1825 Wiseman was ordained priest. He speaks in his *Recollections* of his happiness at this time, when "freed from the yoke of a

repressive discipline and left to follow the bent of his own inclinations [he could] . . . drink long draughts from the fountains which hitherto he could only taste." The next three years were chiefly devoted by him to the preparation of his *Horæ Syriacæ*. The work was published in 1827, and soon gave its author a European reputation. He was immediately nominated by Leo XII., Professor of Oriental Languages at the Roman University, and Vice Rector of the English College. The next year he became Rector. It was at this time that he laid the foundation of his very considerable reputation as a preacher by a course of English sermons delivered in the church of Gesù e Maria.

Under Wiseman's presidency the English College became a very considerable centre of intellectual life.

"The *Horæ Syriacæ* had, by this time, made him a marked man in the learned world, and visitors to Rome sought him out as a person of distinction. As the chief English preacher in Rome he was turned to for advice and guidance in the not unfrequent cases of the reconciliation of Englishmen to Catholicism, and his new appointment gave him the prominence attaching to the official representative of English Catholics in Rome. Hitherto a shy student, associating little with his neighbours . . . he [now] appears to have mixed freely in society, and to have corresponded with the learned world in various countries. . . . Among the Englishmen who made Wiseman's acquaintance as visitors to Rome during his rectorship, besides Mr. Monckton Milnes, were such men as Archbishop Trench, Julius Hare, Sir Thomas Acland, Charles Marriott, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Macaulay, John Henry Newman, Hurrell Froude, Henry Edward Manning. Some of these visits . . . led to friendships, which were continued on occasion of his visits to England, and brought him into intercourse with cultivated English society outside the Catholic pale, a very unusual position at that time for a 'Romish' ecclesiastic. Visits to the country houses of Archbishop Trench, Monckton Milnes, Lord Spencer, and others, are referred to in his letters."

In 1830 there came to the English College, to receive ordination as a priest, the remarkable man subsequently well known as Father Ignatius Spencer. The brother of the late Lord Spencer, he had been during his early manhood a familiar figure in English society, and had been by no means noted for the strictness of his life. It was in the Opera House in Paris in 1820, as he relates, that he received his first religious impressions. The last scene of *Don Giovanni* appealed to him as a warning of the fate which awaited himself, and led him to a complete reformation of conduct. A little later, he took orders in the Anglican Church, but soon came to entertain doubts of the tenableness of his ecclesiastical position. In 1830, he made his submission to Rome. "He ultimately renounced all his worldly possessions, and devoted his whole time to preaching the Gospel to the poor. He died within a year of Cardinal Wiseman's own death, in 1864, after nearly twenty years spent amid the rigour and austerities of the Passionist order." Father Spencer's dominant thought, after his reception into the Catholic Church, was the conver-

sion of England. The devotion and enthusiasm of this holy man deeply influenced Wiseman's impressionable mind. His "simple missionary zeal made him almost suspicious of the more intellectual career upon which the Rector of the College had entered. He told Wiseman, bluntly, that he should apply his mind to something more practical than Syriac MSS. or treatises on geology, and that he would rather see him take up with what suited a priest on the English Mission, as it then was." His admonitions had a great effect on Wiseman, who determined from thenceforth to devote his studies more directly to the cause of the Catholic revival then in progress throughout Europe, and in particular to labour, as far as in him lay, for the furtherance of "the great cause" in England.

It was in 1833 that Wiseman first saw Newman, who was then visiting Rome in company with Hurrell Froude. Thirteen years afterwards he wrote, "From the day of Newman and Froude's visit to me I have never, for one instant, wavered in my conviction that a new era had commenced in England . . . To this great object I devoted myself. The favourite studies of former years were abandoned for the pursuit of this aim alone." Thenceforth, then, Wiseman's mind was steadily set upon more active work for religion among his fellow countrymen. He thought of founding a Catholic University, of founding a Catholic Review in England, and determined upon paying a reconnoitring visit in the summer of 1835. But before leaving Rome, he delivered the "Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion," which added so greatly to his reputation. They are, indeed, striking discourses from the thorough and systematic research of which they are manifestly the outcome, from the moderation and candour of their tone, and from their recognition of the great verity so cogently enforced before by Pascal, and since by Newman, that the truest justification of Christianity consists in its giving us "the key to the secrets of our nature, and the solution of all mental problems . . . the answer to all the solemn questions of our restless consciousness." Of course, they are largely out of date, for the science with which they dealt was the science of fifty years ago: but even at the present time they will well repay perusal.

Wiseman was now thirty-three years old, and was becoming ever more and more deeply interested in the movement of contemporary European thought, which, as he expressed it, in his rhetorical way, seemed "paving the ground and struggling to be free from the Pagan trammels which the Reformation cast upon it, and trying once more to fly into the purer Christian ether of Dante and Chaucer." "The exertions of such men as Schlegel, Novalis, Görres, Manzoni, Lamennais, Lamartine, and even the less pure efforts of Victor Hugo

or Janin," appeared to him "to show a longing after the revival of Christian principles as the soul and centre of thought and taste and feeling." In this frame of mind he came to England in the autumn of 1835, travelling by Vienna, Munich, Paris, and Bruges, where, as "he saw the Catholic champions, whose writings had so moved him, and received letters in the course of his journey from Syria and China, the world-wide empire of the Roman See was brought before his imaginative mind. And his spirit of hopeful enterprise stood in marked contrast to the ideas of Englishmen, Catholic and Protestant alike, as to the status and work of the Catholics in England—the remnant of the long proscribed English Papists." To the history of Catholicism in this country during the two preceding centuries, Mr. Ward devotes a carefully written chapter. Their condition at the time with which we are concerned has been pictured by Cardinal Newman in one of the finest passages which he ever wrote. It is so perfect a bit of English that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of transcribing it, and my readers the pleasure of perusing it:—

"No longer the Catholic Church in the country—nay, no longer, I may say, a Catholic community—but a few adherents of the Old Religion, moving silently and sorrowfully about, as memorials of what had been. 'The Roman Catholics'—not a sect, not even an interest, as men conceived of it—not a body, however small, representative of the Great Communion abroad—but a mere handful of individuals, who might be counted, like the pebbles and *detritus* of the great deluge, and who, forsooth, merely happened to retain a creed which, in its day, indeed, was the profession of a Church. Here a set of poor Irishmen, coming and going at harvest time, or a colony of them lodged in a miserable quarter of the vast metropolis. There, perhaps, an elderly person, seen walking in the streets, grave and solitary, and strange though noble in bearing, and said to be of good family, and a 'Roman Catholic.' An old-fashioned house of gloomy appearance, closed in with high walls, with an iron gate, and yews, and the report attaching to it that 'Roman Catholics' lived there; but who they were, or what they did, or what was meant by calling them Roman Catholics, no one could tell; though it had an unpleasant sound, and told of form and superstition. And then, perhaps, as we went to and fro, looking with a boy's curious eyes through the great city, we might come to-day upon some Moravian chapel, or Quaker's meeting-house, and to-morrow on a chapel of the 'Roman Catholics'; but nothing was to be gathered from it, except that there were lights burning there, and some boys in white, swinging censers; and what it all meant could only be learned from books, from Protestant Histories and Sermons; and they did not report well of the 'Roman Catholics,' but, on the contrary, deposed that they once had power and had abused it. And then, again, we might, on one occasion, hear it pointedly put out by some literary man, as the result of his careful investigation, and as a recondite point of information, which few knew, that there was this difference between the Roman Catholics of England and the Roman Catholics of Ireland, that the latter had bishops, and the former were governed by four officials, called Vicars-Apostolic. Such was about the sort of knowledge possessed of Christianity by the heathen of old time, who persecuted its adherents from the face of the earth, and then called them *gens lucifuga*, a people who shunned the light of day. Such were Catholics in England, found in corners,

and alleys, and cellars, and the housetops, or in the recesses of the country ; cut off from the populous world around them, and dimly seen, as if through a mist or in twilight, as ghosts flitting to and fro, by the high Protestants, the lords of the earth."

To these Wiseman came in 1835, the representative of glorious historical traditions of their own which had become to them "only a fading verbal memory," and of an ecumenical cause the identity of which with their own they hardly realised. He came "not an unknown man, who had to win respect from bitterly prejudiced fellow-countrymen, but a scholar of European distinction, the host and the friend of many an Englishman who had been glad of an English welcome in Rome, and were ready to return his hospitality."

Wiseman's reconnoitring visit lasted for a year, and was pregnant with results of great moment. An accident brought him somewhat prominently before the general public. The Abbate Baldaconi, the priest of the Sardinian Chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, was anxious to pay a visit to Italy. Wiseman, who spoke Italian as fluently as English, consented to take his duty, and in Advent 1836 tried the experiment of some Lectures addressed to Catholics and Protestants alike. They had an extraordinary success ; a success so great as to alarm the pious lecturer. "I used to shed tears," he told Cardinal Vaughan long after, "in the sacristy of the Sardinian Chapel, fearing that whatever good the lectures were doing to others, they were filling me with vain glory." The Chapel was crowded, every seat being occupied half-an-hour before Compline, and although the discourses lasted for an hour and a-half, or longer, the attention of the congregation seems never to have flagged. Wiseman was then staying in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the house of Mr. Bagshawe, father of the present Judge Bagshawe, who relates, "He was besieged at all hours of the day by those who heard the lectures and wished to consult the lecturer." In the following Lent he lectured in Moorfields Church at the request of Bishop Bramston, the Vicar Apostolic of the London District, and "the second venture was even more successful."

"Society in this country," writes the late Mr. George White, "was impressed, and listened almost against its will, and listened not displeased. Here was a young Roman priest, fresh from the centre of Catholicism, who showed himself master, not only of the intricacies of polemical discussion, but of the amenities of civilised life. Protestants were equally astonished and gratified to find that acuteness and urbanity were not incompatible even in controversial argument. The spacious church of Moorfields was thronged on every evening of Dr. Wiseman's appearance ; . . . many persons of position and education were converted, and all departed with abated prejudice, and with very different notions about Catholicism from those with which they had been prepossessed by their education. 'No controversial lectures delivered within our memory,' says another contemporary writer, 'ever excited public interest to such a degree.' 'I had the

consolation,' writes Wiseman himself, 'of witnessing the patient and edifying attention of a crowded audience, many of whom stood for over two hours, without any symptom of impatience.' Among the most constant listeners was Lord Brougham."

A curious token of the abatement of anti-Catholic prejudice, brought about by Wiseman's Lectures, is supplied by the fact that in 1836 he was invited to write an article on the Catholic Church for *The Penny Cyclopaedia*. In the same year he joined O'Connell and Quinn in founding the *Dublin Review*, stipulating that "no extreme political views should be introduced into it." In the autumn of 1836 he returned to Rome, and was at his post in the English College for the commencement of the term in October. But he never again entirely settled down into his old habits. His heart was, thenceforth, in great measure in England.

To England he came again in the summer of 1839. And this visit resulted in his permanent residence here. That was his own wish, and the wish of the English ecclesiastical authorities; and the Pope concurred in it. The aged Bishop Walsh, Vicar Apostolic of the Central District, needed a coadjutor. Wiseman was nominated to the office, and was at the same time appointed President of Oscott. On the 8th of June, 1840, he received episcopal consecration from the hands of Cardinal Fransoni, in the chapel of the English College. It was a sore trial to him to leave the city where he had dwelt for twenty-two years, until, as he expressed it, "affection clung to every old stone there like the moss which grew to it." Writing in 1857, he applied to himself the touching lines of Ovid's *Tristia* :—

" Quum subit illius tristissima noctis imago
Quæ mihi supremum tempus in Urbe fuit,
Quum repeto noctem qua tot mihi cara reliqui
Labitur ex oculis nunc quoque gutta mea."

But he had a strong feeling that his duty called him to labour here. On arriving in England, he writes :—"I saluted the land dear to me by holy love. Behold, the vineyard of the Lord! Welcome, labour and persecution, reproach and scorn. Bless, O Lord, my entry into the land of my desires." On the 16th of September, 1840, he arrived at Oscott, and took up his residence there as its President.

The Oxford Movement was now in full progress, and largely engaged Wiseman's thoughts. It is not too much to say that the fate of that Movement was determined by his famous essay on "St. Augustine and the Donatists," published in the *Dublin Review* of July, 1839. Newman has described in the *Apologia* the impression it produced upon him. "The first real hit from Romanism," he says. It emphasised with a force, all the greater from the urbanity and moderation of the language in which it was couched, the principle

deemed by St. Augustine essential to the idea of the Church as the one organised spiritual society claiming to expound with authority the Christian revelation. But I will give Mr. Ward's admirable summary :—

"He pointed out that the question of a Church in a state of schism was regarded by the Fathers not as a question of antiquarian research, but as a great practical case of conscience for each individual. The facts on which the technical controversy depended might become obscured; but this did not leave individual persons or individual Churches free to say, 'I see no convincing proof on either side; therefore I will do as I like.' Such a plea had been advanced in the fifth century; and the very Fathers to whom Newman was appealing as his mainstay had emphatically disallowed it. Briefly, St. Augustine had shown that in a matter so vital to the continued existence of the Church as an organic society, a simple and incontrovertible guiding principle was needed for individual persons and Churches—a principle capable of being applied by the unlearned as well as by the learned. Cases were constantly arising, and would arise, of schism on the part of a local or national Church. Each party—the schismatics and their opponents—would profess to represent the ancient Catholic faith, and would call itself Catholic. If the individual Church or the individual member of the Church were to be allowed to judge for itself or himself, all hope of Catholic unity would be gone. The local Church must, therefore, in the nature of the case, be amenable to the judgment of its peers. If the rest of the Catholic Church acknowledged the bishop of a local Church, and interchanged letters of communion with him, then he and those who were his spiritual subjects formed part of the Church Catholic. If the rest of the Church refused to communicate with him, and judged his claim to be invalid, then he was thereby ruled to be in schism. This simple but pregnant rule was essential to the very existence of the Church Catholic; and St. Augustine sums it up in the sentence which was destined to ring in Newman's ears for many a day: 'Quapropter securus judicat orbis terrarum, in quacumque parte orbis terrarum.'"

We all know the effect of this "Securus judicat orbis terrarum" upon Newman. That very summer he for the first time realised—as he told Henry Wilberforce—that possibly it might prove a duty to join the Church of Rome. This famous article was one of a series devoted to successive phases of the Oxford Movement. The general effect of them was fairly summed up by Mr. W. G. Ward in a letter written twenty years afterwards. "There can be no doubt whatever, in my judgment, that without such a view of the Catholic Church and her position as we obtained from the *Dublin*, we, Oxford people, should have had our conversion indefinitely retarded, even had we, at last, been converted at all."

It is not necessary again to tell here the so oft told tale of the progress and issue of the Oxford Movement. But I may notice that some of the main lines of thought in the *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, which we may regard as the last cry of Newman's expiring Anglicanism, had been anticipated by Wiseman in a remarkable sermon preached at Derby in 1839. It may be said of Wiseman, as of Newman himself, that when at the call of duty he engaged

in religious controversy he at once lifted it to a higher level than that usually occupied by disputants on divinity. In neither of them was there any trace of the *odium theologicum*. Both employed their arguments not to wound nor to baffle, but to persuade and win. But while watching the Tractarian Party with the keenest interest, and with a hopefulness only partially justified by the event, Wiseman was endeavouring to breathe a new life into the dry bones of English Catholicism; to clothe them, so to speak, with flesh and blood; to deck them with the beauty and grace of nascent vigour. On this subject let us hear Mr. Ward:

"The new President had of necessity to play the part of controversialist and diplomatist, in dealing with the development of the Oxford Movement; but it was a much more unmixed pleasure to him to aim at bringing to perfection the devotional rites in Oscott Chapel. The poetry and symbolism of the Catholic liturgy were, according to the testimony of all his friends, the subject of his greatest interest and enthusiasm. He had learned to love the liturgy in its wonderful presentation at the Sistine Chapel; and he endeavoured, as far as might be, in this as in other things, to bring Rome to England. He was fully alive to the transitory nature of the theological controversy of the hour—to its reference to a passing state of opinion. He foresaw that a few years later the crucial controversy would not be about the Thirty-nine Articles, but about all belief in the supernatural world. 'Fifty years hence,' he said one day to the Divines in the middle of a theological lecture, 'the professors of this place will be endeavouring to prove, not transubstantiation, but the existence of God.' Controversy was in its nature ephemeral—as well as distasteful to his genial and kindly nature. But the Church liturgy was a part of that life of the Church which was more near to the source of its strength than any phase of dialectics. The deep feelings and beliefs of the early Christians, the poetry of their faith and its intense reality, had embodied themselves in the liturgy which was handed down. Here we have the living imaginative pictures which had inspired Christians before the mediæval dialectics were known to them, which should inspire with the same spirit the Christians of our own time, and which would outlive our own disputes as they have outlived those of Abelard and those of Luther. The meditations they aroused were the permanent and unchanging heritage of the Church, never to pass away; while each intellectual phase was in its nature only transient."

In the spring of 1847 the question of the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in England had been mooted by the English Bishops at their Annual Meeting, and Wiseman had been deputed to go to Rome and submit their views to the Holy See. The year before Pius IX. had been elected to the Apostolic Throne, and had been welcomed "with tumult of acclaim," as the leader of the national movement in Italy. Unquestionably he sympathised warmly with that movement, and hoped to guide and restrain it within the limits of Christianity and Catholicism. He began his reign by a complete abandonment of the repressive policy relied upon by his immediate predecessors for the maintenance of their Civil Principdom, undermined by the insurrections and conspiracies which had become chronic in the States of the Church. An almost general amnesty was granted to

political offenders. A constitution founded on the old institutions which the French invasion of 1798 had shattered, a much needed reform of civil and criminal law, the concession of a rational freedom of the press, the creation of a Roman Municipal Council and National Guard, were among the wise and liberal measures which marked the beginning of the new Pontificate. They secured for Pius IX. an unbounded popularity throughout Europe. In England he was generally described as the most enlightened Sovereign of the age. And to England he specially looked for "diplomatic support and avowed encouragement." This was reasonable enough since these measures were precisely such as the English Government had suggested in language even more emphatic than that employed by the other Great Powers who also recommended them, in 1831, after the insurrection of the Legations had been put down. And Wiseman was sent back to England to communicate the Pontiff's views to Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary. The extremely interesting Memorandum which he drew up on this occasion for Palmerston's information, is given in full by Mr. Ward. The result was that Lord Minto was sent by the British Government to Rome, "not as a Minister accredited to the Pope but as the authentic organ of the British Government enabled to declare its views and explain its sentiments." As a matter of fact, Lord Minto's presence in Rome served chiefly to encourage the extreme Liberal Party against which Pius IX. sought protection, and which was determined to force him into war with Austria. I need not recount the story of the Roman Revolution of 1848: how the Pope made concession after concession in the vain hope of satisfying popular demands: how Rosmini came to Rome as the Envoy of the Sardinian King, and drafted a scheme for an Italian Federation under Papal presidency: how Rossi—surely one of the most pathetic figures in the history of the century—was brutally assassinated: how Pius IX., threatened with a like fate, fled to Gaeta, declining, in his humility and self-abnegation, one of the most magnificent prospects of martyrdom ever offered to the sons of men. But during that troubled and disastrous time, the project for the restoration of the English Hierarchy was being carefully matured by the Congregation of Propaganda with the assistance of Bishop Ullathorne, representing the English Vicars Apostolic. And when that prelate left Rome in August, 1848, the scheme was practically decided on.

In the Spring of 1849, Wiseman was appointed Vicar Apostolic of the London district, which he had administered since the death of Bishop Walsh in August, 1847. His task there was, from the first, by no means an easy one. Many, probably most, of the born Catholics among his clergy were opposed to what was called "the Romanising and innovating ways" of some of the converts—ways with which

Wiseman, educated in foreign traditions, largely sympathised. One of the most arduous tasks which lay before him was the fusion of the old and new elements in English Catholicism. But this he did not then know. In the spring of 1850 he was led to believe that his work in England was soon to be ended. A communication reached him at that time notifying the Pope's intention to call him to the Sacred College. And this, as he supposed, meant that for the future he must reside in Rome. Much as he appreciated the honour, he would fain have declined it. For it was the death-blow to his cherished wish to labour for England in England. He wrote to Rome to beg that he might be excused. But a peremptory answer came that he was wanted there, and that his successor would be appointed. The thought that he would return to London as Cardinal Archbishop never entered his mind, we are assured by Dr. Whitty, then his Vicar-General. But it entered the minds of many of the leading laity, and strong representations were accordingly made to the Vatican. The result was that when the Pope's Brief re-establishing the Hierarchy was issued in September, 1850, Wiseman, who just before had been created a Cardinal, was appointed to the see of Westminster.

It cannot be denied that his first official act exhibited that curious want of judgment which from time to time marred his career. Wisdom after the event is proverbially easy. But even then clear-headed men among Catholics were dismayed by that wonderful Pastoral "From without the Flaminian Gate." Dr. Whitty, his Vicar-General, stood aghast at its inflated rhetoric, and was greatly perplexed whether or no to publish it. But he felt that he could not withhold it without a clear obligation of duty. A very valued and intimate friend of Newman told me the other day: "I was in church on the following Sunday, when Newman read the Pastoral. His face was a study—especially when he came to the 'From without the Flaminian Gate' at the end." I need not dwell upon the "Papal Aggression" outcry, or the abortive Ecclesiastical Titles Act in which it issued. I may, however, note that Cardinal Wiseman's masterly "Appeal to the English People"—a considerable portion of which Mr. Ward prints—had no small influence in quieting the agitation. Temperate and logical—curious contrast to the Flaminian Pastoral—it was acknowledged by nearly the whole press to be in the highest degree worthy of the author's reputation and position. "There can be no doubt at all," wrote the *Spectator*, "of his controversial power. Whether confuting the Premier on grounds of political precedent, meeting ecclesiastical opponents by appeals to principles of spiritual freedom, rebuking a partisan judge, or throwing sarcasm at the 'indiffusive wealth of a sacred establishment which has become literally hedged from the world by barriers of social depravity,' he equally shows his mastery of dialectical resource."

Cardinal Wiseman ruled the Diocese of Westminster as its Archbishop, and the Catholic Church in England as its Metropolitan, for fourteen years. I must refer my readers to an admirably written chapter in Mr. Ward's second volume for most interesting personal traits about him; his sympathetic kindness to his clergy, his aversion from the business routine of public life, the breadth and variety of his interests, his jocose intercourse with his intimates, his fondness for children, his love of elegant literary trifling, his endeavours worthily to sustain the dignity of his position—exemplified for example, in his keeping the table of a Roman Cardinal, and a chariot with gorgeous trappings such as members of the Sacred College then used in Rome. I am here rather concerned to note that his work during those fourteen years was to live down the prejudice excited against him and the cause he represented by the events of 1850-1: and to build up the Catholic Church in England. That work he successfully accomplished. It is curious to observe how soon he regained his popularity with the general public. A striking evidence of this is afforded by the invitations to lecture on subjects of general interest which reached him from all sides—invitations with which he gladly complied so far as he could. One of them came from the Royal Institution. He was, I believe, the first Catholic to whom that compliment was paid. It was in 1854 that he published his historical romance, *Fabiola*: "a good book which had all the success of a bad one," the Archbishop of Milan wittily said. It was speedily translated into almost all European languages, and new editions of it are still appearing in England and on the Continent.

"The great variety of his pursuits," writes Mr. Ward, "might seem at first sight suggestive of the *dilettante*. Over and above his professional duties, we have seen him occupied with Oriental studies, with art, with literature, with the Tractarian Movement, at one time on a diplomatic mission on behalf of the liberal Pope, at another lecturing to a London audience on the Crimean War; then again busy with practical reforms among the poor, and soon afterwards offering suggestions as to the hanging of a National Portrait Gallery. Yet his intimate friends are unanimous as to the unity of his work and purpose. The key to the explanation of this apparent contradiction is, I think, found in a saying of his friend, Father Whitty, in a letter to Henry Edward Manning, written just after Wiseman's death. The cause of Wiseman's influence did not lie, Father Whitty said, only in his talents and acquirements, considerable as they were, but in his being, in his tastes, in his policy and work, and in his writings, a faithful representative of the Catholic Church—not, he adds, as a Saint represents her, solely on the ethical side, but as a national poet represents the all-round genius of a particular country in his various poems. Hence, in the first place, the character of his influence even among his own co-religionists in England. He found them a persecuted sect, he left them a Church. He found them in 1835 the remnant of a proscribed section of Englishmen, longing only to live and let live, who had lost the old devotional ideals, to whom many characteristic features in the training of the priesthood, in the symbolical ceremonial of the Church, in the monastic life,

were almost unknown; who had little appreciation of religious art or religious architecture. He brought to them bodily, from Roman life, the poetry and varied activity of the Church, together with its Hierarchy and organization. But further, he pointed out, in the inaugural lecture at the opening of his Academia, in 1861, his conception of the Church in its relations with the world; and this had a bearing on a wider public. While he resolutely maintained that, whether triumphant or depressed, in the Lateran Basilica or in the Catacombs, the Church has the great ethical ideals of the Gospel to teach, that these have been securely preserved only where the primitive traditions and doctrines have been jealously guarded and handed down, and that if the world despises these ideals so much the worse for the world; while he insisted that the Saints were the witnesses to the possibility and the value of the highest life; while in this sphere he maintained that whether men of intellect laughed with Voltaire or bent in reverence with Pascal, the Church was a teacher,—he was equally emphatic that in the spheres of science and art, and secular civilisation, Catholics should be largely learners, and adapt themselves to the genius of the age or country in which their lot is cast. The Church cannot expect to be the source of the varied energy of the community; all she can do is to turn its direction towards those high ideals of which she is the guardian, or in a direction which bodes them no harm. This, I think, gives the true meaning of Wiseman's very various fields of interest. He strove, partly unconsciously, to realise his ideal of the Church in contact with human activity."

It is unpleasant to remember that Cardinal Wiseman's last days of failing health and vigour were embittered by those of his own household of faith, from whom he most confidently expected help and sympathy. The year 1856 saw the beginning of the difficulty with the *Rambler*, of which a full and, so far as I can judge, a fair account will be found in Mr. Ward's pages. The year before, Bishop Errington of Plymouth was appointed by the Pope, at Wiseman's desire, to be his coadjutor with right of succession, and was nominated to the titular Archbishopric of Trebizond. The year after, the Pontiff named Dr. Manning Provost of the Westminster Chapter. Manning had been received in 1851, and had since then resided much in Rome, where Pius IX. had taken a great fancy to him. As Provost of Westminster he acquired a commanding influence over the moribund Cardinal, much to the dissatisfaction of Archbishop Errington, who, in common with hereditary Catholics generally, regard the convert clergyman with great distrust. They viewed, also, with much dislike the Congregation of the Oblates which he had founded in Bayswater with himself as Rector, and to which, as was supposed, the direction of the Diocesan Seminary was to be entrusted. On this subject Mr. Ward has an admirably candid page, which I shall quote:—

"When, therefore, they found the Rector of the new Congregation—a convert, unacquainted with traditionary English Catholic ways—indulging in superciliousness, as they thought, in his attitude towards the sterling qualities of his fellow-priests and encouraging his young followers to 'pose' as models of a new spirit in the priesthood, and to preach the spirit of obedience to the very college superiors whom they ought to have obeyed and not criticised: when at the same

time it was evident that the abilities of this 'convert parson' had secured for him an ever-growing influence with the Cardinal; when he was placed by the Pope over the Chapter as its Provost; when the Cardinal's action in critical matters was found to be in harmony with the Provost's views, and he gave especial exemptions to the Oblates themselves and treated them (it was thought) as favourites, a number of deep feelings and prejudices in human nature were aroused. The kind of 'caste feeling' which made the old Catholic mistrust the 'convert' came to the front. Manning's reserved nature and ungenial demeanour encouraged it. His ceaseless activity, his wide schemes, were unintelligible to men whose traditions were those of a persecuted minority which had courted only tolerance and obscurity. His pertinacity became in their eyes intriguing; his activity and enterprise *pro Deo et Ecclesia* were ambition; his motives were outside the sphere which such men could understand or believe in. He was constantly seen going to the Cardinal at York Place or at Leyton. The ordinary hours for audience were set aside for the Provost, who was admitted at all times. Old friends, like Errington and Searle, found it useless to say a word in opposition to the views of this new-comer. He had 'got round' the Cardinal, and loyalty to Wiseman, as well as the welfare of the diocese, called upon them to open the Cardinal's eyes, and, if possible, to curb the ever-growing power of the Provost."

The Errington drama, as Mr. Ward calls it, dragged its slow length along until July, 1860, when Pius IX., failing to persuade the coadjutor to resign, by an exercise of Apostolic authority, without precedent, as I understand, deprived him of his coadjutorship and right of succession.

This did not augment Dr. Manning's popularity among the clergy of Westminster. But it ratified and increased his influence over Cardinal Wiseman, who, in ever-failing health—"sick at heart and in body" is his own description of himself—was painfully estranged from his Chapter, the great bulk of his clergy and most of his brother Bishops. And now the Roman Question came to the front, and became, indeed, the question of the day among Catholics. In 1860 all that remained to the Pope of the States of the Church was the City of Rome, with the Provinces of Frosinone and Velletri. And this attenuated sovereignty was felt to be very precarious. Men's minds were failing them for fear throughout the Catholic Church. They did not see how the Papacy could do without the Temporal Power which it had so long possessed. This feeling was strong in England. Wiseman, of course, fully sympathised with it. But he was of pacific temperament and in feeble health. Manning, on the other hand, was of militant disposition and full of vigour. He threw himself with ardour into that extreme Papalism of which Louis Veuillot was the chief apostle in France, and which in England found its most considerable exponent in Mr. W. G. Ward. "To Wiseman, to be a party man was to act contrary to the genius of the Church." But Manning was by nature a party man. And his sympathies were openly and unreservedly given to a certain section of Catholics who seemed desirous to convert Catholicism into what Newman called

"Grand Llamism." The adulatory addresses which used to go up to Pius IX. from devotees all over the world, fill one with amazement when one reads them at this distance of time, and applies to that Pontiff the laws of historical perspective.¹ Sir Epicurus Mammon, in Jonson's *Alchemist*, anticipates among other advantages which will accrue to the possessor of the Philosopher's Stone, this: that his "flatterers shall be the purest and gravest of divines." That doubtful benefit Pius IX. enjoyed for many years. It was, of course, an exaggeration of the chivalrous devotion to him engendered by his personal amiability—"one whom to see is to love," Cardinal Newman truly said of him—and by the greatness of his reverses. "The Temporal Power," however, became a sort of shibboleth. And the eyes of surprise and indignation were turned upon Catholics who declined to pronounce it in season and out of season. It was the habit of Mr. W. G. Ward to designate those of the household of faith who did not adopt all his extravagances and absurdities on this subject "half-tinkered Catholics." I have heard him apply this phrase to Newman, among other distinguished persons. And I remember how, years afterwards, he felt Newman's elevation to the Cardinalate as a sort of personal wrong. An excellent ecclesiastic, much in his confidence, sought to console him by remarking, "Well, Mr. Ward, Pius IX. would never have made him a Cardinal." "Pius IX. have made him a Cardinal!" Ward exploded, "Pius IX. would have seen him damned first." Mr. Wilfrid Ward tells us that the object of the prohibition of the English Universities to Catholic young men, and the consequent sacrifice of the higher education of generations, was that they might be "sound on the question of the Temporal Power." Well, I will take leave to say that the sacrifice was made in vain. So far as my experience goes—and it goes fairly far—I find usually in Catholics whose minds have been expanded and disciplined by the training of Oxford or Cambridge, a rational appreciation of the importance of that grave question: a real apprehension of the truth succinctly formulated by Cardinal Newman, that "the autonomy of the Pope is a first principle in European politics." And it is, as a rule, Catholics lacking such mental expansion and discipline, who are lukewarm about that question, and to whom Leo XIII.'s declaration as to the necessity of "an effective civil sovereignty" for the peaceful exercise of the Supreme Pastorate signifies nothing.

It is not easy to overrate the loss which the world has suffered by the divorce of the cause of freedom from the cause of faith through the events of 1848-9. The Pope, restored to the Civil Principedom by French troops, was thrown into the hands of reactionaries, who, in

(1) Mr. Ward notes that the conductors of the *Univers* and its successor, the *Monde*, expressed devotion to the Pope in language which some of the French Bishops stigmatised as idolatrous. Vol. ii., p. 418.

the name of piety, fought against progress, and forgetting the case of Galileo, sought to gainsay the world's great law of movement. The Liberal party in Italy, on the other hand, became avowedly anti-Christian. Its mountebank hero, Garibaldi, in a published letter to which Wiseman opportunely called the attention of the British public, just then on their knees before that vulgar idol, extolled the French Revolutionists of 1793 for giving to the world the Goddess of Reason, and reproached their descendants for abandoning her obscene cult. It must be owned that by the issue of his once-famous but now, I suppose, largely forgotten *Syllabus Errorum*, Pius IX. played into the hands of his enemies. Whatever the theological value and authority of that document, may be¹—a subject which I am incompetent to discuss, for I am not a theologian—I feel sure that no candid historian can regard it as happy in the opportunity of its publication. It supplied the anti-Christian party with a colourable pretext for asserting "the definite divorce of the Church from the modern world," the irreconcilable hostility of Catholicism to the civilisation and progress of the nineteenth century. Mr. Wilfrid Ward correctly notes that Pius IX., who in 1848 was hailed by English public opinion as "the most enlightened sovereign in Europe," was considered, ten years afterwards, "the most benighted." All this was extremely bitter to Wiseman, as utterly opposed to his most cherished ideal. His conception—and Cardinal Newman's also—was, to quote Mr. Ward's words, that "the Church was to do its work by turning in a right direction all the energies of modern civilisation and adopting its institutions." His last years were spent in "a world not moving to his mind." His work was done. He felt it to be so. It was on the 15th of March, 1865, that his release came. His funeral was the occasion of a display of sympathetic popular interest, not exhibited, as his old opponent the *Times* newspaper declared, since the State funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

Such in brief outline was Cardinal Wiseman as presented to us in Mr. Wilfrid Ward's admirably written pages. There too, as I intimated in beginning this article, will be found much to rectify the picture presented of Cardinal Manning in the too-famous "Life" with which we are all acquainted. Perhaps the most unpleasant portion of that work is the account given of the affair of Dr. Errington. Mr. Ward conclusively shows, by reference to original documents, that this account is extremely inaccurate. He claims further—and it appears to me with reason—that Manning's action throughout that affair was simply self-defensive; that there is no ground for ascribing

(1) This *Syllabus Errorum*—"Pius IX.'s immortal Syllabus," the fashion once was to designate it—is, Cardinal Newman maintains, merely "an Index raisonné to the Pope's Encyclical and Allocutional 'proscriptions.'" The Cardinal adds, "We can no more accept it as a dogmatic document than any other index or table of contents."—*Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, § 7.

Archbishop Errington's deposition to "Manning's skill and audacity." He admits, however, as "possible enough," that "Manning's iron will did materially help to keep Cardinal Wiseman firm in carrying through the contest." That seems to me more than "possible enough." It is quite certain. As to the charge of "unscrupulous methods of attack" which is brought against Cardinal Manning by his biographer, Mr. Ward desiderates "knowledge of the facts on which it rests." I suppose the truth is that Manning, in his diplomatic proceedings at Rome, was obliged to make use of such instruments as he found. Conspicuous among them was Mgr. George Talbot, for whose astounding letters the best excuse may perhaps be found in the conjecture that they were written in the early stage of that mental malady to which he eventually succumbed.

And now, one word more about Cardinal Manning. It must be remembered that he was essentially an ecclesiastical statesman. He was not, in the full sense of the word, a scholar. Doubtless he profited vastly by that Oxford training from which—curiously enough—he, for so many years, debarred others. But the late Bishop Milman, of Calcutta, who knew him well, appears warranted in describing him as "entirely deficient in accuracy and real knowledge." Of this, indeed, he himself was well aware. In 1845 he wrote "Every day makes me feel more the want of deep and thorough study in early life." That want the engrossing occupations of maturer years never allowed him to supply. Nor was he, properly speaking, a man of letters. Some years ago I was led, for a particular purpose, to read every line he had ever written. Probably I am the only man living who has accomplished that task, and I cannot conceive that any man could engage upon it save at the categorical bidding of a sense of duty. I cannot call to mind a single page of his likely to live as literature. The title of theologian assuredly cannot be given to him. Indeed there are very few ecclesiastics to whom it can be given. Theology in the Catholic Church—and I suppose in the Catholic Church alone—is arduously and profoundly studied as a *science*. Manning never so studied it. The nickname of Mgr. Ignorante, given to him in Rome, where his great favour with Pius IX. aroused much jealousy, expressed the disdain generally felt for his attainments in divinity. His attainments in philosophy were not more considerable, although he was fond of philosophical discussions, and was, I believe, a regular attendant at the meetings of that singular Metaphysical Society, the members of which, with very few exceptions, possessed not the slightest tincture of metaphysics. His great tact, unfailing readiness, supreme confidence in himself, and singular dignity of manner invested his utterances on such topics as were there debated with a certain speciousness. But his great friend and admirer, Mr. W. G. Ward, a very competent judge, used to describe them as "impressive nothings."

I remember one occasion on which I fully expected to see him cornered. It was at the house of the Editor of one of our leading magazines, where a small number of persons, supposed to be representative of various schools of thought, were gathered together for friendly colloquy. Among these were Cardinal Manning, Dr. Fairbairn and myself. Dr. Fairbairn was discussing a somewhat difficult metaphysical point with copious references to recent Teutonic speculation, and was especially addressing himself to the Cardinal, who, entirely ignorant of German, could not, as I felt sure, so much as understand the terminology which was employed. He ended by saying, "What does your Eminence think?" I was in a state of expectant wonder as to how the Cardinal would get out of it, when, to my dismay, he turned to me, remarking:—"Mr. Lilly's studies in these matters have been more recent than mine; perhaps he will kindly tell us what he thinks." This was turning the tables on me with a vengeance, as I had been merely considering what the Cardinal could possibly say to Dr. Fairbairn's argument, and had been by no means weighing it. I replied as best I could, on the spur of the moment; but I fear that what I said must have been little satisfactory to that profound and widely-read metaphysician: a nothing, and not impressive. It was I, not the Cardinal, who was cornered.

Cardinal Manning, then, was, before and beyond all things, an ecclesiastical statesman—and an ecclesiastical statesman of a high order: a Churchman cast in the heroic mould of St. Gregory VII. And William of Malmesbury's description of the Pontiff applies equally well to the Cardinal:—"Vir apud Deum felicitis gratiæ et apud homines austeritatis fortassis nimia." He was essentially a man of action; and it was in matters of ecclesiastical polity that his great gifts found their proper sphere: his imperious will, his clear intellect, his strong purpose. The principle of authority had very early commended itself to him as all-sufficient in religion. And in the Communion of Rome he found the true home of that principle. For him *Roma locuta est* was an all-sufficient formula. "The Church asserts," "the Church condemns," was enough. Into the reasons, limits, and qualifications, whether of its assertion or condemnation, he did not care to inquire. His words to Hope Scott, upon the eve of quitting the Anglican Communion, are very significant:—"It is either Rome or license of thought and will." That acute and bitter writer, known as Pomponio Leto, said of him:—"Manning is enamoured of the principle of authority as the slave adores the principle of liberty." And he expected and exacted from others the blind obedience which he was himself accustomed to give. As a ruler, he was severe and exact. But—this should never be forgotten—there were in his nature springs of deep compassion and true tenderness

towards the weak and the erring. The 20,000 neglected Catholic children of London were very near his heart from the first moment of his episcopate. And before it came to an end he had succeeded, after many a hard fight with bigotry and ignorance, in securing their education in Catholic schools. For the brutal gratifications of notoriety and money he cared absolutely nothing. But he was a born ruler of men; and he loved to rule. At Harrow he was known as "the General," from his habit of command. Even there, "Aut Cæsar, aut nullus" was his motto. Well, he became Cæsar—a ruler in the midst, even among his brethren. And his rule was everywhere felt. He loved to control even the smallest details. A witty man, who knew him well, said of him:—"He is not content to drive the coach; he wants to drag it also." It was not an uncommon experience—*experto crede*—if one went to ask his sanction for some plan, to receive for answer, "Yes, I thank you; it would be an excellent thing—I'll do it:" which was not exactly the answer one wanted. He had the defects of his qualities—his great qualities. But I do not understand how any man who had the privilege of intercourse with him could doubt his faith unfeigned, his deep devotion, his spotless integrity, his indomitable courage, his singleness of aim, his entire dedication of himself to the cause which he, in his inmost soul, believed to be the only cause worth living for. "The purity of his heart, the sanctity of his motives, no man knowing him can question," Archdeacon Hare bore witness when lamenting his secession. This testimony is true.

W. S. LILLY.

HOPE FOR THE WEST INDIES.

THE pitiful plight of our West Indian Colonies has been once more brought into great prominence, and the grave financial and industrial straits which threaten, and severely threaten, several of these Colonies, must receive prompt and sympathetic treatment from the Imperial Parliament.

Those of us who know the West Indies, and especially who know their affairs from behind the scenes, are very well aware of previous cases of threatened collapse, industrial and financial; but accurate knowledge of what occurred in these previous instances only serves to stimulate us to face the new troubles with increased confidence and hope.

When we learn that the cane sugar industry of Jamaica, for instance, is doomed in 1898, we remember to have read in the records: "In Jamaica, 65 estates had been abandoned between 1800 and 1807, and 32 had been sold out of Chancery, while more than 100 still remained in hopeless pawn." A similar collapse, which everyone who knew said was not only inevitable but would be permanent, followed, on the abolition of slavery, in 1838. Once again, in 1879, the fall in the market price was, on the highest authority, pronounced to be the final doom of the growth of cane sugar. In 1898 the sugar industry is once more said to be impossible. It is a fact, that, during the last twenty years, a new era of depression and despondency has set in. Prices refuse to rise; two Royal Commissions—Lord Rosebery's counterparts of Depressions—have duly investigated all that is to be investigated in the West Indies; endless minor enquiries and lengthy correspondence have filled many Blue Books; negotiations with the United States have been begun, dropped, and begun again; and at least one great Conference of the European Powers on Sugar Bounties has met and separated, and another is now to be summoned. On all hands it is and must be allowed that the condition of our West Indian Colonies is once again critical. It is the duty of all who have any apposite knowledge to give their aid to the utmost of their abilities. In the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* for February last year, when the latest Royal Commission for the West Indies was starting on its mission, I endeavoured to assist public judgment to an early conclusion, by indicating what more was required than could be attempted by this commission. I then said that such a Commission would do valuable work "by bringing all information up to date, and once again focussing public attention on this important Imperial task." I also stated, "The questions put to this Commission, whether

a sufficient remedy for the existing depression can be found in the removal of such causes as mismanagement, imperfect processes, and absentee ownership, will have to be answered in the negative." The Commission are unanimous in coming to these identical conclusions. But, as I then pointed out, "in regard to this Commission, two other vital elements in the question are specifically excluded, viz., other sugar colonies, and the use of sugar in the Mother Country."

On both these points, much evidence has been already gathered. The refiners of the Mother Country have done well to re-publish the lucid statement of their own experiences, even though the West Indian Sugar Commission found it impossible to include this statement in their published findings. It is to be hoped that the Government are collecting evidence on other points, and once again gathering together not only the opinions of those engaged in the various sugar industries in the United Kingdom, but also the general facts on Sugar production elsewhere. The production of cane sugar has increased enormously in our other Colonies in the last twenty years, as the following figures testify :—

EXPORTS OF SUGAR (in 1,000 Cwts.).

	1875.	1885.	1895.
From British West Indies . .	5,600	5,820	4,740
From other British Colonies . .	2,500	4,460	4,920

Herein lies a great truth which becomes still more important when we bear in mind the similar, but greater increase in the production of beet sugar on the Continent of Europe, which advanced from $1\frac{3}{4}$ million tons in 1882, to $4\frac{1}{2}$ in 1895. The remarkable fact is that from all these new sources, the markets of the World are now practically flooded with sugar. Thus, on this most important point of sugar supply, it is no wonder there has been a very serious fall in prices. That the output of beet sugar should continue to increase in the face of falling prices is not so remarkable, in consideration of the existing bounty system, as that a similar increase should exist in the output of cane sugar from our own Colonies, as well as from other tropical lands.

Such being some of the general facts, we turn to ask, What is it that can and should be done to restore prosperity to our valued West Indian Colonies? Of old, the West Indies were our chief Colonial possessions, and with sugar at £60 a ton, the profits of West Indian planting became the money foundations of several of our best-known families. At the present time, while in comparative importance the West Indies have had to yield to the enormously rapid growth of many other provinces of the Empire, in absolute importance they continue in a prominent position. As a matter of fact, they are equal in commercial and industrial importance to any one of the smaller States of Europe, as the following figures testify :—

	Area.	Population.	External Trade.	Revenue.	Debt.
British West Indies .	122,000	1,880,000	£ 15,978,000	£ 2,484,000	£ 4,820,000
Denmark	14,789	2,185,000	37,100,000	3,624,000	10,911,000
Greece	25,000	2,435,000	7,430,000	3,814,000	33,000,000
Norway	124,500	2,082,000	21,500,000	3,702,000	9,940,000
Portugal	35,000	5,083,006	15,709,000	11,752,000	149,000,000

A province of this value in itself cannot and must not be abandoned either to ruin or to falling into the hands of any other Power. Moreover, the best traditions, to say nothing of the moral obligations, of the Empire, or of the effect for all time on our Empire policy, compel us to do all that may be done to preserve prosperity to such a province.

The West Indies have been truly described as the tropical farms of the British Islands. They are, and always have been, commercial plantations run for profit, under white management, but, as is necessary in tropical countries, utilising black labour. They afford rich fields for the employment of British capital, and by its employment create a great market not only for the machinery and large amount of stores required on the plantations, but for all the wares and merchandise purchased by those employed on the plantations. There is also in the West Indies much remunerative employment found for some 65,000 whites in administering the government, managing the various industries, and generally serving the interests of West Indian residents. And the prosperity of the whole affords profitable employment to a large amount of British shipping, to telegraph companies, and to many others who would have to go elsewhere if the West Indies did not continue to flourish as British Colonies.

The actual Government expenditure, or, in other words, the cost of maintaining civilisation in the British West Indies, is under £2,500,000 per annum: while the population for whose sake this civilisation is provided approaches 2,000,000. If, as part of the Empire—if, as part and parcel of the “national industry”—it is worth while to keep up civilisation over these areas, the question is thus a simple financial one. The limit of cost is two and a-half millions sterling per annum, and of this amount the localities hitherto have practically provided the whole. If grave disaster is to come upon any of the leading industries, and therefore on the population employed, the wealthy Mother Country is well able to meet any consequent charge. Temporary measures have, indeed, at times been expedient and necessary for the relief of distress, and the Mother Country has freely contributed on the capital account, and also on the current account, in providing for various West Indian needs.

The capacity of residents to contribute to revenue, necessarily depends on their industrial position; and it is necessary to an understanding of this position to bear in mind that the produce of these tropical farms has varied in kind very greatly in different years. If we take the sugar products, and all other products, for the five-year periods—so as to eliminate mere crop inequalities—we obtain the following results:—

	SUGAR PRODUCTS.		OTHER PRODUCTS.	
	1853-7.	1892-6.	1853-7.	1892-6.
Windward Islands . .	£1,644,000	£580,000	£247,000	£1,727,000
Leeward Islands . .	2,550,000	1,778,000	69,000	233,000
Jamaica	3,661,000	2,151,000	1,710,000	6,739,000
Trinidad	2,393,000	3,753,000	471,000	3,487,000

It will thus be seen that products change very materially in the West Indian Colonies. In Jamaica, in the old days of sugar and nothing but sugar, everywhere indigo pits abounded, showing that sugar itself at one time was a novelty. Only within the last few years has British Guiana commenced to export gold. In many of the West Indian Islands, during the American War, cotton was successfully grown, Antigua alone exporting more than £100,000 worth. Tobacco, coffee, arrowroot, cocoa, fresh fruit, and cocoa-nuts have all been introduced in recent years, and can be successfully grown, for they are now exported to the annual value of over £2,800,000 sterling.

But as with all farm produce, so with that of the West Indies, prices have fluctuated enormously, and, therefore, had a very fatal effect at times on some particular industry. The promised development of cinchona was killed by a sudden fall in prices. The Sugar Commission, in dealing with the effect of sugar bounties on the price of sugar, seem erroneously to have included under sugar, as one of the "sugar products," the large item of rum. Now, the fall in the price of rum has been remarkable; but it has, of course, nothing to do with sugar bounties, except that in so far as bounties lower the price of sugar, in so far do they lower the cost price of the raw material out of which rum is made. Fashion has, by taking first of all to brandy and then to whisky, largely lessened the demand for high-priced rum, and an even greater effect in lowering its price has been the enormous development of the manufacture of potato spirits. Even with sugar itself the fall in price has been world-wide, and is due to several causes, not all of them connected with bounties. Among these we may note:—

1. Competition by the great extension of area for the growth of cane sugar.
2. Enormous extension of the growing of sugar beet.

3. Marked improvements in the scientific cultivation of cane and beet and in the extraction of sugar, materially lessening the cost of production.
4. Cheapening of the cost of transport ; for instance, the substitution of steam for sailing vessels, enabling cargoes to be collected at stated dates, saving the great loss of drainage while casks had to remain in the holds of sailing ships for months together.
5. The direct effect of the sugar bounties.

At this moment, in Barbadoes, British Guiana, St. Kitts, and Antigua, sugar is the one great staple, and the collapse of the sugar industry will indeed be a grave disaster in these Colonies.

It must be pointed out that it is not uncommon for a new colony or country to take up one industry, and, for the time at all events, pay no attention to any other. Thus, the Republic of Uruguay, in the year 1896, exported a total value of goods of six millions and a-half ; but of this, £5,940,000 was in live-stock and live-stock produce. But such a proceeding is risky, for when a single industry is threatened, and there are no other industries on which the colony or country can depend, among the immediate results are :—

1. Loss of invested capital.
2. Loss of market for machinery, stores, and provisions.
3. Loss in the employment of steamships, telegraphs, mail service, &c.
4. Necessary maintenance of the unemployed.
5. Destruction of the main source of revenue of the colony.

These evils spell bankruptcy to the colony or country, because it is impossible suddenly to substitute any other staple industry. There should be no need to emphasize the necessity for most strenuously endeavouring to prevent such disaster to the great West Indian industry of sugar-growing, and especially to prevent its sudden destruction.

Thus the evil is distinct, and in a sense undeniable. Sugar, as a West Indian product, may be of steadily decreasing importance, but in certain colonies it undoubtedly is at the present moment the one great staple industry. It is essential that measures be taken to prevent its sudden extinction. It must be remembered, however, that little or nothing could be done further to improve the process of manufacture, or the management of the sugar estates in the West Indies. It is true that in definite localities some little may be done to improve the circumstances of the industry, as, for instance, by the setting up of central mills, where at present the mills are small and of the old-fashioned order ; or in other districts by enabling peasant

proprietors to grow the cane. But on the whole, and taking the more general view of the question, the industry can only be assisted locally by taking wise precautions and wise measures, which would generally affect the well-being of the community, apart from any particular industry or occupation. But before going into this very important aspect, to my mind the most practical side of the question, we may turn to consider the one main idea that takes hold of the public mind, viz., the effect of the sugar bounties, and the desirability and possibility of abolishing them.

Some of the highest authorities on West Indian industries, including the members of the Sugar Commission, are strongly of opinion that the main, if not the only cause of West Indian ills is the bounty system on the Continent of Europe. It is agreed on by all that a bounty on the export of any product is protection for that product in the market where it finds a sale.

In the British Isles we have long ago, and most wisely, determined that we will not allow any protection of any industry or trade. When we tell the sugar-grower we cannot protect him, we also tell the jam-maker we cannot protect him. But what are we to say when we are told that Germany, for instance, protects the German sugar-makers in the London market as against the West Indian sugar-makers? If our customs tariff could be shown by an act of commission to be protective in effect it would be changed at once. Does not the same argument hold good if it can be shown that the tariff by an act of omission is protective in effect?

The abolition of bounties would certainly do undoubted good, in that it would set the whole industry of sugar-growing on a free and natural basis, and institute fair play all round.

The point remains, is the abolition of bounties possible or likely? We cannot but remember that bounties do great harm to the world in general, but greater harm to the states which grant them. To the world generally, bounties artificially interfere with the industry of sugar-making, in production, distribution, and consumption. They directly stimulate over-production for export, and tend to cause a glut in the third markets.

In the countries which give them, bounties necessitate high export duties sur-taxes and import duties. The consequence is, the local consumer has to pay extravagantly for his sugar, while the local manufacturer is severely handicapped against foreign rivals by paying double or treble for the raw material he uses. In addition to all this, the taxpayer has to contribute many millions sterling in the year to add to the profit of the sugar-grower, which is unnecessary, or to recoup him his loss, which is altogether evil. It is no wonder, then, that the States which give bounties are busily endeavouring to free themselves from so weighty an incubus. If bounties are abolished,

without doubt in all these countries increased prosperity will rule, and there will be increased consumption of sugar. There will be a lessened export, but considering the enormous magnitude of the beet industry, it will for a certainty remain a permanent industry and source of supply; and on the whole there seems little likelihood of any very material or lasting rise in the price of sugar. It is possible that the European nations at the coming conference at Brussels will come to an agreement, but they can only do so by means of some penal clause, some international sanction binding on all, which shall forbid any returning to the bounty system. Such clauses are difficult to devise. A countervailing duty is perhaps the simplest idea, and is already the law in the United States. Lord Pirbright's Conference proposed an equally simple remedy, viz., prohibition of the importation of bounty-fed sugar. My own proposal all along has been that the Powers should agree that any commodity which has received a bounty on export should be *ipso facto* placed outside most favoured nation or other conventional treatment. Such a clause becomes a general and very powerful enactment in the law of nations. We, as a State, could readily assent to any convention, provided all other Powers would join, for the sanction would then be not an instrument of protection of our own trade, but an instrument to prevent the existence of bounties. Thus, while it seems probable that bounties can and will be abolished, and although it is possible this may mean some small rise in the market value of sugar, we are here concerned with the further question, Will that suffice to save the West Indian sugar industry?

I have been a close worker on this problem since 1880, when I first visited typical sugar estates all over every one of the West Indian Colonies. In 1882 to 1884, for seventeen months in the West Indies and at home, when Joint Special Finance Commissioner, I was engaged investigating every detail, and I may state at once that in my opinion the abolition of Continental bounties will not suffice to save the West Indian sugar industry. It will do good, great good, but it will not be all-sufficient. On the one hand, it will not decrease the output of beet sugar, and on the other it will not cause any material rise in the price of sugar, but it will free the whole industry and increase the prosperity of bounty-ridden countries, thereby opening many markets to the increased supply of cane sugar. But there must be something more than that in any sufficient reform, and something which shall not be limited to the sugar horizon, but wisely extend its influence to all the circumstances surrounding the West Indian Colonies.

The Sugar Commission of last year, apart from the bounty question, falls back upon a tried and old friend of the West Indies, viz., charitable aid from the Mother Country. Loans had been advanced for the West Indies on many a previous occasion to recoup the losses

of the slave system, of hurricanes, and of general distress. There have been large sums expended in subsidies to steamers and so forth, and we continue—out of the Imperial funds to this day, in salaries of Governors and other ways—to contribute to the needs of the West Indies.

Without doubt such financial assistance has its uses, and in view of the critical condition of the sugar industry, at all events for the present, special steps may have to be taken to prevent disaster in those West Indian Colonies, which are at present almost entirely dependent on the sugar industry, such as Barbadoes, Antigua, and St. Kitts. Mr. Chamberlain courageously faced this view when he wrote to the Treasury, on November 9th, 1896, that in view of the possible collapse of the sugar industry, "the coolie in British Guiana and the negro in Barbadoes would be thrown on the hands of an insolvent administration." Nor is it to be denied that if the sugar industry were suddenly to collapse, with it would crumble nearly one-half of all that conduces to West Indian prosperity or even existence; one-half of the credit, of public revenue, of banking, of shipping, and of all that goes to make up the corporate life of these Colonies.

But to my mind, such a collapse can only in reality be gradual in character. Practically perfect in a great majority of the estates is the process of the production of sugar. If prices hold as they are, if they mend only a little, then bounties or no bounties, sugar production in the West Indies will continue.

Moreover, there is more in the possibility of change of the staple products if you can give time than most authorities seem to think. In many cases cocoa, bananas, and other fresh fruit, cocoa-nuts, coffee, pimento, dye woods, are largely replacing sugar. It may be noted that not yet have the West Indies even attempted to produce a long list of tropical products, such as rubber, ground nuts, palm oil, and kernels, which are produced to the value of many millions sterling in other tropical countries.

Moreover, although the Sugar Commission mentions asphalt and gold as the only mineral wealth of the West Indies, I myself have examined some of the proved deposits of phosphates, of rich virgin copper, and endless forms of sulphur and other volcanic deposits which exist in so many of the West Indian Islands.

What is really needed for the West Indies is a wise, comprehensive policy, steadily carried to its conclusion. It is really a question not of economics, or diplomacy, or subsidy, but of administrative statesmanship. Many of the evils now accruing in the West Indies might have been averted had the sound advice and information from time to time acquired by the authorities been acted upon. Let me give one instance. The West Indian Finance Commission, in March, 1884, reported urgently in favour of telegraph communication from Halifax,

via Bermuda. They wrote:—"The general commercial progress of these islands is dependent in very great degree on telegraphic communication, which is daily becoming more and more indispensable to the administration, commerce, industries, and, indeed, security of our West Indian Colonies. . . . We are of opinion that the West Indian telegraph system should be connected as soon as possible with a direct cable to Halifax, *via* Bermuda." It is now thirteen years after this strong recommendation, viz., in the autumn of 1897, that, by the personal energy of a Secretary of State, the determination is come to to proceed with this necessary cable. The mere commencement of so wise a course has induced the companies of land and sea lines at present serving the West Indies to reduce their rates from 5s. 10d. to 3s. a word.

The same Finance Commission reported, after full and careful inquiry, on the necessity that the West Indies should be placed on a right financial basis. They recommended in detail,—

1. General assimilation of all tax systems.
2. A general civil service, affording greater economy and efficiency.
3. Greater efficiency in the collection of revenue to prevent serious leakage.
4. Progressive conversion of the public debts.
5. Commercial union with Canada.
6. Most favoured treatment in the United States.
7. Imperial aid for local railways and steamers.
8. Similar aid for public works and better roads in the smaller islands.

The report of the Sugar Commission of 1897 incidentally proves that only a few of the recommendations of the Finance Commission have been fully carried into effect, although almost every one of their recommendations was strongly approved by the authorities at the time.

Under our present system there are many obstacles to the actual carrying out of the recommendations of Commissions or advisers. The necessary reference to the political chiefs who come into authority in the offices, from time to time, quite new to all the details of the subjects and overburdened with numerous other duties, causes great delay. However willing the permanent officials may be to carry forward any special reforms or tasks, their zeal and wisdom are checked and hampered at every turn by the claims of other departments, by the exigencies of the Parliamentary existence of a ministry, and even by such, to my mind, despicable items of party politics as by-elections. This, that, or the other measure necessary or indeed vital to some interest, has, on occasion, been hung up for some such most unsatisfactory reason.

What the West Indies need now is a course of Lord Salisbury's "twenty years of resolute government." Administration, that is, conceived and perfected in plan by careful attendance to the matured opinions of the local governments and residents consulting in combination with the Imperial authorities. Such a course is in the long run far more helpful and far more hopeful than "eleemosynary doles," or even the abolition of sugar bounties, however necessary and helpful both of these minor remedies may be.

Apart from the abolition of bounties, the Sugar Commission, treading the very footsteps of the Finance Commission, recommend (page 70):—

- (1) Encouragement of peasant proprietors.
- (2) Establishment of minor agricultural industries.
- (3) Improvement in the means of communication between the islands.
- (4) Encouragement of a trade in fruit to New York.
- (5) Central factories in Barbadoes.

These are all practical and practicable measures, and although they do not go to the root of the matter, they none the less need resolute administration over a series of years if they are to be carried out. The policy I would propose should be based on a far larger view, and should carry forward to their full development, economy and efficiency in administration, fiscal reforms, and industrial development.

Economical administration can be secured by a thorough overhaul of the establishments, including the account and audit system and the actual methods of the collection of taxes. There is very great room for improvement in all these directions. But the main reform is in the centralization of the higher offices. There is duplication, reduplication, and quadruplication of offices, and so of expenses. There are fourteen separate administrations in the British West Indies, the chief men in each necessarily drawing high salaries. Interchange and promotion are seriously hampered by the absence of uniformity in qualification, entrance, salary, promotion, pension, and duties of the civil servants. As one of the witnesses before the Finance Commission stated, "The population of Grenada is that of a fourth-rate English town. There is no use of all the paraphernalia of a kingdom on such a petty scale. It is a waste of finances." To those who have gone fully into the matter the institution of a West Indian Civil Service, and of closer amalgamation in administration would lead to most excellent results. The commencement should be made by a conference of West Indians for the purpose of seeing where mutual assistance and co-operation can at once be set up.

Most of the Colonies, as Antigua, for instance, are even now

arranging rigorous reductions in salaries, but the multiplication of posts, and officials, and offices, on the old-world plan of so many separate kingdoms still lowers over the West Indies, and causes inefficiency and inherent extravagance in the administration.

Moreover, if you are to have resolute administration you must have some guarantee that the general administration of the West Indies, on specified lines, will be carried on without interruption over a sufficient number of years. The wise amalgamation of the several governments and closer co-operation in all common affairs, must be the work of years, and proceed step by step. It would be, for instance, impossible at once to substitute for the present system one central government and one governor-general—even if such a consummation should ever come to be desirable. But in order to bring the several Colonies into touch with one another, and with the Imperial Government and Exchequer, it would be necessary to constitute a quasi-permanent West Indian Commission or Council. On the one hand nothing should be attempted and nothing effectual could be achieved except by the closest conference with, and the spontaneous co-operation of, the several Colonial Governments. On the other hand, the latter can come to no common action, except by the aid and through the medium of some central authority, which should hold the threads of all West Indian policy, and remain not only in close touch with the officials in the Colonies and in England, but also with the proprietors who find the capital for and control the management of the tropical farms of the nation. In addition, if the Imperial Parliament is to find guarantee of loans, grants of capital, subsidies, or actual contribution to expenses, Parliament will be all the more willing and liberal if such financial aid, in the first instance, falls under the direct control of some such permanent central authority as that now suggested.

In regard to *Fiscal Reforms*, greater uniformity is the one need. To the investor and the lender of money, as well as to the emigrant seeking employment, the complexity and variety at present existing in the methods of raising revenue offer serious checks. Greater uniformity in customs duties, shipping dues, and stamp fees would greatly assist external trade. Further conversion of the public debts by means of an Imperial guarantee would relieve every colony of a heavy annual drain on its resources. A general method of account and audit would be of the greatest advantage, while the leakage in the collection of revenue would be effectually stopped.

In regard to *Industrial developments*, in addition to the indirect advantages confirmed by thus cheapening a really efficient administration, direct work could and should be undertaken in the matter of communications between the different islands. The story of the government steamer, *Nooya*, in the Leeward Islands, told by the Finance Commission, indicates that colonial steamers may be made an

instrument of vital consequence, not only to administrative economy and efficiency, but also to industrial and commercial progress. What is needed is cheap periodical, but not luxurious, steamer communication between all the islands. The ocean mail service, would continue as now, to be the link with the outer world, and the local steamers would serve for all purposes of local intercourse, and also as feeders for the main line.

. Migrations of population, whether due to the sudden breakdown or the sudden development of any local industry, would be cheapened and facilitated by the existence of such improved means of communication.

Internal communications also need close attention. Great good would be done by re-opening in Dominica, and by opening in British Guiana, roads into the fertile interior lands. Such a task forms a fit object for any relief works that may unfortunately become necessary, and would result in the making of roads, bridging of watercourses and morasses, and even the laying of light railways. Indeed, the same central authority could direct any relief works that West Indian history tells us may at any time become necessary, owing to failure of some crop or industry, hurricane, earthquake, or what cause soever.

In regard to opening up markets for West Indian produce, the Sugar Commission only mentions obtaining entry into the United States market for fresh fruit. It is true that American tariff arrangements are so incomprehensible and so uncertain of duration that there seems but little hope for any permanent arrangement in regard to West Indian sugar. Moreover, any proposals of the kind are strenuously opposed by vested sugar interests in Louisiana, or the "annexed" Sandwich Islands, by the new sugar beet industry, and by the particular merchants who are seeking McKinley reciprocity with the European Powers on a sugar basis.

But the closer commercial union with Canada, recommended by the Finance Commission so long ago as 1884, becomes all the more desirable and probable now that Canada has declared in favour of a new Imperial policy in customs duties. Canada supplies breadstuffs, and meats, and timber, so largely imported by the West Indies, and they produce tropical products, from sugar and nutmegs to bananas and turtle, of which Canada stands in need. Moreover, Halifax is only 1,760 miles from St. Kitts, while New York is 1,610.

The Sugar Commission lays proper emphasis on proposals for enlarging the scope of economic botany, and suggests the formation of a central department for the whole of the West Indies, for which Dr. Morris provides all the necessary data. In my opinion, not for the first time stated, an Imperial department should long ago have been organized, in close connection with the admirable establishment

at Kew, to gather and supply information on all forms of tropical produce. I have myself seen the urgent need for this practical step in visiting the West African Settlements no less than the West Indian Colonies. Strange diseases and insect-pests of sugar-cane, coffee, and so forth; the conditions for growing and methods of preparing products such as cinchona, cocoa, rubber; the important question of manures; the commercial preparation of fibres, tobacco, and so forth; the discovery and introduction of new commercial plants; and, indeed, a lengthy programme of appropriate experiments and information should become the charge of this special department of tropical products. The culminating advantage would consist in appointing a travelling Inspector of Tropical Products, who should, with a small staff, proceed on regular tour, at the right seasons, to our tropical colonies to gather and to disseminate information of a thoroughly reliable and independent character.

These are among the tasks I would entrust to a central West Indian Administration.

Speaking generally, while I look for the abolition of the bounty system in Europe in the near future, I do not consider that this would, by itself, save the situation in the West Indies. It would assist in preserving the sugar industry. But more, far more than this is needed, and the sum total of this is contained in resolute administration on the lines I have indicated. The measures, the means, and the men can be specially organized so soon as a conference of West Indian authorities has popularised, and will lay the foundations of central effort and closer co-operation of all the British West Indies.

The Imperial Parliament and Executive, are not only bound by their duty to all British subjects engaged in West Indian industries, but under the strongest moral obligation to regard the permanent welfare of the large negro population which exists to the present day as a direct result of that slave system and slave trade in which the British nation took so leading a part in previous centuries. In addition there are considerable communities of East Indians, whose settlement in the West Indies or ultimate repatriation form a distinct Imperial responsibility.

These responsibilities, these obligations, these duties, can be adequately, effectively, and economically fulfilled on the lines and by the measures I have indicated, and I trust the Session of 1898 will not pass without some definite decision being come to by the Imperial Parliament to place our West Indian Colonies in a position and condition which shall ensure for them the best possible industrial prosperity.

GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.

A MONROE DOCTRINE FOR CHINA.

Four years ago it was possible to speak of the Far Eastern Question as a problem reserved for our children. Indeed, even at a later date, Lord Rosebery's eye detected it only as a shadow lurking "in the dim vistas of futurity." To-day, however, the question is already definitely posed, and the most sanguine of statesmen will not refuse to recognise that it has introduced a new peril into the field of International politics.

There is no error more gratuitous than the idea that we owe the evocation of this spirit of mischief to the restless ambitions of the German Emperor. As a matter of fact, we owe it entirely to the Japanese. There would have been no Germans at Kiao-Chau to-day, no Russians at Port Arthur, no British ships at Chemulpo, had it not been for the unhappy inspirations which sent the armies of the Mikado against China three and a-half years ago. Had Japanese statesmen been possessed of a sense of responsibility commensurate with the position they are disposed to claim for their country, they would not have so lightly provoked a conflict fraught with so much danger to the peace of the world. But it was not only by the war that they manifested their political levity. What dangers they failed to awaken in this way they effectually aroused by their reckless diplomacy. If they did not know that the Treaty of Shimonoseki was calculated to provoke the intervention of other powers, they were strangely wanting in political insight. If they could not see that their inexcusable conduct in Korea was certain to bring about a *quasi*-Russian protectorate in that country, it could only have been because their barbarous instincts were stronger than their civilized intelligence. It is in consequence of these follies that the Far Eastern Question is now so flagrantly open—that China is the arena of a great International conflict, and that in Korea Russia has been forced to take up an attitude which has troubled, and is likely still further to trouble, her relations with England. Those who are now advocating a British alliance with Japan will do well to reflect on these facts. That the development of events may bring about some sort of common action between this country and Japan is quite possible; but I believe I am correct in stating that no such combination enters into the fundamental principles of the British policy in the Far East.

The recent Kiao-Chau and Port Arthur incidents are direct sequels of the Chino-Japanese war.

It will be remembered that when the Peace of Shimonoseki was signed, Germany joined Russia and France in warning Japan off the

Asiatic mainland. After the revision of the Treaty, in accordance with the desires of the interveners, all three Powers set themselves to obtain suitable compensations for their trouble from China. Germany, however, failed to secure anything. Her temporary allies do not seem to have even taken her into their counsels, much less to have bestirred themselves on her behalf. On the contrary, they concentrated their attention on their own interests. At first it was proposed that the Chinese loan required to pay the first instalment of the indemnity to Japan should be financed by the three Powers together. While negotiations to this end were in progress, M. de Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, secretly formed a Franco-Russian syndicate for the issue of the loan, with a Russian guarantee, and negotiated an agreement for its acceptance with the Chinese Government. Germany, of course, was much mortified by this proceeding, although it was explained to her that M. de Witte had acted without the knowledge of the Russian Foreign Office. But this was not the only advantage which accrued to France and Russia. Important railway privileges were granted to Russia in Manchuria, and territorial, as well as other concessions, were secured by France in the south west. Even England, who had not taken part in the intervention, obtained an important increment of territory on her Burmese border, together with the opening of the West River, in consideration of the cession by China to France of a portion of Kiang Hung, in violation of her treaty pledges to this country.

Thus shut out in the cold, Germany seems to have resolved to take steps single-handed for the acquisition of a coaling station and naval port in Chinese waters. She made no secret of her intentions. At first she turned her eye towards the South, and, in view of the proximate opening of the West River, sought a *piéd à terre* in its vicinity. Lappa, an island off Macao, was surveyed by her in January, 1896, but it had to be abandoned, as it was claimed by the Portuguese. Then Quemoy attracted her attention, but this again was not found suitable. Ultimately she fixed her choice on a harbour and some islands at Tongthu, north of Foochow, and made formal application for a lease of them to the Chinese Government. This, however, was refused in consequence of British and Japanese objections.

Time now became an object to her, partly because her contracts with firms at Hong Kong, Shanghai, Yokohama, and other ports for the supply of coal to her warships in Asiatic waters expired in March, 1898, and it was probable that in the event of her obtaining a port for herself the terms for the renewal of these arrangements would have to be revised. Another and more important consideration which weighed strongly with the Emperor was the desired increase of the German navy. He was anxious to prevail upon the Reichstag to

pass a sort of German Naval Defence Act which would provide for a considerable augmentation of the fleet, and he saw that the acquisition of a station in the China Seas would powerfully impress the public, if not the Parliament, with the necessity of such a measure.

The South being apparently closed to him, he carried his surveys northwards. In October, 1896, Baron Oswald von Richthofen, a relative of the eminent geographer and Sinologue of the same name, whose great work on China is a perfect encyclopædia of the Far East, was appointed chief of the German Colonial Office. One of the first acts of the new Secretary was to point out to the Emperor the important advantages offered by Kiao-Chau as a possible coaling station. He had little difficulty in convincing his Imperial master that he could not make a better choice. The way in which Baron von Richthofen probably sang the praises of Kiao-Chau, and expounded the ambitious projects that might be associated with its possession by Germany, may be gathered from an elaborate article on the subject contributed by his cousin to the last number of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. As soon as it had been resolved to make an effort to acquire this harbour, a strong propaganda was set on foot throughout Germany in favour of vigorous action in the Far East. The connection of this propaganda with the Government is significantly illustrated when we find an ex-Minister to China like Herr von Brandt, and a close friend of the Colonial Secretary, like Baron von Siebold, publishing patriotic pamphlets in which the "Flottenfrage" and "Deutschland's Weltpolitik," and the "Kampf um den Ostasiatischen Handel" are all advocated together.

While determined to ask nobody's permission or assistance in the project he had set before himself, the Emperor was not less anxious that friendly Powers should be made aware of his intentions. Accordingly, when he was in St. Petersburg last August, he mentioned informally to the Tsar that he contemplated the acquisition of Kiao-Chau, in the event of a favourable opportunity presenting itself. The Tsar is said to have raised no objection, but there is reason to believe that the Russian Government viewed the intimation with strong disfavour. In the preceding March Russia had urged the Chinese Government to establish a coaling dépôt and build barracks and docks at Kiao-Chau, and had even offered to lend the necessary funds and the services of Russian engineers to carry out the works. Nothing of this, however, was told to the Kaiser. Shortly afterwards a friendly intimation, similar to that made to the Tsar, was conveyed to the Court of St. James's, and at the same time the cue was given to a leading semi-official organ in Germany to advocate a reconciliation with England. This at once let loose the Russian press. Violent articles, attacking both Germany and England, appeared in all the leading newspapers except the *Novosti*. The *Noroe Vremya* espe-

cially distinguished itself by its virulence. Even the semi-official *Journal de St. Petersbourg* published an article which, although free from the angry and abusive tone of the other journals, urged that the commercial interests and colonial aspirations of Germany rendered it impossible for that power, in her own interests, to cultivate friendly relations with Great Britain.

This was the situation at the end of last October. The scheme manifestly hung fire. In view of the ill-temper exhibited unofficially in St. Petersburg, and the probability that Russian influence would be employed at Peking to defeat the German plans, no negotiations with the Chinese Government, had been opened. Other opportunities for making demands on the Tsung-li-Yamen did not present themselves. Nevertheless, the fates were silently fighting for the Kaiser. Early in November, some officers of the German cruiser *Cormoran* were stoned by a mob at Wuchang, and their flag insulted. The German Minister at once travelled up the Yangtse, accompanied by the German Admiral Von Diederichs, and demanded satisfaction. This was promptly accorded by the local authorities. Baron Von Heyking was on the point of returning home when he heard, by telegraph, of the murder of two German Roman Catholic missionaries, Fathers Henle and Ries at Yenchow, in Shantung. These outrages, following so closely upon each other, were held to constitute an exceptionally grave situation, and the German Minister telegraphed to Berlin for instructions.

The cynic would say that the Kaiser had had a singular stroke of luck. However that may be, it is beyond question that nothing could have been better calculated to promote the objects of the German Government than this unhappy murder of the German Fathers, although everyone could not but feel that a terrible price was being exacted for the approaching triumph. A few years earlier, and the very fact that the victims were Roman Catholics, would have deprived the German Government of all right of interference. For centuries, all Roman Catholic missionaries, of whatever nationality, were under the protection of France, "the eldest daughter of the church," and as late as 1878 this state of things had been re-affirmed by Europe at the Berlin Congress. In 1890, however, Count Caprivi had notified to the Vatican the termination of this arrangement so far as Germany was concerned, and from that time all German Roman Catholic missionaries had received German passports. Then again, the murders afforded the Government an opportunity of serving the Roman Catholic Church, and this had an important bearing on the fortunes of the new Naval Estimates. The adoption of these estimates depended entirely on the Centre or Ultramontane Party in the Reichstag, and it was feared that they would vote against them. A vigorous championship of the missionaries in China would, at any

rate, place the Vatican under an obligation to the Government, and this might pave the way to pressure being brought on the Centre from Rome. Finally the scene of the murders peculiarly favoured the German designs on Kiao-Chau. That much coveted harbour is in the very province where the missionaries met their end, and nothing could be more natural than that the reprisals of the German Government should be directed to that quarter. Under these circumstances Baron Von Heyking's required instructions came to him with exceptional promptitude. We know what they were. On November 12th, the German squadron, under Admiral Von Diederichs, mysteriously left its anchorage at Woosung, and the following day it was known in the Treaty ports that the Germans had seized Kiao-Chau Bay, and had unfurled the Imperial flag over the Tsingtao fort.

The position of Russia at this moment must have been of considerable embarrassment. Secure in the ascendancy of her diplomacy at Peking, the German *coup* must have been altogether outside her calculations. The famous "sensitiveness of Germany in questions of right," with which Baron Marschal Von Bieberstein had justified the intervention of the Kaiser in the Jameson raid, forbade any idea of so unceremonious a swoop on Chinese territory. It was true that there were precedents for such swoops when redress for outrages could not be obtained, and it was also true that outrages were by no means uncommon in China. Still on former occasions the German Government had shown no disposition to take harsh measures, and the Russian Minister at Peking could always see that the Tsung-li-Yamen gave satisfaction fully and promptly. As late as November, 1895, a German mission had been attacked near Swatow, and the customary redress had been offered and accepted. But if the action of Germany was unexpected, its scope and possible consequences were less easily calculable. Did Germany intend to remain at Kiao-Chau and if so, how much territory would she demand? Was there an understanding between her and England, and if so, what were its objects? To what extent were Russian aspirations in the Gulf of Pechili threatened? How would other Powers regard the grab? Might not the jealousy of France and the hair-brained impulsiveness of Japan provoke a general scramble?

For a great struggle in the Far East Russia was ill-prepared, seeing that her Siberian Railway was still under construction. On the other hand, it was vital to her that her expansion to the ice-free sea should not be barred. Hence a policy of caution and watchfulness imposed itself upon her. But the winter was approaching, and she could not keep herself ready for emergencies if she allowed her fleet, or any considerable part of it, to be frozen up at Vladivostock. The problem she had to solve, then, was this. She required a station for her fleet where she could watch the develop-

ment of events, but she did not wish to take it in sovereignty, either real or veiled, as this might be regarded as a reply to, or an arrangement with, Germany, and consequently would increase the chances of a perilous scramble. She overcame this difficulty by applying to the Chinese Government for permission to winter her squadron in Port Arthur, and this was readily granted.

I think it right to say here that Russia's action in this matter was perfectly justifiable, and scrupulously correct. Putting aside the question whether she intends to adhere to the terms of her limited tenancy of Port Arthur—a question which only ill-mannered newspapers would dream of discussing—it must be admitted that if she exaggerated the perils of the situation she took her precautions with a due sense of responsibility.

When the facts of the Kiao-Chau and Port Arthur incidents have been thus stated, it becomes almost superfluous to explain the attitude of Lord Salisbury towards them. Technically, neither incident afforded any ground for action on the part of this country, and, beyond testing the assurances of the Chinese Government with regard to the terms of the Russian tenancy of Port Arthur, and safeguarding British rights in that harbour, Lord Salisbury took no action. However long Germany may have cherished designs on Kiao-Chau, her seizure of the Bay was colourably justified by the murder of her nationals in its vicinity, and the lease she subsequently extorted from China as a guarantee against further outrages, might find not a few constructive precedents in diplomatic history. Whatever may be Russia's ultimate intentions with regard to Port Arthur, she has a perfect right to seek the hospitality of a Chinese harbour, and China can either grant or refuse that hospitality so long as her treaty obligations to other powers are duly observed.

Criticisms of Lord Salisbury have, however, been numerous. So far as Port Arthur is concerned his attitude, I believe, has not been questioned in this country, but in Russia it has given rise to a considerable outcry in the newspapers. We have been asked, with some acerbity, why we sent warships to Port Arthur and none to Kiao-Chau? As a matter of fact we did send ships to Kiao-Chau, although it was scarcely necessary, seeing that under a lease which confers on Germany only just as much sovereignty as China herself exercised, our rights remain unaltered. Of course, were there any reason to suspect Germany of imposing restrictions on trade and shipping in her colonies, it might be desirable to test our rights. But the fact is there is no reason for any such suspicion. Hitherto Germany has made no distinction in her colonies between her own trade and the trade of other countries,¹ and the considerations by which this policy of hers is actuated apply even more strongly to Kiao-Chau than to her other dependencies. With Russia, as with her ally France, it is very

(1) *Parl. Paper*: "Commercial," No. 5 (1895), pp. 12—13.

different. The Russian tariff in Asia is fatal to British trade,¹ and Russia installed in permanent sovereignty at Port Arthur would mean the exclusion, or at any rate the restriction, of the rights enjoyed by this country under the Chinese *régime*. Hence it was of importance to us to assert these rights. We enjoy them in virtue of Articles LII. and LIV. of the Treaty of Tientsin, the former permitting "British ships of war to visit all ports within the dominions of the Emperor of China," and the latter allowing us "free and equal participation in all privileges, immunities, and advantage that may have been or may be hereafter granted by His Majesty the Emperor of China to the Government or subjects of any other nation."² To assert these privileges we sent two ships of war to Port Arthur, and there can be little question that, under similar circumstances, Russia would have acted in the same way.

Criticisms of Lord Salisbury's apparent complaisance to Germany at Kiao-Chau have been more numerous. They may be mostly classed under the following four heads:—

1. The possession of Kiao-Chau will give a great impetus to German commercial rivalry with us in the Far East.
2. It will help to make Germany a great naval power.
3. Its strategical importance will render it a serious menace to us in case of war with Germany.
4. We are facilitating the formation of an anti-English coalition of Germany, Russia, and France in the Far East.

I have no hesitation in saying that this catalogue of perils is a mere array of unsubstantial bogies. Germany already has a large trade in the Far East, and, without coaling stations or other dependencies, she has not only acquired a considerable position in the Chinese treaty ports, but even in Eastern Siberia she has secured what a Russian official report³ calls "a predominating influence in the import trade." It is not likely that her commerce will be sensibly increased because she has added to her burdens and responsibilities the cost of governing, and care of keeping, a coaling station of her own, instead of buying coal in the cheapest local markets. Moreover, there is a very remote chance of Kiao-Chau becoming a great centre of trade. In spite of the multiplication of treaty ports the bulk of the foreign trade of China is transacted at Hong-Kong and Shanghai,⁴ and this immense centralization tends to increase rather than diminish.

The naval scare is but little better founded. So long as we are friendly with Germany, and our own naval expansion keeps its

(1) *Gov. of India Trade Reports*: "Khorassan-Turkestan," 1896-97. *Bombay Gaz. Budget*, Nov. 6, 1897.

(2) *Parl. Paper*: "Treaties between Her Majesty and the Emperor of China." 1861.

(3) Kovalevsky: "The Industries of Russia," vol. v., p. 208.

(4) *Consular Reports*: Annual Series, No. 1,909 (1897), pp. 9, 10; No. 1,966 (1897), p. 2. The latter report is especially interesting on this point, as it is from Chefoo, the nearest Treaty port to Kiao-Chau.

present pace, the size of her navy need not trouble us. In the present grouping of the Powers, it is of more immediate concern to Russia and France than to us; for it is a tradition of Russia that, in order to preserve the command of the Baltic, her fleet must be at least equal to the fleets of Germany and Sweden combined; and France cannot afford, for many reasons, to allow Germany to gain on her in the naval race. Moreover, Germany does not increase her powers of industrial rivalry with us, when, to the physical drain and monetary cost of her huge army, she adds the burden of a fleet which may come within measurable distance of rivalling our own. As for the strategical importance of Kiao-Chau, it is, no doubt, very considerable; but many gallons of water will flow down the Spree before the German Reichstag votes the funds to make it a second Hong Kong, and even then it would be of little use if Germany did not at the same time hold command of the seas.

The final criticism, while worthless in itself, raises an important question of high politics. It is worthless, because either there is already a coalition of the three Powers, and in that event it would be dangerous for us to attempt to thwart Germany, or there is no coalition, and in that case we ought to be chary of doing anything which might provoke Germany into seeking participation in the anti-English policy of Russia and France. But this reference to the International situation is interesting, as raising the question whether Lord Salisbury was justified in straining his complaisance to Germany, as, in some quarters—especially in Russia—he is alleged to have done. I am bound to say I think he was. Germany at Kiao-Chau is a possibly friendly outpost against Franco-Russian encroachments in the Far East, for, as a great industrial and exporting power, she is almost as deeply interested in resisting them as we are. It is, no doubt, very desirable that England should be on good terms with Russia and France—no one has advocated such a *rapprochement* more persistently and earnestly than I—but, for the moment, it is unquestionable that such friendly relations do not exist. While this is the situation, Lord Salisbury cannot do otherwise, at moments of crisis, than adapt his policy to it. Our independence of the two alliances in which the Continental Powers are grouped would have no meaning unless we favoured the alliance which is the more favourable to us. No one can doubt which this is. The answer is written in many parts of the globe, but most conspicuously and explicitly in the struggle which took place two years ago among the Commissioners of the Egyptian Caisse over the proposed appropriation for the expenses of the Dongola expedition. The situation then illustrated is a reality it would be idle to deny; on the other hand, an equitable *rapprochement* between this country and Russia and France belongs unfortunately to the domain of academic politics.

The events at Kiao-Chau and Port Arthur are not the only inci-

dents which have recently marked the re-opening of the Far Eastern Question. The question of a fresh Chinese loan has still further accentuated the International rivalries of which the Middle Kingdom has become the arena. This question is, indeed, of far greater importance than the more or less veiled and strictly localised territorial raids which I have so far reviewed, for, in a financial form, it has opened, in the centre of the Empire, the very scramble which an excited public opinion imagined it detected at Kiao-Chau and Port Arthur. Its importance, too, is marked by the fact that as soon as it was raised Lord Salisbury's attitude towards the development of events underwent a change, passing from negative watchfulness to active intervention. With the nature and scope of that intervention the country has expressed its unqualified concurrence. It is clear that if our immense interests in China are to be adequately protected, we must not allow the Empire to become the exclusive vassal of any foreign power or group of powers, and this is what must occur, in a thinly disguised form, if we abstain from competing with the state-guaranteed loan-mongering of Russia and France at Peking. Moreover, it is unfair to say to China that she shall not raise her duties to provide interest on loans offered to her by others, if we are not prepared to assist her in extricating herself from her financial embarrassments. We can safely and even profitably lend the money without rendering an increase of the burdens on trade necessary, and since the loan would be calculated to strengthen our influence at Peking and thus advance our interests in the Far East, it was manifestly our duty to undertake it. The merit of Lord Salisbury's scheme is that not only does it accomplish all these things, but by the conditions attached to it an important impulse is given to the stability of the Empire and the expansion of its commercial intercourse with the world at large.

This brings me to the question—the most important of all—of the final aims of British policy in the Far East. What are those aims? Are we content to solve each separate crisis as it arises according to the exigencies of the moment, or have we a large constructive policy by which our attitude towards every event in the field of Far Eastern politics is governed? Recent events have apparently imposed upon ministers the serious consideration of this long neglected problem, and the diplomatic struggle over the loan negotiations at Peking has given them the opportunity of proclaiming their conclusions to the world. From the abundant and emphatic statements which have been made on the subject, we have no difficulty in extracting a definite policy. Its aims may be thus summed up :

- (1) to preserve the political *status quo* in the Far East, and
- (2) to secure the unhampered circulation of the commerce of the world throughout the markets of China.

It would, perhaps, be unkind to inquire too closely into the date of

origin of the first of these aims. It could scarcely have been held very strongly two years ago, when we declined to join Russia, France, and Germany in restraining Japan from a voracious attack on the integrity of the Chinese Empire, or even a year ago, when we ourselves added Kokang and a few other trifles to our Burmese possessions. This, however, is of little practical moment. The important point is that this principle is henceforth an integral part of our Imperial policy, and that we have declared our intention of defending it, as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has told us, "even at the cost of war."

Now this is a serious liability for Great Britain to undertake. It is the Monroe Doctrine applied by this country to the whole of South-Eastern Asia. There is no exaggeration in this description of it, for the very language of Monroeism has been officially employed in expounding it. In his famous Presidential message of December 2, 1823, Mr. Monroe declared that "the American Continents . . . are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonisation by any European Powers." In his speech to the Swansea Chamber of Commerce a fortnight ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer said: "We do not regard China as a place for conquest or colonisation by any European or other Power." The resemblance is striking and significant. What justification have we for taking upon ourselves so grave a responsibility? It wants very little reflection to see that the action of the Government is amply justified, and that if it is of unusual gravity it is our only alternative to still more serious responsibilities.

Of two things, one. Either the nibblings and pilferings and grabbings which have been going on during the last forty years on the coasts and frontiers of China must end in partition, or the substantial integrity of the Empire must be effectively guaranteed in some way or other. Partition would, no doubt, suit Russia and France, for whatever they obtained as their share would bring them substantial gain. Their present trade with the Empire is small, and if they applied their protective tariffs to new areas this trade would be considerably increased. Moreover, Russia would gain by a connatural extension of dominion, by direct access to the China Seas, and by the extraordinary prepotent faculty she possesses of assimilating the Asiatic races.¹ To England, on the other hand, a partition of China would mean an immense immediate loss and a crushing extension of her Imperial burdens and responsibilities. To-day eighty per cent. of the foreign trade of China goes through her hands. If in a partition she secured even half the Empire, she would find her merchants and ships shut out from the other half, and thus the legitimate expansion of her trade, if not the actual volume of it,

(1) "Russia, Mongolia, and China." By Elisée Reclus. (*Contemporary Review*, May, 1895, p. 621.)

would be cut down by about fifty per cent. On the present figures this would amount to a loss of about £18,000,000 a year. But this is not all. She would have administrative expenses and political cares where to-day she has neither one nor the other. She would want a large army with which to govern an alien people whom she cannot assimilate, and to protect her land frontiers against at least two first-class military and naval powers. As it is, at the present moment, we find that our Colonial responsibilities are rendering a large increase in the army necessary. A partitioned China would probably require of us on a peace footing another 100,000 men, while the increased risks of war by land would bring us face to face with conscription, a palsy which would strike at the very root of our commercial and industrial predominance. For these reasons, among many others of minor importance, it seems to me clear that our Asiatic Monroe Doctrine is justified, nay, that it is a vital necessity to us.

The second article in our new China policy—the opening up of the whole country to the unfettered commerce of the world—is not new. It is as old as, if not older than, the Treaty of Nankin. Forty-one years ago Lord Clarendon expressed it with a force and comprehensiveness to which neither Mr. Balfour nor Sir Michael Hicks-Beach could add anything. In his instructions to Lord Elgin, in 1857, he wrote:—

“The trade [of China], at present, is confined to five ports, to which alone foreigners are entitled to resort, and from which alone Chinese vessels may proceed for purposes of trade to the island of Hong Kong. It will be one of the main objects of your Excellency's mission to endeavour to liberate the trade of China from these restrictions, and to induce the Chinese Government to consent to throw open the ports of China generally to foreign commerce, and to allow the subjects of foreign Powers freely to communicate with the great cities in the interior, but more especially with those which are situated on the large rivers, and those lying immediately within the sea-board of the north-eastern coast.”¹

In the same despatch Lord Clarendon advocated the regulation and reduction of the internal *likin* duties, which the Treaty of Nankin had vainly attempted to fix, and which are still the main obstruction to full commercial intercourse. This also is our policy to-day.

Now, with regard to the first part of this policy, the declaration of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is sufficient, provided we can convince Foreign Powers that we mean what we say. But this does not apply to the second part. The fact that this aspiration of ours is of so considerable an antiquity, and that, since it has existed, it has achieved comparatively so little, shows that something more than words is required. The great question at the present moment, then, is—How can we secure our design of throwing open China freely to the commerce of the world?

(1) *Blue Book*: “Earl of Elgin's Special Mission to China and Japan,” 1857—59, p. 4.

In my humble opinion there are two ways in which we might attempt to do this. The opening of sea-ports need not present any serious difficulties, and I will not stop to discuss it. The chief stumbling-block is presented by the *likin* duties, which hitherto have baffled the best statesmanship concerned with the China question. These duties are supposed to be fixed by treaty, but, as a matter of fact, the provincial authorities levy whatever they think proper, and their exactions consequently hold the whole export and import trade of the interior in check. The Chinese Government was induced to agree by treaty that through-passes, over-riding the *likin*, should be granted at the Treaty Ports. Merchants have, however, long ceased to apply for them. They are difficult to get, and when got are of little avail. Even if an importer takes matters with a high hand, insists on his rights, and secures the ultimate delivery of his goods to their consignee, at Treaty rates, he is baffled in the end, for the authorities track out the goods and force the unhappy consignee to pay all the dues of which they consider themselves to have been defrauded. Under these circumstances commercial intercourse is bound to be difficult.

Now it is clear that the whole mischief arises from the weakness of the Central Government. There is no uniform system of taxation in the provinces, and all the local officials, from the governors downwards, are more or less farmers of revenue, who collect as much as they can, and hand over to their superiors as little as is consistent with their personal safety and material interests. To remedy this state of affairs either the Central Government should be reformed and strengthened, or the provincial finances should be submitted to direct European supervision. The latter of these suggestions has been well argued by Mr. Consul Brennan, of Chefoo,¹ and it seems to me to deserve the earnest consideration of the statesmen of Europe. Mr. Brennan suggests that "the number, position, and tariff of the *likin* stations shall be a matter of International arrangement, and that the present *likin* collectorate shall be replaced by a foreign administration on the model of the foreign maritime customs." That such an administration would very soon quadruple the volume of trade and hence largely augment the yield both of customs and *likin* dues, even at a reduced tariff, requires no demonstration.

What has especially attracted me in Mr. Brennan's proposal, however, is that it seems to contain the germs of an arrangement, by which the whole Far Eastern question—territorial as well as commercial—might probably be solved. If, following the example of the Anglo-French treaty, relating to Siam, we could come to an arrangement with the Powers interested in China, to mark off the great commercial and productive regions of China, to guarantee their integrity and independence, and equip them with a foreign

(1) *Consular Reports: Annual Series*, No. 1,909, "China" (1897), p. 62.

fiscal administration, such as Mr. Brennan suggests, the anxieties and perils which now beset us in the Far East, would disappear, and the policy for which we are now striving would be virtually realised. Probably such an arrangement would not suit Powers who are bent on conquest, but it is worth their consideration whether it would not be preferable to hugging schemes, which can only be carried out at the cost of a great war. Moreover, a participation in the management of the *likin* dues would give all the Powers an interest in the maintenance of the territorial integrity of China.

In default of an International understanding, there still remains the chance of reforming and strengthening the Central Government of China by the support and counsels of a friendly Power at Peking. No doubt it is a very remote chance. Our Ministers have frequently sought for it. In 1863, Sir Frederick Bruce spoke plainly to Prince Kung on the subject in the open Tsung-li-Yamen. "I warn your Highness," he said, "that until the Central Government takes into its own hands the administration of its finances, and organisation of its Executive, it has no protection against deceit and the disaster it entails. It is for the Chinese Government to consider whether it will listen to this warning, given in no unfriendly spirit, or not." For thirty-six years and more, the Chinese have proved deaf to this and similar warnings. Perhaps under the influence of their present financial embarrassments, they may become more amenable to reason. At any rate we should lose no opportunity of trying to persuade them.

But if we are to undertake this task we must make up our minds that the spirit which is animating us to-day shall be maintained. China, with the natural instinct of her weakness, will not place herself in the hands of any Power of whose disinterestedness she is not convinced, and, above all, who has not proved herself to be the mightiest of all the Powers, and to be ready to put forth her might when the occasion requires it. Of our disinterestedness we need not try to persuade her; but after the apathy and timorousness we have exhibited for many years past in the Far East, she will require some proof that we have really awoken, and that our natural strength has not abated. If we can give her this proof, the rest will, I am persuaded, be easy. The Chinese are not a degenerate race, however corrupt their Government and administrative machinery may be. They are not fighting men turned out to grass like the Turks, but the cultivated product of a civilisation which, in its way, is high, and capable, on its own lines, of many good things. With a Palmerston at home and a Stratford Canning at Peking we should make another China, and then, once she were strong and well governed, there would be no longer a Far Eastern Question to disturb the peace of the world.

DIPLOMATICUS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AGRICULTURAL BRIGADE OF THE MONSTROUS REGIMENT OF WOMEN.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—Standing at the beginning of another year, and peering with shaded eye into the dim recesses of the future, one wonders whether the possibilities of the next twelve months can be so grasped and utilised, as to offer solutions to two of the most difficult national and social problems which press ever more and more upon the thinking men and women of our generation.

The first has received serious consideration in Miss Hogarth's admirable paper in the December number of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, entitled "The Monstrous Regiment of Women," or to use a term employed by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick in a recent lecture, "The surplus million," who no longer enjoy "a dual outlook," having passed the first decade of grown-up life. The choice of a name, however, is a trifling thing compared with the plain, simple fact. Lady Warwick calls them "unmarrying women," which is certainly a more gracious title, because, as a journalist has pointed out, there is a world of distinction between the "unmarrying" and the "unmarried" woman. Nevertheless, the "surplus" remains.

The second problem is the Agricultural one. After years of apathy and indifference, bad crops and unscientific methods, wholesale desertion of the villages for the towns, or emigration to foreign countries, the nation is at last awakened to the fact, that the thrifty Frenchman, the needy German, and the generally wide-awake foreigner, has been extracting millions of money from the British farmyard, whilst the British consumer has been congratulating himself upon paying very cheaply for Danish butter, French eggs and poultry, sausages and the like "made in Germany"; and all the while "the middleman" has been gathering a big fortune. However, the awakening has come at last, and fortunately many large landowners and patriotic public men and women are earnestly trying to find a remedy, and one of the signs of the times is the prominence given to agriculture in the current magazines and daily papers. It is no longer viewed as a subject—dull, uninteresting, and unprofitable, but more and more is it borne in upon the mind of the public, that directly or indirectly England will stand or fall by the cultivation and production of her agricultural resources. To mention the names of only a few men who are steadily facing out this question, will help to prove its enormous importance. Lord Winchilsea's work is too well known to need comment; to him belongs, perhaps, more than to any one else, the honour of arousing the apathetic consumer, and showing him the error of his ways. The names of Lord Monteagle and Mr. Horace Plunkett have become household words in Ireland, for their almost superhuman efforts in that country—efforts which are now happily being crowned with success. The Duke of Bedford has been so successful with his fruit farm, that when apples were being sold in the country for 1s. and 1s. 6d. a bushel, those from the Woburn farm were selling, in Covent Garden, for 4s. and 8s. a bushel, "because they were good varieties, and had been care-

fully grown and marketed." His Grace has just presented each of his tenants with a book, *How to grow Fruit on his Estates*.

It is, however, the Countess of Warwick who has grasped the idea of some possible connection in the solution of these two problems, and has set forth her views in an article, in the *Land Magazine*, entitled, "Women and the Future of Agriculture." The article has aroused the interest of the Press far and wide, and on the whole—allowing for the inevitable cheap ridicule—the criticisms have been favourable. The scheme has been described as "daringly original and entertaining"; "a courageous proposal"; "the novel and what appears to be not an impracticable scheme"; &c., &c. On the other hand, it is foolish of writers, who have not troubled to read the article with care, to head their criticisms, "A Scheme for Female Hodges," "Women as Farm Labourers," or to insinuate that women should try to push men out of their own legitimate scheme of agriculture. Those who know Lady Warwick could never think that she would suggest degrading women into "farm labourers" or "female hodges." Fruit and flower growing, bee keeping, jam making—what is there degrading in these occupations? And if poultry, pigs, and cows are kept in the settlements, it is presumably possible that a few "male hodges" might be employed by the community to do the rough and dirty work.

Perhaps it would be well, however, to deal briefly with the scheme as a whole, in order to point out the possibilities of forming an "Agricultural Brigade" to Miss Hogarth's "Monstrous Regiment of Women." If the brigade is limited to two or three companies for the present, the effort to keep even this number of privates out of London will not have been in vain.

It has a threefold object:—(1) To open a new field of work and means of livelihood for women (notably the class described as the daughters of professional men). (2) To stay the depopulation of our villages. (3) To keep some of the money in this country which is annually spent in foreign dairy, poultry, and horticultural produce.

Now it is proposed to form, in the first place, an Agricultural Training College for Women; and simultaneously around this, on the same estate, to build some ten or twelve cottages standing in two, three, or four acres of ground, which will form the agricultural settlement. The College will be in the centre, and will be worked by responsible people—not necessarily women—chosen for their experience and ability in organization and agricultural work. The theoretical classes will include botany, geology, entomology (insect-pests), horticulture, poultry, and bee keeping, fruit and flower growing, book-keeping; whilst the practical work will embrace flower and fruit growing, bee keeping, jam making, bottling fruit, home-made wines; dairy work, milk, butter, and especially soft cheese making; pig keeping, poultry rearing—turkeys, ducks, geese, guinea fowls, &c., for market, and for sale of eggs. Recognising the necessity for recreation and culture, Lady Warwick proposes in her scheme that games and physical exercises shall take an important place in the college curriculum, whilst a library, a literary and debating club, and regular lectures will minister to the intellectual side of the students, and foster opportunities for social intercourse amongst the settlers, who will, of course, be expected to participate in the internal life of the college. The fees will be moderate, in order to reach the class whom it is proposed to benefit.

Opportunities for individual scope and ability will be afforded by the allotments—for which a certain portion of the College grounds will be reserved, and which will be granted to students under certain conditions.

The cultivation of these allotments will provide an important link between the College Classes and settlement work, as it is reasonably expected that a percentage of students will afterwards join the agricultural settlements.

Another feature set forth in the scheme has the recommendation of novelty, viz., the employment of domestic-economy students to do the necessary domestic work of the house. A large number of middle-class women have availed themselves of the Technical Instruction classes in cookery, laundry, and housewifery; why not employ them instead of wrestling with the ever-prominent servant question? In return for their services the College fees will be remitted, and they may be allowed half time to take up one or two branches laid down in the College curriculum.

It has been objected that the foundation of such a College is unnecessary, as all these requirements are met by the Swanley Horticultural College. No one will deny to Swanley the honour of being the first to open its doors to women students in horticulture, or wish to rob it of any of its well-earned distinction. But, like all pioneers of fresh ideas and outlets for human energy, the supply becomes unequal to the demand made by the very exponents of those ideas and energies. Added to which, the fact of the women students at Swanley being under a committee of ladies who are to a certain extent independent of the principal of the College, provides an element of weakness. But apart from all considerations of this kind, there is surely room in the whole of England for two such institutions, and as Lady Warwick expressly mentions the Midlands, or Eastern Counties, there should be no question of conflicting interests.

Passing from the College to the agricultural settlement, which will be in its near neighbourhood, it has been previously stated that it is proposed in the scheme to build from ten to twenty cottages standing in plots of ground from two to four acres. These cottages will be planned for the accommodation of two gentlewomen, with three or five rooms, kitchen, scullery, and porch, with a weekly rental of from 10s. upwards. Each cottage will be occupied by two women, either as partners or as "head" and "subordinate." Only those will be eligible who can show practical experience of gardening or of dairy work, &c., or who hold certificates from the Royal Horticultural Society, or from the technical instruction classes, given under the County Council, in horticulture, bee-keeping, dairy work, &c. They must also possess incomes of at least £20 to £50 a year each.

The settlers will be expected to cultivate their ground on any of the suggested lines at their own choice, but under the direction of the College manager.

The produce will be sent to the College depot, and from there to the regular markets. The amount realised by the sale will be returned to the producer. It has been estimated by a competent authority on small farms and agricultural produce that at least £30 to £50 a year can easily be made by bee, poultry, and pig keeping, leaving flowers and fruit, for which there is always a ready sale, out of the question.

As far as possible, the settlement and College will work in co-operation, and jointly produce the chief food—except meat—for their consumption. Laundry work will be carried out in this way, and possibly a mess-room, which would save the settlers the trouble of preparing their food, or worse still from going without it.

This, in brief, is the outline of Lady Warwick's scheme. That in theory it is excellent, no one attempts to deny, it only remains to be seen whether the public-spirited men and women, who profess deep interest in both questions, will come forward and give the necessary personal and financial support which will enable her to carry out this great and arduous undertaking. Obviously, it is women to whom it should appeal especially.

People have said that those whom it is proposed to benefit, will still prefer to swarm into London, and live on starvation pay, for the sake of the excitement, intercourse, and cheap amusement to be obtained there. But is amusement cheap enough to be obtained, and can pleasant intercourse be indulged in, after twelve and fourteen hours of incessant toil, for which the most miserable pittance is obtained? What heart is left for amusement? What enjoyment in meeting a friend when hunger and misery surround the once brave spirit? No wonder some of those who have tried to make a living out of journalism, sink, as Miss Hogarth says, to the "tout, who lives by pouncing upon little scraps of information"—often wickedly untrue—"and hawking them round to the different newspaper offices"—for the miserable "shillings and half-crowns doled out by the shrewd business manager." No wonder the writer asks with indignation, "Is that a life which commends itself to an educated woman?"

Is it possible, that after ten years only of emancipation, the taste of the average woman is so vitiated as to prefer such an existence to that of one spent in healthy and honest out-of-door work, which will enable the soul and body to expand as well as the mind. As to social intercourse, in these days of bicycles and rapid locomotion, the ever awakening and widening interest in our fellow creatures, and the growing belief in the doctrine of the "brotherhood of man, and the fatherhood of God," there is little fear of isolation and monotony, especially when the leaders have big hearts and brains.

No, judging from the spirit of the times, there are many women ready and willing at once to enlist in this agricultural brigade, and to put heart and soul into the grand work of bringing back country life to England, and so assist in strengthening not only the national, but the Imperial life of our Empire.

EDITH BRADLEY.

THE SHORTCOMINGS OF OUR SPORTING LITERATURE

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—I herewith send you my views of the controversy between Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman and Mr. Hedley Peek, and I may premise that I am acquainted with the two correspondents in so far as I have exchanged letters with both.

I could not well decline this request, as any one with a knowledge of old sporting literature cannot for a moment doubt, that, with the exception of a few quite immaterial details, Mr. Baillie-Grohman is in the right and Mr. Peek in the wrong. Unfortunately there are not only the mistakes already pointed out by Mr. Grohman, the justice of whose criticism cannot be denied by any expert, but there are besides such a quantity of errors and instances of carelessness on the part of Mr. Peek, that too much consideration for him would expose one to blame.

A bad case is not improved by obstinate insistence, and very little good can be said of Mr. Peek's case, yet he makes it only worse by his defence, which exposes the deficiency of his knowledge still more. I keep to the order in which the articles are treated in the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, as it is a good summary. Taking for granted that Mr. Peek acknowledges that

(1) Articles by Mr. Grohman: *Academy*, April 10, 1897; *Land and Water*, June 20, 1897; *Fortnightly Review*, August, 1897; *Land and Water*, December 18, 1897; and

those criticisms by Mr. Grohman which he has not contradicted in his article in the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* of last November are fully justified, I will now proceed to examine those of Mr. Peek's assertions which he still defends.

I am of the opinion, generally speaking, that the question whether England or the Continent possess the largest collections of books and prints on the subject, is one difficult to decide. Several of the larger collections of England have been lately destroyed. On the Continent there are old collections which in some cases are inaccessible. A definite verdict I would not like to express; the same I would like to say respecting the number of English authors. Counting *all* the works mentioned by Souhart¹ as attributable to English authors, there are 169, including periodicals (anonymous). Nevertheless, I am with Mr. Peek that the number of authors *may* be larger.²

In his letter to the *Academy*, Mr. Peek states that he knew and mentioned in his *Badminton Magazine* article, September, 1895, that Turberville's *Art of Venerie* was a translation from the French, and, moreover, of Du Fouilloux's *Venerie* (with the use of the woodcuts from this work) and of other foreign writers. This assertion of Mr. Peek is incorrect. Not one line of this article mentions the name of Du Fouilloux. Also in *Poetry of Sport*, pp. 23-24, where acknowledgment was due to Du Fouilloux, the name is not mentioned; likewise p. 38, where *The Blazon* is reprinted, the origin of this poem is not acknowledged. After this, what is one to think of Mr. Peek? I can find no reference to the origin of the woodcuts. Even had he given the above information, Souhart preceded him by ten years in the discovery and publication of the facts.

Certainly Mr. Peek only is to be blamed that he has no acquaintance whatever of the existing bibliographical works on sport. Had he known any of them it is here that it would have been imperative on his part to mention them. I have very great doubts, however, that although he possessed Du Fouilloux, he had noticed the identity of both works. Turberville's additions are so rare and short that it requires often the greatest vigilance to discover them; only thus can we explain Mr. Peek's mistakes, which otherwise are inexplicable. Thus the confusion between *Bretagne* and *Britannia*, although "the Isles of Armoric" stand next to it. Again, that the uniformity of the methods of hunting in the two countries did not strike him is odd! He alludes repeatedly to his knowledge of English sport—how exact that knowledge is, is conclusively shown by the following: In 1547 the English did not hunt the stag in the open with hounds, but coursed them in enclosures and chased them on horseback armed with swords.³ In 1603 James I. begs Henry IV. of France to send him huntsmen⁴ to teach the English *par force* hunting, which is described by Turberville's translation, and which Mr. Peek believes was then (1575) in fashion in England.

Wild boar seem to have disappeared in England under Henry II.; in other words, before the end of the twelfth century, and James I.'s efforts

December 25, 1897. Articles by Mr. Peek: "Badminton Library," volume, *Poetry of Sport*; *Badminton Magazine*, August, September, and November, 1895; February, April, June, September, 1896; March and July, 1897; *Academy*, May 1, 1897; *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1897; *Land and Water*, December 25, 1897.

(1) *Bibliographie générale des ouvrages sur la chasse*, Paris, 1886.

(2) Owing to Mr. Baillie-Grohman's absence abroad, certain corrections to his article were received too late for press. [Ed. F. R.]

(3) Maréchal de Vieilleville, *Mémoires*, liv. II., chap. 4.

(4) Jullien, *La Chasse, son histoire et sa législation*; Reims, 1868; p. 199. Noirmont, *Histoire de la Chasse en France*; Paris, 1867; Tom. I., p. 191. Salmoiré, *La Venerie royale*; Paris, 1665; p. 29.

to reintroduce them into the New Forest seem to have been futile. Mr. Peek, on the other hand, writes as if he believed that Turberville hunted them in England. Also, as he does not include the wild goat among the three exceptions¹ of animals hunted in England (p. 799), and also makes no allusion to such exception in the *Badminton Magazine*, p. 223, it is plain that he includes chamois and ibex among the fauna of Britain of that date! The above will suffice as samples of the numerous similar faults to be found. When Mr. Peek cites Du Fouilloux's first edition as of 1560-61, he is unscientific (*unwissenschaftlich*); where the date of the printing is given, such date alone should be mentioned, and not that of the "Privilege" as well. None of Mr. Peek's similar references come up to the recognised requirements. It is usual to cite all one's sources, and, in the case of works not well known, the whole title should be given. With rare books and pictures corresponding numbers in catalogues and bibliographical works of reference should be given. One also should not waver between different dates of the same edition. Mr. Peek is also ignorant of the fact that Turberville could not possibly have used the *first edition* of Du Fouilloux, for he has not noticed that Turberville reproduced the publisher's addition which was included for the first time in the edition of 1573, i.e., the excerpts from *Roy Phébus*, the same *Roy Phébus* to whom, after a superficial reading of the English translation of Lacroix's *Moyen-Age*, Mr. Peek attributes such entirely incorrect dates. Similar is the mistake he makes in respect to *Olaus Magnus*, 1555, for he has not noticed that he is not using the first edition, but has taken his pictures from a later reprint, probably the Antwerp edition of 1562 (see *Badminton Magazine*, 554-6). Battue-hunting, as described by Mr. Peek (p. 799), is an impossible conception. Mr. Grohman is perfectly in the right in all his remarks on this subject.

It is no disgrace not to understand German; I myself can neither write nor speak English, but only read it. But Mr. Peek, knowing no German, speaks, nevertheless, constantly of the "difficult old German," which, after all, he appears to have at last deciphered. Worst of all is Mr. Peek's obstinate denial that Ridinger was a German; whoever told him this was no true friend of his. How can anyone who wishes his efforts in the field of research to be taken seriously make himself so eternally laughable? When I made this suggestion, in following up the matter, to the authorities of the Royal Collection of Prints and Library here, they laughed in my face at the idea. A glance at the *Nouv. Bibliographie Universelle* would have shown him that Ridinger's grandfather was an artist and native of Augsburg² (he became a citizen of Ulm, in Suabia, where Ridinger was born in 1698). But as, according to Mr. Peek, Suabia is not in Germany, he may also believe that Augsburg is in Switzerland.

Were Mr. Peek acquainted with the German customs of the chase, which all he has written proves he is not, he would never have supposed or insisted that Ridinger had ever been a *Jäger*. In those days the *Jäger* was a guild requiring apprenticeship examination, "freedom," and license, or indenture, *Lehrbrief*. Nothing of the kind is known concerning Ridinger.

Mr. Grohman, on the other hand, as far as I know, is mistaken when he gives Blumenbach the title of Baron; he died in 1840 and not in 1841. But when Mr. Peek talks of Blumenbach as a contemporary of Ridinger he goes somewhat too far. Can one describe Mr. Gladstone as a contemporary of Napoleon I.? I should doubt this. The spelling of his name is, as Mr. Peek says, no guide and carries no weight.

(1) Turberville; 1611; p. 145.

(2) Weyermann, Ulm, 1829, tom. II., p. 419; Ulm, 1793, tom. I., p. 437.

Mr. Peek, p. 801, denies the justice of Mr. Grohman's reproaches that he used foreign prints to illustrate English poems. Certainly in those cases where the anachronism is apparent, such use of foreign prints should have been omitted. Mr. Grohman speaks also only of "twenty prints older than two hundred years," so that Mr. Peek's answer respecting "ninety-one," prints is not to the point. I count, exclusive of three tail-pieces, twenty-two older than two hundred years, of which only three are declared to be of English origin by the authorities of our Royal Print Collection. Thus Mr. Grohman is again right, although one cannot deny Mr. Peek's assertion that Hollar's woodcuts should count for England because they were taken from Barlow's series.¹

I can in no way assent or approve of the reason Mr. Peek gives for the entire omission of sources from which he took his matter.

When to this exposition of mistakes, one adds numerous instances of errors in copying quotations, mistakes in translating, carelessness in reading, and in the conclusions drawn from such reading, all of which I am prepared to prove in detail—space lacking here—it is to my regret certainly impossible for me to return a more favourable verdict for Mr. Peek. Mr. Peek should in future aim to copy the scientific accuracy and conscientious methods of his countryman, the author of the excellent *Bibliotheca Accipitraria*; the latter will show him what work of this kind should be like.

BARON CHRISTOPH BIEDERMANN.

RAEKWITZ, NEAR DRESDEN.
January 14th, 1898.

(1) Parthey, Nr. 2028-2040, Sequence in P.O.S., 2039, 2034, 2033, 2031, 2035, 2040, 2037, 2032, 2036.

* * * *The Editor of this Review cannot undertake to return any Manuscript. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written. The sending of a proof is no guarantee of the acceptance of an article.*

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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CONTRADICTIONS OF MODERN FRANCE.

THE MILITARY PARADOX.

THE other day, in their enthusiastic admiration for M. Emile Zola, certain Italian journals made a violent attack on what they called "French Militarism." A trifling incident took place at the time, so simple as to be almost unnoticed by the public; and it may be well to call a little more attention to it. The supreme command of the French Army has changed hands. General Saussier, who bore the title of "Generalissimo," and who for many years was the recognised head of that army in time of war, has retired, and General Jamont has taken his place. This operation was performed with the most perfect simplicity; there was no reviewing of troops, no firing of salvos, no parade, no official speeches, no reception—in fact, nothing. The new Generalissimo, so far from going to his new residence with pomp and surrounded by a brilliant staff, contented himself with paying an ordinary visit, like any private gentleman, to the President of the Republic; and when his visit was over he went home again. As a matter of fact the State never dreamed of offering him either a palace to live in, or extra pay for the expenses of entertaining, or even the privilege of distinguishing himself by his uniform from the other generals his colleagues. It offered him nothing but the opportunity for expending all his strength, all his talent, and all his time in making preparations for a war which in all probability will never break out; in which case General Jamont will have laboured, not in vain certainly, but in obscurity and without gaining the faintest reflection of glory in the eyes of the public. Surely it is the first time that the world has seen great nations maintaining in time of peace such formidable engines of war as the German and French armies. I am not one of those who rejoice in this sort of spectacle. I consider that this Europe of ours is stupidly ruining and sterilising herself at the very time when she needs all her forces in order to hold her own against the industrial and commercial competition of the New World, to say nothing of the intellectual competition which

will soon be as fierce as any other. And I believe that it was not impossible to avoid the cruel necessity which for twenty-five years turned Europe into a vast fortified camp. But, granted that we did not know how to avoid it, and that we were obliged to put into practice once more the celebrated proverb, *Si vis pacem, para bellum*, I could wish that foreigners should at least recognise that modern France, in giving life to an obedient and disciplined army—and that in the very heart of a Republic founded on equality, unstable in its powers—has performed a prodigy of a kind which history has given us no other examples of until now.

Let us compare the two men who occupy the two highest positions in our Republic. The one, Félix Faure, is a merchant, sprung from the people; he has made a fortune honourably in trade, has early taken part in the political life of his country, has brought lucidity and good sense to the discussion of public affairs, and chance has suddenly raised him to the supreme magistrature. He has by no means an easy part to play. The Constitution makes of him a mere citizen who will go back into the ranks when his presidency has expired, and whose task is to execute the laws and to insure the right working of the wheels of government. But diplomacy makes him the equal of the mightiest sovereigns, and circumstances over which he has no control have obliged him to accept the homage of a triumphal reception in the capital of a certain great Empire. Surely we may call this a paradox; it is the presidential paradox. We might almost argue that in France the position of the head of the State is an insecure and illogical one; but observe, that of all our actual institutions there are none more elastic than this. It has made it possible for MacMahon to attempt a *coup d'État*, Grévy to end in a lamentable scandal, Carnot to be assassinated, Casimir-Périer to lose heart suddenly and retire in the most unexpected manner; but order has never yet been disturbed, the right man has always been found as soon as wanted, and the same rôle has never had to be played twice; for each of our six presidents has understood his task differently and accomplished it in his own way.

Beside Félix Faure General Jamont now stands, and with him it is just the other way about. The law confers on him extravagant powers. Consider that he is the eventual commander of all the forces which, if war were declared to-morrow, France would pour out over the frontiers. In two months' time his fame would be echoing through the whole world, and would endure through several centuries of history. At the same time fate may any moment condemn him to inaction and oblivion, and he will be absolutely unable to make use of the powers conferred on him. If the law sets him in the full light of day, custom thrusts him back into the shade. The War

Minister, who is here to-day and gone to-morrow, has more prerogatives than he, and eclipses him at every turn. If it is a new thing to see the formation of such gigantic armies, it is something still newer to see them commanded in this fashion. In a Republic the right fashion is the fashion which allows a man to reap the fruit of his labours, which keeps the head of the army apart from politics, withdraws him from electoral influences, and, because he has nothing to give, protects him against those who have anything to ask of him. In short, it is a way which has been tried, and, though somewhat abnormal, has been found satisfactory. And this brings us to our second paradox, the military paradox.

It is this that I want to lay before the readers of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* now while the subject is topical. As it happens, the strongest element in the feeling caused by the Dreyfus affair was fear lest the honour of the army should be touched, that army which is so dear to Frenchmen on account, not so much of the material as of the moral sacrifices they have made for it. No doubt the fact that Dreyfus is a Jew has done much to increase the agitation. His co-religionists have a great deal of superfluous cash at their disposal, and really they had every right to spend it in the hope of proving the innocence of one of their number condemned for a shameful crime. We have here the logical consequence of anti-Semitism, that absurd movement started by a few intolerant and fanatical pamphleteers. The Jews are attacked wholesale, and they are abused because they unite to defend themselves. But so far as we have to deal with the Jewish side of the question only, that question remains an eminently Parisian one. By this I do not mean to say that it is confined to the Boulevards, but that in every one of our provincial towns there exists a little group of Parisians, that is to say, of people who have the Parisian spirit, who get excited, brag, inflame their imagination, and, happily for it, are not the leaders of the nation. The nation is not so easily understood; more than one foreigner has tried to understand it and has not succeeded; Mr. John E. C. Bodley, for instance, who has just published a very important work on modern France. It took him seven years to write it, and though he has got most of his facts right, he has contrived to give an utterly false impression all round. Now the nation was not in the least moved by the Dreyfus affair itself. Its curiosity was excited and no more. But the affair very soon took another turn. The Jews, or their allies, have lodged an imputation against the entire army; and Emile Zola, who outside his profession as a novelist has never shown a particularly well-balanced mind, writes his famous letter in which he abuses the chief military officers.

Then the nation was shaken to its very depths. Into peasants'

cottages, hidden away among the mountains, where the very names of ministers are unknown, the news came that Frenchmen had actually insulted the army, and every heart was stirred. The more so because, at the same time, persons of more than ordinary intelligence affirmed with some anxiety that the Council of War that judged Dreyfus did wrong in disregarding certain forms of procedure established by justice in civilised countries; not in all, however, for Germany is a civilised country, and these same guarantees are refused to those who serve under her standards. They remain subject even after they have left their regiments to military procedure which works in secret and terminates in a judgment with closed doors, neither defendant nor accused being allowed any direct communication with the judges. This case was an altogether exceptional one, and if the debates had not been held with closed doors, we know now that the result might have been an international complication of a very grave kind. But no matter, our sense of justice is so strong that protestations were at once formulated. And the French people is, at the present moment, under the very awkward necessity either of blaming a military tribunal composed of honourable and eminent officers, or by their silence sanctioning as legitimate a procedure which, to say the least of it, is not according to the strict rules of justice.

What is called our "militarism" thus seems to exist in a state of perpetual equilibrium. The French army is in equilibrium. It can only be maintained by maintaining the equilibrium by which it lives, and, like all states of equilibrium, this one is made up of contradictions. We will consider these summarily.

I.

The first contradiction is that by which the soldier suffers. The Republic took possession of France at a time when she had just finished ruining herself. It brought order and liberty; but it promised neither glory nor conquest; its ideal was wealth and well-being; its strength rested on agriculture, trade, and industry. In short, it was a *régime* of labour. The country so conceived of it, and was not discouraged by the series of very heavy taxes that resulted; it recognised the necessity for them, and accepted it bravely. But what are money taxes compared with that tax on the whole personality which the French citizen pays when he becomes a soldier? His career is threatened, his advancement delayed. It is difficult to conceive the harm done to artisans and petty tradesmen by the successive calls which take their workpeople from them first for three years, and then, when the men have passed into the reserve, for drill periods of

twenty-eight days. It is a state of permanent disorganisation hard for Anglo-Saxons to realise, seeing that they would not easily tolerate such a seizure of their personality by the State. It is true that other nations are equally subject to it; but apart from the fact that Germany and Russia have a much larger population than ours wherefrom to recruit their forces, military power in these countries is in a measure the *raison d'être* of the Empire. The Emperor requires that his subjects shall wear uniform and hold themselves in readiness to be killed when he considers it necessary. The subjects may have the most peaceful sentiments at heart; all the same, they are conscious of their dependence on the Emperor, to whose opinions and will their own must bow. We have nothing like this in our country. A Frenchman is the master of his government; he nominates it; he has no hereditary chief; all power is a delegation from the people, and springs from its vote. And that power makes for peace precisely because the people itself is peaceful in the very highest degree. I know very well that it is difficult to make foreigners accept this notion. They are inveterately accustomed to judge us by the actions and behaviour of those Parisians whom I spoke of just now.

Let a few ridiculous enthusiasts give an ovation to the King of Spain when he arrives at Paris on his way from Berlin; let a few journals abuse the Government because it sent a squadron to assist at the inauguration of the Kiel Canal; and Europe immediately bursts into a chorus of wild exclamations at the susceptibility of French patriotism and our bellicose designs. Before writing *L'Évolution Française sous la Troisième République* I happened to study the foreign policy of France by the aid of documents probably inaccessible to foreigners, and for my part I can affirm with all impartiality that France has made every concession compatible with her dignity in the desire to keep peace with Germany. There is nothing astonishing in this; you have only to go among the French people to see at once that the undertakings they are engaged in demand before all things the maintenance of peace—for instance, the organisation of their colonies; the development of all their technical schools and educational institutions; the founding of any number of social and charitable works. All these things—to say nothing of the successive preparation of three great Universal Exhibitions in 1878, 1889, and 1900—at least imply a very decided will to avoid the evils of war. For the rest every enlightened Frenchman is aware that a general war, even a victorious one, would be the ruin of the country and the cause of irreparable injury. We have here a people with an urgent need of peace, a people, moreover, which is the master of its own Government, and which for a quarter of a century has cheerfully borne the heaviest taxes in such a manner as to secure the nation

against attack, and to enable it to keep its rank among European powers; and it has done this from a spirit of pure abnegation, perfectly realising the nature of the sacrifice it was making, and without complaining on that account.

If military service weighs heavily on the soldier-citizen, the officer's profession is an equally depressing one. The British officer has a comparatively pleasant time of it; he belongs as a rule to a sort of social aristocracy; his life is varied, the vast world is all before him. he is not shut up in his small island; if he does not like it he can leave it. Not so in France. A French officer receives very poor pay for extremely monotonous service. One hope alone sustains him, the hope of war. Now he sees that the chances of war are problematical, and as he also knows what evils accompany it, he is bound in ordinary humanity to dread it. Thus, other things equal, he too finds himself in the same position as the Generalissimo; he may not relax his labour for a moment, because if war should happen to break out suddenly at that moment, a horrible responsibility would then rest upon him and his comrades—the responsibility of defeat. And if war does not break out his labour is fruitless. Further, the service is so overcrowded that promotion comes but slowly: the garrisons provide him with very little amusement; his chief satisfaction is the consciousness of having done his duty. Without the colonial wars in Africa and Tonkin many of our officers would have been simply unable to hold out any longer, and it may be said that Jules Ferry has rendered Europe an incalculable service by turning the energies of France in this direction. He has staved off a situation which threatened to become dangerously strained.

Foreign critics frequently make an observation which seems very just and is not so really. They say: If you were honestly fond of peace, if you had no other intention than that of defending yourselves in case of attack, by all means remain on the defensive; do not make your army an offensive one. What does this mean but a return to the good old National Guard, or an organised militia like that of the Swiss Confederation or the United States? But an army constructed on those principles would be so feeble that it would barely defend us against Belgium, very inadequately against Italy, and against Germany not at all. Disarmament is, unfortunately, a beautiful illusion, but even if it were as possible as it is desirable, most certainly France should not be expected to take the initiative. Since France is obliged to keep a real army to oppose the other armies by which she is surrounded, it is quite necessary that she should provide that army with the only training which can make it strong, that is to say, offensive training. This necessity helps to make the officer's work so depressing. The prospect of serious fighting for

which he yearns with all his soul flees before him like the deceptive mirage that betrays the traveller in the desert. It is weary work taking up a fictitiously offensive attitude against an imaginary enemy, never once seeing the real foe before you in flesh and blood, never hearing the hiss of the bullet above the roar of the powder.

To pass to the superior grades. Here we have the Generals. They are the supreme limit of the military hierarchy. There is nothing above them but the civil power incarnate in a group of gentlemen in black coats who govern the country. The exalted virtues and glorious doath of President Carnot gave a certain brilliance of relief to the position he filled; besides, the head of the State personates a Power, though a relative one, seeing that he holds office for seven years. All the same, he is a mere deputy, a politician shorn of the *prestige* which, in a country like France, belongs to the military man. Further below him, though still high in the ranks of the constitution, come the President of the Senate and the President of the Chamber of Deputies, then the Ministers. These last are frequently changed; they are liable, at any time, to be attacked and thrown out of office. Some of them are young lawyers, intelligent, but above all clever in pushing themselves forward. Here and there they recall, though in a somewhat attenuated form, the type of the American politician. And it is to men like these that the Generals must give way. Suppose that in the United States at the present day there existed a large standing army, backed by the glorious memories of the War of Independence and the War of Secession, also by an unbroken life of a century's duration; would the chiefs of such an army tamely submit to the orders of the President and his Cabinet? And yet the situation would be a very different one; for, in the United States, the governing power is a reality, and an effective reality, but it is discreet. The President leads the life of a private gentleman, and the Ministers efface themselves even more than he. With us government is still surrounded with all the ceremony to which centuries of monarchy have accustomed us. When a minister goes from place to place the populace restrains itself with difficulty from taking him for the representative of a King and an Emperor, and it does not always succeed in curbing its enthusiasm. When the Minister of Public Works goes to Toulouse or Lille, he finds the authorities waiting for him on the platform of the railway station; he gets into a carriage escorted by a detachment of cavalry, drives under several triumphal arches, goes to the Prefecture, where he receives, one after the other, the General in command and his officers, the archbishop and his clergy, the magistrates, and so on. Everybody pays him some neat little compliment, to which he neatly replies; after that he visits the hospital, or lays the foundation stone of one public building and

opens another, and, in the evening, he takes part in a grand banquet and makes a speech, in which he tries to prove that the Cabinet to which he has the honour to belong is immeasurably superior to all other Cabinets that have gone before it. Then he takes the train and goes back to Paris. This unvarying programme is repeated at least fifteen times a year; it is prodigiously absurd, and I never see it performed without devoutly praying for the day when the simplicity which befits a Republic will attend the members of the Government in their comings and goings. But, once more, it is not at all surprising that we cannot lay aside, all at once, these habits of courtly humbug bequeathed to us by a long tradition of absolute monarchy.

In all this little ministerial progress the unhappy general has been pressed into the service. He, with his withering contempt for all forms of rhetoric, has had to listen to speeches; he has even been compelled to make them. He has had to weigh all his words and pay attention to all his gestures. And the little mushroom lawyer-minister to whom he has just paid his respects delicately reminds him of his dependence on the civil power, on the Chamber which, every year, discusses the budget of war, on the Army Commission composed of deputies which enters so light-heartedly into all questions of technical detail, on the Prefect with whom he frequently disagrees, on the great governmental whole above which there is nothing, not so much as a sovereign in uniform, to embody the supreme and perpetual command. All this involves a moral situation which must be, which has been, and still is most grievous to be borne, and which the heads of our army bear so valiantly, some out of patriotism and the pure spirit of discipline, others because they comprehend the fact that the Republic has become the necessary form of government for France. Not one of them failed in the hour of Boulangism; not one supported the Dictatorial Candidate. This was not the spirit of the military men of 1849; in the *Mémoires du Général Fleury* we see with what calm indifference they adhered to the projects of Louis Napoleon, even when they least understood them.

This is the first reason why the army is so dear to the French people. There is not one of us who has not made tremendous sacrifices for it; citizens, soldiers, officers, generals—all have given themselves up to it; it has required of some forgetfulness of their own interests, of others renunciation of their ambition and their reputation in the eyes of men. And this has lasted for a quarter of a century, and even longer. I say again, this is a new fact in history, and an unmistakable evidence of moral force. To be sure we have the utterances of M. Anatole France and of some others of those corrupt and vicious writers whom our country unfortunately produces in too great abundance, and people who take them seriously may very well

reproach us with our immorality ; but they cannot deny that fact, and if they are honest they will draw from it the logical conclusion that our store of moral force is not exhausted, and that, little by little, we are learning self-restraint.

II.

The second motive which the French people have for loving the army is that in its turn the army has rendered great services to the French people, and they feel grateful in consequence. First of all, it has given them security. Since the completion of our military organisation we have never felt that agony of fear lest we should be attacked before we are ready to defend ourselves, the agony which in 1875, for instance, weighed so heavily upon us. The peasant ploughs his field, the workman sets his machine going in perfect ease and tranquillity, because he knows that the regiments are well disciplined, the magazines of the commissariat well stored, and that our strength renders the chances of attack less probable. This again is a feeling that English people can hardly realise, because they do not know what it is to have an open frontier, a mere conventional line that can be crossed at a stride, and which is all that lies between you and an enemy whose violence and power you have lately proved.

The army has rendered a second service in providing a safeguard for our young men. In France, since the Revolution, the really weak, really inadequate thing, has been her system of education. I do not say instruction, but education. It is colourless and indefinite ; our boys are taught neither energy nor self-control ; they are not trained to endure hardship ; they are made feeble and neurotic. The result would be in the highest degree injurious to the race if military service did not intervene to remedy the deplorable effects of our education, or rather our want of education. Life in the barracks regenerates our young men physically and morally ; they leave it with stronger muscles, healthier habits of mind, and, so to speak, simpler and clearer brains. They have come into contact with one another, the poor with the rich, the North with the South, the brain-workers with the hand-workers ; and this opens their minds, makes them realise that things have several aspects, and that there is more than one point of view by which men may be judged. Obviously this is not perfection. Nothing can be put in the place of real education—the kind that a boy gets from a real master between the ages of twelve and eighteen ; at twenty his character is already too fully formed not to have taken certain creases. But so far as it is possible with us, military service repairs in some sort the defects of the *lycée*, and if here and there one can point out cases of young men who have been ruined by barrack life, I believe

that the list is innumerable of those who have been saved by it. Personally I cannot be easily suspected of optimism in this matter, having always insisted on the disadvantages of a military *régime* applied to colleges. But when the colleges fail to fulfil their mission, as is the case in France, military service is, I believe, the only means of giving back to a young man some of the virility which he lacks.

The third service which the army has rendered is no less great. It has served as a regulating force in politics. In spite of our successive attempts at parliamentarism we have still been more or less novices in the practical working of free institutions. Our legislative assemblies tended towards Utopia in 1789, and to crime in 1793. The Chambers of the Restoration and of the Monarchy of July owed their stability and their relative preponderance to their aristocratic origin alone. In 1848 the assembly, although animated by the very noblest sentiments, displayed all at once an extraordinary impotence. And what has become of the Parliament of the Third Republic, made up of so many incoherent elements, contradictory opinions, and old political passions for ever unassuaged? It should be noticed that parliamentarism can only exist where there exists a subject which admits of no dispute, a principle which everybody must acknowledge. In monarchic countries this principle is called loyalism. Loyalism has never been necessarily attached to the person of the sovereign. Thus it exists in countries which are not monarchic. In the United States, for instance, the President is attacked with the utmost freedom, but the attachment to the Republican form of Government is such that the name of the Republic is enough to reunite all Americans in one spirit of affection and reverence. In France the Republic could no longer count upon a like unanimity of sentiment from the time when loyalists and imperialists formed a minority, however important. In short, former *régimes* have been defective for lack of loyalism, for lack of that sincere and deep affection which can pardon errors and which maintains trust. Loyalism has never reappeared since the days of Louis XVI. But the army has provided the Republic of to-day with this element so essential to solid government. Whenever the interests of the army have been touched all parties have made truce, in the Chamber as in the street. The Deputies and Senators by their votes, the public by its acclamations, have given evidence of the most perfect union. The very Socialists have been forced to lower the tone of their declamations when they attack the military question. The socialist Mayor of Marseilles, Docteur Flaissières, was obliged to address General Dodds on his return from Dahomey, and General Duchesne on his return from Madagascar, and he did it in the warmest manner. The national festival of the 14th of July has been definitely established

only because the army takes part in it. Do away with the reviewing of the troops and the festival would not arouse the slightest enthusiasm. We should have nothing to commemorate but the taking of the Bastille, and nobody would take the trouble to commemorate that; while, on the contrary, Monarchists and Republicans are always equally ready to do homage to the army.

Moreover, extreme parties have more than once been led to make concessions to prudence and moderation because the interest of the army required it, and in a country where violent opinions fascinate and never fail to draw numbers of adherents, this is a great advantage. Finally, it is the army again that has played the chief part in the foreign policy of France. The Franco-Russian alliance is not, thank Heaven! so bellicose as it is supposed to be abroad, but it is essentially military. At the review at Chalons Nicholas II. defined it as a "confraternity of arms." There is a perpetual interchange of dispatches and presents between the Russian and the French regiments whenever a Saint's day or an anniversary gives opportunity, and two *hommes de guerre*, Admiral Gervais and General de Boisdeffre, have been virtually called upon to seal the alliance.

Such are the services which the army has rendered to the country, and the causes of the affection which the country feels for the army. And this is the explanation of that contradictory attitude to which it seemed well to call attention, because, as I said before, it does honour to the France of to-day. On the one hand we have a parliamentary Republic whose government is essentially plastic and deprived of all aristocratic *prestige*, whose ideal is peaceful material progress. On the other hand we have an extremely powerful and extremely active army, necessarily ambitious for strife and glory, backed by the *prestige* of a long history full of splendid deeds of arms. And this army remains perfectly disciplined and perfectly submissive to the civil power. In this respect it gives the lie to Tocqueville, and that great man possessed so just an insight that he had very little to learn from events. "The opposite tempers of the nation and of the army," he wrote, "are a source of great danger to democratic societies. Their armies frequently show themselves restless, grumbling, and dissatisfied with their lot; and," he added, "this is the greatest obstacle to the foundation of a Republic in Europe." No doubt his theory is still perfectly correct. At present the case of France happens to be an exceptional one, and consequently one which will not last. As the memories of 1870 recede farther and farther into the past, as the social condition of Europe becomes more and more modified, the equilibrium between the civil and the military power will tend more and more strongly to self-destruction.

III.

Another question naturally presents itself to the mind of the foreigner who studies this unique state of things with curiosity and attention. He probably asks himself: What sort of morality has this army, and how has it become possible for officers charged with the administration of justice in so grave a case to incur the reproach, not of having set about their task lightly (for nobody is justified in supposing that they have passed sentence without mature and deliberate reflection), but of having neglected to observe all the precautions which civil law orders to be taken in like cases? The thing is by no means so extraordinary as it looks. All who are well acquainted with the intellectual temper of our officers affirm their complete inability to understand civil life and direct it. Foreign policy interests them simply because military affairs are involved in it in many ways; but unless they happen to belong to an extremely reactionary or extremely clerical *milieu*, home policy leaves them cold. As for the principles of civil law, they have not a notion of them. They feel that sentiment, common enough in military circles, of undisguised contempt for *les pékins*, as they call everybody who does not wear uniform; and this contempt is readily transferred from men to institutions. Sometimes they even affect to ignore certain points of jurisprudence which are a matter of common knowledge. Besides, they have a very deep sense of honour, and it does not occur to them that anybody can doubt that, or ever suspect a judgment passed by men who wear the French uniform. I would willingly pledge my word that the officers who judged Dreyfus were absolutely easy in their consciences until they were made to understand that they had neglected to take all the precautions necessary, but I would not swear that all of them did understand. In a word, the loyalty of our officers is immense, but they are absolutely innocent of any notion of civil law. Of course this is a serious inconvenience, but it cannot be helped.

For my part I believe that Dreyfus was guilty; but I also think that the strict forms of justice were somewhat distorted in this process. On the other hand, any attempt to remedy this distortion would be highly prejudicial to the army by diminishing its *prestige* and its power. Hence that anxiety which foreigners seem so little able to understand, and which is put down to the neurotic temperament of the French. Well, no doubt, the French are troubled with nerves. But do not overlook the fact that if they were as incurably neurotic as you imagine, they would never have made the Republic last for twenty-eight years without any serious disturbances or constitutional changes, or have held out against the Royalist revolution in 1877 and the

Dictatorial revolution in 1889, or secured the alliance of the Pope and the Emperor of Russia. They could not have re-established their financial credit and commercial prosperity. Above all, they would not have succeeded in maintaining peace while maintaining a formidable army. These are facts which throw a truer light on modern France than all her alleged parliamentary corruption, or the periodical outbursts of the Parisian mind ! And in again using the epithet "Parisian" I cannot sufficiently warn foreigners against their old habit of believing that what Paris wishes France necessarily performs. Paris wanted Boulangism when it gave Boulanger an overwhelming majority, and the Provinces said No. Paris wanted autonomy and a *mairie centrale*, and the Provinces said No. Paris wanted a Radical Socialist government, and the Provinces said No. And the Provinces had the best of it, for they had numbers and good sense on their side. They have now their own universities, their own literature, their own press, and their own syndicates. Paris has never ceased to reign, but it has ceased to govern.

PIERRE DE COUBERTIN.

REMINISCENCES OF JUDAH PHILIP BENJAMIN.

(A FRAGMENT BY THE LATE BARON POLLOCK.)

[THE following unfinished fragment, written by the late Baron Pollock shortly before his death, may be of interest to those who knew either the subject or the writer of the Reminiscence.

Exemplary in every relation of life, frank, genial, tactful, and sympathetic, Baron Pollock will be remembered by none with more grateful affection than by his former pupils. He treated them almost like members of his family, frequently asking them to his house at Putney, to dine, and perhaps also to sleep; and when they had left his chambers the friendly relations lasted on. Many in after-life found in him a wise and sympathetic counsellor, and now and then in any little matter of difficulty or difference were glad to constitute him a Court of Appeal, so tolerant, appreciative, and just was his judgment of men and circumstances.

For a man of his early success and subsequent eminent career at the Bar his pupils were not many in number. For the first twenty years, or thereabouts, his chambers were at 5, Child's Place, Temple Bar, a small court then just outside the Temple precincts, facing Middle Temple Lane, and entered by a narrow passage from Fleet Street, long since blocked up. These chambers were so small that there was practically no available pupil-room, and therefore he did not take more than two pupils, and had often only one, who always sat at a side table in his room, and was present at all the consultations with clients. He afterwards moved to larger chambers at 2, Paper Buildings.

Amongst his pupils who have risen to eminence in the profession, or who have become otherwise distinguished, were Laurence Oliphant, who had such strange and chequered adventures in so many different parts of the world; Sir Richard Harington and Mr. H. M. Bompas, who are County Court judges; Mr. Kenelm Digby, the present permanent secretary at the Home Office; Lord Justice Thesiger, who, unusually early in life, was made a judge and promoted to the Court of Appeal, but whose brilliant and promising career was cut short in middle age. Lastly, there was Judah Philip Benjamin, the most gifted and remarkable personage of them all.

Benjamin was born of English parents in the West Indies in 1811, who, four years later, settled at Wilmington, in North Carolina. He was called to the Bar, at New Orleans, in 1832, where, as a legal member of the firm of Slidell, Benjamin, & Conrad, he soon got into high repute as a lawyer and advocate. His practice later on was

chiefly at Washington, where he did a leading business. In 1852, and again in 1857, he was chosen a Senator for Louisiana, having for his colleague Slidell, who was afterwards, when Confederate Commissioner, seized from the "Trent." It was in the Senate, on December 31st, 1860, that he made his powerful and eloquent speech in favour of State rights—which elicited the admiration of Sir G. C. Lewis, who heard it delivered—avowing his adherence to the cause of secession. President Davis made him Attorney-General of the Confederate States, subsequently acting Secretary for War, and lastly Secretary of State, which last office he retained, acquiring a reputation for great vigour and power, till the break-up of the Confederacy, when he escaped with difficulty, by way of Florida and the Bahamas, to the West Indies, and thence to England. He entered, as a student, at Lincoln's Inn, in January 1866, and the following June, at the age of 55, having obtained a dispensation from the usual three years of studentship, he was called to the English Bar.

J. M.]

It is more than thirty years since, to my great gain, I came to know J. P. Benjamin. From that time till his leaving England for Paris, not long before his death, we lived on terms of the closest intimacy, and when he was taken from us I felt that I had lost a charming companion, an accomplished Brother Lawyer, and a true friend, one I could not easily replace. His ways, his habits of thought, and modes of expression could never be forgotten, but I kept no diary or memoranda, and the period during which we met was the busiest of my life, so memory alone can aid me in setting down what others may care to know of so remarkable and distinguished a man.

Benjamin had not been long in this country before an old friend told me that he was desirous of being called to the English Bar, and as a preliminary step would be glad to come to me as a pupil. At that time my business was mostly in Court, and I had little opportunity of seeing and discussing Law with anyone who might be with me, and, therefore, had limited the number of my pupils to two. Having these already, I simply declined without giving the subject much thought. Shortly afterwards, Mason (who with Slidell had come to this country as envoy from the Confederate States), accompanied by Benjamin, paid a short visit to my father—then Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, at his country house, at Hatton, near Hounslow.

One of my sisters has given me an interesting account of her meeting with Benjamin on this occasion, and as it tells what many others must have felt when they first saw him, I will give a portion of what she remembered.

"On February 3rd, 1866, my father brought down Mr. Mason and Mr. Benjamin to sleep for a couple of nights, and a few county neighbours came to meet them. I had not seen Benjamin, and had pictured to myself an American, of the Jefferson-Davis type. To my surprise, when he entered the room, I saw a short, stout, genial man, of decidedly Jewish descent, with bright, dark eyes, and all the politeness and *bonhomie* of a Frenchman, looking as if he had never had a care in his life. Next morning I was down early; so was he, and he gave me most interesting and thrilling details of his perilous escape at the end of the war. I was much struck by his generous candour. I asked him what the Northerners would have done to him if they had caught him, and he said probably they would have put him to death. When I exclaimed in horror at such an atrocity, he said, apologetically, that party feeling ran so high just then, that his side might have done the same, had the circumstances been reversed."

The day after this visit, my father, seeing me in court, sent down a note, saying, "Have you done wisely in declining to take Benjamin as your pupil?" I gave him my reason; to which he replied "Benjamin has no need to learn law, all he needs is to see something of the practice of our Courts, and to obtain some introduction to the English Bar." On this, I thought I had been wrong, and fortunately was in time to revoke my first decision, and within a week Benjamin was in my chambers, greedily devouring every paper that came before him, and writing sound opinions.

Among these was one of special interest. I was Counsel to the Metropolitan Police, who occasionally required odd questions to be solved. One of these arrived in the shape of a small blue paper, endorsed, "As to the searching of prisoners," involving the right of the police to search persons in their custody before they have been convicted of any crime, for different purposes. As, for instance, to find dangerous weapons, stolen property, or possibly to take from a drunken man his watch or other valuables for their protection. I was leaving for Court and threw it across the table to Benjamin, saying, "Here is a case made for you, on the right of search," alluding to the well-known International Maritime difficulty which arises in time of war, and which had been keenly discussed upon the occasion of Captain Wilkes, on behalf of the American Government, overhauling the British mailship, *Trent*, and taking from her Mason and Slidell, who were on their way to England as Envoys of the Confederate States. Benjamin took the case, and at once set to work to consider the authorities and deal with the questions with such purpose, that when I returned from Court they were all disposed of. The only fault to be found was that the learning was too great for the occasion, going back to first principles in justification of each answer. Many years after, I was told that the opinion was held in

high respect, and often referred to by the police and at the Home Office.

The last time I ever saw Benjamin was when a farewell dinner was given to him by the Bar of England, before he ceased to practise, and left to join his wife and daughter at Paris. The Benchers of the Inner Temple gave up their Hall for the occasion. When I went into our tea room, before dinner, I joined Benjamin and Lord Selborne, who were conversing, and told Lord Selborne how the Government was indebted to Benjamin for the opinion, and not to myself.

With reference to the peculiar circumstance in which Benjamin was placed, I thought it in better taste not to ask him questions as to his previous history, and the part he had taken in the Civil War; but he spoke freely of these and other incidents of the Secession in the Pupil Room, where the conversation was often not only interesting, but full of humour. Benjamin, however, often came to dine, or to spend an afternoon with me at Putney, and then told us many anecdotes connected with the War, always cheerfully putting forward the amusing side of things. The only two injurious acts done to him by the Northerners, of which he spoke with anything like bitterness, were that they burnt his Law Library and drank his cellar of old Madeira, a wine much cherished in New Orleans.

In June, 1866, Benjamin was called to the Bar by the Benchers of the Inner Temple, and certainly no jealousy of a new and dangerous rival prevented his receiving a kindly welcome from all members of the profession who had made his acquaintance, or come to know of his singular position, and the interest which belonged to it. It was some time before he could obtain suitable Chambers, but ultimately he settled down in Lamb Buildings, where he remained during the whole period of his practice at the English Bar. Unlike most newly-called men, he was not long allowed to be idle, although for some time he was more occupied in answering cases and advising on evidence, than by holding briefs in Court.

One of the first—if not the very first—pieces of work which Benjamin did, well illustrated his great experience and untiring energy. An old-established Ship Insurance Club was desirous of having its rules, which were very lengthy, re-modelled. The annual meeting of the Club was at hand, and the time remaining was so short, that two experienced counsel, who had for some years past acted for the Club, declined the job, although some considerable fee was marked on the papers. Benjamin's name was mentioned, and the Instructions were sent to him late one evening. Most men would probably have looked up the rules of other similar clubs in order to collate them and exhaust every source of improvement. Not so Benjamin. His own knowledge of the requirements told him what was wanting;

and the very next morning, commencing after an early breakfast, and never pausing for a mid-day meal, he worked on steadily, and, shortly before eight, the hour at which he usually dined, the rules were complete, written out in his own neat hand, *currente calamo*, with scarce an alteration or correction from beginning to end, as if he had been composing a poem. I doubt if any draughtsman within the walls of the two Temples could have done this so efficiently within the same time.

One great and early advantage held by Benjamin as a lawyer was this—that he was a native of, and educated within, the State of Louisiana, which was one of the French colonies ceded to England, and, therefore, the law taught and administered within it was that which took its origin in the Code of Justinian, and was afterwards adopted by the Nations of Europe, and continued to be the Law of France until the Code Napoléon. The principles and practice of this great system of law Benjamin knew and appreciated thoroughly, and he was at all times ready to point out its leading features, and how they differed in principle from English law. This also gave him a distinct position superior to his brother advocates when arguing, before our Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, Appeals from those of the English Colonies of French origin which were ceded to England before the Code.

His power of applying the theory of law to daily practice was great, and it seemed to him a real pleasure to explain to others what he knew and valued so much himself. Few works on English law have been so readily accepted and so universally used as *Benjamin on Sales*, which has gone through several editions. The profession and duties of barrister and solicitor, which in England are separate, are in America discharged by one and the same person, though it is common, in the case of a partnership, for one member of the firm to devote himself to seeing clients, getting up the facts of cases, and doing all those things which in this country are done by a solicitor, whilst the other partner takes up the litigant cases at a later stage, and conducts the trial of causes and the arguments of points of law in Court. Benjamin, before he was led into the fierce struggle of political life, which ended in his acting as one of the chief advisers of Jefferson Davis, had for years been a member of such a legal partnership. His clients were numerous, their business being principally of a mercantile character, and few men had a sounder or wider range of knowledge and experience of the law-merchant, including shipping, insurance, and foreign trading, than Benjamin, long before he ever thought of leaving America and coming to England.

The chambers in Lamb Buildings soon became well filled with briefs and cases for opinion, and there from early morning to late evening was Benjamin to be found, steadily disposing of all that

came to him with as much zeal and energy as he could have shown were he a young man for the first time earning his livelihood. But, for all this, he never closed his door to any friend who came for a chat or to obtain his views on some nice point of Anglo-American jurisprudence. I once went to him myself to ask for the explanation of a new system which had grown up in the export trade from New York to Liverpool. He gave me at once, as was his manner, a short and clear account of the practice, and also explained the legal results and the rights of the parties.

This led to a curious sequel, for within a few weeks I was retained for a plaintiff in Chancery against two defendants. When the cases came on for hearing before Vice-Chancellor Malins, I duly appeared, feeling confident of success, not only from my own opinion of the plaintiff's rights, but according to the view expressed by Benjamin that he was in the right. I found opposed to me for one of the defendants Sir Roundell Palmer, for the other Mr. Benjamin. Palmer's case was postponed on the ground of personal convenience, but he told me while we waited for the judge to come into Court that the point was quite new to him. Benjamin and myself occupied the whole day with our arguments, and the Vice-Chancellor, after much doubting, delivered a judgment against the view presented by Benjamin and in favour of that with which he had furnished me when I had sought his aid.

Most Juniors seeking their promotion to the office of Queen's Counsel, write to the Lord Chancellor of the day, expressing their wish to acquire the position, and so obtain the right to wear a silk gown and the pre-audience in Court which follow. In Benjamin's case it was otherwise; whilst still a Junior he held many briefs in the House of Lords, and when Cairns was Lord Chancellor, he was so struck with Benjamin's arguments in a case before him, that he wrote him a note proposing, if Benjamin was willing, to appoint him one of Her Majesty's Counsel. This was accepted, and from that time Benjamin's practice increased, and he soon held a high position, and made as large an income as any barrister within the Bar.

Having thoroughly established himself in the first rank of the London Bar, he went circuit, choosing that which is pre-eminent in commercial and maritime law, the Northern, and soon acquired a considerable practice, although he had as competitors such men as Holker, Pope, Russell, Herschell, and others who had for years been working up to the position they held.

At Liverpool, his knowledge of the trade between that port and New York was of great service to him. The juries thoroughly appreciated his practical mode of dealing with the circumstances of a case, and more than once when counsel for a defendant, he fell foul of his adversary by suggesting as probable, and therefore to be accepted as proved facts, that which he did not call witnesses to support, and

so taking from the counsel for the plaintiff the benefit of a reply. When challenged as to this he would say, "My learned friend says I have not proved this. Why should I, when all of you gentlemen of the jury know perfectly well from experience in the trade that it must have been so?"

At Liverpool and Manchester, as in London, Benjamin's clients were mostly merchants, bankers, and shipowners, but this was not always the case, and when he held briefs in causes which were not of special commercial interest, although not eloquent as a speaker, he always showed a great experience in the conduct of a *Nisi Prius* issue, and thoroughly knew the rules of the game, clear in the statement of facts, an effective cross-examiner, and cautious in the extreme of expressing any false or figurative surroundings, he presented his client's case with great force to a jury.

On one occasion he was counsel for a Plaintiff who owned a cargo of cotton, and claimed damages against a Liverpool warehouseman, who had accepted it to be warehoused at a stipulated rent. The warehouse, it was said, was old, and the walls and roof gave way, whereby the cotton was damaged. The contract, the stowing of the cotton, and the fall of the warehouse, and consequent damage to the Plaintiff, were matters of easy proof. To the Defendant the claim was a serious one, as other cargoes had been stowed in the same warehouse, and as similar claims were made by their owners, he naturally spared no expense in procuring a full array of that class of witnesses who are usually called "experts," and upon whose evidence, rightly or wrongly, so many caustic remarks have been made by judges and others. One after another they came into the box with the full confidence of vast experience, and the usual munition of tabular statements and long arrays of figures and calculations—architects, builders, engineers, warehousemen, and all who could assist in demonstrating to the jury that no stronger or more perfect warehouse had ever been constructed.

All these Benjamin treated with becoming gravity, asking of each some little question, the answer to which might discount the evidence, which they gave in a form so damaging to his client. At the end of these came the climax; and last, but not least, to add one crushing blow to the hopes of the Plaintiff, came a gentleman from a distance whose great prestige and combined experience as both architect and engineer eclipsed that of all who preceded him. He gave his evidence in that calm and measured tone which demands acquiescence from all who hear it, and explained the impossibility of the accident having occurred in consequence of any improper construction or want of repair of the warehouse.

While this was going on Benjamin sat taking a note in solemn gravity, then rose to cross-examine.

Q. I think, sir, you said you had had great experience in the building of warehouses?

A. Yes.

Q. And that you have carefully considered the causes which lead to their weakness?

A. Certainly.

Q. And you have applied those considerations to the present case?

A. I have done so.

Q. Then will you kindly answer me one more question. Why did that warehouse fall?

The witness paused, and Benjamin, with a pleasant twinkle in his eye, sat down with almost a bump on his seat.

The pause continued, and the effect was so striking that jurymen, bystanders, and all could not resist a hearty laugh, which terribly diminished the effect of a long and reasoned reply which the expert gave as accounting for his conclusion.

"Thank you," said Benjamin, slowly and calmly. "I have no more questions with which to trouble you."

The result was irresistible, and no ingenuity on the part of the learned counsel for the Defendant could restore the lost ground. Verdict for the Plaintiff, and damages.

[Here the MS. ends abruptly. Ill-health compelled Benjamin to retire from practice early in 1883, and the farewell banquet in the Inner Temple Hall above alluded to was held on June 30th. In May, 1884, he died at Paris, where his wife, who was a Frenchwoman, and his daughter had for some time been living.]

THE FRENCH ON THE NILE.

THE rush for the control of Africa between England and France appears to have entered on an acute stage. In the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone, forces of the two powers have actually come into collision, on the middle Niger the situation is hardly less tense, but more important in its bearings than these attempts of the French to circumvent us in the exploitation of Africa is the expedition to the Upper Nile, under M. Liotard and Captain Marchand, if, indeed, the persistent rumours of its massacre are not borne out by fact. For this expedition is not, like many other filibustering expeditions, an unauthorised attempt, which it would be open to the French Government to disown, but is a deliberate attempt on the part of responsible authorities across the Channel to oppose us in the possession of the Upper Nile regions.

As was acknowledged by M. Lebon, the Minister of the Colonies, in a speech in Senegal, in the autumn of last year, this involves the policy of joining the west coast of Africa to the valley of the Nile and to Ethiopia, by an almost continuous series of French posts and protectorates, thus, by effective occupation, opposing an obstacle to the realization of the British dream of connecting Egypt with the Cape Colony by a strip of British territory right through the African continent. This dream appeared on the point of becoming an accomplished fact three years ago, when an agreement was entered into with King Leopold (May 12, 1894), by which the Kongo Free State leased to Great Britain a strip of territory $15\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide, connecting lakes Tanganyika and Albert Edward. But this provision raised such strong opposition on the part of Germany, whose "sphere of influence" borders this region, that it was abandoned; whilst France on its part equally took exception to another clause of the same agreement by which England leased to King Leopold and the Kongo Free State a large extent of territory, comprising the old Bahr-el-Ghazal province, and extending to 10° N.¹ This territory extended along the Nile as far as Fashoda, and westward as far as the 25th meridian. It will be remembered that this territory was, after the insurrection of the Mahdi and the capture of Slatin Pasha, in the hands of the Dervishes. Why King Leopold's ambition had overleapt the bounds of the Kongo basin into that of the Nile is not apparent, unless it was to follow the Arab slave-raiders into their haunts and headquarters on the Bahr-el-Ghazal, with a view to their extermination—a mode of suppressing the cruel traffic in human flesh

(1) *The Geographical Journal*, iv. (1894), p. 64.

which does not commend itself to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. Be this as it may, active measures for taking possession of the Upper Nile district had been taken with a considerable amount of secrecy, some years before the arrangement with England had been entered into. So long back as 1891 an expedition had been despatched from the Kongo, under Captain Van Kerckhoven, which, in the following year, after the death of its leader, reached the Nile at Wadelai, finding the country, for the time, free from the Mahdists. Further to the west, Captain Niliis and Lieutenant de la Kethulle led an expedition as far as Hofra er Nahas (10° N.), and raised the flag of the Free State at Katuaka, on an affluent of the Nile (June, 1894), and another expedition pushed to the west nearly as far as El Kuti.¹

In thus taking possession of the country extending westward from the Upper Nile almost into the basin of the Shari River (which flows into Lake Chad), the Kongo Free State Government was trenching on ground regarded by France as forming the hinterland of the French Kongo possessions, and into which the French explorers Crampel and Dybowski had already been leading expeditions. Yet by an agreement with France, in 1887, the Free State had undertaken to abstain from any expansion towards the north beyond the 4th parallel. France, therefore, protested against this action as trenching on its preserves, and, as in the case with Germany, the provision was annulled, the Free State limiting itself to the small tract, known as the Lado *enclave*, east of 30° and up to $5^{\circ} 30'$ N.

Although the French have had possessions on the estuary of the Gaboon River ever since 1839, it is only in recent years that the marvellous development of policy initiated by Stanley's old enemy, M. de Brazza, has been in operation. It is to M. de Brazza's efforts that France mainly owes its extensive possessions of the Kongo and Ubangi. By a convention with the Free State of May 5, 1885, the colony of the French Kongo was recognised as extending only to 17° E. This was before the great northern feeder of the Kongo, the Ubangi (or Mobangi), was discovered. When it was made known that that river afforded a new water-way extending far into the interior, it aroused French cupidity, and on April 29, 1887, the Kongo State was induced to accept a fresh convention, carrying the frontier of the French Colony from 17° E. to the right bank of the Ubangi, about 19° E., the Free State also accepting a further condition prohibiting it from any expansion beyond 4° N. This was a great success for M. de Brazza. The route to the Nile, closed by the convention of 1885, was reopened. The French officers advanced along the Ubangi and arrived at the confluence of the Wellé with the Bomu, where they founded the post of the Abiras. The French occupation

(1) *The Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1897, pp. 354-367.

thus reached nearly to 23° E. There for a time they were stopped, the Free State having establishments with Bangasso, Sultan of the Sakaras, in the valleys of the Bomu and Shinko. But it was not long before territorial disputes arose between France and the Belgians.

The convention of 1887 fixed the Ubangi as the boundary from the confluence of that river with the Kongo to 4° N.; beyond that point the Free State undertook to take no political action on the right bank of the Ubangi to the north of 4° N. But the Belgians apparently misunderstood the bearing of this agreement, and on the contrary had pushed far beyond the 4th parallel. Accordingly it was determined in France to send out an expedition to enforce the French claims, and in the summer of 1893 Captain Decazes was sent out. Landing at Loango, he at once pushed on up the country, the Commissary General of the Government, M. de Brazza, putting at his disposal all the material, provisions and *personnel* of Brazzaville, besides arming all the disposable boats of the flotilla to transport the mission up the river. An administrator and a steamer had already gone on to prepare the convoys of pirogues laden with the transport to the post of the Abiras. This post is situated close to the great village of Yakoma, a little below the confluence of the Bomu with the Wellé, in a flat, marshy and dreary region, inundated during the rainy season. Here the expedition arrived early in 1894, and Decazes's first step was to organize a military expedition against the Bubus, who two years before had killed M. de Poumayrac, a French official under M. Liotard, and against whom the Marquis d'Uzès had already gone on a punitive expedition. The force under the orders of Captain Decazes at this time consisted of nearly three hundred tirailleurs, fine men from Dahomey, Senegal and Tongking, with about twenty-four officers.

Lieutenant-Colonel Monteil, already well known for his successful journey from Senegal to Lake Chad and Tripoli, was appointed to the supreme command of this Ubangi expedition, but for some reason his departure was delayed, and whilst waiting for him Captain Decazes occupied the time in sending his subordinate officers to explore the surrounding country, and in consolidating the French position. Whilst Lieutenant François made a reconnaissance of the River Koto,¹ a northern tributary of the Ubangi, M. Liotard and Captain Decazes cultivated friendly relations with the Sakara chiefs subject to the Sultan Bangasso. The result of their negotiations was so favourable that Decazes decided to establish himself in the neighbourhood of the village of Bangasso, higher up the Bomu River, where the Kongo Free State had its principal establishment. A post of one hundred men was then, in spite of the protests of the Belgians, founded at the

(1) *Revue Française* (1895), p. 52; *Le Mouvement Géographique* (1895), pp. 243-4; *Bulletin du Comité de l'Afrique Française* (1895), p. 242.

village of Moda-Buendi or Modabandzi, uncle of the Sultan Bangasso. This new post was just outside of the territory claimed by the Free State, and was for military purposes in a commanding position, on a navigable affluent of the Bomu, and a degree north of that of the Abiras, founded by M. Liotard.

Just before this Lieutenant Julien arrived from France (March, 1894) with instructions from Commandant Monteil to explore the country to the north in the direction of Lake Chad. The means at Decazes's disposal were very limited, and in consequence Julien could not fulfil his mission. He, however, made a survey of the Koto River and the surrounding country,¹ and came into contact with peoples whose very names were previously unknown. Lieutenant Vermot, with twenty-five men, made a reconnaissance of the Shinko, an affluent of the Bomu, where he found Arabic-speaking Mussulmans.² M. Paul Comte ascended the Wellé for fifty kilometres; M. Robichon traversed the Bubu country between the Koto and the Bangi; whilst Dr. Viancin made botanical and entomological collections.³

On the whole little opposition seems to have been met with from the natives. M. Robichon on reaching the Bangi found the people unfriendly; they refused to lend him boats to descend the river, and it was only by resorting to intimidation that boats were obtained, and then the savages followed their strange visitors along the banks of the river, attacking the little party sometimes with their primitive bows and arrows, with the significant cry "We want some meat to eat." More serious was the attack on the little post at the rapids of Setema (September, 1894), when Sergeant Guelorget, five Senegalese tirailleurs and a trader were killed. But the vengeance of Captain Decazes was swift and sure, and a fortified post, named after the deceased commandant, was established close by.⁴

On the publication of the Anglo-Kongo convention of May 14, 1894, already referred to, the French Government resolved on more active measures, obtained a large credit from the Chamber of Deputies, and at once despatched Commandant Monteil. Though the aim does not seem to have been realised in England, it was quickly made evident that the positions then occupied were to be made the base for an expedition towards the Nile. So that it was not only Belgian territory that was aimed at, but the sphere of influence claimed by England in the valley of the Nile, to which, be it noted, France had no sort of claim whatever. Monteil left Marseilles on July 17, with a numerous staff, a considerable force of Senegalese

(1) *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie* (1897), pp. 129-178, with map; *Bull. du Com. de l'Afr. Fr.* (1895), p. 243; *Le Mouvement Géographique* (1895), p. 244; *Annales de Géographie*, iv., p. 117.

(2) *Bull. du Com. Af. Fr.* (1895), pp. 21, 243; *Revue Française* (1895), p. 53.

(3) *Bull. Com. Af. Fr.* (1895), p. 243; *Le Mouv. Géog.* (1895), p. 244.

(4) *Bull. Com. Afr. Fr.* (1895), pp. 43, 244-45; *Rev. Fr.* (1895), p. 124.

apparent. "The markets are open a little everywhere," wrote M. Liotard shortly after, "and tranquillity reigns in this region. It is very monotonous for the *tirailleurs*" (presumably because there was no fighting). "The ruins of the *mudirieh*¹ are still standing, surrounded by verdant vegetation. Old men, naked as worms, come out of the marshes of the Bahr-el-Ghazal to see the intruders; these are the Dinkas. The rivers are now torrents."² The French leader held out inducements to the inhabitants he could find to return and settle at the place. But he was confronted by great difficulties. He found remains of the former residence of Lupton Bey, and from the bricks still lying about he succeeded in erecting a post. The great difficulty here appears to have been the provisioning of his force, but 3,000 loads of food were sent on to him by Captain Marchand. Leaving a garrison at Dem Ziber, Liotard pushed on to Meshra-er-Rek, reaching there on July 23, and finding still none of the Khalifa's followers. He was here some 300 miles in a straight line from his base of operations at Semio, and it was doubtless owing to the provisioning difficulty that after establishing a garrison at Meshra he returned to Semio on September 11³ for fresh stores for the garrison he had left at Dem Ziber.

Captain Marchand, who had been engaged in pushing on supplies for his superior officer, M. Liotard, had a strong force under his command. His staff comprised Captain Germain, of the Marine Artillery; Captain Baratier, Cavalry; Captain Mangin, Marine Infantry, all three *chevaliers de la Legion d'honneur*; Lieutenant Largeault, Marine Infantry; Ensign of vessel Dyé; Dr. Emily, and an Arab interpreter; all officers of experience in African wars. There were also ten white subordinate officers and two battalions of Senegalese, Hausas and Gabonese, well-trying troops, of whom many had served with Colonel Monteil, and about 3,000 porters. The transport of such a large force into a remote part of the African continent was not accomplished without serious difficulties, not the least of which was caused by the desertions of the natives. No doubt it was a gross exaggeration when M. Jacques d'Urville wrote in *L'Echo de Paris*, of July last, that the expedition had lost 4,000 loads of the value of about 200,000 francs, but there is an authentic report that on one occasion, near Bangi (probably the river of that name, about 21° E.), a score or more of blacks belonging to the expedition were massacred, and, it is said, eaten by the natives, and the administrator, M. Paul Comte, lost his life in attacking the rebel villages.⁴ This M. Comte we had seen four

(1) For a view of Dem Sulleman see Gessi's *Seven Years in the Soudan*. London, 1892.

(2) *Le Mouvement Géographique* (1897), p. 539.

(3) *Le Temps*, quoted in *The Daily Chronicle* (Jan. 6, 1898); *La Politique Coloniale* (Jan. 6, 1898).

(4) *Journal des Debats*, quoted in Reuter's Paris telegram, Jan. 5, 1898; *Revue Française* (1898), p. 63; *La Politique Coloniale*, Jan. 12, 1898.

years before exploring the region under Captain Decazes. But Captain Marchand proved himself an admirable organizer, and on June 17 he was able to announce his arrival at the advance post of Semio, with not one of his 2,200 loads left behind.

At Tambura, the post already occupied by the French in the Bahr-el-Ghazal basin, his force was divided. Liotard, it will be remembered, had marched to Dem Ziber, and thus occupied the western portion of the Bahr-el-Ghazal. The force under Marchand's command was to occupy the central and eastern portions of the old Egyptian province. Whilst Lieutenant Mangin, Lieutenant Largeault and Dr. Emily pushed on towards Jur Ghattas, Marchand himself, with Captain Baratier, left Tambura for Rumbak, another old slave-trading zeriba still nearer to the white Nile, and as they were more likely to come into contact with any of the Mahdists on that river, they took with them the Arab interpreter. This was about the beginning of last August.

But this was not all. Still another detachment, under Captain Germain, Ensign Dyé and Comptroller Robichon, was in the rear, engaged in laboriously bringing overland the sections of two steamers to be put together and floated on the Bahr-el-Ghazal. Of this last contingent, the recent publication of some letters from officials of the expedition has given us some fuller particulars. The flotilla which was being transported consisted of a *cannonière* (*Le Faïdherbe*), another steamer, and five *chalands* or barges. The difficulties of getting these vessels across rivers and through forests were very great. To the station of Bangi, at the point where the Ubangi river sweeps round to the south to meet the Kongo, the transit was easily accomplished in steamers from Brazzaville, on Stanley Pool. Here, however, rapids interfere with the navigation of the river by larger craft, and the sections of the steamer and other goods had to be transferred to canoes. A member of the contingent wrote from M'Bima on August 1:—

"From the geographical position which I give you (long. 26, 20 deg. E., lat. 6 deg. N.), you can get an approximate idea of the place whence I am writing to you, and the route we have followed since leaving Bangi on April 13. First a month in canoes under a burning sun, under torrential downpours, and amid the fearful hurricanes so frequently met with on the equator. Our party consists of 72 canoes and 1,200 paddlemen, with 1,500 loads. After countless fatigues we arrived at Wango, on the M'Bima, a tributary of the Ubangi. The whole time we have been keeping to the right bank of both rivers, for the left bank belongs to the Kongo Free State. We are now more than 2,500 kilometres from Loango, the nearest port on the west coast. We are going to continue our journey east by land, for Wango is the head of navigation. We must, therefore, find and make a road 50 feet wide across a broken country such as this, in which obstacles rise up at every step—here a rocky ravine, further on a muddy bog, everywhere a thick growth of high grasses. Every moment we have to drag the canoes overland and then launch them again beyond the

dangerous places. Finally, we have to get into the Nile basin two steamers, each 80 feet long, which have to be carried on men's backs for a distance of over 600 miles from Wango to the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

"One of our steamers has already got over 250 miles, and by the time you get my letter it will be navigating the waters of the Nile. The energy and courage of one man, Captain Marchand, backed by a dozen whites, conceived this bold plan, and put it into execution. Of the twelve Europeans in the expedition, not one is ill. On our arrival at Rafai, in territory forming part of the Arab territory of Darfur,¹ we were received by the Sultan, who loaded us with presents. Three days later we arrived at Semio. I was ordered to start with 250 carriers to form the advance guard of the mission. I have now arrived here at M'Bima—the only white in the party, and 100 miles from the nearest post. In a few days we shall be in the Nile basin. We shall finally go on to Fashoda, where we shall be able to launch our steamers.

"We hope, in virtue of our treaty with Menelik, to be able to reach Jibutil by way of Abyssinia. The King of Kings is to send one of his Ras to facilitate our passage, and it will not be the least interesting part of our journey."

In a private letter (apparently from the same non-commissioned officer of the Senegalese tirailleurs), dated a few days before (July 25), from Nossioby, or Nozziobe, 25° 55' E. Paris (28° 15' E. Greenwich), and 5° 33' N., we read:—

"I am in Upper Egypt engaged in the construction of a new post on the banks of the Sneh (the Sneh or Jur river), a sub-affluent of the White Nile. This is one stage further into that little-known region which the Marchand mission is to dispute with the British and Belgian exploiters. If we succeed, I shall readily forget all our dangers and fatigues. But what difficulties, what struggles with nature—and perhaps with men—we have to go through! The Dervishes are not easy to deal with, and the boat that we have been dragging from Loango, now by water, now by land, through forests and across swamps and rocks, does not get to the Nile of itself. We have no rest, for one day's delay might render all our efforts useless. All we may have done would be in vain if the British or any others should be in our way when we want to pass. I believe we shall be successful provided we lose no time. In spite of my hope, however, I have a secret fear that we shall arrive too late. When you read this letter we shall be on the Nile, or else our bones will be slowly whitening in the Egyptian bush under a leaden sky. My only wish at the present moment is to see the *Faidherbe* (the boat which the expedition is conveying) displaying our flag between Kharoum and Gondokoro."

On August 27 he wrote from the post of Tambura:—

"We came into the Ubangi district to occupy Upper Egypt, make our strength known to the Dervishes, launch a boat on the Nile, and unite, if possible, our Obock colony on the Red Sea with our Congo possessions on the Atlantic. For this work we number 23 whites and 500 black tirailleurs. The hardest part of the work has been done. I have just taken the last section of the boat to the banks of the river Sneh, where it is to be put together. I have not been exactly enjoying myself with the 200 porters brought with us by force,

(1) This is incorrect. Rafai is a Sultan of the Asandé or Niam-Niam, to the south of the confines of Darfur.

who try to escape at the least opportunity. It was no use even shooting or hanging those that were caught, the rest tried to get away all the same, and some succeeded. We had to go into the villages along our route with four or five tirailleurs to press, as carriers, any men or women we could find. Sometimes the whole population would flee, in which case I would set fire to one or two huts. This generally brought everyone back. Then the chief was seized and was compelled to provide slaves to carry the loads. Then we carried away all the food we could find in the villages, and gave it to the native carriers in our expedition who were starving. We kept watch over them at night, but they would sometimes run away *en masse*, and we could not slaughter everybody. This business tired and disgusted me very much. You must not be too astonished at what I have just told you. It is the only way to get anything from these brutes. It pained me at first, but when I saw how disgusting, how savage they were, how they quarrelled over the bodies of their shot comrades as a preliminary to devouring them, I often felt I should like to fire a volley into the whole crowd."

Another letter, dated Semio, September 12, says:—

"The track is very bad at this time of the year. It is now the height of the rainy season; the grasses are very high, and fall right across the path, hindering the carriers' progress. The watercourses are full, even overflowing, and form morasses on both sides of every channel."

Owing to the devastation of the Bahr-el-Ghazal region by the Arab slave-raiders, who were defeated and dispersed by Gessi Pasha twenty years ago, and the continued depredations under the Mahdi and the Khalifa, it was foreseen that the provisioning of a large number of men at such a distance from their base—Meshra-er-Rek, the farthest point to which we have followed M. Liotard, is 300 miles as the crow flies beyond the station of Semio, on the Bomu—and another expedition was sent from the East with the design of meeting M. Liotard at Fashoda, on the Nile. A glance at the map of Africa will show that the actual distance from the Red Sea is much less than that from the Atlantic, though from that side there intervened a tract of unexplored country to the west of Abyssinia.

In recent years great efforts have been made to extend French influence on the East African coast. So long ago as 1862 the French flag was hoisted at Obok; in 1888 Tajurah was annexed; and three years later Jibutil was included in the limits of the French colony, which is now (since 1896) known as the French Somali Coast. From here persistent efforts have been made to acquire influence over the Negus of Abyssinia, and thanks largely to Italy's blundering and England's indifference, these efforts have been successful, so that at the present time the working of French diplomacy can be seen in Menelik's foreign policy. As a post from which Shoa, or southern Abyssinia, can be reached, Jibutil is inferior to our own possession of Zeila; but we have neglected to make use of our advantages to cultivate relations with Abyssinia, whilst the French, on the other hand, have supplied the Abyssinians with arms and ammunition, even

during their war with the Italians, and have done everything they could to obtain the favour of the Negus. The strange alliance between the republic of Western Europe and the autocracy of Eastern Europe has also had its effect in this region, and we see the emissaries of Russia and France working together hand in hand.

Last year the French were specially active, and no less than three more or less independent missions—with more or less official authority—were at work. At the commencement of 1897 Prince Henry of Orleans and M. Bonvallet, both well-known travellers, started together for Abyssinia; but their rivalry resulted in an open breach, even before they had started overland from Jibutil. Bonvallet's mission was official, whilst Prince Henry and his companions went out ostensibly with the object of sport and making a scientific collection. His visit to Abyssinia, however, will be mainly remembered by his attacks on the conduct of the Italian captives, and the duel with the Count of Turin which resulted. His attacks on England were taken less notice of.

M. Bonvallet's mission was also given out as of a scientific character, doubtless to disarm suspicion. He is stated, however, to have concluded a treaty with Menelik, assuring commercial privileges to France, and to have obtained the concession of a railway from Jibutil to the Blue Nile. But the credit for this railway is also claimed by M. Lagarde, the Governor of the French Somali Coast, who was at Menelik's capital in March, 1897, a month earlier than M. Bonvallet. According to other accounts, it appears that the concession was originally due to M. Alfred Ilg, a Swiss engineer, who had been for several years in the employment of the Negus. A year or two earlier he and M. Chefneux, a French engineer, had obtained from Menelik a concession for a railway from Jibutil to Harrar, from Harrar to Antotto, and from Antotto to the Nile. The concession first provides for the section from Jibutil to Harrar, and will last ninety-nine years from its completion. It is understood that no other railway company will be authorised to construct competitive lines from the Indian Ocean or Red Sea to Ethiopia and the White Nile.¹ Work on this railway has been already commenced, and more than six months ago it was announced² that the erection of a telegraph line was actively proceeding. This work will make Jibutil a formidable rival to our port of Zeila on the same coast, and will practically put a stop to British trade in this region.

When M. Bonvallet returned to France he left behind him the Marquis de Bonchamps, to whom was entrusted the duty of pushing on towards the upper Nile with the view of joining hands with the

(1) *Bull. du Com. de l'Afr. Fr.* (1897), pp. 278-9, 357: *A travers le Monde* (1897), p. 276; *Le Mouvement Géographique* (1897), p. 517.

(2) Reuter's telegram, Cairo, in *The Daily News*, July 7, 1897.

Liotard and Marchand parties from the French Kongo. Here we shall see the inner working of Menelik's ambitious frontier claims, which, according to circumstantial French reports, had been conceded by Lord Salisbury in the treaty of last year. It was not a French force, but an Abyssinian, that was despatched to Fashoda under the French Captain Clochette, and in Menelik's eyes it cannot have been any other than a military expedition to take possession of the country up to the White Nile with French aid. On May 17 the Marquis de Bonchamps and M. Charles Michel left Addis Ababa with another Abyssinian column. The column, which was provided with camels, experienced some difficulty in advancing across the southern mountains of the Ethiopian plateau and through a country devastated by previous incursions of the Abyssinians. Crossing the Didesse, the southern feeder of the Blue Nile, it overtook the Clochette column on July 1 at Goré, not very far from the place where the Italian explorer, Bottego, had been murdered. On July 22 the two columns again started, and the death of Captain Clochette, from the kick of a mule, or from disease, on August 24, left M. de Bonchamps in sole command. The Nile was reached by the valley of the Sobat, but beyond the announcement made so long ago as last August,¹ that the scouts of the expedition had communicated with M. Liotard's mission, we have nothing, probably because any news that may have been received has been suppressed.²

A further development in the expansion of Abyssinia is the appointment by the Negus of the Russian Count Leontieff as Governor-General of the "Equatorial Provinces" of Abyssinia,³ a large district mainly inhabited by Somalis and Gallas, part of which has been already devastated by Abyssinian raids extending as far as the Italian post of Lugh, on the River Jub, but much of which has never submitted to Abyssinian arms at all. Count Leontieff is thus apparently placing himself at the head of further Abyssinian raiding expeditions, and he is at the same time uniting with Prince Henry of Orleans for the advancement of French interests.⁴ The latter is this year taking out a company of Senegalese troops for the purpose of serving in the "Equatorial Province," and a large quantity of war materials and ammunition has been despatched from France.⁵

The French assertions as to the failure of Mr. Rennell Rodd's mission to Abyssinia last year and the alleged great concession of

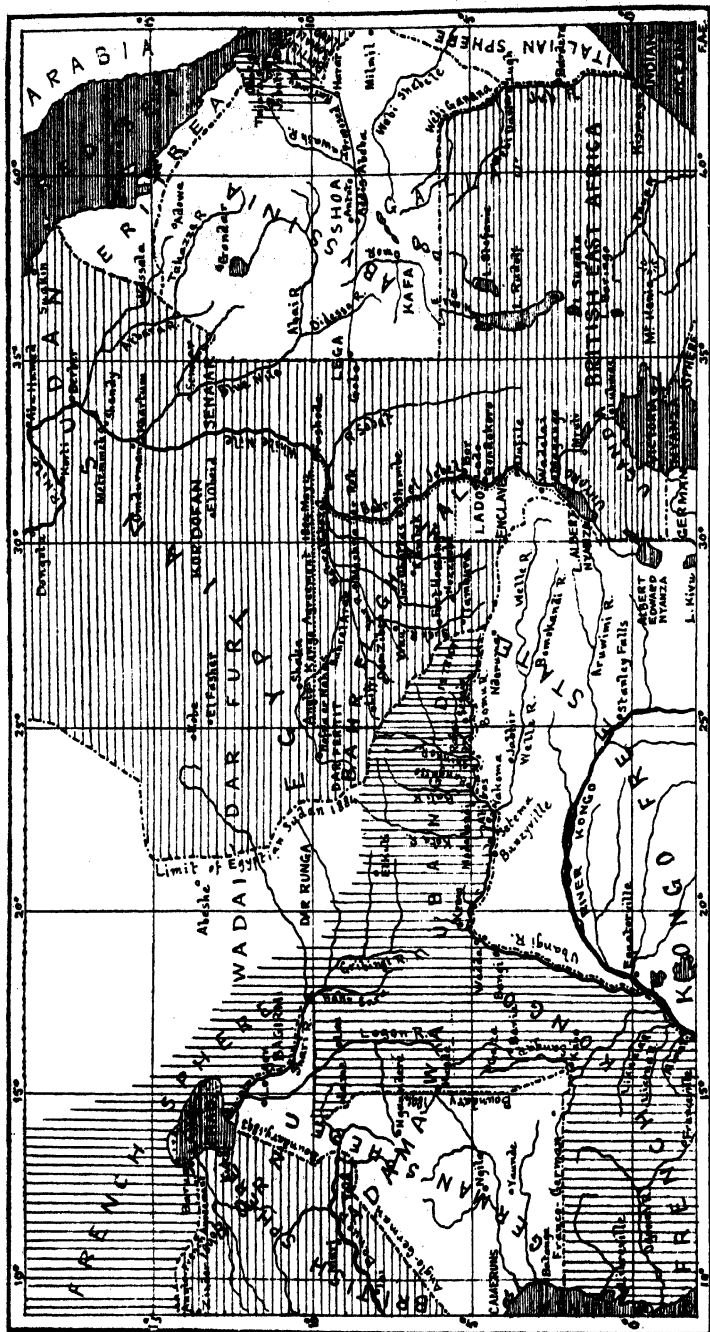
(1) *The Paris Figaro*, quoted in Reuter's telegrams, August 31 and Sept. 7, 1897.

(2) Information on the de Bonchamps expedition:—*The Daily Chronicle*, June 26, Sept. 8, Oct. 23 and 25, Nov. 12, 1897; *The Daily News*, Oct. 4, 1897; *Annales de Géographie* (1897), p. 472; *Le Mouvement Géographique* (1897), pp. 429, 495, 518, 519, 562; *A travers le Monde* (1898), p. 15.

(3) Reuter's telegram, Paris, July 12, 1897; *Annales de Géographie* (1897), p. 470.

(4) *The Daily News*, Jan. 12, 1898; *The Daily Chronicle*, Jan. 18, 1898.

(5) *The Daily Chronicle*, Jan. 14, Feb. 5, 1898; *The Daily News*, Jan. 15, 1898.



territory—extending along the Nile from latitude 14° North to 2° North—by Great Britain to Menelik, have been dissipated by the publication of the treaty of May 14 last.¹ This treaty makes provision for trading facilities, with a “most favoured nation” clause, and for keeping open the caravan route from Zeila to Harrar, and puts on record Menelik’s known enmity to the Mahdists, against whom we are fighting in the Sudan. It further settles the frontier between Abyssinia and the British Protectorate on the Somali Coast, but it makes no mention whatever of the far more extensive and more important regions to the west and south, where the British sphere will come in touch with the Abyssinian. Here it is that the French are looking to consolidate their influence and to confront Great Britain with a *fait accompli*—on the one side by the expedition to Fashoda, and on the other by the freebooting excursions of the Abyssinians under Count Leontieff and Prince Henry of Orleans.

Here, undoubtedly, trouble looms ahead, and not a moment too soon has the Government determined, as announced by Mr. Curzon, at Bolton, on January 26, to accredit a direct representative to King Menelik. It is not by such short visits as those of our envoys hitherto have been that we can hope to combat French machinations in those regions.

Beyond the bare announcement of the junction between the forces of M. Liotard and the Marquis de Bonchamps, we have received no news whatever subsequent to August, except the report in Reuter’s telegram, from Bordeaux, of February 1 last, that a passenger by a mail steamer from the west coast of Africa was at Fort Hossinger in September, when the expedition of Major (*sic*) Marchand passed through that place,² and the far more serious report which reached the office of *Le Mouvement Géographique*, at Brussels, early in December, that Marchand’s expedition had been massacred in the Bahr-el-Ghazal. This latter report has been persistently denied by the French authorities, but in this the French Government only seems to be following the same policy of concealment of the truth which has raised such a scandal in the Dreyfus case. For everything, so far, tends to confirm the reported disaster. It has been seen above that the last direct news we had of Captain Marchand was his start from Tambura in the early days of last August, whereas the massacre is reported to have taken place in the latter part of August or in September; and it is explicitly stated that of the two French officers,

(1) *Parliamentary Papers*, Treaty Series, No. 2, 1898. — Treaty between Great Britain and Ethiopia, signed by the Emperor Menelik II and by Her Majesty’s Envoy at Adis Abbaba, May 14, 1897. The text also in *The Times*, Feb. 11, 1898, 7 p. 9 r, and other papers.

(2) Can we be sure that this refers to Marchand’s own column, and not to that of Lieutenants Mangin and Largeault?

Marchand himself escaped. This very circumstantiality of the report, together with the fact that no news inconsistent with it has been made public, makes it but too probable. It has further been directly stated that the authorities have official confirmation of the massacre. Whether the massacre was the work of the Mahdists, or, as is probable, in view of the troubles with the porters, the result of an insurrection of the Azandé, is not stated.¹

But, in any case, it should be remembered that the expedition was broken up into several parts, and that a disaster to one section does not imply the failure of the whole. It is not improbable that by this time M. Liotard is at Fashoda, and the steamers floating on the Nile. Why, then, has no action been taken by England? Apparently nothing has been done beyond an intimation to France that any interference in the English sphere would be regarded as "an unfriendly act"—a significant diplomatic phrase, which does not seem to have affected French action in any way, perhaps because it is thought that Lord Salisbury will yield before the *fait accompli*. The French have no claim of any sort to the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the Upper Nile, a region opened up almost entirely by Englishmen—Speke, Grant, Baker, Gordon, Kemp, Lupton, Wilson, Felkin. Not a Frenchman has aided in this work, unless, perhaps, we except the unfortunate Linant de Bellefonds. So far as the French have had anything to do with this region, it is a connection by no means to be proud of. Hear what Gessi Pasha says in his *Seven Years in the Soudan* (p. 213), about that very Rumbek, near which the Marchand expedition seems to have met its fate, or, shall we say? its Nemesis:—

"Rumbek was built twenty years ago"—this was written in 1878—"by a Frenchman, Malzac, who occupied himself, like the Arabs, with collecting ivory and trading in slaves. This Frenchman is not the only one of his nation who has taken up this shameful trade, and I could quote many others; for example, Lafargue, Jules Ambroise, and a certain Alexandre. This last, to escape the search made for him, took the name of Yskender, a Turkish translation of Alexandre. Furthermore, a French doctor, a certain Tirant, made his fortune at Khartoum with slaves who were sold in the markets of Cairo and Constantinople."

Everything pointed to this sadly devastated region being ultimately restored to civilisation by England; yet how have we neglected our opportunities! In Uganda we had a far better base

(1) Liotard-Marchand Expedition. See *The Geographical Journal*, xi., pp. 169-171; *The Daily News*, July 7, Nov. 19, Dec. 13 and 16, 1897; Jan. 4, 5, 6, 11 and 22, 1898; *The Daily Chronicle*, Nov. 12, 19 and 23, Dec. 8, 9 and 24, 1897; Jan. 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 13, 15, 17 and 22, Feb. 2, 1898; *Bulletin du Com. de l'Afr. Fr.* (1896), pp. 48, 215; *Le Mouvement Géographique* (1896), pp. 248, 599; (1897), pp. 298, 429, 495, 519, 539, 567-8, 589-90, 608-9, 614-616; (1898), pp. 12, 79; *Revue Française* (1896), pp. 368, 491-2; (1897), p. 438; *La Politique Coloniale*, Dec. 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 29 and 31, 1897; Jan. 4, 6, 9, 11 and 12, 1898; *A travers le Monde* (1898), p. 15.

from which to reach the Nile and the Bahr-el-Ghazal than had the French. In January, 1895, Lieutenant Vandeleur made an excursion down the river as far as Dufle.¹ No signs of the Mahdists were met with, and the farther he went "the more friendly the natives seemed to become." Yet the country has not since been visited. Why? The expedition of Major Macdonald, stopped at Lubwa's, north of the Victoria Nyanza, last November, by the unfortunate revolt of the Sudanese troops, does not appear to have had any connection with this region, and was, indeed, marching in the direction of Lake Rudolf. Nor have the purely private hunting expeditions of Mr. H. S. H. Cavendish (who last year explored the western shores of Lake Rudolf, and this year hopes to reach the Sobat and Fashoda) any official character, as has been wildly asserted by the French, who have attached similar importance to the hunting expeditions of Lord Delamere and others.

The French aim is to keep the English out of all possible markets for trade, and it was in view of this that the London Chamber of Commerce passed a resolution in April, 1895, approving the claim of Her Majesty's Government to the sphere of British influence over the whole course of the Nile, and recommending that *effectual measures* should be taken to assume the control of the Valley of the Nile from Uganda to Fashoda. This might have been done peacefully without all that expense of a great military expedition involved in our present progress up the Nile Valley. The French Government does more to develop trade than does our British Government, and this fact is one which should impress itself upon "a nation of shopkeepers."

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS EDWARDS.

(1) *The Geographical Journal*, ix. (1897), pp. 369, 370.

"MARRIAGE QUESTIONS IN FICTION."

THE STANDPOINT OF A TYPICAL MODERN WOMAN.

THINKERS who have examined the evidence without prejudice are beginning to recognise the woman movement as a thing inevitable as well as desirable, an effort of nature to raise the race a step higher in the scale of being. This view is borne out by all we know of the principles of the most advanced women, the true leaders, among whom may be found the finest and most capable type the world has yet produced. It is the sense of right and wrong which distinguishes man from the brute, and gives hope of the eventual development of his splendid possibilities—those of which there have been many indications, especially of late—possibilities which may make of him a being of even more extraordinary powers than any he has yet foreseen. Philosophers acknowledge that there is *something* "in ceaseless glorious antagonism to the cosmic process"; that *something* teachers on another plane describe as spirit at war with matter to subdue it; and hence comes the indication that the evolution of man is promoted by that which makes for righteousness, and by that alone. And that what is truly the woman movement makes for righteousness essentially must be evident to those who know anything about it.

The dark materialistic phase through which the world has been passing is coming to an end. Signs of the awakening of the spirit, of its coming triumph over mere intellect, come to us continually from the most unexpected quarters; reawakenings which remind us of truths that have been known from the earliest beginnings, but are periodically allowed to lapse. It may be a poem, it may be a passage in an otherwise worthless book, a paragraph in a paper, or a chance remark, to which we owe our own individual awakening; but, whencesoever it comes, the cause of it is of interest, and may be of use. This, at least, would seem to be the reason people are so often asked to name the source from which help came, and more particularly the books which have been epoch-making in the history of the development of their minds—the formation of their opinions. It is probable that most of us are taken aback by the question, and, out of the many books that we have read with approval and pleasure, and even returned to, find it impossible, on the spur of the moment, to name the one to which we owe most. But this is not the case with the books which have influenced public opinion and been epoch-making in the history of nations. It would be easy enough to name the chief of these, their careers are so well known. Of such works there are two kinds—the kind that produce an instantaneous effect, as for instance

Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the kind which make no immediate stir upon their appearance, but gradually work their way from hand to hand, are read with reflection, temperately discussed, and make a lasting impression. The influence of one of these, spreading, as it does, beneath the surface insidiously, becomes a power for good or evil before it is suspected of being anything but one of the ordinary run of ephemeral productions which come, flash for a moment in newspaper notices, find their way into circulating libraries, are taken up for a little and then let fall and forgotten for the next on the list. The epoch-making book, of the kind which is not recognised for what it is all at once, is generally a book of more solid literary qualities than its showier companion, which immediately appeals to the popular taste, and this is one reason for its slower, surer career. It is the finer minds that first appreciate it, and they, as it were, teach it at their leisure to such of us as are capable of instruction. A book of this kind has been among us now for some months. It is essentially not a book of the popular kind, and has made no sensation; but it has met with the greatest respect. The gentlemen among the reviewers spoke of it generously whether they agreed with it or not; and even some of the others, when they took time to read and reflect, were not vulgar on the subject; while, among the leaders of thought, Mr. Gladstone wrote of it: "I have been reading it alike with pleasure and profit;" and Dr. Max Nordau declared it to be . . . "remarkable. It is one of the most suggestive contributions to the much-debated woman-question." But why woman-question rather than human-question or humanity-question, or any other expression which would suggest the combined interests of men and women, since they cannot be separated, one pauses to ask.

The book to which I refer is called *Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction: and other Essays on Kindred Subjects*. By Elizabeth Rachel Chapman (John Lane). The title is of the old-fashioned kind, elaborately conscientious, but awkward. One sees the desire in it to be accurate above everything, and yet it does not give a good idea of the contents, neither does it convey any suspicion of what able critics have called "the scholarly manner in which it is written," or "the candour, perfect temper, and 'sweet reasonableness' which, even when it does not persuade, makes us wish to be persuaded"—but then what title would? One must get the book, must possess it one's self, and live in it, pencil in hand, to know what it is.

Our minds are for ever reaching out after something, something elusive, something which hovers on the confines of thought, but is not to be coaxed into focus; that something which it would make such a difference to be able to say to ourselves and convey to others. It is the power of expression that eludes us thus. We know what we know, we have perceived what is beyond us, but there comes to us no

form of words in which to announce it. This need of expression is imperative; it is a thirst that parches painfully; so that it is rapture if by some happy influence we ourselves are inspired to speak; but even if we find what we have in our consciousness expressed for us by another the joy is hardly less, while the refreshment and stimulant are, if anything, greater. In Miss Chapman's work one finds this sort of satisfaction. The subjects of her essays are of vital importance to every intelligent person; and her manner of treating them is nourishing. One reads a page, and straightway one finds one's self thinking. The mind, strengthened and stimulated, quickly assimilates the well-prepared delicate food, and sets off of itself in search of more. It fetches back forgotten knowledge from afar off, where it had lain dormant, it may be, for a long time, on the confines of recollection, and turns it to account. It does not follow that we shall be convinced by the writer who rouses us in this way. It is good to be in agreement, but it is equally good to be able to walk in kindliwise with someone from whom we differ, or think that we differ; then there is that clash of minds which draws from one and the other those illuminating flashes which help so much to light us to the truth. How slowly, slowly our ideas develop! how we have to alter, to modify, to hark back, to corkscrew our way along, and how hopeless it would all be if we gave way to the desire to appear to be right—that is to say, the desire to prove our own first crude opinions right—to try and justify our own mistakes instead of recognising them and acknowledging them for what they are; instead of holding fast for object the truth, and struggling to arrive at it with all our might. But it is good to question, and those of us who really believe that the truth will out, and the right triumph in the end, do question fearlessly. Only the priests of a shaky faith need dread discussion. While in the questioning stage, any work that helps to settle our opinions is a work to be welcomed, especially in these days, and by young people. It would be an insult to all right-minded parents to insinuate that they do not do their best to equip their children for the battle of life with a good set of principles; but they do not always show *why* the principles are good, what necessity there is for them, what would happen without them. The problem of life would be more happily solved by most women if in their youth the main factors were not either systematically suppressed or misrepresented. People are often caught by specious arguments for want of a definition. "Why do you believe in monogamy?" some one asks an intelligent girl. "Oh—because I do!" she stammers, taken aback by the unexpected question. Then come the arguments of the other side, which, being the first she has heard of them, seem to her unanswerable. The old custom was to give young people nothing to read that would "unsettle their minds," that is to say, they were only to hear one side of a question, that naturally

of which their teachers approved; and the consequence was that when they were released from tutelage, and went out into the world, where they were liable to have the most opposite points of view presented to them casually, being unprepared, their ideas were often veritably unsettled, and that once for all. Now we go to the opposite extreme. Young people are allowed to read pretty much what they like. They wander without a guide through mazes of modern fiction, crude stuff for the most part, written by people whose own ideas are often only the degenerate echo of other writers whose work they have not half digested. Nothing could be more unwholesome than this kind of indiscriminate browsing, following upon the disastrous folly of an education which has ignored the vital questions most of us have to answer sooner or later, as we work out the problems of life for ourselves; and those are fortunate who come across an antidote like Miss Chapman's book.

Miss Chapman writes essentially from the higher standpoint. Judged by her work, she shows herself to be a typical product of the nineteenth century, a modern woman of the best type, bold in her intellectual superiority, timid in her womanly reserve, habitually self-effacing, and desiring us all to be so; as when she suggests—

" . . . that our prevailing habit of mind should be one of quietness and confidence, rather than of aggressiveness and arrogance."

There is a fine note of courtesy and high-breeding in all she writes, and also of exceeding gentleness; as witness the way in which she does justice to "our leading comic paper," while pleading for justice from it:—

"Think," she says, "how different would have been the view taken in English society at this moment of the woman of serious aims and high ideals, if she had even for one instant been referred to in its pages otherwise than with derision. Its honourable traditions have been for generations so sane, so generous, so catholic, so humane, that the humblest creature, it might be thought, would not look in vain for justice at its hands. Alas! the woman who loves knowledge, who loves wisdom, who loves her kind, and desires to take her humble share in the universal effort of all good men to leave the world a little better than they find it, is the only sentient being for whom it has no mercy, but only the most poignant shafts of its satire, the keenest edge of its ridicule. Let her be as gentle and womanly as she will (and if she is worth anything at all she does will); let her be the light of her home, and the joy of the hearts nearest to her (if she is of the right temper she will make it her primary aim to be both); let her be attractive and sweet and comely, nay, let her be beautiful—it is all one—in an organ which takes thought for the poor, which champions the down-trodden, which has always a tender word to spare for the sweated seamstress, a pitying one for the 'horse o'er driven'; she sees herself mirrored as hard and sour and prudish and physically repulsive—a gaunt, ill-dressed, sexless monster *pour rire*. Is it vain to point out that such a handling of the woman who has interests other than the study of fashion-plates and the interchange of 'feline amenities' is anachronistic as well as unjust? Is it useless to entreat

from a journal which is a power in our midst, as well as a perennial pleasure, a tardy recognition of the difference between the real, salutary woman-movement, and the froth and scum that gather on the crest of the steadily advancing wave?"

But if she speaks gently, she speaks strongly also when there is need for brave words; there is no weakness in her gentleness. Take, for instance, the following passage in *Religio Femina*, a *Foreword*, where she asserts—

" . . . that he is no friend to humanity who, *under present conditions*, would deprive humanity of a single aid to conduct, a single prop to self-control, a single incentive to self-sacrifice. Such reforms as are needed in connection with marriage—and they are many, especially in the moral and physical sphere—should be carefully built up on the existing structure. But to lay rash hands upon the existing structure itself—the difficult achievement of travelling agos, toiling out of mire into manhood—is the work not of the philosopher or far-sighted reformer, but of the incendiary or the anarchist, of the madman or the fool."

And here again in her essay on *Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction* :—

"Let us have done with temporising, with evasions, with half-hearted tributes to motives, sincere if mistaken, with praising power when we should be stamping out a pest. Let thought be free, let thinkers be outspoken, let social problems of every kind be threshed out in the press; above all in fiction! But let us see to it that the best literary traditions of our land are preserved untarnished by compromise with the unclean thing, with what, from a scientific point of view, is nothing but atavism, and from an ethical one—corruption."

While on this subject she strikes a much-needed note of warning to the young :—

"Such glad tidings as the hill-top gospel may contain are not for women at all," she says, "but for the imperfectly developed male, the man of yesterday, who has not yet attained to that evolutionary stage where human beings recognise that

'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.'

It is, however, by no means superfluous to put the cleverish ardent girl, in whom intellect has outstripped experience, on her guard, if only on account of the crafty plausibility with which it is sought to make her the agent of her own undoing. Throughout these two novels, the first of which glorifies the rejection of the marriage-tie, and the second the violation of it, the phraseology employed is specious in the extreme, and is of the sort which she has been accustomed to associate with the loftiest spirituality and all the nobler forms of moral effort."

But if the "ardent girl" would study the whole of this essay carefully, both before and after she reads the books with which it deals, there would be little chance of her becoming "the agent of her own undoing."

In discussing the views of others, this modern lady differs without bitterness, but firmly, giving full reason for her opinions. She knows

what she means, and she says it in a manner at once masterly, scholarly, and temperate. There is something flattering even in the way she disagrees—she does it so graciously; it is as if she thought one worth the trouble. She has no need to exalt herself by pulling others down, nor does she attempt it; her constant effort is to appreciate to the uttermost. All that she says is calm, judicial, the result of mature deliberation, the summing-up of a just judge, not the expression of an opinion formed at her writing-table after she took up her pen. She proves herself, in fact, to be an exceedingly able critic, but with that added grace of noble womanhood which not only makes people want to be at their best and do their best to please her, but also inspires them both to be and to do. When she objects to a passage, our impulse is to expunge it; when she mentions a mistake, we ache to correct it. Her knowledge, taste, discrimination, sincerity, and tact make of her opinion a living influence which, if only she expressed it oftener, would help to raise the literature of the day to a higher standard. She is versatile, too, this modern lady, as witness the capacity in her *Companion to In Memoriam* (an admirable analysis specially mentioned in the recent *Life of Tennyson*, by his son, as the best), the logic of her *Comtist Lover*, the poetry in *A Little Child's Wreath*. One understands why Tennyson loved her conversation, and how it came about that it was to her he gave his great pronouncement on art, the master-word:—

" . . . pausing as we strolled on the terrace of his beautiful Surrey home: 'They talk of Art for Art's sake. There is something higher than Art for Art's sake—Art for Man's sake.'

"It is, I believe," she comments upon this, "only in proportion as we are capable of receiving that saying that we shall individually or nationally excel in art, and bring to perfection those shapes, those tones, those ideas of beauty which always at their best uplift as well as interest, purify as well as fascinate mankind."

In her present work Miss Chapman gives, in *Religio Femina*, an admirably clear statement of her views on social subjects. They are the views which are held by pretty nearly all the best and most advanced modern women; and any sane person must wonder, when he comes to study them, what kind of creatures they are who receive with derision and refuse with discourtesy demands so moderate and reasonable as well as so just, and so evidently calculated to further the interests of men and women alike. Take what she says on the vexed question of equality, for instance:—

"I do not hold it essential to labour the question of abstract equality between the sexes. It appears to me that there is unwisdom in insisting upon the theoretic acceptance of this dogma, and that women should, for the present, content themselves with the Napoleonic maxim—*La carrière ouverte aux talents*—in other words, with the opportunity to test their powers, and to give proof of

capacity in a fair field without favour. All that we need demand, I take it, is the removal from our path of obstacles based on convention, or prejudice, or a monopolising selfishness. The rest may safely be left to the arbitrament of time."

She believes—

"... the best woman to be she who, while rejoicing in her home, and diffusing joy around her there, rejoicing in her womanhood, in her motherhood, in the love she gets and the love she spends, has yet breadth of sympathy and energy of character enough to embrace interests outside the personal sphere, and as legitimate opportunity offers to absorb herself in these; the woman who is capable of abstract thought and serious study, who is bent on ridding herself of the shallower and pettier traits which subjection and irresponsibility have fostered in her sex, who cares for the honour of her country as well as for the comfort of her household, for the welfare of the race as well as for her own happiness."

Towards the marriage question, as might be predicted from the foregoing, this last most modern woman's attitude is uncompromising. She allows that love is the only excuse for marriage, yet she will have no trifling with the legal bond. She asserts that—

"It is the heart which will not have its affection degraded, knowing that to exchange legal marriage for mere voluntary unions, mere temporary partnerships, would be, not to set love free, but to give love its death-blow by divorcing it from the higher human element, which is the note of marriage rightly understood, and which places regard for order, regard for offspring, regard for the common weal above personal interest, and the mere selfish gratification of the moment."

But it is the attitude of this modern woman towards divorce that will most astonish those who say so much and know so little about women and their opinions—the superficial observers who have not yet grasped the fact that the woman movement makes for law and order, and for the attainment in all things of a higher standard of life. If it did not would it be so bitterly opposed by the base and the sensual? It is not against sin that the gibes of the world go forth, but against sanctification; whatever threatens to rob the wicked of their prey is set upon, and suffers such distortion that its true aspect is defaced.

This question of divorce is very properly a question for women to consider and settle. It is women who suffer most from the evil effect of any mistaken change in social arrangements. They suffered cruelly to begin with by the introduction of an unequal law of divorce by which their own faults were severely punished, while those of their husbands were specially licensed; they continue to suffer also by the deterioration of society, which results in the introduction of additional elements of discord into everyday life.

In 1857 the English Divorce Act was passed, and since then, doubtless, individuals have benefited by it; but not more probably than they would have done if, instead of divorce, greater facility for

separation had been granted, as the opponents of divorce desire. Since the introduction of divorce sufficient time has passed to enable us to judge of its effect upon the community at large, and two such distinguished statesmen as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Phelps agree that both in England and America absolute divorce—divorce permitting re-marriage—has proved worse than a failure. Mr. Phelps summed up a startling impeachment, which he published in the *Forum*, of the existing system in America by declaring that "*The whole business is a disgrace to our country, and an alarming menace to social order.*" In an article in *The North American Review*, published in 1888, Mr. Gladstone, speaking of the effect of the English Divorce Act, says:—

"Unquestionably since that time (1857) the standard of conjugal morality has perceptibly declined among the higher classes of this country, and scandals in respect to it have become more frequent. The decline, as a fact, I know to be recognised by persons of social experience and insight, who in no way share my abstract opinions on divorce."

Miss Chapman has formed her own opinion on the subject of divorce out of an intimate knowledge of the consequences which have followed upon it in all times, and she concludes that—

" . . . whoso robs marriage of its indissolubility, and would degrade it into a fugitive association, practically destroys the civilised union, and takes the first retrograde step, leading slowly but surely backward to the moral level of the Hottentot or the Bushman."

She faces the subject boldly from every point of view, sentimental, religious, ethical, and scientific, treating it always, however, with her own peculiar delicacy and charm of style; and every argument she advances adds to the strength of her position. She recognises that individuals must suffer; but then individuals *should* suffer—they should glory in suffering and self-sacrifice for the good of the community. Besides, the individual himself, if for no very lofty motive, probably *would* sacrifice his desire of the moment in most cases if only he could realise what his own feelings about it would be in a few years' time, whatever happened; how, if he were sane, the said desire would have cooled, been swamped or crowded out by the thousand details of life which continually collect and subtract from each other's importance. The apotheosis of passion in literature and by tradition has had more to do with making unhappy households than any other preventable cause. In literature as in life, by calling passion love, and giving it precedence over every other consideration, one gets a cheap and easy, but primitive and false effect. It is well for the story of Romeo and Juliet that it ends where it does. Of course such a passion might have led to love, but it does not generally, as every one knows who has had experience of Romeos and Juliets. In such cases the beautiful poetry is only too apt to resolve itself into pitiful prose. Before

the dream has well begun it may end in horrible satiety, in intense dissatisfaction; and then comes the fatal moment when each of the pair blames the other for the trick their senses have played them, and all is over. Passion is not the best sentiment with which to begin housekeeping together, and this is being acknowledged now as it has never been before. Fine is the force of definition, and this is its day. It is confusion of mind that confounds love with passion. There is just the difference between love and passion that there is between healthy high spirits and the intoxication of wine. Passion is in its nature transient, a disorder of the senses, a thing that cloy; it must cease to be itself before it becomes worthy of respect. There may be passion without a particle of love, nay even with hate; and there may be love without passion. For the thresholds of love and hate adjoin, and passion stands midway between the two, ready to resolve itself into either. When passion develops into love there is often a period of intense suffering to be endured before the transformation is complete; love seems at first so much less desirable, so poor and dull a thing in comparison. But love is solid certainty, and passion but a gaudy illusion. Love is compact of every little kindly grace; it is a matter of habit, of association; it lives on duty done, on care bestowed, on kindly little sacrifices of self in daily life, in the continual essentially human effort to make others happy. Love, like passion, may have its stages, but they are always from the lower to the higher. And as it is in the particular so it is in the general; it prefers the good of the community at large to its own immediate advantage.

One may take it as a guide through life that that feeling is unworthy which makes us act unworthily; to prefer our own happiness to the good of others is unworthy. Love cannot do this, but passion can. Passion is the desire of the flesh for self-indulgence, and it is for this that it pleads with every artifice that can be disguised by eloquence; but those who pass out of the lower stage where the glamour of passion dazzles, see for themselves what it is, that its free love is free lust, and its liberty is licence. The higher natures all abandon the cant of passion for the cult of love eventually.

Miss Chapman shows this more clearly and more comprehensively than any other writer with whose work I am acquainted. Her conclusion is that only by making the supreme relation of man and woman indissoluble is the advance of the race secured; and she arrives at it by the most logical reasoning. Her essay on *The Indissolubility of Marriage*, in which she takes the more scientific point of view, treating the subject under the headings *Nature, Instinct, History, Science, and Experience*, met with the emphatic approval of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who quoted it in an article on *Human Selection*, which he contributed to the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*. In that article the eminent scientist protested strongly, from the standpoint of the

physiologist and evolutionist, against any attempt to tamper with "public opinion as to the beneficial character of monogamy and permanence in marriage"; and he gave Miss Chapman's synopsis of the case for permanent marriage as expressing his "own views."

But Miss Chapman is equally convincing when she argues from the ethical standpoint. Her belief in the ultimate perfectibility of human nature does not blind her to the fact that—

• "We are placed here and now in the midst of weak and erring human creatures who need the education of the law, the restraints of religion, the checks of social usage and of public opinion to keep them in the narrow path of wisdom, and to lead them through the strait gate of virtue;"

and she is practical in her suggestions. In her essay, *Why we should oppose Divorce*, she says :—

"It is not by facilitating the rupture of marriage, it is by making true marriage easier that we should endeavour to reform existing evils. While keeping the eyes very firmly fixed on our ideal—the strict monogamic union—we should toil incessantly for the remedying of the conditions which make wise choice in marriage so difficult. First and foremost we should diligently nurture the growing opinion which ranks unchastity in *either sex* with the anti-social and contemptible vices, such as theft, or fraud, or cowardice, or falsehood. Then having trained our children, especially, in this opinion, we should, I venture to think, educate them together, and generally promote more *camaraderie* and freer intercourse between youths and maidens thus prepared to enjoy each other's society in honesty and honour. In this way we should lessen the excuse for hasty courtships and rash unions, formed in obedience to superficial impulses, or in craven fear of gossiping tongues."

Selection, of course, has much to do with happiness in marriage; but a recognition of the necessity for adaptation has even more perhaps. Once married, it is only in exceptional cases that kindly, considerate, and intelligent people have no power to win each other's affections; and those cases are generally due to some defect of nature which should have prevented them from marrying at all.

Life is meant to be pleasant, and would be, if it were not for those mistaken ideas of what is pleasant, which make all the mischief. The power to appreciate what is noble and beautiful gives more delight than any quantity of champagne; and the power comes of cultivation; but the discipline is severe. As one knows more of life one perceives how, through all their confusion of mind, the fathers of the church laid hold of an essential truth when they insisted on the necessity of subduing the flesh. The great human heart suffereth long and is kind, and its purest love is rooted in discipline—the discipline of self-denial and self-sacrifice. It is not indulgence but self-restraint, duty, and the joys of duty—never enough extolled—that round a life, make the glory of its heyday, the music of its evensong, the peace of its decline. An excuse for self-indulgence is at the bottom of all laxity of principle in social relations. Those who would make of marriage

a mere fugitive arrangement may deceive themselves in regard to their motives ; but it is pretty certain that they are for the most part people to whom the recurrent excitement of passion is as dram-drinking to the dipsomaniac, as dear a delight and as disastrous. This is shown in their attitude towards each other first of all and then towards the children. With regard to each other, they are prepared from the first to change their minds, for change of feeling begins from the moment that we admit the possibility ; with regard to the children, they are abominable. They would relegate the most humanising influence in our lives to public institutions ! The proposition comes well to show us the worth of their theories from the humanitarian point of view, just now when the terrible result of Barrack Schools for children is occupying public attention, and even Boards of Guardians are being moved by pity to put the pauper children out to board in families that they may escape the brutalising effect of being herded together and uncared for in so far as their affections are concerned. Men and women who do not delight in "the sweet trouble that the children give," are not agreeable either to know or to think about ; but one would just like to ask what these people propose to do with the time that should be given to the little ones ? They cannot all be occupied in arts and crafts making masterpieces.

And the children themselves. Occasionally a child in a family is misunderstood ; one knows what happens then ; but that is the exception. What would it be though in the state nurseries ? And what would be the future of the wee creatures who had never known a mother's good-night kiss, never ridden on a father's knee ; who had no sweet memories of winter evenings by the fireside when Daddy told tales, of frosty mornings when he took them out to feed the birds—of any of those tender recollections which remain through life, latent, it may be, most of the time, but still within reach ; hallowing influences which resume their sway at critical moments, and save us from the enemy ? And as age came on what would become of the parents themselves ? Fathers, whom no son or daughter loved ; mothers, without an arm to lean upon. Those who do honestly believe that we should be happier if the discipline of marriage were relaxed must be totally blind to all consequences but the one that would immediately result.

The introduction of a few examples of the working of special facilities for divorce, and the practical outcome of retrograde ideas in regard to the relations of the sexes, would add to the value of the next edition of Miss Chapman's book. An illustration is always worth more than an argument. The woman whose heart does not melt with tenderness merely at the thought of little arms stretched out to her in the first dumb recognition of her love should be spoken of compassionately, as one who is grievously afflicted, one who has been deprived of the greatest good in life. The delight of a young

pair in their children is one of the most heavenly things on earth, but these "reformers" would rob us of the spectacle. And all for what? An extra number of lovers if we like!

Great good has been done from personal motives, and, therefore, the personal does not necessarily imply the petty or the pernicious; still it is well to know the origin of people's opinions before we allow ourselves to be influenced. You cannot take a man or woman seriously whose whole attitude is determined by one little personal experience, like a certain well-known scientific gentleman who was making a crusade against the monstrous pretensions of women, and influenced some of us considerably, until it leaked out that the poor man was under the thumb of a terrible little termagant of a wife at home, whom even the cook did not dare to oppose.

The history of man as a proprietor does not inspire confidence in his disinterestedness, and women would do well to be wary when their interests are under discussion. Any argument which does not recognise the spiritual aspiration of the human race is not worth considering. The tendency of divorce is to degrade marriage to the physical plane entirely, and there "the true heart's seraph yearning for better things" finds no satisfaction. Greater facility for divorce means more self-indulgence for those who are that way inclined, and more misery for the rest—especially the women and children. I have recently seen some piteous letters from a place where it is becoming the rule for husbands to divorce elderly wives, and without making adequate provision for them either, in order to marry younger women. At a public dinner the toast of the guest of the evening, a married man, was coupled with the hope that the "obstacle" to his union with the girl of his heart might soon be removed, and was drunk with cheers. It seems incredible, yet the statement was made by one who spoke in the tone of an earnest person. We must have more information on the subject. But in the meantime, in view of what is happening around us and of what may happen, Miss Chapman's work is one to study. The temptation is to quote more from it; but taking solitary passages is unsatisfactory, for however much one quotes, short of the whole, there is always more one would like to mention. It is, as I said before, a book to possess, especially for young people who would arrive at the highest ideal of marriage, parenthood and citizenship; for teachers; and for open-minded people who would know the trend of the times, and see for themselves in what direction our much-maligned modern women are steering. Miss Chapman strikes the new note of the day, even if she does not play the whole tune, and it is impossible to read her essays without having one's moral education helped on enormously. In embracing her principles one feels that one has struggled up from a lower to a higher stage of being.

SARAH GRAND.

THE TIRAH CAMPAIGN.

I.

CERTAIN questions connected with the Tirah campaign are attracting a good deal of attention in many quarters in England. They have been asked on all sides in India and have only been vaguely alluded to by the Indian press. An answer to them given by one who was with the Tirah Force and who happens to know the facts is due to our troops and to the general public, especially as it involves the telling of the true story of the engagements at Dargai, on the 18th and 20th of October. In endeavouring to answer these questions I shall, I trust, not put myself in the invidious position of a critic; I shall most carefully avoid touching on debateable ground, and shall merely give voice to the opinions of almost all the officers of the Force. In dealing with these questions I shall as far as possible take them in the order in which they came under my own notice.

During the mobilisation of the Tirah Field Force it was clear to all, and repeatedly pointed out by the Indian press, that the very success of the expedition depended on its starting at an early date, and on the mobility of its composition. If the troops could succeed in forcing their way into Tirah before the Afridis had cut their crops, the success of the campaign was certain; for the tribes would have to choose between submission to our terms and starvation during the winter months. If, on the other hand, they, being fully aware of our intentions, should succeed in cutting their crops, and in burying their provisions for the winter, our main weapon with which to conquer these almost unconquerable tribes would be lost. I say unconquerable in view of the extreme difficulties of the ground, and of the impossibility of bringing our enemy to close quarters. The obstacles in the way of procuring transport for armies in India have always been great; but at this time when so many other expeditions were on foot they were greater than ever. Hence it was evident that if the Tirah Field Force was to start in time to strike an effective blow (*i.e.* before the Afridis could lay in a store of the necessaries of life for the winter), every care must be taken to reduce to the very minimum the amount of transport required.

I have alluded to the urgency of maintaining the mobility of the Force. The character of our enemy and of his country, apart from the above consideration of time, made it particularly important that the Force, when once started, should be able to move at any moment to strike a blow, and should be unhampered by a single unnecessary

transport animal, or by any animals which were unable to do the work. Hence it was urgent that every precaution should be taken to ensure that the animals, collected after great trouble and delay, should be instantly equipped and forwarded as quickly as possible, and should be kept in an efficient condition.

It was unavoidable, owing to the drain on the resources of transport in India, that many of the animals despatched to the base were almost useless; but was it unavoidable that many were, contrary to regulations, unequipped with saddles, &c. ? and that officers whose duty it was to issue transport animals fully equipped were engaged in collecting and in fitting equipment—work which should have been done prior to despatching the animals ? This caused a delay of some valuable days. These animals were then issued indiscriminately to various corps, and were not branded or marked so as to render them distinguishable. The unit to which strayed animals belonged was thus unknown, and hence, during the expedition when the nights were extremely cold, numbers of these animals were seen dead or dying, in every part of the camp, from want of food and blankets. Branding would have ensured identification and proper feeding and clothing; but there was no superintendence of the transport animals in this respect, and sheer neglect was the cause of great losses among them, and of impairing the mobility of the Force. At Kushalgarh, the terminus of the railway, delay was also caused by the fact that no European was in charge of the station. A native can have no control in a time of emergency, and every one who has seen the troops composing a large Field Force being hurried up to the front, knows what emergencies arise at every moment at the railhead. Everything was in frightful confusion. On the road beyond the same want of European superintendence was apparent to everyone. Regulations require that one mule driver shall be with every three animals; here, there was scarcely one to ten animals; the rest were absent. It was only expected of them that they should march into Kohat with their charges; these they could easily catch up in the 35 miles of road which intervened; meanwhile, they let them follow one another uncared for. So ponies and mules strayed on and off the road unheeded, traffic was blocked, many animals died on the way, more became useless from the galls they received owing to their loads shifting. The result was confusion and delay and loss of many animals. This loss caused still further delay, as these animals had to be replaced by others from India.

These details may appear unimportant to some readers, but is it too much to say that on such details the success of campaigns depends ?

I have spoken of the extreme importance of reducing to the minimum the amount of transport animals required, in order that the

II.

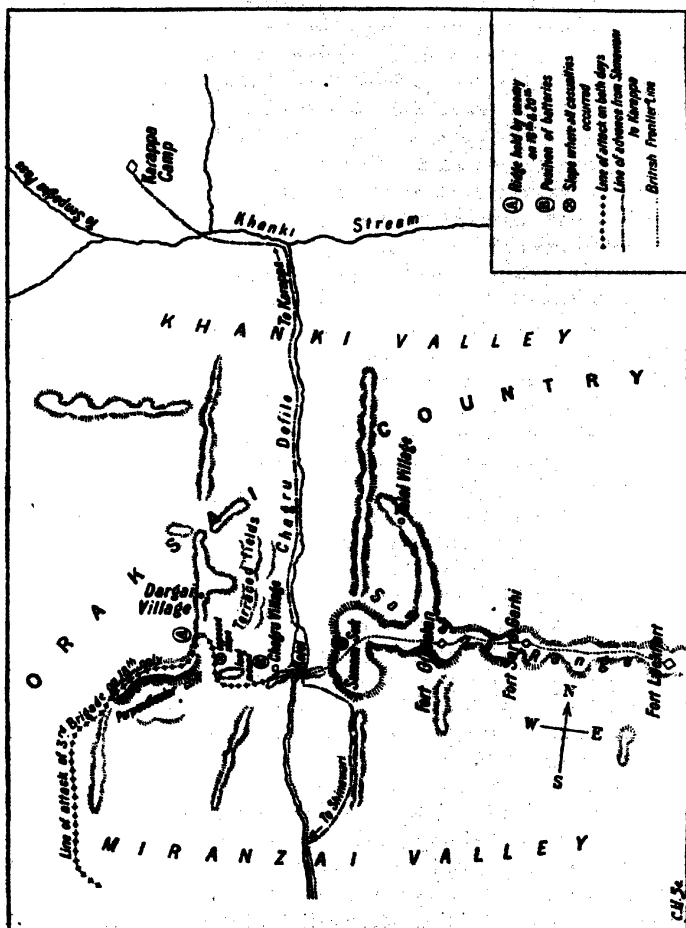
I wish now to tell the story of the engagements of the 18th and 20th of October.

The Samana is a range of hills which form the northern wall of the Miransai Valley. The range runs east and west for a distance of about six or seven miles. Its summit line is our frontier—for its northern slopes and the Khanki Valley beyond them are Oraksai country. Along its summit are posted four or five forts, of which Forts Lockhart, Gulistan, and Sara Garhi are the best known.

The highest point in this short line of hills is the Samana Suk, which stands at the western end of the Samana Range. To the west of this point, 3,000 feet below, is a depression in the ridge, the Chagru Kotal, and on the north side of this depression is a narrow defile leading down into the Khanki Valley. On the south side of the Kotal an excellent mule and camel road zigzags down to Shinawari, the base of the expedition in the Miransai Valley. On the western side of the Kotal and of the Chagru defile the hills rise steeply in terraced fields for some 2,000 feet. Above this the slope on its southern and south-eastern sides is broken into a perpendicular cliff completely unscalable—which faces Shinawari and the Chagru Kotal. On the southern face of these hills a steep goat track leads to the village of Dargai on the summit of the ridge-line. On the north side is the Khanki Valley. This ridge is about 4,000 feet above the Chagru Kotal, and commands, at a range of some 1,600 yards, the line of advance from the Chagru Kotal down to Karappa in the Khanki Valley. From its southern and south-eastern side, absolutely the only approach to the ridge is by the narrow goat track I have mentioned. From the south-west the ridge could be reached from Shinawari by following a very circuitous and arduous route over the hills. I need not refer to the northern slopes of the ridge as they were in the enemy's country, and no attempt was ever made by us from that direction.

This position was almost impregnable from any attack from the south and south-east. Resolute defenders lying behind walls on the summit need only direct their fire on an open slope of about sixty yards in length, some 150 yards below them. While artillery and rifle fire could never reach them, their attackers would have to run the gauntlet in the open at very close range. For some days before the 18th October the tribesmen were seen busily occupied in erecting "sangars" on this ridge. Sir William Lockhart's opinion was that although it was not necessary to the safety of the advance of the Second Division (which was to lead the way) that the enemy should be driven from the ridge—for reasons subsequently explained in his despatch of January 24th—still, if, before we advanced to Karappa, we attacked

and defeated the tribesmen, it would show them our power and our anxiety to seize every opportunity of becoming engaged with them. Accordingly, General Sir Power Palmer (the General in command of the lines of communication) was ordered to take over for the day



the command of the Second Division from General Yeatman Biggs. A frontal attack by the Fourth Brigade from the Chagru Kotal was to be simultaneous with a flank attack from the south-west by the Third Brigade. General Palmer was to accompany the latter, while General Lockhart watched the former from the Samana Suk.

The amount of punishment we could give the tribesmen greatly depended on the simultaneousness of the two attacks; for if they could only be caught between the two attacking parties, far more loss would be inflicted on them. Communication between the two brigades was kept up throughout the day by heliograph to the Samana Suk, and so there was nothing which should prevent the two attacks from taking place at the same moment. However, the flank attack arrived some two hours late, for the General-in command would not separate himself from his mountain guns and his riding pony, which he, after much delay to his brigade, forced over bad ground such as the troops themselves could scarcely climb. The frontal attack resulted in a complete success—the tribes retiring immediately. In the afternoon the two brigades joined hands on the ridge, and *the capture of this almost impregnable position had been made at a cost of some nine or ten casualties only.*

A retirement, however, was ordered, and the last man of our rear-guard had scarcely left the ridge when it was re-occupied by the tribes. Our retirement was regarded by them as a sign of weakness, and the rear regiments, the Gordons and Fifteenth Sikhs, were immediately harassed by numbers of the enemy, who crept up to within fifty yards and shot them down in the waning light, pouring a heavy fire on to our men while these slowly executed a series of difficult covering movements. They passed through each other down the steep slopes, and after heavy losses arrived safely on the Chagru Kotal below. In the darkness, the retirement was only saved from being a disaster by the coolness of those fine regiments, the Gordons, the Fifteenth Sikhs, and the King's Own Scottish Borderers. But still the casualties caused during the *retirement* from the ridge were heavy.

The Third Brigade reached camp at 11 p.m.!—they had marched and fought throughout a day of nineteen hours, and what was the result? A retirement from an almost impregnable position, carried out under the most trying circumstances—regarded as a victory by the tribesmen.

I am bound here to give expression to the unanimous indignation of the Force :—Why, it is asked, if the ridge was never intended to be occupied, was it occupied two days after, and never relinquished during the campaign?

If, on the other hand, it was always intended that the ridge should be held, why was it not held on the afternoon of the 18th? The retirement on the 18th, and the re-taking on the 20th, caused about 250 unnecessary casualties.

I have told briefly how the tribes immediately, on our retirement on Monday the 18th, re-occupied the Dargai heights. What they regarded as a victory brought them large reinforcements, and on the

19th the ridge was held by the enemy in force, and all the surrounding heights were covered with a mixed army of Afridis and Oraksais.

I give the report of the intelligence department for what it is worth—that the enemy numbered then about 20,000 men.

General Yeatman Biggs, who had resumed his command, arrived on the Chagru Kotal at the head of his division at about 8 A.M., on the 20th. General Lockhart was in camp at Fort Lockhart. His orders were, that the Second Division should be forwarded to Karappa, while two battalions detached from the First Division and two batteries guarded the left flank of the advance. The orders implied that the ridge was not to be attacked, but that the two detached battalions and the batteries were to prevent the tribesmen from descending from the heights and cutting up the baggage animals in the Chagru defile. However, seeing an unexpectedly large body of the enemy on the heights, General Yeatman Biggs considered that he could not leave his flank exposed to such numbers during his advance down the narrow Chagru gorge; that he must first drive the tribesmen from their position and disperse them. A fatally simple plan of attack from the Kotal, not combined with any other from flank or rear, was then ordered. It must be unhesitatingly and openly said that this form of attack, under an artillery fire not properly concentrated or controlled, was simply suicidal and was demanding an impossibility from our troops. This criticism is only due to the honour of our men.

My object is not to repeat circumstances now well known, but to give what publicity I can to others; for though the assault of the Gordons was undoubtedly a fine performance, the Derbys and the Dorsets have had less credit at home than is their due. At about 11.30 the leading Gurkhas had made one rush across the zone of fire; some few had survived and were huddled under the cover of a rock beyond; the rest of their regiment having lost their second in command, and, being separated from their colonel, lay under the lee of the long mound which stretches at right angles down the hill and affords the last available cover. Behind were the Derbys and the Dorsets. The batteries on the Kotal and Samana Suk, firing casually and at intervals, seemed to be quite powerless to beat down the storm of bullets from above. A few more rushes were made in dribbles. A quarter of a company of the Dorsets, under Lieutenant Hewett, dashed out, but all except this plucky subaltern were knocked over; he himself was grazed. Gradually a hesitation arose as to the orders of the General—a hesitation fatally infectious—aggravated by every second's delay—aggravated by the sight of the dead and dying. Were they not to wait till the batteries by a concentrated fire had beaten down the rain of bullets from above?—or were they to rush forward now?

—would a man survive?—then what would be the use?—Was it not too much to ask of men, many hungry and tired, many more mere boys, poisoned with disease?—Couldn't the General give some clear order?—Where was his Brigadier?

The General lay on a native bed in the village below, covered with a blanket, wracked with dysentery. Below, too, was his Brigadier. About one o'clock it was seen that the position was critical. Someone was needed on the spot to order a continued and well-concerted attack under the concentrated fire of every gun. Attacking in driblets is opposed to all approved methods of warfare, and should never have been allowed.

At last and for the first time an order was heliographed, that at a given moment the six batteries were to concentrate their fire, and now the Brigadier went up from below, and the Gordons and the 3rd Sikhs followed, fresh from the Chagru Kotal; and now at last the enemy's deadly fire on the slope was beaten down, and the Gordons, well led and with clear orders, crossed with the other regiments behind.

My object is to state what happened under my own observation, and to state it, as far as possible, without stricture or comment. In so far as I express an opinion or ask a question, I would wish to repeat that I merely represent the consensus of views of the whole Force.

General Yeatman Biggs's illness was well known. He had done excellent service on the Samana in August and September, and was endeared to all who knew him. He had thoroughly tried his constitution; so weak was he that, during the march down the Bara Valley, he could barely sit on his pony. Should he have been permitted to continue on active service, when he was quite unable to properly perform his duties, and to lose a life valued by all?

The picture of a General in bed while his troops are fighting a desperate battle in a mountainous country is among the strangest in history. Still, although Sir William Lockhart, in his despatch of 24th January, throws all blame for the action of the 20th October on to General Yeatman Biggs, it must not be forgotten that General Lockhart himself ordered the retirement on the 18th—a step which necessitated some action on the 20th—that by doing so he lost valuable time and delayed our advance for two days, and that he placed in command on the 20th a General who had not been present on the 18th, and who knew nothing of the nature of the ground.

I would speak now of the much-discussed question of the marches ordered. It was not till three or four days' experience had been gained that it was found to be impossible for two divisions to fight an engagement in the morning, and then for their baggage to march ten or fifteen miles in the afternoon through an enemy's country and

over an unmade road. "Marches had been ordered which were obviously impossible"—the Indian papers at once detected this mistake. For to this was due the fact that in the early stages of the campaign, whenever a march had been made, the troops had to go without greatcoats or blankets, and often without food. One night spent like this raised the numbers on the sick-list of every regiment.

For example, the first march of the Second Division was from Shinawari to Karappa—some fifteen miles—of which nine were over an unmade track. All the baggage, etc., did not reach camp for four or five days. The road became blocked. Many animals died and their loads were lost; while the rest spent many hours of darkness on the way at great risk from the enemy.

The *Pioneer*, speaking of this occasion, says:—

"The block of the transport on the Chagru Kotal . . . caused many animals to perish. . . . No General or responsible Staff Officer grasped the situation . . . had they done so . . . this chaotic state of affairs on the road to Karappa would have been avoided."

And again, speaking of the march down the Bara Valley:—

"It is pleasant to know that our men fought admirably, as usual, and that on the part of our officers (as usual also) conspicuous instances were frequent of splendid courage and devotion; but if these muddles . . . are to be regarded as inevitable, then the resources of generalship in certain circumstances must be regarded as exhausted."

This same paper, which is never less than extremely conscientious in its statements, adds later:—

"Have our Generals learnt nothing from the experiences of former frontier expeditions?"

For it was not till some forty casualties had occurred on one day at Karappa, solely from "sniping" into camp, that the heights surrounding us were picketed (a step the necessity of which was apparent from the very first to the most junior subaltern who had ever been on a frontier expedition); and it was not till convoys and their escorts had on three or four separate occasions been fallen upon by overwhelming numbers of the enemy and miserably cut up, that orders were issued for no convoys to move at night.

I must not fail to speak of the service of the Political Department. The appointment of Sir R. Udny as principal political officer to the force, was on all hands regarded with considerable astonishment. For to his indecision is attributed the fall of the Khyber Forts. Had he at that time acted immediately with decision and firmness, it is believed by those who know the tribesmen best, that their subsequent hostility would have been averted. When once the Khyber Forts had been allowed to fall, the tribesmen knew they had committed themselves and would be punished, and so allowed themselves the pleasure of raiding the Samana and the Kurram.

Sir Richard Udny was associated with Colonel Warburton—perhaps the very best political officer who has ever served on the frontier. But a treatment suggested by an intimate knowledge of the Afridi character, and long experience of the tribesmen, could not be always followed—for the principal political officer was well known to be in disagreement with the other. After an entrance to Maidan had been forced, vacillation and undue consideration for an enemy, who take consideration to mean weakness, was evident in the attitude of our political officers. A time of truce was allowed to the burners and mutilators of our men and the raiders of our territory, in which they might “think over” the position in which they found themselves; forage and provisions were *purchased*; some villages were treated as belonging to “friendlies,” although positively known to harbour “snipers” and attackers of convoys. This attitude proved fatal; the time of snow was nearing, and the tribesmen knew that we should not stay long in their country. Their hostility was, of course, aggravated by this knowledge, and by their belief that our mistaken kindness implied timidity.

Why should a General be handicapped by the full discretionary powers of a civilian? A state of war has arisen; should not fire and sword be allowed free scope till a state of peace returns? Then will come the time for a civilian to act. Meanwhile, is not the shortest road to peace, when dealing with revoltingly savage tribes who mutilate our dead in unspeakable ways, the rough road of quarterless war?

I have had no hesitation in speaking of the consensus of opinion of the officers of the Tirah Field Force. That indeed has been so strong and so united, that I have felt it my duty to give to it what publicity I can. But our rank and file as well—although unquestioning—are not unreflecting. In the Peshawar Hospital, scrawled in chalk by a wounded “Tommy,” were the words—

“From all our Generals,
From all our political officers,
And from all frontier wars,
Good Lord, deliver us.”

EYEWITNESS.

AN ELYSIAN CONVERSATION.

"Quæ gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pastere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repositos."—Æn., VI.

MERIMÉE. Ah, M. Renan, I have discovered you at last, leading a hermit's life on the steepest hill in Elysium. It is rumoured that you have been converted to the strange doctrines of Hindoo brahmins.

RENAN. No, I am silently deploring the fanatical conduct of my countrymen. The modern Pharisee not only cries out: "Thank God that I am not like this Publican," he seizes his compatriot, the wretched Jew, drags him out of the Temple, hurls him headlong down the steps into the outer court below.

MERIMÉE. The old Frankish blood is boiling in Frenchmen's veins; once more revives the irresponsible brutality that our ancestors brought with them from the scrub oak forests of Germania.

RENAN. And that explains the simultaneous spread of anti-Semitism in France and in Germany. Of course, as a scholar who ever furthered a Franco-German intellectual alliance, I am glad to hear you say that both races are kindred.

MERIMÉE. Not quite; there is an old Latin leaven left in the land.

RENAN. In the South, true. Racial considerations can help to explain M. Zola's attitude in these distressing events. My Gascon nature is with him, my Breton nature against him, and my whole self revolts against those who compelled him to that unlawful step.

MERIMÉE. You have become too absolute. Everyone imagines that you consider all things with the supreme indifference of a tranquil Pyrrhonist.

RENAN. Not when the honour of our country is at stake.

MERIMÉE. There is no need for so solemn a phrase. The popular agitation is far milder than any that our generation have seen. The whole affair may be summed up in Arthur Young's words at the beginning of the French Revolution: "A rascal writes something, and a hundred thousand fools believe it."

RENAN. That is why I avoid journalists.

MERIMÉE. There are none in Elysium. For ever confined within the circle of Tartarean Phlegethon's flood of flame, they cast despairing looks upon the fatal typewriter from which nothing but truth is permitted to issue. Rhadamanthus does not allow them the smallest *canard* for amusement. Next to their prison the *Ile du Diable* is an Earthly Paradise.

RENAN. Shall I ask Proserpine to intercede for them?

MÉRIMÉE. We might petition for a fair trial.

RENAN. And risk the charge of impiety.—But who is that stalwart figure running up the hill towards us? Is it a winner of the Olympic games? Is it Plato who thus seems bent on joining us?

MÉRIMÉE. It is a modern, a very modern—M. de Maupassant, in fact. As we were walking a moment ago across the meadow, at the foot of the hill, we met Stendhal, haughty and contemptuous as usual, in spite of his romantic 1830 attire. We congratulated him on the reception with which his "Napoleon" has just met on earth. We then spoke of his novels, discussed the use of irony in fiction. Stendhal was trenchant, Maupassant robust and affirmative. I proposed that you, the master ironist, should be a judge between them.

RENAN. And Stendhal declined to see a cleric.

MÉRIMÉE. He did. We let him stalk away along the banks of the Eridanus. Suddenly Maupassant declared that he would compel him to accompany us, and ran after him to carry out his design. I see that his efforts have proved fruitless.

RENAN. Stendhal was in the army once. With the military a calm discussion seems to me a somewhat arduous undertaking. You are very welcome, M. de Maupassant.

MÉRIMÉE. Will you allow us to repeat what we said on irony and fiction?

RENAN. Pray do not consult me on literature. On all questions save Science and Hebrew my ignorance is profound.

MAUPASSANT. Yet one of your disciples is a master of ironical fiction.

RENAN. One of my disciples? I never saw an ironist in my lecture-room. Stay, I remember now; Lemaitre came once, and then wrote an article on me, without consulting my most important work, the *Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum*!

MAUPASSANT. Your influence is greater than you think. Your disciples are not necessarily Hebrew scholars; thus M. France—

RENAN. Anatole France; Alphonse Daudet, who paid me a visit six weeks ago, spoke about the success of a novel, in which M. France had depicted a Jewish prefect. There may be an influence of mine in that fact. Do you think that he has discovered some new traits in the Jewish character?

MAUPASSANT. As M. Worms-Castelin the prefect is a Western Jew, his abjection must needs savour very much of ambient Christian abjection.

RENAN. Is M. France an anti-Semite?

MAUPASSANT. He signed the petition.

RENAN. Noble M. France! I recognise the anarchist that he is. The effect of my teaching. To suspect the infallibility of a court-

martial is almost as bad as to question the Sultan's benevolence, as he did last year. Well, what did you discuss with Stendhal?

MAUPASSANT. We disputed whether irony should be for the novelist the outcome of a philosophy of life, or simply one of the devices that an artist has of sharpening the lines of his etching.

RENAN. And what side did you take?

MAUPASSANT. The latter. It was for me a question of defending my own work. Real life was too uninteresting to appeal to me; and I could not give it the colouring of romanticism. It would have been out of date to celebrate, like Balzac, the conversion of a Coralie or an Esther.

MÉRIMÉE. Self-consciousness was the culprit. The fear of ridicule prevented you from weeping at Esther's ill-treatment by the Jewish banker.

MAUPASSANT. Had I been inclined to sentiment, my tears would have been for the banker, not for the girl.

RENAN. Yet M. Mérimée is right. The modern artist is a subtle and restless reasoner. His presence must be felt, but he must never be seen himself. Irony is the chief of the prætorian guard destined to preserve him from the too close embraces of the enthusiastic multitude. I felt thus myself, for I am an artist in my way.

MÉRIMÉE. You are a thorough artist, although many of your readers do not suspect it, because you have forgotten to tell them so.

MAUPASSANT. I owe this mode of treating real life to Flaubert.

MÉRIMÉE. You are not so cruel for the *bourgeois* as your master. Poor Homais, ineffable supporter of the anti-clericals!

RENAN. The race flourishes still. Their judicious remarks, however, are at present drowned by the howls of the clericals. But I prefer Flaubert's treatment of love. He described Madame Bovary and her lovers as Swift described the Yahoos—with the same indulgence. The most striking passage to my mind is at the close of the story, after the heroine's death, when the husband, receiving a card to announce Léon's marriage, exclaims: "How happy my poor wife would have been!" That is an instance of what might well be called creative irony. You are responsible, M. de Maupassant, for many touches as powerful. I am inclined to set you above your master, for you had none of his anti-Philistine prejudices to hamper you, and the fact that you were ready just now to shed tears for a Jewish banker shows how liberal-minded you are.

MÉRIMÉE. The artist understands everything.

RENAN. That is a mistake, I fear; he feels everything, and understands nothing. Look at Daudet and the *Évangélistes*! But, M. de Maupassant, your masterpiece is *Bel-Ami*. The man who should live up to your hero's standard would enjoy my unqualified admiration. He was never known to have a weakness on the unpractical side. Even

his father-in-law the Jew had to acknowledge his superiority. Why, all honest folk should stand before him hat in hand. I must say, however, to be just, that your pessimistic view of life alarms me. For you *Bel-Ami* is not only immortal, but universal. As Flaubert celebrated the triumph of dotage, so you proclaim the advent of all-conquering crapulousness. Alas! for those who live in Paris or in any other modern metropolis of moral putrefaction, life must be pessimistic. Optimism is granted only to the philosopher who watches the disease making headway with a resignation not unmixed with irony.

MÉRIMÉE. You thus acknowledge the superiority of that philosophical form of irony that I defended.

RENAN. Let us say critical; it is yours, and you are the forerunner of that school of ironical novelists the most brilliant of whom is M. France.

MÉRIMÉE. No, no; these young men are your disciples.

RENAN. You taught them the irony that you learnt at the Tuileries, at the Emperor's court.

MÉRIMÉE. I appeared there but a moment, in my old age, while you have dwelt long at King Solomon's court. Is M. Barrès, for instance, my disciple? Has he not created a legendary M. Renan, adumbrated in dialogues with Philippe and Simon, that are worthy of Plato?

RENAN. Oh, he is everybody's disciple. To this young man who, during the Boulangist masquerade, dreamed of playing the part of Alcibiades, I was to be, I admit, in a merely spiritual sense, a modern Socrates, so he hinted in the *Jardin de Bérénice*. Now he has cast aside his irony, become a theorist, and in the *Déracinés* gone over, a *Déraciné* himself, to M. Taine. I prefer the former book and willingly give up Sturel and his friends for the exquisite civil engineer Charles Martin. Do you remember him in the electoral contest? "A child's brain swayed by technical words." Would that there were many such at present in our country! Less intelligence among those who are satisfied with the present order of things and fewer general ideas! If the Revolutionists alone were intelligent, as in England, no one would follow them.

MÉRIMÉE. To my mind Frenchmen are not intelligent enough. Too many among them still believe in guiding principles, and protest against violations of justice that are only concessions made to expediency. A higher form of scepticism may ultimately lead men to disregard the current notions of truth and right and lawfulness. By showing the vanity of certain ideas to which men clung in your time, you contributed to the spread of an enlightened and detached state of mind tending to produce the same beneficent results as the artless unintelligence of English Conservatives.

RENAN. In practical politics the English are immeasurably superior to us; they are clericals but not anti-Semites.

MÉRIMÉE. How can they be? The only Jews that they have ever known are the wandering Jew and Disraeli.

RENAN. A pity our countrymen do not know the former, he has something to say about a judicial error.

MÉRIMÉE. Let us leave that aside. You cannot deny that M. France has always remained faithful to your teaching. His works recall to my mind a Renan that has stepped forth from his chair of Hebrew, laid aside grammars and dictionaries and trifled about in a curiosity shop. He takes interest in all times, plays with all questions, listens to all doctrines, and, like the hero in one of Balzac's fantastic tales, he knows the value of everything. He has now cast aside the shackles and conventionalities of the novel to make a critical description of modern France. Have you seen his two latest novels, M. Renan?

RENAN. I have looked over them. The *Virgilius Nauticus* of that poor M. Bergeret endears him to me. Were I still on earth I should ask my colleagues of the Institute to elect him, on condition that he never spoke of any other subject but Latin Philology, for when he launches into politics one never knows when he will end.

MÉRIMÉE. He wants to do away with courts-martial, it appears.

RENAN. M. France is totally devoid of reverence.

MAUPASSANT. Even for the creations of his own fancy. He is not absent from the world in which they live; he is slightly above them. When he paints a picture, his own mocking portrait is in the centre, with his head just above the shoulders of the rest of the group.

RENAN. And you merely sign yours. But acknowledge that the author's personality is so charming that we do not regret to see his scoffing glance.

MÉRIMÉE. I note the master's tenderness for his disciple.

RENAN. I have not said all. M. France gathers the foam on the crest of the waves in which the sunbeams are playing, without sounding the depths beneath. He is no true disciple of mine. All my life I preached the worship of Pallas Athene, the goddess of serene beauty and wisdom; she is too august a deity for M. France. Eros is his master—not Eros the incomprehensible god of life and death, but the boy Eros whose golden bow and iridescent wings adorn Watteau's pictures, ladies' fans, and sweetmeat boxes.

MÉRIMÉE. Do you not approve his optimism? His irony, like yours, proceeds from the serenest regions. Never was a Buddhist priest more undisturbed by passing events.

RENAN. M. France has his reasons for looking upon life as a huge

force, but they are not those of the philosopher, or more simply the scholar. He is a litterateur, nothing less.

MÉRIMÉE. But among litterateurs, why do you prefer the creative ironist to the critic, being yourself a critic?

RENAN. A simile will explain my preference. Paris is a vast theatre, to which all classes of society flock together. In the front seats are the politicians, the men of the world, the members of the Academy, the army, and a sprinkling of the clergy, but not in clerical costume—they keep that for their anti-Semitic meetings. In the upper galleries the people are watching intently. Meanwhile the play proceeds, and the carefully trained actors give the audience an impression of life so vivid that many forget to look at their programmes. The critics alone are taking notes, to report the result of their observations to the press. To-morrow, in the silence of their study, the audience will read the different accounts, each stamped with the critic's personality. Are not Flaubert and M. de Maupassant singularly like the actors, M. Barrès and M. France like the critics?

MÉRIMÉE. I see; M. France is the richer Addison, and M. de Maupassant the less-encumbered Fielding of contemporary France.

RENAN. In spite of what M. Mérimée said a moment ago, critical irony is dangerous when diffused throughout all classes. My attempts at irony were always destined for a circle of friends, outside of which they were misunderstood. On vital questions, such as toleration, I never trifled, never varied. You will smile, but, although a Pope who did not enjoy the gift of irony once called me the European blasphemer, I can say that I did some good on earth. I taught the virtuously inclined gorilla, that is, man, to love truth and to reverence his fellow-creatures and creation. My efforts were not in vain. Chief among those who plead to-day for the transported officer are the men of science. A judge sifts evidence better when he uses a microscope than when he wields a sword. To the cool-headed scientists add the chivalrous enthusiasts ever ready to redress a wrong, and who shall withstand them?

MÉRIMÉE. In the Emperor's time a trusty prefect of police would easily have nipped in the bud their imprudent attempt.

RENAN. They are beloved by the Republic——

MAUPASSANT. Do you see over there, across the meadow, Stendhal posing in a grove of laurel? I shall overtake him this time.

RENAN. Let this not be your last visit: you are always welcome. When I was writing the history of the people of Israel I used to relieve the strain upon my mind by reading your short stories, many of which have as profound a meaning as Persian fairy-tales. The *Maison Tellier* in particular amused me much. Some details of psychology that you touch upon there I had met with in the Book of Kings.

MAUPASSANT. Do not infer a plagiarism ; I have never read the book you mention.

MÉRIMÉE. Gone already ; oh those young men !

RENAN. Have you read the Book of books ? Perhaps not, as you are a layman. I hesitate to advise the anti-Semites to do so. They have, it is true, inherited the old spirit of Jewish intolerance, and, in the general progress of humanity, they are eighteen centuries behind their time. But to the pious souls who command fire to come down from Heaven to consume the Samaritans, it is probably vain to proclaim that the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.

MÉRIMÉE. What wonder ! Our anti-Semites are unbelievers.

RENAN. And the priests among them ?

MÉRIMÉE. Unbelievers too.

RENAN. Then anti-Semitism is not a religious question.

MÉRIMÉE. I am afraid not. You have lived too long in the early days of Christianity to realise the change that has come over the world.

RENAN. Do not exaggerate the change. The interests of men may perhaps have grown more earthly, their passions remain the same. My illustrious contemporaries often summon up before me the heroes of antiquity. Look at M. Scheurer-Kestner. Is it unphilosophical to think of him as one of those Roman Stoics, extolled by Tacitus, that, falling, disdained the hand that struck them down ? Like Nero's executioners, the representatives of French Democracy carried out with faint heart their frantic master's commands. They have deprived their colleague of the vice-presidency of the Senate ; he still remains placid and unshaken. Then there is M. Drumont, the leader of the anti-Semites. He is not unlike the ringleaders who stirred the Jews against Roman rule and were crushed by the legions of Titus. His courage, his violence, his sombre fanaticism, often recall to my mind Eleazar and John of Giscala.

MÉRIMÉE. What about his followers ?

RENAN. For them the comparison does not hold good ; you rightly hinted just now that they are actuated, not by patriotism, but by a passionate longing to break the Tenth Commandment.

MÉRIMÉE. The day is waning fast, and over the Eridanus a thick mist is rising. Though I am but a shade, I feel the dampness of Elysian evenings. When I was on earth, I was careful to spend the winter on the shores of the Mediterranean.

RENAN. I do not detain you. (*Alone.*) We have spoken of irony and I have not said a word of Stendhal, the master of them all. I cannot tell how it is, but among boulevardiers I always feel a little shy.

CH. BASTIDE.

THE END OF THE NEW UNIONISM.

LOOKERS-ON may see most of the game and know least. The Seven Months' War between the employers and the engineers seems to be little understood. This struggle marks an epoch; but whether for ultimate good or ill is, perhaps, not clear, even to those who think that the employers never had a better case nor a more complete victory. The Independent Labour Party was the result of a local strike at Bradford. It would be exactly in accordance with the historic idiosyncrasy of the English mind if Socialism on a national scale should be suddenly established, as the result of just such a struggle as the engineering ended in just such a way.

In an illogical and imperfectly self-conscious manner the New Unionism was, indeed, a popular and characteristically English form of the Socialist feeling. But whatever doubt there may be about the future, there is none about one fact. We have heard much of the things settled by the Seven Months' War. The principal thing it settled was the New Unionism. The New Unionism began with the dockers' victory in 1889; it ends with the engineers' surrender in 1898. The direct connection between the two events will presently appear. The New Unionism has been its own Nemesis. That is certain. But the question is, What next? That is uncertain. The Labour Sedan will either be followed by a long industrial peace, perhaps armed and precarious; or the peculiar forces which have been suppressed outside the sphere of politics will reappear within.

When the settlement was signed at the Hotel Metropole on January 28th Colonel Dyer said that the fight had been "thoroughly English." That was thoroughly English of Colonel Dyer. The men agreed that Colonel Dyer was, after all, no Moloch of the machine-age, but only the Moltke of his side. That was thoroughly English of them. The rank and file of the men have distinguished themselves by their orderly obstinacy in the struggle, and by the wholesome spirit in which they accepted defeat. There was never more admirable behaviour of persons in the wrong. "'Tis the sport to have the engineer hoist with his own petard." But not for the engineer. Yet the men, in nothing more English than in this, were no bad losers. Colonel Dyer had proved himself literally the Carnot of capital; for it is now clear that the victory of the employers was won as soon as organised. The position of the men was hopeless from the first, and the only question was whether the leaders of the men, lacking the moral courage to confess an egregious mistake, would go on throwing good money after bad until there was none left to

throw. This is what has happened. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, in some of the most significant pages of their book, *Industrial Democracy*, have shown how helpless are the rank and file of a great modern Trades Union in the hands of its executive bureau. By the discreditable lack of nerve and mental honesty at headquarters the Engineers' Society was allowed to go bankrupt before the men were told that they were beaten. Now, the men are not denouncing Colonel Dyer, or meditating a *revanche* for their Sedan. They are reconsidering the history of their Society during the last few years; and they are preparing to make a clean sweep of their executive at the coming triennial election. The fascinations of the New Unionism are fled. Heine's Marie was perfect. But she was dead. The theory of the New Unionism seemed perfect to the majority of the engineers when they were at length prevailed upon to adopt it. There is nothing wrong with that method from the labour point of view, but a strong tendency to fail.

It must be well apprehended that what the New Unionism aimed at from the first was the capture of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. It was the traditional citadel of the aristocracy of labour, and by far the greatest organisation of the older Unionism both in membership and funds. Every one knows now, as the employers knew long ago, that the premier combination was by no means so strong as it looked. With its lack of command over its branches it was by no means so strong, for instance, as the smaller but more compact Boilermakers' Society under the masterly management of Mr. Robert Knight. The engineers have been weak for many years in the vital matter of leadership. With their general reputation as a well-paid and rather self-sufficient body they had no hold upon public sympathy such as made the poor dockers most strong in their weakness. In late years the engineers had increased their membership out of all proportion to the increase in their reserve, and while in a great struggle, upon any ordinary issue of hours or wages, it was certain that they would have to stand or fall by their own resources, the largeness of their means was in no more than proportion to the largeness of their liabilities. Above all, the engineers, with a sort of insular conceit, had held aloof from Mr. Robert Knight's federation of the other societies in the engineering and shipbuilding trades. But in the recent dispute Mr. Knight held the key of the situation. He refused to call out his own members, the Boilermakers. The Amalgamated Society then stooped at last to seek admission to the Federation of the Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades. But at a moment when they had compromised their position their belated application for admission to Mr. Knight's Federation had the obvious reception and was refused.

The heavy armour of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, when

it entered upon its struggle, was, in fact, chinked from cap to heel; but that had never been the calculation of the New Unionism. The most eager spirits of the New Unionism were themselves engineers. After the victory of the dockers they conceived that the capture of the Amalgamated Society would mark the year One of the Collectivist millennium. If the dockers achieved such great things in the green wood of their poverty, what might be done in the dry by the famous reserve fund of the Amalgamated Engineers? They forgot that public opinion, which, where it is pronounced, is as decisive in trade disputes as in every other sphere of English life, is an automatic balancing force, which was strong in proportion to the weakness of the dockers, and would be weak in proportion to the strength of the engineers.

As the greater part of what mistakes itself for progress is the mere reaction against the past, the forward movement in the Amalgamated Society began by despising the wisdom of the ancestors. "Young men are like puppy dogs that tear everything to pieces." In Mr. John Burns and Mr. Tom Mann, Plato would have recognised his young men. Even before the dockers' strike Mr. Tom Mann had denounced the "do-nothing policy" of his Union, and had observed, "The true Unionist policy of aggression seems entirely lost sight of." A little later Mr. John Burns had denounced, as the characteristic weakness of the old model, the attempt to combine the functions of a Trade Union with those of a Benefit Society.

"Their reckless assumption of the duties and responsibilities that only the State or whole community can discharge, in the nature of sick or superannuation benefits, at the instance of the middle class, is crushing out the large unions by taxing their members to an unbearable extent. This so cripples them that the fear of not being able to discharge their friendly society liabilities often makes them submit to the masters without protest. The result of this is that all of them have ceased to be Unions for maintaining the rights of labour, and have degenerated into mere rate-reducing institutions."

Then came the dockers' victory and clenched the argument. The New Unionism began to restore to a proper prominence "the true Unionist policy of aggression," and to throw into a merited contempt the old miserly caution in the use of funds. The whole course of thought was summarised by Mr. Tom Mann and Mr. Ben Tillett when they pointed to the atrocious fact that in 1889 "the richest and strongest of all the Unions" (the Amalgamated Engineers) "expended over £105,000 for benefits, and only £1,820 in actual trade disputes!"

The emotional delusion of these ideas ran right through all the thought of the New Unionism. It has succeeded at last in making the Amalgamated Society itself the scapegoat for all the accumulated sins of the New Unionism, and in bringing the "richest and strongest

of all the Unions" to bankruptcy and the great debacle. The engineers, at last, have no funds left to spend on either benefits or strikes.

The ignorant impatience and the excitable folly of the aggressive and expensive policy would be patent to the brain of a pigeon. What the New Unionism aimed at from the first was, in one word, to get hold of the accumulated funds of the Amalgamated Engineers in order to spend them on strikes. When the labour statesmen of a less viewy but more capable generation, like William Newton and William Allan, thought out the constitution of the Amalgamated Society, they saw that the only way to amass a war-reserve was to save it out of the annual surpluses of benefit budgets. Newton and Allan knew human nature, and they knew that nothing will induce any class of men to keep up permanently their individual payments but the certain prospect of a proportional individual benefit from a regular expenditure. A merely aggressive function in a Trades Union is incompatible with sustained financial strength. A fighting policy unchecked by a definite interest in peace would run away with the funds faster than the funds could grow. When the New Unionists denounced the friendly benefit system they were, in fact, denouncing the only system under which even an effective war-reserve could be maintained. The new leaders, like Mr. John Burns and Mr. Tom Mann, not only understood mankind and business less than the old type of leader like Mr. Robert Knight; they understood diplomacy less, and even war less. The sedulous accumulation and scrupulous retention of a great reserve was the vital principle, the organic purpose, of the policy of the Amalgamated Engineers' Society as initiated by Newton and Allan, and as maintained for forty years until Mr. Anderson was superseded so recently as 1896 by Mr. George Barnes. It was a policy that prepared for war in order to avoid it. As against isolated employers, the reserve fund of the Amalgamated Engineers was an irresistible negotiating force. All the prestige of the Society depended not upon the extent of its membership, but upon the amount of its accumulated funds. It was exactly because strikes were avoided that the war-reserve was enabled to act as a constant diplomatic instrument. The benefit system was a means of at once keeping up payments and checking the tendency to spend. But it was the ingenious feature of it that, while it was unquestionably the most effective means of collecting money, it left all funds free to be spent either on strikes or benefits. The Trade Unions have no legal status as friendly societies. The same executive organisation dealing with the same fund may be an insurance office pure and simple while peace is preserved, but may become a war office pure and simple as soon as peace is broken. The whole thing is hopelessly illogical, haphazard, and wasteful. But in the hands of moderate men it would be difficult to imagine anything

more ingeniously devised for the preservation of industrial peace. To lock up the benefit fund for benefits by seeking a legal recognition of that function would leave a separate strike fund expressly free to be spent on strikes. It would be. It would be spent too soon, too often, too completely. Ultimately it would be impossible to renew it. Under the present non-legal system a Trades Union voluntarily risks all its benefits as soon as it engages in a great trade dispute. There could be no better security for peace as long as such a system was in the hands of sagacious men like the old leaders, still represented by Mr. Robert Knight. But what the New Union leaders could not see was that the system was also the most effective for the maintenance of a war-reserve. They could not see that they were receiving any trade advantage from their benefit payments, or from the cautious care of the old administration for the preservation of the accumulated funds. It was the ultimate freedom of these funds for fighting purposes which enabled the Amalgamated Society to secure or to maintain trade advantages which a policy of strikes and the financial alternation between inflation and bankruptcy could neither have extorted nor protected. When the New Union leaders denounced the monstrous system under which £105,000 could be spent on benefits, and only £1,820 on strikes, they would as wisely have grumbled at the cost of the services because they did not see the army and the fleet actually engaged in war. There is, indeed, this difference. While the money sunk in the fleet is dead money, with the benefit system of the older Unionism it was as though the taxation for an effective armament were also an automatic source of Old Age Pensions in time of peace.

With the election of Mr. George Barnes to the secretaryship of the Engineers, in 1896, it was obvious that the "richest" and strongest of the "Unions" had been captured by the conscientious believers in the aggressive function of Trades Unions. It marked the end—or, as now seems more probable, the interruption—of the traditional administration which had always tried to spend £105,000 on benefits and "only" £1,820 on strikes. The Amalgamated Society and its accumulated funds were captured for the New Unionism, which would rather spend £105,000 on strikes than £1,820 on benefits.

The old constitution under which the members of the Amalgamated Engineers formed for forty years an aristocracy of labour began with the pious motto that "all men are brethren," and proceeded to point out in a well-known passage of the text that fraternity, though a beautiful thing, has degrees:—

"Our chief object is to raise our status as workmen in a skilled trade, and, generally, to improve the conditions under which we labour. If constrained to make restrictions against the admission into our trade of those who have not earned a right by a probationary servitude, we do so knowing that such encroachments are productive of evil, and, when persevered in unchecked, result

in reducing the artisan to the condition of the unskilled labourer, and confer no permanent advantage on those admitted. It is our duty, then, to exercise the same care and watchfulness over that in which we have a vested interest as the physician does who holds a diploma, or the author who is protected by a copyright."

It is the bourgeois view—perhaps a little Pecksniffian in expression. It was abhorrent to the more extensive and indiscriminating spirit of fraternalism that animated the New Unionism. In 1891 we find Mr. Tom Mann writing:—

"The future basis of the Amalgamated Society must be one that will admit every workman engaged in connection with the engineering trades, and who is called upon to exhibit mechanical skill in the performance of his labour."

Upon this basis the membership of the Amalgamated Engineers was thrown open in 1892 to the ruder mechanicals. The wine of the New Unionism began to pour into the old bottles of the Amalgamated Society's branches. In the same year Mr. Tom Mann was a candidate for the general secretaryship. He was defeated, but only by 951 votes in a poll of 35,992. In 1895, at the next triennial election for the general secretaryship, the New Unionist candidate was Mr. George N. Barnes. He was defeated by a majority of 1,300, upon an aggregate of 25,000 votes. But in 1896 there was a bye-election, and Mr. Barnes stood again. He was elected by a narrow majority, on a large poll—presumably by the votes of the new members, who desired most that the reserve of the Amalgamated Society, to which they had contributed very little, should be regarded as a fighting fund, and against the votes of the older members, who cared most for the solvency of the benefit-system, in which their subscriptions of many years had been sunk, and upon which their claim was maturing.

With the election of Mr. Barnes the capture of the Amalgamated Society and its accumulated funds was complete. Mr. Barnes was the nominee of the Independent Labour Party. At the last General Election he was the Socialist Candidate for Rochdale. He received 1,251 votes, and was the means of handing over to the enemy the religious place of Liberalism, the seat of Cobden and Mr. Potter. Mr. Barnes is a strenuous and anxious person, who gives the impression of having the fixed idea, and has more of the harassed missionary about him than of the departmental manager. No special blame attaches to Mr. Barnes beyond what is usually deserved by the good intentions of emotional people in executive positions. His views were public. The engineers who elected him must be supposed to have known what they were doing. But it would have been as sagacious to have placed him at the head of an insurance office because of his Socialist opinions, as at the head of the Amalgamated Society.

The action of the New Unionism reached its aim in the control of

the largest and wealthiest of the Trade Unions by the ideas of the Independent Labour Party.

The reaction was the Employers' Federation.

It was not even the organising ability of Colonel Dyer that made the Employers' Federation possible. It was the New Unionism. It is not the revolution that usually devours its children. It is the reaction that devours its authors. Revolutions begin in emotion, develop in aggression, and perish in reaction. It was exactly the course of the New Unionism.

The natural relation of employers, as the New Unionists were never tired of explaining, is one of competition, not of combination. They have to be forced to show a common front by a common danger. In the ordinary way an employer looks for his profit in the embarrassments of his neighbours. As long as he can keep his works going by his independent efforts at a satisfactory profit he will execute as many orders as he can get, without much caring to inquire whether some of them are diverted in his direction by the difficulties between other employers and their workmen. If a combination is formed there is a damming-back of work, ready to come with a flush into the first establishment that reopens its gates. The temptation to break away is far greater to individual employers in a capitalist combination than to the weaker brethren in a trade union. The point is aptly illustrated on another side by a reminiscence of the great engineering struggle of 1851, quoted by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb in *Industrial Democracy*, from the "Evidence before the Royal Commission on Trade Unions, 1868." Said Mr. Samuda, the London shipbuilder:—

"I was one of the committee for carrying on that contest (the lock-out of 1851), and the difficulties that existed in maintaining a combination among the masters were enormous, because there were many masters whose necessities were so great that they could not act to the extent of resisting demands that they thought unjust. It was only men who were thoroughly independent, and who did not care for closing their works, that could stand the difficulty and face the insolvency that was brought upon weaker houses by resisting the unjust demands of the workmen."

In fact, the desire of profit and the fear of loss tend equally to disintegrate the combination of employers. It required the ceaseless and ubiquitous attacks of the New Unionism to teach capital to form square. The first extensions of the New Unionism were met by the Shipping Federation. The permeation of the Amalgamated Society with its ideas marked the ultimate extension of the New Unionism, and it was followed by the Employers' Federation in the engineering trades, led with equal firmness and certainty by Colonel Dyer.

When the Amalgamated Society of Engineers under Mr. Barnes was face to face with the Employers' Federation under Colonel Dyer, the trial of strength became inevitable. To thoughtful persons the

double development of these mutually hostile forces must have appeared a curious and ominous result of the dockers' strike and the millenarian enthusiasm of 1889.

The two bodies were in a state of chronic friction over disagreements, petty in themselves, but involving very vital principles. It was certain that the inevitable open conflict, upon whatever pretext it might turn, would be fought on the side of the men to assert a more active voice in the general regulation of industry, and, on the side of the employers, to abate once for all the aggressive and interfering temper of the New Unionism, of which the Amalgamated Society under Mr. Barnes had now become the chief exponent, and to put an end to a long period of disturbance and uncertainty. The really grave matter at issue was the machine question. Unless this is first understood it is impossible to appreciate the inexorable opposition of the employers to the demand for an eight-hour day, or to perceive why they refused not only to refer it to arbitration, but even to discuss its contingent possibility. On the one hand the employers thought only of meeting foreign competition, on the other hand the men thought only of maintaining their standard rate. Let the standard rate be maintained though the heavens fall is the text of the New Unionism. The engineers clung to the idea of their vested interest. The fundamental belief of the average engineer is, that his apprenticeship gives him a sort of first claim upon society for a definite remuneration. He regards his apprenticeship as having given him, once for all, a status as a skilled mechanic; and when the manual aptitudes acquired in his apprenticeship have become obsolete, and have been replaced by machines which many intelligent labourers could work as well as he, the engineer insists that he shall continue to receive the superior pay of his stereotyped social status as a skilled mechanic, whether his skill be out of date or not. It is easy to follow the point. The claim of the "vested interest" has always been exactly so urged, and never in better faith. It required the New Unionism to effect the meeting of extremes by bringing out the natural Toryism that is implied in Trades Unionism itself.

At the beginning of last year there were constant squabbles upon the machine question. The engineers demanded that the rate of pay should be the same for working the machines as for the actual performance of the manual processes superseded by the machines; that is, they demanded that pay should be not according to work done, but according to status.

The employer, on the other hand—and this was the crux of the matter—complained as much of the working as the men did of the rating of machines. There can be no doubt whatever on the part of anyone who has made an impartial study of the matter that the employers had here a very real and a very grave grievance. Even

when the machines were set to the satisfaction of the men, the men throw no interest or intelligence or energy into the working of them. They thought much of their right to a standard wage, but very little of their duty to earn it by any proportionate standard of effort. The rival in the engineering trade is not so much Germany as America, and perhaps none of the elaborate tables of statistics published by the employers during the strike is such a convincing and significant illustration of the case as a passage from M. Paul Bourget's book, *Outre-Mer*. M. Paul Bourget did not deplore the absence in America of Periclean art or Elizabethan literature. He saw another genius as unique and perhaps as ultimate. The genius of modern America is the most wonderful for construction in metal that the world has ever seen, or perhaps that the world ever will see. M. Bourget takes that particular genius for what it is, instead of deploring it for what it is not, and he finds it sufficiently marvellous. In the immense Chicago slaughter-house he saw how a line of living pigs was grappled with by a series of machines. Each animal in turn was seized by a hook, killed by a slash, and the carcass flung from machine to machine to be made into bacon and ham, sausage-meat and margarine, and divers small articles of miscellaneous commerce. When M. Bourget marvelled at this expedition, economy, and autonomy of process, his guide pointed out that working men, some of them still employed about the establishment, had invented or improved nearly all the machines in use. M. Bourget's comment, which has the advantage of absolute impartiality for all present purposes, puts the employers' case in a nutshell.

"These words shed light for us upon all this vast workshop. We understood what these men require of a machine that for them prolongs, multiplies, perfects the acts of men. Once again we felt how much they have become refined in their processes; how they excel in combining the complication of machinery with their personal effort; and also how the least among them has a power of initiative, of direct vision and adjustment."

That is the spirit which actuates the entire system of American industry. She has the skilled mechanic, indeed; with the intense interest, intelligence, and energy for his work, who claims no vested interest in stereotyped processes, but has the enthusiasm for improving them. That is the American skilled mechanic. In England the skilled mechanic is too often a person who insists upon a high rate of wages, not for the work he does, but for the work he does not do, and which the introduction of machines has rendered unnecessary. He regards the machines with no friendly eye despite his instinct that it would not be in accordance with modern ideas to openly oppose them. What he feels about them is not, that they are wonderful instruments of production, but that they are things which render apprenticeship obsolete, disturb a vested interest in the superseded

processes, and tend to abolish the special social status of the Amalgamated Engineer as compared with the intelligent labourer whom Colonel Dyer may have promoted to the management of a machine. The indifference of the engineers to the efficient working of the machines, and their insistence upon a rate of wages for their perfunctory attention above that at which intelligent labourers would be glad to work the machines to the satisfaction of the employers; the local bickerings and interruptions of work, the sense of obstruction and of waste, the feeling that the situation must come to a head in a decisive struggle, and the consequent uncertainty which is the worst enemy of business—all that was the serious case of Colonel Dyer's Federation against Mr. Barnes' New Unionism. In face of American and German competition, with their greater efficiency of machine production, directed by more unfettered enterprise, the situation of the engineering employers was hardly tolerable. There was a threatened lock-out at the end of last March. It was averted. A conference was held upon the machine question, and a compromise was patched up. The men retained the opinion that the employers' claim for complete freedom of management in the matter of the machines was, as Mr. Barnes puts it in his last annual report, "out of date." But they admitted that they had, on the whole, been fairly met by the employers in the conference on the machine question. It might have been anticipated by such optimistic outsiders as the Bishop of Hereford and the Oxford professors that the semblance of a better understanding would be followed by a lucid interval of undisturbed production. But before many weeks were over, and when the chorus of national complacency upon the shining face of things in general had hardly ceased with the Jubilee, the manifesto was issued in which the London engineers and their allies announced their intention of taking practical steps to "compel into line" the local employers who had refused to concede "a reduction of hours without reduction of pay."

The Employers' Federation ordered a national lock-out in resistance to a local demand for a reduction of hours, exactly as the Amalgamated Engineers might have called out their men as a whole to resist a local demand for reduction of wages. It is the purpose of combination, whether on the side of the masters or on that of the men, to defeat the system of attack in detail. That the Employers' Federation should at once support its London members with all its strength was not only common sense, but common trades unionism. Circumstances have made it impossible to attach a really local character to any demand for an eight-hours' day. Its concession in one district would obviously be made the pretext for demanding it in another. It is too large a question to be settled in that fashion, covertly and by piecemeal. The demand for an eight-hours' day in an industry so

highly organised as the engineering is one to be settled, if at all, by the Unions as a whole with the employers as a whole. Responsible deliberation under a full sense of the gravity of a failure to agree ought to have been sought before a rupture was risked. But it is notorious that if the rank and file of the engineers had been consulted, a struggle for an eight-hours' day, about which the North of England members do not care a snap of their thumbs, could not have taken place.

This is not a matter of argument. It is known. The majority of the engineers would not have been ill-pleased to see an eight-hours' day extorted from the London firms, for they are not in the least degree sensible of any community of interest with their employers; but they would not have risked the seven months' war to gain an eight-hours' day. It ought to be impossible for a great Trades Union to be involved in a struggle putting all its prestige and the whole of its funds at stake without the express consent of the majority of its members. The engineers should mend their constitution. The executive has often been compromised by the insubordination of the provincial branches; the provincial branches have now been dragged to disaster by the indiscretion of the executive.

What does not appear to have been noticed by anybody is that the whole situation was the New Unionism resolved into a double term and beginning to cancel out. "Vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin." The New Unionism had at last effected what it had aimed at from the first. The Amalgamated Society and its accumulated funds were now not only under the direction of a representative of the Independent Labour Party, but were staked in a struggle for the cardinal article of the advanced programme, an eight-hours' day. On the other hand, the New Unionism, as might have been foreseen, had worked as effectually for a second result, and had secured, as nothing else could have done, the erection of an insuperable obstacle to its own demands in the shape of the largest and strongest combination of capital ever formed.

The Employers' Federation had taken very effective guarantees, whether in the shape of material security or of explicit pledges, for the loyalty of its members. It was absolutely self-contained, practically unanimous in its aims, and enormous in its resources.

The engineers were in a very different strategic position. Their one chance was in a great movement of public sympathy. Without that their case was hopeless.

But that was not forthcoming. There never was less public sympathy in support of a great effort of labour. The reason is on the surface. Public opinion cannot interfere in essentially technical disputes as to the economic desirability of lower hours or higher wages.

The part of public opinion is that of a good looker-on. Where there is no very penetrating appeal to its feelings it is against the aggressors. In this case the aggressors were unmistakably the men. The conference on the machine question had scarcely been closed, when the London Joint Committee had begun to pick a new quarrel on the question of hours. But among the engineers at large the want of enthusiasm for an eight-hours' day was notorious. On the matter of the machines not only was the mind of the average citizen dead against the engineers, but the position of the engineers was opposed to the general interests of labour. While the very natural aim of the Amalgamated Society was that its highly paid members should earn no less, the employers' claim to pick out suitable men wherever they should find them offered the intelligent, of whom there are many, among the poorly paid labourers a chance of earning more. But there was, above all, the instinctive sense in the mind of the general public that the whole struggle had been precipitated by the fatuous frivolity of the local clique, none the less local because it was in London, which had announced with an almost infantile impudence its intention of "compelling into line" the employers who had refused to grant "a reduction of hours without reduction of pay."

The engineers and their allies were convicted before the public of that offence with which it is the special province of public opinion to deal—the offence of going to war with the light heart. The refusal of Mr. Robert Knight to allow his Boilermakers to be fluked into a conflict made the assurance of the issue doubly sure. Mr. Knight, and everyone else who cared to be acquainted with the realities of the situation, knew that the employers were determined to fight it out on one line though it should take all the summer. Public opinion did not blame them, for public sympathy was utterly fatigued by the restless nagging of the employers by the New Unionism.

From such a situation there was only one issue possible from the first, and that was the defeat of the engineers; and with the defeat and bankruptcy of the engineers the New Unionism had marched all the way from the dockers to the debacle. Nothing was wanting to finally discredit the leadership of the New Unionism but the protests of Mr. Barnes and his friends that not a button was missing from the gaiters of the men. The engineers' executive had compromised the society by identifying itself with a local clique—none the less local, to repeat this important point, for being in London. They had led the whole body of the members into an absolutely hopeless position. They knew it. They might have confessed it in time to save the greater part of the reserve fund, accumulated and protected by a generation of wiser management under the traditions of the Old Unionism. But with a pitiable moral weakness they threw the helve

after the hatchet, and while conscious of the inevitable issue of a struggle in which further losses and sacrifices on the part of the men must be mere waste, they practically denied the truth about the situation until the savings of a generation were exhausted, and the men forced to return to work by the final failure of the funds.

There has not often been anything in public controversy more curious than the censure of the employers' terms of settlement for their supposed attack upon collective bargaining. Nothing but a determined bias or a singular confusion of ideas could so completely pervert the fact. Collective bargaining on the part of the New Unionists is merely the implicit principle that the men collectively shall bargain with the employer individually. That is what the New Unionist really means when he talks of collective bargaining. But that is not what the logician or the sociologist can mean. It is not easy for ordinary persons to see how the existence of collective bargaining should be supposed to be bound up with the fate of the New Unionism. Everybody but a Bishop of Hereford or an Oxford professor ought to be able to distinguish between a principle and its abuse. The survival of collective bargaining no more depends upon the New Unionism than the survival of literature upon the New Journalism or the survival of bicycles upon the New Woman.

As a matter of fact the attempt of the London Joint Committee, backed by a national association like the Amalgamated Society, to extort an eight-hours' day from a knot of local employers, began the whole struggle with an attack upon the principle of collective bargaining from the side of the men. But the employers' proposals, whether in their original form or as slightly altered for adoption at the final settlement, are so far from attacking collective bargaining that they are the Magna Charta of collective bargaining. What they give us for the first time is collective bargaining all round. The employers recover the freedom of personal leadership which is as necessary for national success in the industrial struggle as for national success in war. The temper of the New Unionism was intensely hostile to the idea of industrial leadership. The settlement recognises the right of the employer to take the men best fitted for the management of the machines where he can find them, and to pay them not according to a conventional status of "skilled mechanic," but according to mechanical skill as actually shown and exerted to the purpose. The restrictive system of the Amalgamated Engineers is, no doubt, destroyed. An engineer can no longer found on the fact of his apprenticeship a claim to any vested interest which will prevent an intelligent labourer who can often pick up the work without any apprenticeship better than the other with it, from employment upon a machine at a rate of wages he would be glad to take,

even though it should be somewhat below the standard price of the Amalgamated Society.

But this does not abolish collective bargaining nor extinguish the Amalgamated Society. There is still, as there always was, the liberty of the engineers to agree among themselves upon a reserve price for their labour; there is still, as there always was, the facility for negotiation on the subject; and there is in the last resort, as always, the liberty to strike. That is collective bargaining. It was never anything else. But what the employers' terms put an end to is the nagging system of the New Unionism by which industry was kept so long in the uneasy middle state that was neither war nor peace. Under the new terms, when an employer is called to collective bargaining, to collective bargaining he will go. A local union which cannot settle with a single employer must negotiate with the local federation. If, again, they cannot settle it the case goes to a higher court, and must be discussed between the Central Executive of the Employers' Federation and the Central Executive of the Trades Union concerned. Strikes and threats of strikes are no longer to be played with, nor are manifestoes on the subject of "compelling into line" to be easily issued. If there is war it will be provoked on either side in the full consciousness that it must extend all along the line. We could imagine no greater security for peace. The seven months' struggle was a national catastrophe. If it leaves employers and employed with the same dread of modern strikes that nations have of modern war, the result will be well bought. But paper declarations, even when signed and sealed as terms of settlement, are by themselves not worth the paper they are written on. They are worth just as much as the power prepared to enforce them. The history of political development shows that it is much more important to devise means for enforcing agreements than to extort any formal recognition of abstract rights. The power behind the declarations of the terms of settlement is no less a power than the Employers' Federation. All the world knows now that it is to be reckoned with. But what the employers' terms secure, above all, is simply that all the possibilities of collective bargaining shall be exhausted before hostilities are provoked. There is an end of going to war with the light heart.

There is also an end of the New Unionism. We have seen that it proposed from the first to realise itself in the capture of the Amalgamated Engineers and their accumulated funds for the policy of active intrusion upon the employers' function of industrial leadership, for the principle of an eight-hours' day, and for the idea generally of *not* spending, according to the obsolete ideas of the Old Unionism, "£105,000 in benefits as against only £1,820 in actual

trade disputes." They have now had the actual trade dispute. It took half a lifetime of the Old Unionism to build up the reserve of the Amalgamated Engineers. Within little more than twelve months after the appointment to the General Secretaryship of such a zealous and intelligent exponent of the New Unionism as Mr. Barnes the engineers find themselves bankrupt, both in resources and prestige, both for benefits and for strikes. They have formally recognised the right of the employer to confer the status of an engineer upon any competent person who may have picked up his trade without passing an apprenticeship. And, finally, the engineers have agreed to recognise the liberty, whether of the authorised or the unauthorised mechanic, not to belong to their Society. That is the New Unionism.

The boilermakers have kept their affairs in the experienced hands of Mr. Robert Knight, J.P.—an essentially bourgeois person, all broadcloth and ability. The boilermakers held aloof from the recent struggle. Their Union not only retains its prestige and its funds; it maintains the most absolutely rigid monopoly of their trade. No employer cares to engage a boilermaker who does not belong to Mr. Knight's organisation. That is the old Unionism.

The egregious irony of the contrast is not likely to escape the attention of the engineers at the approaching elections for their executive.

LOUIS GARVIN.

METHODS OF VOTING: AN ELECTORAL REVOLUTION.

"THE Procedure at Elections" was most exhaustively and clearly described by a well-informed correspondent in *The Times* of September 4th, 6th, 10th, and 12th, 1895; the description being occasioned partly by a correspondence in that journal on the discrepancies which several re-counts revealed after the then recent General Election, and partly by the fact that the writer of that article had had brought to his notice what he described as a "most ingenious invention, which fulfils all, and more than all the requirements of the Ballot Act."

As this invention is now nearly ready, and is to be most thoroughly tested in the City of London at an early date, and as the curious result of the re-counts¹ at Liverpool, and more recently at Chelsea (both results being a change of seat), are fresh in the public mind, sufficient details are here given to enable your readers to judge for themselves of the vast improvements which are now possible.

(Changes in the methods of recording votes in Great Britain have been very slowly and very gradually made; partly because in the early years of the century the franchise was very restricted, and affected a comparatively small portion of the nation; partly because elections were infrequent in their occurrence, and experience of them was necessarily limited and of slow growth; and partly, also, because of that dislike of change which is characteristic of the British nation.

In 1868, the old method of open voting at the hustings was abolished after many years of struggle; but this vast revolution was not accompanied by those changes which were necessary to unify and to simplify our electoral methods. The old property qualification, under which local boards were elected—by which owners had one or more votes for their property, according to value, as against the one vote which the occupier was allowed—still remained untouched; and this, together with the open voting by means of signed voting-papers, remained in force until the Local Government (County Council) Act abolished it for public purposes in 1888.

This method is not totally abolished, as in cases where it is necessary to oppose or promote a Bill in Parliament, or to establish a new market or free library, recourse is still had to it. Members of Parliament who sit for universities are also elected in this way.

The Education Act, 1872, it is true, provided that School Board Elections should be by ballot, but it introduced a new method of

¹ By the time this article appears, the recount at York may further illustrate the uncertainty of the present system.

recording votes, under the name of cumulative voting, which is not only a snare to unintelligent Electors, but which has never yet worked in favour of those whom it was intended to protect. Not infrequently, however, it has given the largest number of votes to a candidate who has been the representative of the smallest number of Electors; while occasionally the Candidate who has represented the largest number of Electors has had a smaller number of votes than any of the successful Candidates, and has been, of course, excluded from the new Board.

There may be for years to come an overwhelming volume of public opinion against the change implied in the phrase "one man, one vote"—a change which should never be made (if only for equity's sake) without the corresponding change of "one vote, one value"—but there is nothing at all to be said against such a change as will unify and simplify our methods of recording votes.

This involves two changes at least. One is the abolition of the cumulative vote at School Board Elections,¹ and the other is the compulsory adoption of the Ward System (now optional) for the election of Parish and District Councils and Guardians. This latter change is absolutely necessary if Electors are to vote intelligently. It is quite impossible for the most intelligent and conscientious Elector to vote for a score or more of Candidates—especially when there are three or four of the same name. Even if he votes without a mistake he must either take these Candidates, or some of them, hurriedly, at their own valuation, or vote only for those whom he is sufficiently acquainted with to be quite sure of, and thus not use a considerable number of votes. The Ward System limits the number of Candidates to what is workable. It is easier and safer to vote for eight out of sixteen Candidates than to vote for twenty-four out of thirty or more. It is to be hoped that this change will soon be effected, together with that involved in the abolition of the cumulative vote.

There are, however, other changes needed, which, if not more imperative, are certainly not less so. These are included in the following list :—

- (1) The Abolition of the Cumulative Vote.
- (2) The Ward System made compulsory for Councils, Guardians, and School Board Elections.
- (3) The adoption of some quite certain method of counting the votes.
- (4) The rendering of spoilt votes impossible, whether from the mistakes of (a) the Elector, or of (b) the Presiding Officer.

(1) At the recent London School Board Election the enormous labour of analysing the voting papers not only occasioned serious mistakes and employed a large number of scrutineers for twelve to fourteen hours, but insufficient time was allowed the Returning Officers, in some instances, for checking, and many bundles of votes were not properly checked.

- (5) The rendering it possible for illiterate and infirm Electors to record their votes without the necessity of informing the Presiding Officer and his witnesses as to how the Electors wish to vote—so as to secure, for the first time in our history, absolutely secret voting for all classes of Electors.
- (6) The adoption of a method of scrutiny which, while it shall be itself a proof that the counting is correct, shall also, at the same time, be so simple and ready in its working, that it shall tell its story at a glance—obviating the necessity of matching ballot papers with their counterfoils—and so inexpensive as to be within the reach of the poorest Member of Parliament or other Elected Candidate.

The above are the changes which are necessary to unify and simplify our electoral procedure. And these changes are not only necessary—they are possible; nay, further, they are all possible at one and the same time, and as soon as our electoral authorities please; but—they are only possible by the adoption of mechanical means, both of recording and counting.

There are certain conditions, however, which are inexorable, and which any mechanism *must* fulfil, before it will have the slightest chance of winning the favour of the British nation. These conditions are:—

- (a) The Elector's deliberate intention must control the mechanism.
- (b) It must be impossible to vote for more than the number of Candidates to be elected.
- (c) It must be impossible for the Elector to vote more than once.
- (d) The mechanism which records and checks the votes must at the same time count them, and be the means by which the Scrutiny is performed.
- (e) It must defy all attempts to break it down, to throw it out of gear, or to play tricks with it.
- (f) It must not be dependent on springs.
- (g) It must be possible to record the votes not less rapidly than at present.
- (h) It must carry out all the provisions of the Ballot Act with unflinching certainty.
- (i) It must make it impossible for any ballot-paper to be spoiled either by an Elector or a Presiding Officer.
- (j) Its method of counting must be demonstrably infallible—and this at a glance.
- (k) It must give the result immediately after the poll is closed—or as soon as the records from each district can be brought together at the central polling-station.
- (l) For the Presiding Officer the machine must do everything but

identify the Elector; while for the Elector it must do everything but select the Candidate.

The revolution outlined in the foregoing list is certainly fairly symmetrical, and is a sufficient test of any mechanical scheme. Moreover, if it be really possible, it will both unify and simplify our electoral methods beyond the expectations of the most enthusiastic of reformers. But, great as it is, *it is possible*, and possible all at once. The inventor of the machine claims that all these results, if the methods of attaining them stand the test—which will include a deliberate attempt at breaking the machine down—places at the nation's disposal as perfect a system as it is possible to get. He accomplishes this without the necessity of altering the present law at all—except that an Act of two clauses, rendering it legal to record votes by mechanical means, would have to be placed on the Statute-book. In all respects—as *The Times* correspondent pointed out—the machine more than fulfils the requirements of the Ballot Act, inasmuch as it technically abolishes the illiterate voter (by enabling him to vote without assistance) and the trouble and risk of counting the votes, as well as the possibility of spoilt ballot-papers, which is perhaps the greatest source of mischief in our present system.

Every duty is taken off the Returning Officer and his staff, except that of identifying the Elector, that of keeping order at the various polling-stations, and that of adding together the totals of the district records at the close of the poll—a duty which can be performed in three or four minutes.

The change proposed by the inventor would remove those possible and general sources of error which are well known, and which have been referred to so often. This is said without in any way reflecting on the intelligence or integrity of the large number of officials who are engaged from time to time at Elections. The simple fact is that they do not have practice enough to become perfect; and it is doubtful whether even experts could perform, without error, some of the duties which at present devolve on Presiding Officers, and those who sort and count ballot-papers.

As will be seen by the details which follow, the work of the Elector has been reduced, in the proposed change, to passing through a cage-turnstile, in doing which the machine—which is in an enclosure outside the circle of the cage—is revealed, and he is enabled to select his Candidate in secret, after which the further movement of the cage records the vote, or makes his selection effectual, without the possibility of a mistake, or of spoiling his ballot-paper, or of his intention being discovered—the machine being seen only by the Elector who is passing through the cage. In recording his vote, moreover, the Elector shuts himself out, so that he is quite unable to vote twice.

This invention makes it possible to have, within an hour of the close of the poll, the results of all Elections held on the same day—even if all the Elections of the country should ever be arranged to be held on one day. In this way the great tension felt by Candidates and the public between the close of the poll and its declaration will be vastly minimised, as both the best and the worst will be known almost immediately.

The following key-plan and sketch, together with a couple of tables, help to show how the votes are recorded; and the explanation which follows the tables makes everything clear.

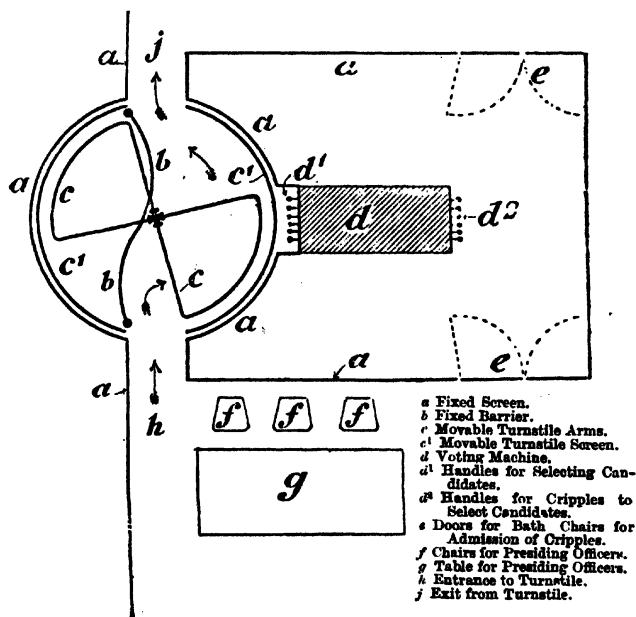


Fig. 1.—Key-Plan.

Each of the Tables (Page 429) represents the first portion of one of the Ballot Rolls used at a Polling Station.

In Table I. the left-hand half of the Roll contains the votes recorded for the various Candidates, and the right-hand half a record which serves the double purpose of a Scrutiny (when required) and that of checking each vote cast. In fulfilling this second purpose it forms a Record of the Votes for the Day registered by a given machine, and also shows the order in which they were cast.

Thus: the second voter for D was the third voter for the day, and the second voter for C was the twentieth voter for the day. This

gives a double proof (when a Scrutiny is necessary) that the third Elector for the day voted for D, the mechanism set apart for D's poll registering the vote in D's column, and the Scrutiny mechanism at the same moment recording the check figure in D's parallel column on that side of the Ballot Paper. As the machine is here set it will not permit more than one Candidate to be voted for at a time; it follows therefore that the sum of the totals recorded at any moment will equal the last figure in the Scrutiny Table.

Thus: when 7 is recorded for D, 13 is recorded in the Scrutiny Table. Add all the Candidates' totals up to this point ($7+1+2+3$) and 13 is the result. The total result on each machine, at the close

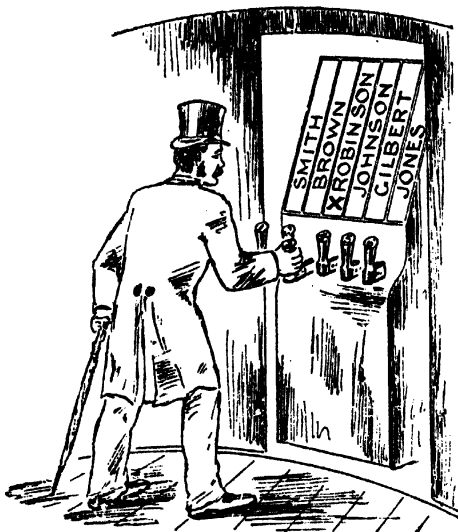


Fig. 2.—Selecting the Candidate.

(A cross shows the Elector when this is officiently done.)

of the Poll, is obtained in the same way. When all the Ballot Rolls reach the Returning Officer, he has simply to pick out the totals for each Candidate on all the Rolls, add them together, and "declare" the result.

Table II. shows an arrangement of the machine for voting for not more than four Candidates at one time. If every Elector votes for four, the sum of the totals recorded for all the Candidates will always be four times as great as the last figure in the "Votes for the Day" column.

Thus: $17+11+14+14+14+10=80$, or 4×20 .

The sum of the totals can *never* be more than as many times as

great as the figure in the "Votes for the Day" column as there are Candidates to be elected; but it will always be *one less* than the product so obtained *for every vote not used*.

Thus: if out of the twenty votes registered in Table II., one Elector had voted for three Candidates only, another for two, and another for only one, then the sum of the totals of the Candidates would have been six less than 4×20 , or 74; and, whenever there is a difference like this, an examination will disclose the fact that votes to the number of the difference will be found not to have been used by a certain number of Electors. Any irregularity, therefore, on the part of the Electors, in not using all their chances would only furnish extra proofs of the accuracy of the machine.

Table I.
Four Candidates - One to be Elected

Candidates' Votes				Scrutiny Table.			
A	B	C	D	A	B	C	D
1	.	.	.	1	.	.	.
.	.	.	1	.	.	.	2
.	.	.	2	.	.	.	3
.	.	.	3	.	.	.	4
2	.	.	.	5	.	.	.
.	1	.	.	.	6	.	.
.	.	.	4	.	.	.	7
3	.	.	.	8	.	.	.
.	2	.	.	.	9	.	.
.	.	.	5	.	.	.	10
.	.	1	.	.	.	11	.
.	.	.	6	.	.	.	12
.	.	.	7	.	.	.	13
.	3	.	.	.	14	.	.
4	.	.	.	15	.	.	.
.	.	.	8	.	.	.	16
5	.	.	.	17	.	.	18
.	.	.	9	.	.	.	19
.	.	2	.	.	.	20	.

Table II.
Six Candidates - 4 to be Elected

CANDIDATES' VOTES.						Votes for The Day
A	B	C	D	E	F	
1	.	.	1	1	1	1
2	.	1	2	2	.	2
3	1	.	3	.	2	3
.	2	.	4	3	3	4
4	.	2	5	4	.	5
5	.	3	.	5	4	6
6	.	4	.	6	5	7
7	3	5	.	7	.	8
8	4	6	6	8	.	9
9	.	7	7	9	6	10
10	5	7	9	.	7	11
11	6	8	.	.	8	12
12	7	9	.	.	9	13
13	8	10	10	.	.	14
14	9	11	.	11	.	15
15	10	12	11	12	.	16
16	11	12	12	13	10	17
17	.	13	13	14	.	18
.	.	14	14	14	.	19
.	20

PROOFS OF ACCURACY OF RECORD.

(1) The sum of the totals registered for all the Candidates equals the total of the Votes for the Day when one Candidate only is voted for; and when more than one Candidate is voted for, the sum of the totals registered for all the Candidates will be as many times greater than the total of the Votes for the Day as that total multiplied by the number of Candidates to be elected; or

(2) Divide the sum of the totals for all the Candidates by the number of the Candidates to be elected, and the result will equal the total of the Votes recorded for the Day; or

(3) Divide the sum of the totals for all the Candidates by the total

of the Votes for the Day, and the result will be a figure corresponding to the number of Candidates to be elected (2 and 3 are only variations of 1); or

(4) The total of the Votes for the Day, multiplied by the number of Candidates to be elected, will equal the sum of the totals registered for all the Candidates *plus* the Votes which the Electors for private reasons have chosen to withhold. [This can be varied as (1) has been above].

(5) An extra proof is obtained by affixing mere counting mechanism to the cage. This counting mechanism will always register, in metal, the same number as that actually recorded on the Ballot-Roll under "Votes for the Day."

(6) No Ballot Papers can be lost or spoilt—these being Rolls containing a printed record of the whole of the Votes for a sub-district.

THE SCRUTINY.

When demanded, this is obtained by referring to the "Register" numbers of the challenged Electors, which are entered by the Poll-clerk in the Returning Officer's book as each Elector is "identified," and opposite numbers in that book which correspond to those registered by the Scrutiny mechanism. It always happens that the "Register" number of an Elector stands opposite to a number in this book which is the total (up to the moment at which that Elector votes) of the Electors who have been "identified" and who have passed into the machine. This is why the number in the book agrees with the number registered by the machine.

Thus: if the "Register" numbers 646, 902, and 1076 are among those of the Electors whose claims are challenged, and those numbers are found in the Poll-clerk's book to be opposite 4, 7, and 10 respectively (showing that they respectively voted fourth, seventh, and tenth for the day), the Judges appointed to try the Election Petition to conduct the Scrutiny will find the votes of these Electors indicated by the fourth, seventh, and tenth figures in the Scrutiny Table on the Ballot Roll—that is, the figures on the left of these figures, and which exactly align with them are the actual votes—and, if the Electors' claims are bad, the Judges will strike a vote off for each Elector from the totals of the Candidates in whose columns the machine has recorded the figures.

ABSOLUTE SECRECY.

(1) The illiterate Elector is able to vote without the aid of anyone—for the first time in the history of voting in Great Britain.

(2) No official employed at a Polling-station—not even the Return-

ing Officer himself—can ever find out how an Elector has voted. The Returning Officer never sees the Poll-clerks' books—these, with the marked Registers, being carefully sealed up before the Ballot Rolls are examined; and no Poll-clerk or Presiding Officer ever sees the Ballot Rolls—these being examined by the Returning Officer and the Candidates and their Agents only.

(3) A comparison of Poll-books with Ballot Rolls can only be made by the High Court in case of a Petition with a demand for a Scrutiny.

GENERAL SIMPLICITY AND TRUSTWORTHINESS.

No evil-disposed Elector or other person can “obstruct” or play tricks with the machine. It is out of reach of all but Electors, and should one of these seek to impede an Election by keeping the machine locked when partially turned, or by refusing to complete his half-revolution, the movable screen—marked C¹ in the key-plan—enables the Presiding Officer to eject the obstructor in less time than it takes to describe the process.

It is not necessary that the Returning Officer—who retains the master-key for opening the machine—should be a mechanical expert. Even the setting of the machine for a given number of Candidates, which may be done on the nomination day, or as soon after as may be convenient, is done with as much ease as the operator of a street organ changes his tune, and with as little mechanical knowledge as that individual generally has of music.

Further, the illiterate Elector—who is to do without help—is enabled to learn before entering, and from a model which is explained to him, and on which he may practise—the positions of the handles belonging to the respective Candidates. Colours would probably be inadmissible; but numbers, or other symbols—such as the strokes used by illiterates in “chalking things up”—or at any rate, counting from left to right, or *vice versa*—will enable the Electors who need such aids, and who are generally pretty cute in all matters of private interest—to carry out their intentions.

Your readers may now judge of the scheme which this invention provides. The test will show how far confidence may be placed in it. On the surface it looks healthy; nor is there anything except unforeseen weakness of construction which should stand in the way of a successful test. If this should prove to be so, there is practically nothing of importance which should stand between the invention and the nation's pressing need of the reform outlined above.

W. H. HOWE.

TRAGEDY AND MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

EVEN a literary life has its pleasures, and I have known no greater pleasure during recent years than my first reading of Mr. Stephen Phillips' *Christ in Hades*—except, indeed, my second reading of that poem, and perhaps my third. I was very nearly among the earliest whom it took captive, and I was diligent in persuading others to share my delightful bondage. Mr. Churton Collins, I find, has not forgotten how he and I once sat talking about our beloved poets until far into the waning night; how he laid under contribution half the literature of Greece and Rome and England, by aid of that miraculous verbal memory which is one of his minor gifts; and how at last I chanced to make the discovery that, although he knew everything else under the sun, he was ignorant of the name and work of Mr. Stephen Phillips. Fortunately a copy of the attenuated first edition of *Christ in Hades* lay at hand, so I read out passage after passage to fastidiously attentive ears, and dwelt lingeringly, with "amorous delay," upon what I thought the most exquisite beauties, and was finally rewarded by the satisfaction of knowing that I had been instrumental in winning over to the appreciation of the latest of our bards a critic whose sympathies were somewhat more conservative than my own, and whom I should generally regard as anything but easy of conquest. After this triumph other victories were child's play. When Cromwell had sacked Drogheda he had little difficulty in subduing the rest of the land. Very soon I began to feel that if Mr. Phillips did not quickly do something to sustain the position which this one noble poem had earned for him, I should have a personal grievance to ventilate. I was deeply committed as a prophet and my credit was at stake. And it so befell that in due season he kept his promise and was even better than his word. In *Marpessa* he has demonstrated what I should hardly have thought demonstrable—that another poem can be finer than *Christ in Hades*. I had long believed, and my belief was shared by not a few, that the poetic possibilities of classic myth were exhausted, yet the youngest of our poets takes this ancient story and makes it newly beautiful, kindles it into tremulous life, clothes it with the mystery of curiously interwoven delight and pain, and in the best sense keeps it classic all the while. The proportion, the symmetry, the poise, these are classic: the emotion reaches a subtlety which perhaps is modern. When the youth apostrophises the maiden in those exquisite lines:

"Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell;
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,"

we feel that this is Rossetti's

"Sometimes thou seem'st not as thyself alone,
But as the meaning of all things that are."

The whole lovely passage is indeed a counterpart and amplification of Rossetti's lines, and is modern as Rossetti is modern; to say which is to utter no dispraise, for we would not have our poets to be freaks of atavism, reverting to outgrown stages of emotional evolution, and so abnegating everything that we owe to the process of the suns. Mr. Phillips, while endowing his personages with a complexity of feeling which is modern, has at the same time given to his work a chaste simplicity of structure which in the noblest sense is antique.

Having thus, without either exaggeration or reservation, paid my personal tribute to this writer's genius, I venture to think that nothing which I am about to say can expose me to the charge of taking up an ungenerous attitude towards Mr. Phillips or his Muse. That Muse has prompted two most beautiful and memorable strains; but with what seems to me a singularly infelicitous perversity, he has done these poems the dishonour of placing beside them in close neighbourhood and fellowship two other pieces which, so far from being inspired by any Muse, would seem to be the phantasmal off-spring of the embrace of gaslight and London fog. It is but incidentally, however, that I have any quarrel with these lurid productions; my concern is rather with the critics who wrong Mr. Phillips' true poetic work by placing these misfeatured things on an equal elevation.

"The Woman with the Dead Soul" appeared originally in the *Spectator*, heralded by a very laudatory article. More recently *Literature* has vied with the *Spectator* in praise of this poem; and more lately still a critic in the *Speaker*, wielding a prose instrument of irresistibly feminine "poignancy," has discovered that a "stabbing beauty" is one of the salient qualities of Mr. Phillips' verse. All these critics agree in describing Mr. Phillips' realistic studies of London life—and of these "The Woman with the Dead Soul" appears to be considered the most notable—as "tragedies" of so profound a significance that even the stabbing beauty with which the poet's imagination has invested them is secondary to the tremendousness of their spiritual import.

Now in reading these criticisms I ask myself, "Have these critics lost all sense of what 'tragedy' means, all perception of wherein 'tragedy' consists?" I had ever supposed that the very essence of tragedy was the *overthrow of something great*.

Shakespeare has painted the mental ruin of a Lear, the moral ruin of a Macbeth, the material ruin of an Antony. This was tragedy, inasmuch as the things ruined were at heart noble and splendid.

These were kingly spirits whom he tracked to the sources of their fall. But when our young modern poet takes one of the nameless aggregated millions, who, in the words of Milton,

"Grow up and perish as the summer fly,"

and describes her gradual descent into the vulgarest vice from a level of what appears to have been hardly less vulgar virtue, and when we are bidden by his indiscriminating critics to acquiesce in this as tragedy, I, for one, must protest with whatever emphasis I can command. In these insignificant and immemorable human lives, no material of tragedy exists; these trivial and microscopical individualities do not provide the theatre in which alone may tragedy be enacted. Tragedy demands, as the prime condition of its presentment, a moral stage of some grandeur and amplitude. A great or splendid spirit is wrecked, or overborne, or gradually disintegrated, and in the terror of such a spectacle there is sublimity and awe. If a palace or a fortress fall, we tremble; we do not stand aghast at the collapse of a mud hut.

I am indeed aware that the doctrine is extensively preached, and is virtually acted upon by the writers who boast the title of Realist, that to the true intelligence everything which exists is properly of equal interest and value; but for my part I am old-fashioned enough to believe that there are actually both great things and little in this world, and such, I am persuaded, has been the inspiring creed of poets since first they sang. The ancient masters who presented Thebes' and Pelops' line, and the Elizabethan dramatists who most nearly approached them in stature, took for their themes the actions and passions of heroes and kings and such personages as, if not always inherently great, were so by virtue of their station and of the power it gave them to leave a visible imprint upon the world. These were towering figures, and when such edifices fell, great was the fall thereof, and precisely in the greatness of the fall lay the elements of a tragic impression.

There can be nothing tragically impressive in the fall of Mr. Phillips' "Woman with the Dead Soul," for there was no previous elevation worth speaking of—no height to fall from. Of course I hear someone telling me that manhood and womanhood are in themselves so eternally and supremely interesting, that every human soul is the potential arena of the grandest tragic action; to which I reply that it is merely what one may call the collective egotism of mankind that thus speaks. Every human being is indeed interesting; so is everything else in that nature which includes him; but there are degrees of interest. When, in Marlowe's play, the soul of Faustus is entailed beyond redemption, and the powers of evil demand their costly prize, it is an immense spectacle that we witness; but the final extinction of a soul originally so immomentous as the soul

described by Mr. Stephen Phillips is a small spectacle at best. A solar eclipse and the snuffing of a candle are really two different matters.

Our interest in tragedy is identical at root with our interest in all conflict and warfare. Tragedy is that duel between circumstance and the Man in which circumstance is victorious. It follows that the more nearly these two appear to be matched, the higher will the interest rise, its maximum of intensity being reached when circumstance assumes a shape so terrible that the Man must indeed be of heroic mould in order to make any stand against his enemy, and when nevertheless he does make such a stand, magnificently holding his foe in fight. Hence when the odds in this combat are monstrously unfair—in other words, when circumstance makes its deadliest onset, while the Man is neither strong in himself nor yet clad in the armour which greatness of station may provide—the interest dwindles. The interest dwindles to vanishing point when, as with Mr. Phillips' "Woman with the Dead Soul," there is nothing amounting to a struggle with Fate at all, no resistance worth naming. In this particular case there is but a feeble, ineffectual flutter or two, as of a canary against its cage, and then the impotent little soul is dead. Mr. Phillips thereupon proceeds to hold a *post mortem*. He does this with the impartiality of science—a good thing in its place, though I prefer in a poet the eclecticism of Art. He is scientifically impartial, inasmuch as one dead soul would appear to be as good as another for his purpose. The quality of a soul, from the mere dissector's point of view, is obviously unimportant. He is as void of prejudice as the Edinburgh doctor to whom Burke and Hare disposed of "subjects," and who paid £8 apiece for all corpses indifferently. It is in such a spirit that Mr. Phillips has chosen to work; the theatre of his "tragedy" is really the "operating theatre" of the surgical demonstrator; and this impartiality, I repeat, is the scientific, but eminently not the artistic spirit. Anatomy may deal with death and its attendant putrescence, but the business of poetry is with beauty and life. Not dead souls, but quick, are its concern.

The Tragic Muse was never a lady of democratic or socialistic proclivities. I think she even loves to emphasize the natural inequalities of men, and at all events the company she herself keeps is aristocratic, though she recognises many kinds of aristocracy. Of course there are other muses not less authentic. I have heard of nine in all, and by some modern writers the Goddess Cloacina is invoked as a tenth. Against these writers I lodge no complaint; I simply appeal to their critics, beseeching them not to confound either the inspirations of Cloacina or those of any other apocryphal muse with the promptings of Melpomene. What I exclaim against is an error in classification.

WILLIAM WATSON.

SIDE-LIGHTS OF THE REVANCHE IDEA.

I.

For the last twenty-seven years the French have tried to hoodwink themselves rather than others on two cardinal points in connection with their disaster of 1870-71. In the first place, they would fain persuade themselves that nothing, absolutely nothing, could compensate or comfort them for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. One cannot forbear smiling at this constant exhibition of inconsolable grief, being old enough to remember the attitude of good-natured contempt and indifference, and assumption of superiority of the majority of Frenchmen, especially towards the Alsacians, when Strasburg and Metz were still an integral part of the empire. Nor does one forget the stolid counter-attitude of the Alsacians, three-fourths of whom, after two centuries and a quarter of incorporation with France, would not, or could not, make themselves intelligible in French. "We are not French, we are Alsacians (or Lorrainers)," they said, in defence of their stubborn refusal to learn; and their priests, from the highest to the humblest, backed them. "Monseigneur," remarked Advocate-General de Baillehache to the Bishop of Strasburg, in the heyday of the Second Empire, "I am grieved to notice the slow progress of our language in our schools." "Monsieur," was the Bishop's answer, "may I remind you that French is the language of Voltaire." "May I, in my turn, remind you," retorted M. de Baillehache, "that it is also the language of Bossuet." "That's true, but if my Alsacians knew French they would read Voltaire, and they would not read Bossuet; and this we wish to prevent at all costs." Mgr. André Roess, who died at the age of ninety-five, sat subsequently in the Reichstag, but *not* with those who protested against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany; and we have yet to learn that the aged Bishop of Strasburg belonged to the least intelligent, or least patriotic, of the inhabitants of the conquered provinces. In the early stages of the "Dreyfus affair," when the name of the supposed culprit transpired, one paper exclaimed, "We are glad to find that it is not a *real* Frenchman who has done this." Considering these few traits, and a hundred others which, but for lack of space, we could reproduce, we must be permitted to doubt the existence of a very close bond between Frenchmen and Alsacians or Lorrainers.

The second point on which, in our opinion, the French persistently deceive themselves, is with regard to the cause of their defeats in 1870-71, that compelled the transfer of the two provinces to Germany.

A careful study of the most trustworthy documents on both sides, breeds the inevitable conclusion that the reverses of the French were absolutely due to the collective incapacity of the majority of their leaders, and not to the blundering, indecision, ill-luck, and overweening confidence of an isolated few. Europe was and is willing to abide by that conclusion. Not so the French; they were determined from the outset that there should be one or two scapegoats, in order to afford the rest of their captains what, in sporting terms, we call "a consolation prize." Bazaine was the first of these scapegoats. Now, whatever mistakes Bazaine may have committed, we are firmly convinced that he was neither a traitor from dynastic motives, nor the tool of Bismarck for money's sake. And our conviction was shared by two of the Marshals of France, against whom there never was the faintest whisper. I am alluding to MacMahon and Canrobert, both of whom assisted him, as far as their means would allow, in his time of direst need, that is, after his escape and up to the time of his death in Spain. This alone disposes almost conclusively of the theories, alternately broached, about Bazaine's having either sold himself to the Empress Eugénie or to the Chancellor; for we refuse to believe that either of these, had they been under the smallest obligations to him, would have left him to want in his exile, as at some periods he was left. He was so utterly destitute at times as to be compelled to part piecemeal, and for a few miserable francs, with some of his most precious private documents relating to the Mexican Expedition. These facts have never been published, but I am certain of their truth, and I maintain that treason—if treason there was—would have been better rewarded.

The trial and condemnation of Bazaine provided, however, only half-a-sop to the most elastic vanity of the incapables, and to the revived craving for military glory of the nation at large; or to be strictly correct, of the urban populations, and notably of the Parisians, for the peasantry rarely, if ever, suffer from that mania. The catastrophe of Metz was explained to the satisfaction of everyone, except one; the greater one of Sedan, or at any rate, the apparently greater, remained to be accounted for—of course, if possible, by a similar method. Madame de Sévigné compared La Fontaine's fables to a basket of cherries from which she kept picking the best, until, to her surprise, there were none left; the military authorities, apprehensive, perhaps, that if they began picking out the worst generals, emptiness would stare them in the face, wisely abstained from a second trial in the case of General de Wimpffen. What the Commission of Inquiry hesitated to do, M. Paul de Cassagnac proceeded to do on his own responsibility; only, he constituted himself judge, jury, prosecutor, witness, and executioner in one. In the latter part of 1874, there appeared from his pen, and in his own paper, *le Pays*, a series

of articles, from which I give a few extracts. They are incomplete, but they will serve my purpose.

"You Germans, Russians, Austrians, and English," he wrote, "you are under the impression that at Sedan the French army was blindly led into a trap, from which there was no issue, by the purblind idiocy of its pitiful generals; you imagine that already, after the first six hours, the fate of that army was sealed, and that it would have been simply so much child's play on the part of the German army to knock it, from a safe distance, and without resistance on the other's part, into a mass of pulp, blood, and bone, if it had not surrendered unconditionally. All this is a vile and contemptible fable, calculated to tarnish our spotless military fame. You refer to your authorities; you claim to have read the official accounts of the French Commission of Inquiry, and of the German Grand Staff, and to have drawn your knowledge from these. Muddy sources and frowzy authorities these. Consign the whole of that pack of lies to the nethermost regions of everlasting oblivion, and listen to the truth from me. For twenty-four hours the battle went in our favour; Douay fought like a lion, Ducrot like a hero; MacMahon was about to lead his troops to a glorious victory when an ever-accursed grenade (*une grenade à jamais maudite*) wounded him at the very moment he was in a position to reap the fruit of his exertions. A traitor, a simpleton, a conceited, ignorant fool, named Wimpffen, assumed the command, and this ill-starred man lost the battle, the successful and magnificent issue of which had been actually prepared by the great Duc de Magenta. This is the true story of Sedan. The 2nd (1st ?) September adds a glorious page to the French annals of war, and heaps ignominy only on the memory of Wimpffen. You continue to believe that the 'Man of Sedan' is Napoleon; you make a mistake, it is Wimpffen."

Thereupon, Wimpffen brought an action for libel against Casagnac, and twelve jurymen, not one of whom had, perhaps, ever fired a shot in his life, declared that the defendant was practically right, and that the plaintiff was virtually and solely responsible for the most wholesale defeat recorded in contemporary history.

It would take too long to show, even on the testimony most favourable to French pride, that at least twelve hours before the "ever-accursed grenade" did its work, the position of the French army was seriously compromised by a slowly and unresisted attempt of the Germans to surround it. After that, MacMahon, at his best, could only have secured a more or less safe retreat, not a victory. At the same time, it would be idle to deny that Wimpffen, who had reached the scene of operations only a couple of days previously, and who knew neither the army, its adversaries, nor the ground, contributed to the increase of the disaster by his headstrong opposition, until it was too late, to the scheme of Ducrot, who appeared to have had a clear perception of the danger of the situation. None of those strategical details are necessary to the purpose of this paper, which is to explain the growth and some side-lights of the "revanche idea." That the idea was already then being sedulously fostered by a systematic denial on the part of the French press of facts, the existence of which was admitted unreservedly in the official accounts of

both nations, will surprise no one in the least familiar with the French and their newspapers. In no country do the masses devote much attention to the lengthy, and often verbose, accounts of public events issued by their respective Governments. In many countries, however, and in England especially, the press endeavours to bring home those matters to the majority of readers, by carefully, and sometimes attractively, written summaries; reserving its comments for leading articles which, though imbued with party spirit, rarely degenerate into deliberate perversions or entire suppressions of the truth. Not so in France. Each paper invents a legend of its own; the future historian, in order to be strictly impartial, even with regard to minor events, must close his eyes to all their columns—as Ulysses closed the ears of his companions to the voice of the Sirens.

And in this instance every legend was modelled on Victor Hugo's "Année Terrible," in which hatred and contempt of the conquerors seem to have bereft even the great poet of his senses. For no expression was sufficiently scornful wherewith to hold the Germans up to execration, no spur sufficiently sharp wherewith to goad the least resolute of his countrymen into a renewed, bloody attempt to cross the Rhine. Gradually, and before the issue of the two trials just mentioned, there appeared in the papers stories, "recollections," and descriptions of the various episodes of the struggle, written by those who had either taken an active part in it, or had been the sorrowful but powerless spectators from necessity; but whether the narrator had succeeded in escaping skin-whole from the carnage, been wounded, or a prisoner in Germany, the drift of his narrative was always the same. The Teuton was the scourge of the earth, both despicable and intolerable to civilised society by his wanton cruelty to the weak, and his offensive personal habits, and his utter disregard of all the humane dictates of modern warfare. Being what I am, I could never hold a brief for the Germans against the French, but in those days my feelings against the former were much more irrational and therefore much stronger than they are now. Nevertheless, I remembered the story of the lad who was taken through a cemetery by his father, and who, reading the inscriptions on the gravestones as he went, wanted to know where the "bad people" lay buried. I was wondering where the good deeds of the Germans were recorded, for apart from some instances of kindness towards the vanquished I had witnessed myself, many more had been told to me by *French officers of standing*; I purposely italicise the words. Not one of those cases found its way to the French papers. In a little while I discovered the reason why.

Between the fall of the Second Empire and the outbreak of the Commune, I paid three flying visits to Cologne on journalistic business. At a short distance from the city, on the Lahn Heath,

there was an encampment of French prisoners, numbering between ten and twelve thousand, all of whom, I believe, were taken at Sedan. "They must have a bad time of it," I remarked to a military friend who first told me of this. "Must they?" he replied, laughing. "I don't think they are having a bad time of it, but you had better come and judge for yourself, for unless you do, you will stick to your preconceived notion." On that same afternoon we went thither. I had not seen an encampment of prisoners of war before; and feel confident that whatever surprises fate may have in store for me, I shall never see the like of that one again. A few years later I went occasionally to the Rifle Competitions on Wimbledon Common, and allowing for certain altered conditions of a purely materialistic kind, there was not much difference between these two in point of gaiety, animation, and apparent freedom from restraint. The Frenchmen were sheltered in tents; there were about nine hundred in all; and their guardians, consisting of a regiment of Prussian infantry and a detachment of Uhlans, occupied straw huts, forming an effectual belt around the canvas city; but it is no exaggeration to say that one had to look for the dark blue uniforms, pancake caps, spiked helmets and shapskas. They did not obtrude themselves, and if one caught a glimpse now and again of the Teutonic soldiers, they were generally engaged in apparently friendly conversation with their late adversaries, either directly, for many of these Prussians spoke very fair French, or through the intermediary of a rare Alsatian who happened to be more or less grounded in that tongue. Of the sadness and depression associated with the idea of captivity there was not a sign, save, perhaps, among the Spahis and Turcos; they seemed utterly subdued, and sat silently staring in front of them, their dark eyes looking piteously at the passers-by; but I am by no means sure that their melancholy was not due as much to the sudden change of climate and temperature—for the air was chill—as to the consciousness of their situation. The rest, cavalry and infantry alike, were, I repeat, not only cheerful, but to some degree "festive." The encampment was divided into streets of about forty tents, each tent sheltering from ten to fourteen men. Stretched across their entrances overhead, and spanning the whole width of the thoroughfares, hung strips of calico, displaying in black letters on a white ground their names. Similar strips may be seen to this day in Paris when a business changes hands, or a shop is to be let. Twenty-seven years have gone by since that afternoon, but I remember some of the names. There was the Rue de Strasbourg, the Avenue de Magenta, the Rue de Sébastopol, etc. But for the gray sky above and the absence of woman, one might have fancied one's self at some al-fresco entertainment, or at a popular fair, for every one was outdoors. Here, a group playing at leap-frog; there, another playing at blind man's buff; everywhere couples or

quartets astride on wooden seats, the space between them serving as tables, were beguiling the time with *écarté* or dominoes, the latter cunningly fashioned out of old cigar boxes, the points on the pieces being marked with ink, or maybe with black paint. For the ingenuity of the French in procuring means of enjoyment under the most adverse circumstances, which ingenuity filled our officers with surprise during the Crimean War, did not fail them sixteen years later, and, as far as one can predict, is never likely to fail them. It was shown in the quaint heads of their ninepins, carved out of rough logs, in the roulette-board that formed the central attraction of the "Café Riche," for in sorrow as well as joy the Gaul must have his café, and in a dozen different things which it is not necessary to recapitulate. And throughout it all the "hateful Teuton" seemed to play the part of a complacent host, rather than that of a relentless gaoler. Now and again a rough and ready *feldwebel*, few of whom are famed for their politeness even to their own men, would indulge in language more forcible than was quite consistent with the courtesy due to a fallen foe, or perpetrate a joke calculated to hurt the feelings of his hypersensitive prisoners; but of downright cruelty or deliberate abuse of power I saw not the slightest trace then, nor did I gather any instances of such during the many conversations I subsequently had with French officers, whom I questioned closely on the subject. Owing to their absolute ignorance of the German language, their dislike to the sound of it even under normal conditions, and I may also add, to their eagerness to look out for slights, the French often mistook for earnest what after all was only play—elephantine play, perhaps—on the part of their captors. I might quote a dozen such misunderstandings, one will suffice. After the capitulation of Metz a considerable number of French prisoners were being conveyed from a point across the German frontier to the interior by train. They were still very excited, and, consequently, voluble. A German sergeant being tired of their chatter and wishing to stop it, struck a theatrical attitude. "Enfants de la grande nation," he cried in a stentorian voice. The din suddenly ceased, and a deep silence followed. The French expected to be addressed in heroic language on their misfortunes. "Erein," thundered the sergeant, pointing to the open doors of the vans and carriages, for the speaker knew no French but the five words just uttered, which he had managed to pick up somehow. The French felt most indignant. According to them their national pride had been unnecessarily wounded, and their language desecrated. "Why don't you tell the story in a newspaper?" I asked my informant, a Frenchman, who had been an eye-witness of the scene. "There's no paper that would print it," was the answer, "and if it did its premises would be gutted, or at any rate have everyone of its windows smashed." Nevertheless, I tried; the editor of the principal

Paris paper gave me the same answer. "As for the author of the story," he added, "if his name happened to leak out, France would be made too hot to hold him."

Thus, four years after the fall of Sedan, Metz, Strasburg, and Paris, the French, purposely misled on the one hand as to the real value of the majority of their captains, and, on the other hand, as to the nature of their late assailants, were practically paraphrasing the exclamation of the Irish officer to the Englishman after the panic of the Boyne: "Change kings with us and we will fight you again." "Change us our Bazaines, Wimpffens, and Trochus, and we will fight you again." This was virtually the cry of the kicking, yelling, and two-years-old brat named "la Revanche." It was the loudest, though not the only cry, and in it we can already detect the first notes of "Boulangism," which as yet is more than a decade distant. And it carries all the farther for its being re-echoed by a poet, who, discarding the far-fetched metaphors, the "high-falutin'," and the epithets of Hugo, let alone those of Banville in his *Idylles Prussiennes*, goes straight to his aim by using only such simple apologues as can be understood of the people. I am alluding to Paul Deroulède and his *Nouveaux Chants du Soldat*, which appeared while the Wimpffen-Cassagnac trial was being unfolded. In less than four weeks the little book went through ten editions, while its predecessor, *Chants du Soldat*, in spite of the prize awarded to it by the Académie in 1872, had attracted but little notice. It was because "la Revanche" was not born in '72. France was assuredly big with it; but the apparently exhausted state of the mother forbade too sanguine hopes with regard to the "viability" of the child. Three years later there was no longer a doubt in the French mind either as regards the strength of the dam or of its offspring. The quickly-proceeding and absolutely marvellous discharge of the supposedly crushing war indemnity, and the equally wonderful reorganisation of the army, were sufficient by and in themselves to dispel all such doubts. The erewhile leaders, having been proved false or incompetent, all that was wanted was a new one capable and true.

The young author answered the cry in a poem, the lofty purpose of which has seldom been surpassed even in the Sacred Writings, whence he borrowed his text: "Therefore the anger of the Lord was hot against Israel, and he sold them into the hand of Chushan-rishathaim, King of Mesopotamia. . . . And when the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised up a deliverer to the children of Israel, who delivered them, *even* Othniel the son of Kenaz." (Judges iii., 8 and 9.) There is, however, a certain deviation from the Biblical story, or, rather, events do not follow each other as quickly as related there. The Israelites' bondage, growing too hard to be borne, they dispatch two messengers to Othniel, who has retired

to the solitary glades of the forest. The envoys request him to lead the Israelites to battle and to freedom; but Othniel only looks at them angrily, and does not vouchsafe a word in reply. The Israelites do not mistake the meaning of his silence. Their wish for freedom is not sufficiently earnest, inasmuch as they have sent two *unarmed* men; so they immediately set to work and forge themselves weapons, and bestir themselves for two years in a like manner; after which they send once more—this time a dozen sturdy warriors, fully equipped. Othniel no longer looks wroth; but follow them he will not. The warriors return without him. The tribal heads understand; according to Othniel they are as yet not sufficiently steadfast of purpose; they are depending upon a leader from without. Two years more go by, and the people have learnt to rely on themselves only. And one day they take the field, every man determined to do or to die, when, all of a sudden, Othniel appears among them, places himself at their head, and defeats their enemies, and pursues them from Dan to Beersheba.

With the exception of a couple of poems, the whole of the tiny volume breathes the same spirit of simple, straightforward, and heartfelt patriotism; and even in these exceptions the poet never condescends to vilify France's enemies by extravagant denunciations of wholesale and carefully organised systems of espionage, such as we find in professedly serious works like "*Larousse's*," or in the preface to Alexandre Dumas' *Femme de Claude*, in which preface the great playwright soberly contends that Césarine and Cantagnac are real people, and not the creatures of his brain, unhinged by France's terrible humiliation.¹ Deroulède never denies the Teuton's courage, nor does he seek to tarnish its lustre by any of those childish accusations which did more to damage the French character in the estimation of Europe than her defeats in the field.

The small fry of journalists, poetasters, song-writers, music-hall managers, and general caterers for the public's amusement, did not model their productions and entertainments on the main features of Deroulède's booklet. They took its one capital error as their stalking-horse. The poet would not forgive the conquerors for the war-tax they had exacted. Conveniently ignoring the whole of European history in general, and the Napoleonic wars in particular, he made the astounding statement that from the time of Charlemagne to that of the Corsican, no soldier had ever looked upon international strife as a source of profit. The Germans, who had departed from those traditions were, therefore, nothing better than robbers and thieves, in spite of their chief, in spite of their standards, in spite of their uni-

(1) See *Larousse's Dictionnaire Universel du XIX Siècle*, vol. vii., article "*Espionage*;" and Dumas' Letter to M. Cuvillier-Fleury in vol. v. of Dumas' *Théâtre Complet*, pp. 196 et seq.

forms. The small fry followed suit; with this difference, that whereas Deroulède in his indignation often rose to the sublime, they never emerged from bathos. Nevertheless, this intensely comic manifestation of the "revanche idea," that is, comic to the alien, deserves, perhaps, more attention than any of the others, inasmuch as it appealed directly to the masses; just as did the "jingo ditties" of a decade or so ago among us, because the latter as well as the former were propagated to the strains of so-called music, and from centres accessible to all. In fact, in the middle of the seventies, the Paris *cafés-chantants* had simply become so many pro-cathedrals for the worship of Nemesis, pending the introduction of the cult into the Comédie Française, the Odéon, and the Vaudeville. Its walls resounded with sermons and imprecations against the hereditary foe. Two centuries previously, Father Bouhours seriously propounded the question whether a German could possibly possess any wit. An evening at one of those music-halls, while leaving that question unsettled in the mind of the benighted foreigner, must, however, have bred the conclusion that the German was absolutely incapable of inspiring Bouhours' countrymen with the smallest gleam of either wit or humour. Personally I did not try the experiment to the bitter end of sitting out such a performance. I invariably left after two or three numbers of the programme had made me thoroughly miserable, and the rest, from their titles, afforded no reasonable hope of recovering my wonted spirits that night. On one occasion I visited two different establishments during the same evening, and began fully to understand the meaning of going farther and faring worse. At the same time I was reminded of that Italian criminal mentioned by Macaulay, and who was given his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys. "He chose the history, but the war of Pisa was too much for him. He changed his mind and went to the oar." I confided my impressions to a dear friend, who since then has made a world-wide reputation, and to my great surprise he informed me that he had borne the ordeal from the rise of the curtain to its final fall. My surprise lasted only a moment. I came to the immediate conclusion that probably he had also read Guicciardini. He had been perfectly prepared for the kind of torture inflicted, nay, deliberately courted it from a sense of duty to his editor, who had jestingly insinuated that his first but somewhat fragmentary references to the subject might possibly be exaggerated. So he went deliberately to the "Eldorado," determined to sit out the whole of the performance whatever happened. Here is his account, as far as I can remember it, after many years.

The first number of the programme was a patriotic song, set to a sort of "wood-chopper" melody, and intended to be very pathetic. It was sung in a sepulchral voice by an inordinately corpulent female

with a helmet on her head, and her too exuberant bosom confined in a cuirass. She was meant to personify France herself, and if so, no one could take objection to her statement that France had been largely gifted by nature; although her next sentence, to the effect that France was willing to share those gifts with her neighbours and with the whole of mankind, might have aroused apprehension rather than desire. My friend saw neither desire nor apprehension expressed on the countenances of the spectators, and he attributed this resignation to whatever might happen in that respect, to the thought that, however plentiful those gifts, there was not enough of them to go round. But when the singer proceeded to invoke Heaven's wrath on the foreigner, who, armed from head to foot, and in barbarian, blood-thirsty hordes, flung himself over "our frontier," and clutched with greedy hands at France's treasures; when she got to the burden of her ditty, "Woe to the foreigner" ("*Malheur, Malheur à l'étranger*"); and when, with outstretched arms like those of a semaphore, and "eyes in frenzy rolling," she repeated the burden again and again, then the spectators no longer preserved their equanimity, but joined unanimously.

The second number of the programme practically proved that the "Eldorado," like the rest of the Paris music-halls, had made the diffusion of the "revanche idea" the purport of its entertainment, for that second number was virtually a pseudo-comic sequel to the gloomy first. I am enabled to describe it from personal experience, having seen it two or three evenings previously. In that scene the foreigner had flung himself across the frontier and was laying greedy hands not on the gifts so lavishly vouchsafed to France by nature, but on France's art treasures—as represented by a gilt clock. I was very near the stage, and my eyes were much sharper than they are now, but as far as I could make out the booty coveted by the brigand in the spiked helmet, with the fierce, fair moustache and rubicund nose, was not a timepiece from the workshops of Barbedienne—it was one of those dreadful *bronzes de commerce*, the like of which may be seen, flanked by two equally dreadful candelabras, on the mantelpiece of every apartment tenanted by the middle and well-to-do lower middle classes. I have solved many enigmas of French life in my time; the invariable presence in nine-tenths of the *bourgeois* homes of those "ornaments" against their background of libellous looking-glass—the latter supplied by the landlord—is still a puzzle to me. I can only account for their being there on the assumption that there are so-called "decorative" manias to the full as endemic as physical diseases. The apparently irresistible desire of every *petite bourgeoise* to "embellish" her *salon*, *salle à manger* and even her *chambre à coucher* with a *garniture de cheminée* is only equalled by the craving of the English middle-class matron for antimacassars, wax

flowers, yellow gauze and papier-maché tables wherewith to deck out her best parlour. It is the self-same mania, manifested differently, and it counts as many victims as gout in Westphalia, goitrim in the Canton de Valais, tarentism in the province of Naples, and plica in Poland. Even less intelligible to me than all this was the constant accusation against the invaders of having by preference abstracted those *garnitures de cheminée* while more portable, and unquestionably more valuable, property was within their reach; for, years before the outbreak of the war, I was casually told by a wholesale dealer that three-fourths of those articles were manufactured in Germany. Yet there was "the supposed Teuton" hugging his spoil and endeavouring to hide it under his tunic, inside his helmet, and so forth. There were two ways of appreciating that scene, in the spirit of a Labiche or in that of an Anicet Bourgeois, or a d'Ennery. The public had come to have their feelings harrowed, not to be amused, and they were not going to be tricked into the laughter of the Palais-Royal while hankering after the tearful sensations of the Ambigu; so they looked solemnly and significantly at each other in order to convey their appreciation of, and their agreement with, the veracity of the story unfolded before them, but refrained from applauding. Bent as they evidently were on supping full of mechancholy reminiscences, and both my friend and I were convinced to that effect, they assuredly had their wish. According to him, all but one of the items of the programme, bore direct reference to the then recent invasion, the *pièce de résistance* of the performance providing in that respect a downright gargantuan banquet, the funeral baked meats of which, in the shape of a copy bought there and then, coldly furnishing forth the luncheon table next morning. It was not a song, but a poem, entitled "The Alsatian Mother"; a fairly well-written poem too, delivered with much feeling by a gentleman in evening dress and white gloves. It described the *via dolorosa* of the widow and orphan of an Alsatian who had fallen fighting for France. Expelled from the conquered province, she makes her way with her offspring, "whom she wishes to remain a Frenchman," through the snow across the frontier, "tracked by wolves, which, though moved by her patriotism, have even pity upon her." What would some Nihilists, escaping from Siberia, give for "patriotic wolves" like these? The woman reaches her goal, but dies immediately afterwards, to the sound of the "Marseillaise" in slow time.

Twenty-four years ago, the Paris music-halls, including the best of their kind, were not what they are now, nor what they had been in the heyday of the Second Empire. For the time being, they had ceased to be the resorts of the *beau monde*, at any rate of the fairer portion of it. The Neo-classicists considered it unfair, inexpedient

perhaps, that *la haute volée*, and especially the most impressionable section of it, should be deprived of the emotional treats and reminiscent agonies in connection with the recent struggle, that it should be excluded from the aspirations bred by the hope of "*la revanche plus ou moins prochaine*"—I am quoting the phrase current then, not inventing it. The management of the foremost theatre in France—perhaps in the world—was evidently of the same opinion. For in spite of everything that has been said to the contrary, the propaganda of the "revanche idea" was the main factor in the production of both *La Fille de Roland*, by the Vicomte Henri de Bornier, and of *Rome Vaincue*, by M. Alexandre Parodi. Whether *La Fille de Roland* would have been accepted but for the author's position as the Librarian of the Arsenal and his charming personality is a question open to doubt. For it was accepted unconditionally, whereas my notes say that M. Alexandre Parodi's tragedy was only accepted "à correction." M. Parodi was even less known to the outside world than M. de Bornier, albeit that he had had a play performed at the Porte St. Martin, entitled *Ulm, le Parricide*, of which Francisque Sarcey said that "the man who could write such a fifth act, had the making of a dramatist in him." The eminent critic, however, considerably qualified his praise by adding that "M. Parodi's verse was barbaric." Personally, and in spite of my notes, I am inclined to believe that *Rome Vaincue* was not accepted—was, in fact, declined; but if accepted, "subject to correction," it meant nothing at all, as those acquainted with the euphemistic phrase may testify. M. Parodi evidently had a notion of its vague significance, for he appealed to the public in book form; an unusual form of proceeding on the part of a dramatist not altogether bereft of hope. Be this as it may, MM. de Bornier and Parodi were practically in the same boat, "though not with the same skulls," as Douglas Jerrold had it. Both were drifting towards the regions of the "unplayed," when the breeze of the "revanche idea" suddenly inflated their flapping sails and carried them safely, with the aid of M. Perrin, the pilot, who came on board about the same time, into the haven of Chauvinism, amidst the delirious and frantic acclamations of its inhabitants. Thereupon, Paul Deroulède fitted out a "patriotic" craft, but rigged it in less classical fashion. *L'Hetman* proved as prosperous as *La Fille de Roland* and *Rome Vaincue*; although neither of these three obtained the lasting triumph of Sardou's *Dora*. It was because the latter disdained all indirect allusion, and went straight to the point which Dumas had missed. *Dora* provided, as it were, the handbook to the numberless would-be students of espionage. It professed to give them the clue to Germany's superiority in that respect.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

HUNTING AND ITS FUTURE.

IN spite of the ever-increasing difficulties and dangers with which English hunting has been in its later days environed, the sport since the beginning of this present season seems to be more keenly pursued than at any former period. For the season of 1897-98, no less than 195 packs of fox-hounds were put into the field in Great Britain and Ireland; an advance of six upon those of last season, and of no less than 13 upon the number of packs hunting in 1895-96; of these, 161 packs hail from England and Wales, 10 from Scotland, and 24 from Ireland. In 1895-96 the total number of packs of all kinds hunting in these islands was 389. Last year the record was 411 packs; while for the current season no less than 423 packs—foxhounds, staghounds, harriers, beagles, and basset hounds—opened the campaign. Harriers and foot beagles seem to be increasing rapidly in favour. In the pulmy days of fox-hunting, the chase of the hare had somewhat fallen into disfavour; but the tide is now setting strongly the other way, and during the present season no less than 152 packs of harriers, together with 50 packs of beagles and basset hounds, are to be found hunting hare in various parts of the British Islands. Bassets are a quite modern introduction, and although hunting any sort of quarry with these long-bodied, short-legged, and somewhat bizarre-looking little hounds is a slow and laborious form of sport, four packs were to be found enrolled in the annual list published by the *Field* newspaper. Bassets and most of the beagle packs are, of course, followed on foot. Among the harrier packs, 121 are to be found hunting in England and Wales, two in Scotland, and 29 in Ireland. Beagles, on the other hand, are mainly employed in England. No beagle or basset packs are to be found in Scotland; while Ireland, although fairly rich in harriers, puts into the field no more than five packs of beagles.

Turning to staghounds, 19 packs are this year furnished by England, as against seven by Ireland. Scotland supports no staghounds, the pursuit of its numerous wild red deer being reserved solely for the rifle shot. Of these 26 packs of staghounds hunting this season in England and Ireland, only two are devoted to the chase of the wild stag. These are the well-known Devon and Somerset hounds, which hunt the wild red deer of Exmoor, and Sir John Amory's; the latter a pack newly formed in 1896 for the purpose of hunting those outlying wild deer which now begin to overflow beyond the bounds of Exmoor proper. The New Forest is the only other country where the semblance of wild deer hunting—principally with fallow deer—is still maintained. Twenty-three packs of staghounds pursue the carted deer. This is a form of sport which, although it affords a

good gallop for those who care to take part in it, can scarcely be designated as hunting proper. The chase of some truly wild and unconfined quarry ought certainly to be implied by the word hunting; and the pursuit of a semi-domesticated deer, vanned to the meet and uncartered for the purpose of pursuit, must be classed as a manufactured pastime. This form of sport, from the accidents which now and again occur to the deer during the progress of the chase, seems to arouse more enemies than any other pastime—excepting perhaps pigeon shooting; and it is difficult to see why its votaries should not be just as well content with a rousing run with draghounds as with the chase of a tame deer, to which, without any intentional cruelty, accidents, involving pain and suffering to the animal pursued, do undoubtedly happen. It speaks well for the vigour, condition, and determination of our gentry at this end of the nineteenth century, that so many amateurs are to be found carrying the horn and undertaking not only with willingness, but with the keenest zest and pleasure, the hard and difficult duties of a professional huntsman. Peter Beckford, in his admirable *Thoughts upon Hunting*, has remarked that, in the opinion of a great sportsman, it is as difficult to find a perfect huntsman as a good Prime Minister. And he enumerates these qualities as being necessary in that calling, “a clear head, nice observation, quick apprehension, undaunted courage, strength of constitution, activity of body, a good ear, and a good voice.” He might well have added to these qualifications “an abounding patience.” It will not be contended that every amateur huntsman of the present day unites in his person all these attributes. There are the good and indifferent among gentlemen huntsmen, as there are in all other phases of life. But it may be said, as a general rule, that a fair proportion of our amateurs are sound huntsmen, and show excellent sport. A certain number, prominent among whom may be named the Marquis of Worcester, Lord Wiltoughby de Broke, and Mr. John Watson, among those actively engaged, and that famous amateur, Colonel Anstruther Thomson—a veteran now retired from the active management of hounds—may be cited as possessing the necessary physical attributes, with a positive genius for the chase of the fox.

Among the 161 English foxhound packs alone, no less than 74 huntsmen are this season found to be amateurs. In Ireland there are 18 amateur huntsmen out of 24 packs. Among harriers, the amateur huntsmen are in a considerable majority. Ladies not only follow hounds more vigorously and more numerously with each succeeding year, but are to be found mastering and even hunting packs themselves! Lady Gifford, for example, masters the pack of harriers known by her name in Northumberland, and herself carries the horn. In South Wales Mrs. Pryse-Rice hunts her own harriers; while in King’s County Mrs. Briscoe whips a pack of hare hounds to her husband, Captain Briscoe. One other lady, Mrs. Cheape, is to be found mastering, but

not actually hunting the Bentley harriers. It is among the curiosities of sport that a pack of foxhounds at the present day is mastered by a clergyman. This is the Coniston, a little Lakeland pack of 10 couples, which hunts the rough upland districts of Ambleside, Windermere, Coniston, and Grasmere, under the control of the Rev. E. M. Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds, it may be remarked, is not his own huntsman.

Professional hunt servants, who form one of the most reliable, manly, and deserving classes to be found in the various strata of British society, are as active, keen, and hard-working as ever. There are probably more good huntsmen in these islands than ever before, as well as plenty of undeveloped material in good first and second whippers-in. In many families of our professional hunt servants the science and traditions of hunting have been handed down for generations, and the love of the chase seems to be indelibly implanted in the blood. To mention only a few names at hazard, the families of Goodall, Goddard, Boxall, Orvis, and Summers are examples very well in point. As a body of men none are more hardy, quick-witted, and courageous than the British professional huntsmen. Here and there a veteran may lag superfluous, but, as a rule, be the country never so big or unyielding, the huntsman is to be found ever close alongside his pack. English hunt servants are of very different metal from the Italian huntsmen encountered by Beckford in the last century. Beckford, who hunted stag for two seasons from Turin, mentions a ludicrous instance of the cowardice and incapability of these gentry. The chase one day quitted the forest and led to a ditch. Beckford cried to the huntsman, who pulled up at the obstacle, "Allons, piqueur, sautez donc." But the *piqueur* was not for it, and, coolly retorting, "Non, pardi, c'est une double fosse—je ne saute pas des doubles fosses," he turned his horse's head.

The chase in Britain, although threatened at this end of the nineteenth century with terrors hitherto unknown, seems to be endowed with wonderful vitality, which can only be accounted for by the extraordinary passion for hunting implanted so deeply in mankind, and especially in men of British blood. Dio Nicæus has placed it upon record that the ancient inhabitants of these islands were fierce barbarians, who tilled no land, but existed by the fruit of their depredations on their neighbours, or upon the food procured in hunting. Strabo, in his time, sings the praises of the hounds bred in Britain. Oppian, too, bears testimony to the super-excellence of the hounds, hunters, and horses of Britain. Most of our kings, nobles, and gentry have delighted to pursue with horn and hounds the various beasts of chase which one time or another these islands have afforded them. Edward III. was passionately attached to hunting, and maintained, even upon his French campaigns, 60 couple of staghounds, and as many of harriers—a very handsome outfit even for a king of England.

Before the Reformation many of the clergy spent a large portion of their time in the chase of the stag, hare, fox, and marten. Their habits—of which hunting, by the way, seems to have been by far the least objectionable—aroused the deep anger of Langland. In "*Piers Plowman*" is to be found a bitter tirade levelled at the church dignitary of that period; who is described as "a prikker on a palfrey from manor to manor; an heap of hounds at his ears, as he a lord were." The fox-hunting parson dies hard, but is now gradually dwindling towards extinction. We still have, however, here and there, a few hunting clergymen among us, of whom it may be said with truth, that if they love to hear horn and hound, and to pursue the most wily and resourceful of all beasts of chase, they do not neglect, as did their predecessors of pre-Reformation period, the cures committed to them. It may be said that all hunting clergy, whether before the Reformation or since, have had before them a shining pattern and example in the saintly and monastic king, Edward the Confessor. The Confessor had not a single secular amusement save that of hunting; but, according to William of Malmesbury, the gentle king took an unbounded delight "to follow a pack of swift hounds in pursuit of game, and to cheer them with his voice."

The Norman invasion had the effect for centuries of making hunting the jealously guarded appanage of the king and the great barons and landed proprietors. The game and forest laws of that period were of almost unexampled savagery, and the commoner people were deterred by terrible penalties from interfering with the various animals hunted by their over-lords. But, in process of time, as freedom was slowly wrested from the king and aristocracy, the yeomen and tenant farmers became enabled to join in the sport of hunting, and to mingle, as they have mingled now for some two hundred and fifty years, with the squires and nobility in a friendly, equal, and most honourable rivalry, which even twenty years of bitter depression have not sufficed to quench or endanger.

Fox-hunting in its present form has existed for little more than two hundred and fifty years. The more important of the wild fauna of the country, which for centuries had afforded sport to the great feudal lords, had been steadily vanishing; the wolf had become practically extinct; the wild red deer was becoming scarce; the roe no longer flourished in its former plenty; the best of the land was becoming gradually enclosed. In earlier times the fox seems to have been looked upon as a less important quarry even than the hare, the otter, and the marten. But, by the reign of Charles I., his due worth and importance had become recognised, and Reynard of England had taken high rank in the system of venery. By the reign of Queen Anne, fox-hunters pure and simple were as well known and recognised in the social system as they are at the present day. In the early part of the last century these gentry seem to have been mostly Jacobites

and high Tories, and the writings of Addison and others refer frequently to them. The English portion of the ill-starred Stuart rising of 1715 was managed, or rather mismanaged, mainly by a few north country fox-hunting'squires, of whom Tom Forster, of Bamborough, and the Earl of Derwentwater were at the head. These honest gentlemen were better sportsmen than politicians and warriors, as history has long since demonstrated. Addison, in an amusing paper in the *Freeholder*, depicts the unwonted arrival in town of one of these Tory fox-hunters, who had come up "in order to give his testimony for one of the rebels, whom he knew to be a very fair sportsman." I am afraid that Addison's opinion of the fox-hunting squire of that period was not of the highest. But then Addison was diametrically opposed in politics to the Jacobites, and held high office under George I. He is constantly poking fun at the poor gentleman. He represents him, in another number of the *Freeholder*, as complaining that there had been "no good weather since the Revolution." And he makes the same fox-hunter proceed to expatiate on "the fine weather they used to have in Charles the Second's reign." Times have changed indeed since the days of these fine old crusted Tories of the Queen Anne and early Georgian period. A man may now be as strong a supporter of radical principles as you please and yet be a staunch fox-hunter. One example among many hundreds will suffice. Earl Spencer has always been, to the very last, one of the keenest supporters of Mr. Gladstone's policy. Yet there is no more ardent fox-hunter in England than his lordship; as witness his various masterships of the Pytchley hounds, and his presence in many a good run during the last forty years over the noble grass pastures of Northamptonshire.

Fox-hunting, although during the present century it has attained so amazing a popularity, and now attracts a crowd of votaries of all sorts and conditions, was, in the first instance, designed only for the enjoyment of the squires and their immediate friends, as well as the parson, the doctor, the yeomen, tenant farmers, and a few others from the neighbouring country-side. In truth, this seems to be the most proper and reasonable way in which hunting should be enjoyed. The fox-hunting squires of the last century would have been horror-stricken if they could have foreseen the immense gatherings which in fashionable countries now cover the fields and through the covert side. Until past the middle of the last century these country gentlemen—and they were the vast majority—who cared for field sports kept a few couple of hounds and hunted when and as it pleased them. Often these hounds were of different breeds, and fox, hare, and otter were pursued in season. Somerville, the author of that excellent poem "the Chase" (still, perhaps, the best description of hunting in the English language), who died in 1742, at the age of 65, was a typical example of the hunting squire of the last century. At his

house at Edstone, in Warwickshire, he maintained usually twelve couple of harriers, bred between the small Cotswold harrier and the Southern hound; six couples of fox-hounds, rather rough and wire-haired; and five couple of otter hounds, which in the winter season made an addition to the fox-hounds.

These cheery sportsmen of the last century met usually at a much earlier hour than at the present time, and spent much longer days in the saddle. The country was then in great part unenclosed, and although there was necessarily a fair share of leaping, there could have been nothing like the amount of fencing now enjoyed by fox-hunters. Long hunting runs at a steady pace were much more often the rule than those fast gallops which at this end of the 19th century are so much in vogue. Hounds were not then bred for pace, as they now are. Sportsmen rose very early in those days :

" Ere yet the morning peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouse thy bold compeers,"

says Somerville, in his vivid poem. After a long and enjoyable day's hunting, the squire and his friends whipped off towards afternoon, jogged homewards, and after a hearty dinner, washed down by sound claret—port was a much later introduction—more often than not devoted the evening to a bowl or two of punch and much conviviality. Poor Somerville himself seems to have fallen a victim to good cheer. His favourite mixture was a curious compound of rum, black currant jolly, and a little hot water, a species of punch which only the strong heads and stomachs of our ancestors could have long resisted.

Towards the end of the last century this most pleasant, but somewhat intermittent and informal, style of hunting began to be supplanted by more systematic and organised methods. Large packs of carefully-bred hounds, devoted solely to the chase of the fox, were set on foot; districts were marked out and assigned; and, a little later, hunt clubs came into vogue. Mr. John Warde, Mr. Hugo Meynell, and Mr. John Corbet are famous among the forerunners of the modern style of fox-hunting. In Warwickshire, where for many years past Lord Willoughby de Broke has provided some of the best sport in England, the first organised pack seems to have been established by Mr. Wrightson, a Yorkshire gentleman, in or about the year 1780. Mr. Wrightson had kennels at Stratford-on-Avon and Swalcliffe, and managed his pack with the aid of a huntsman and two whips, each of whom was provided with four horses. John Warde, sometimes called the "father of English fox-hunting," also hunted in Warwickshire before 1791. This great sportsman maintained hounds in various parts of England for close on sixty years. He patronised his own county of Kent, Berks, Oxfordshire, Warwickshire, Northamp-

tonshire, the present Pytchley country, and Hampshire. He died in 1838, at the age of 86.

Mr. John Corbet, of Sundorne Castle, Shropshire, another of the pioneers of modern hunting, succeeded John Warde in Warwickshire in 1791. He was universally popular throughout the county—he hunted in those days the whole of Warwickshire—and his memory is still kept green in the hearts of the gentry, yeomen, and farmers of this sporting shire. An excellent print of this famous sportsman, mounted on his favourite white horse, cap in hand, cheering on his hounds by the covert-side, is still to be seen in many a Warwickshire home. Mr. Corbet hunted the country with great liberality. He maintained 70 couples of hounds. This is a large number, even for modern times. In the present season—1897-8—the largest pack of hounds in England is the Blackmore Vale, which numbers 90 couples. The average number of hounds at the present day, for a first-rate pack, ranges between 50 and 55 couples; Lord Willoughby de Broke hunts the present Warwickshire country with 52½ couples, which are generally conceded to be the best hounds in modern England. The North Warwickshire, which now hunts another portion of the great district, hunted at the beginning of the century by Mr. Corbet, maintains 50 couples. The Pytchley and Quorn put into the field respectively 55½ couples and 55 couples.

Mr. Corbet took upon his own shoulders the cost of hunting the Warwickshire country. He established a Hunt Club at Stratford-on-Avon, but demanded no subscription beyond a contribution of £5 apiece from each member towards earth-stopping. The Hunt Club met once a fortnight for dinner at the White Lion Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon. Its members wore red coats, with gilt buttons and black velvet collars, together with black stockings, breeches, and waistcoats. At these gatherings, after the toast of “the King,” that of “the blood of the Trojans” was solemnly drunk. Trojan was a famous old hound of Mr. Corbet’s, from whence the Warwickshire pack largely sprang. Mr. Corbet showed wonderful sport in Warwickshire, and some of the runs of that day were of extraordinary length and severity. Slow hunting was, of course, still much in vogue, although the foxhound was being rapidly improved in pace and quality. In 1795, the pack ran for six hours, and it is computed that they must have travelled close on fifty miles of country.

This fine old ancestor of modern hunting gave up the Warwickshire country in 1811, after twenty years of extraordinary success. His generosity, tact, and great courtesy, especially to the farmers, are to this hour a tradition in the county. I was talking some four years since to an old Warwickshire lady, who died that winter at the age of ninety, who could remember in her youth Mr. Corbet and his hounds. The old print of the famous Warwickshire master and his pack hung in her dining-room, and the memories of John Corbet

seemed even then (1893) very fresh in her mind. This old lady was born in 1803; her mind to the last was unimpaired, and she remembered well the hard winter of 1812, and Napoleon's terrible Russian campaign of that year. That Mr. Corbet maintained his hunt in first-rate style, is shown by the fact that at the sale of his hounds and stud two of his hunters realised 250 guineas each—a great price for those days.

The examples of Corbet, Warde, Meynell, and others of the same stamp, had a great and rapid effect throughout the country. Packs were properly organized, hunt clubs formed, kennels built; the methods of hunting underwent radical changes. The desire for bolder and quicker runs began to develop with the improvement in hound blood. Small coverts were planted, as it began to be recognised by the new school that hunting in the great woodlands often meant long and tedious days of slow sport, and that from gorse coverts, planted in convenient parts of the country, first-rate runs in the open were most frequently obtained.

A little later, subscriptions, which had hitherto been few and intermittent, came into vogue, and, towards the thirties, hunting in most parts of England had assumed the system and character it now holds. Market Harborough, Melton Mowbray, Leamington, and other centres of hunting, became fashionable, and the fields of sportsmen began to assume at the more favourite meets very considerable proportions. Packs of hounds now began to be divided into two classes—those maintained by subscription, and those carried on at the expense of the nobility and a few of the richer squires. During the last century many of the nobility had been in the habit of maintaining hounds at their own expense. These, although numerically more important than the small, rough packs of which Somerville's primitive establishment was typical, were, compared with the packs introduced by Warde and his co-reformers, very inferior. As the pomp and panoply of the chase became more carefully organized and developed, the kennels of the great landed aristocracy underwent, too, a complete transformation, and their establishments presently became famous throughout Europe for the magnificence of their equipment and the hunting powers of the hounds maintained. The Belvoir, the Duke of Grafton's, the Badminton, Lord Fitzwilliams's, the Goodwood, the Duke of Buccleugh's, the Earl of Eglinton's, Lord Portsmouth's, Lord Leconfield's, and other well-known packs, are among the great establishments of this kind which sportsmen of this generation will at once recall. It is one of the great misfortunes of rural England in these days that, thanks to the depression in agriculture, so many of these famous proprietary packs have had, one by one, to be abandoned by the great families, which, at their own expense, had so long and so generously maintained them.

By the year 1830 fox-hunting in England had reached the high

rank and perfection which it has ever since maintained. Meets of the best and most accessible packs began to be frequented by more and more sportsmen, and the cry of over-grown and over-riding fields was already being raised by worried masters and irate huntsmen. It is a mistake to suppose that large fields are the product of the last few years alone. This evil is one which has been steadily increasing for the past fifty or sixty years. The writer is old enough to remember, when hunting as a lad in Northamptonshire, some thirty years since, during Colonel Anstruther Thomson's mastership of the Pytchley, that the fields of that period were often exceedingly large, requiring all the firmness and tact of that first-rate master and brilliant amateur huntsman to keep in check.

The best days of modern hunting may be said to have reached their zenith between 1840 and 1870. The landed gentry, the yeomen, and the tenant farmers were then alike flourishing. In the earlier part of the century, and especially during the Napoleonic wars, agriculturists made immense prices for their grain, and saved much money. The sons and successors of that generation were—I speak of the large tenant farmers, men who occupied from 300 to 600 acres of land—with few exceptions, left considerable sums of money to carry on business with. Many of the old school of farmers died worth from £15,000 to £25,000. Such fortunes had usually to be divided among several children, but the generation of large tenant farmers, which flourished between 1840 and 1870, consisted mostly of substantial men, having ample capital, and a remunerative business in the land they occupied. It can scarcely be wondered at that the hearty and well-to-do farmers of that golden period enjoyed life, and saw no harm in indulging in the good things that came to them, especially in the fine old English sport of hunting. They lived well; most of them had, as their fathers had before them, excellent cellars of port wine; and the hospitality of rural Britain was never more open handed. At this period the farmers, if they lived well, lived within their means. They can scarcely be blamed for not foreseeing the pinching times, the terrible losses that lay before them and their successors between 1875 and the end of the century. Wire fencing and other terrors were undreamed of; the fox-hunter was everywhere welcomed; no man, except the master and hunt servants, grumbled at large fields; everything was done by the tenant farmer to minister to the success and enjoyment of the "sport of kings." The squires and aristocracy on their part flourished exceedingly. They had got their rents up to a record point; the farmers were good and willing payers; thus all parties interested in the land could and did most heartily enjoy the wholesome life of the countryside, and especially the sport of fox-hunting. Here and there, perhaps, were discerned the beginnings of future drawbacks and annoyances. One little rift within the lute was just beginning to appear. Pheasants, one of the chief evils of modern

fox-hunting, were already being largely cultivated; and even at this, the best period of English hunting, friction began to arise between the more selfish game preservers, and their keepers, and masters of hounds. This drawback of pheasant preservation has, as we all know, by this time attained very menacing proportions; and, with that other modern curse of barbed wire, now threatens, in places, the very existence of our great winter sport.

It is needless to recall the piteous tale of the last five-and-twenty years, the decline and fall of the landed interest, and the extraordinary changes which have been wrought in less than a generation. The once well-to-do farmer, his capital long since clean vanished in the soil, his living torn from him by foreign competition and over production, now worries along hopelessly from hand to mouth, scarcely daring to look the future in the face. Fox-hunting has been sadly relinquished by the bulk of the tenantry of Britain. Keenly though they regret the loss of the pastime, they cannot afford it. From parishes where, thirty or forty years ago, half a dozen farmers rode forth on hunting mornings, often not a single man now turns out. Yet, to his eternal credit be it said, the average British farmer still turns a kindly eye upon a sport now mainly patronised by strangers. still allows his land to be galloped over, still does what he can to preserve foxes and show sport.

But hunting just now is passing through a very critical period. Whether, as all good Englishmen hope, it will emerge triumphantly from the dangers which beset it, and flourish for another hundred years or two, depends mainly upon its followers. Hitherto, the farmer and the squire have given practically everything and received very little—even of thanks—in exchange. Without the land and foxes, hunting would cease instantly. Yet the crowds of strangers who have been in the habit of invading hunting counties for a generation or two past, too often contributing, either grudgingly or not at all, to the hunt funds, seem to have been under the impression that they were to go on indefinitely—long even after the advent of agricultural depression—enjoying one of the finest sports in the world, without contributing more than a mere trifle towards its support. Even men who regularly subscribe to the hunt funds, contribute very inadequately. Rich men, who send a cheque for twenty-five or fifty guineas to the hunt secretary, and a trifle towards the poultry account, think they have behaved handsomely enough. Yet the same men will not grudge hundreds, sometimes even thousands, towards a grouse moor, or a salmon river, or a yacht, or a deer forest. It is clear that if hunting is to go on, rich men, who must and will hunt, will have to pay a great deal more for their sport than they have done hitherto. Wire fencing, a product of hard times with the farmer, has now reached such proportions that, in some counties, the very existence of hunting is threatened. Hunting men now gallop across

the land with feelings very different from those of the joyous and careless days of thirty years ago, and fences are often ridden at with something akin to a shudder, lest the hated wire should lie concealed. Two years since, the late Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale, the master of the Shropshire hunt, pointed out that hunting would have to be abandoned if the wire evil were not abated. Yet, with few exceptions, the wire trouble is a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. Small farmers, who cannot afford expensive fencing, naturally betake themselves to the cheap, if objectionable, wire. Given sufficient funds, in nearly every county in the kingdom, wire can be removed and replaced at the end of each hunting season. The farmers themselves, as a class, would be as pleased as hunting men to see the thing done. In some counties this difficulty is being dealt with in the right way; in others, if richer men wish to hunt much longer, they will assuredly have to pay for the expense of wire removal.

Here and there it is possible that in future some compensation will have to be paid to the poorer farmer for the right to hunt on his land. Hunting rents, at the rate of 6d. to 1s. per acre, have already been discussed at one or two meetings of agriculturists. On the face of it, this is not a very outrageous proposition. Sportsmen pay gladly for the right to shoot partridges and other game. A hunting rent of 6d., or even 1s. per acre is not ruinous, and many a small farmer would be made well content by £5 or £10 for the winter use of his land, plus compensation for serious damage to crops or fences. Large tracts of land farmed by gentlemen, and even by the large agriculturists, would be no doubt exempt from this tax.

Masters of hounds and farmers are now, very rightly, directing their attention to the thinning of over-grown fields. It is abundantly clear, not only that hunting men will have to be more careful of crops, stock, ewes in the lambing season, and other matters, but that strangers who do not or will not contribute to the cost of hunting will not be tolerated. Already the galloping of irresponsible second horsemen across fields and fences has been prohibited by Lord Lonsdale in the Quorn country. That is an excellent example, which will no doubt be followed everywhere. The stranger difficulty is a serious one to grapple with, but there can be no doubt of its ending. The stranger will have to go, unless he contributes for his day's sport. Various systems have been suggested. Capping is but a clumsy shift at best. The idea of selling tickets, as for fishing, is not a bad one. But one thing is certain, the days of the stranger and pilgrim who declines to pay for his sport are absolutely doomed, and not very long hence he will have rightly vanished from the scenes of his former joys. In fine, it may be predicted that, if hunting is to continue, in fashionable countries every hunt subscriber will have to pay much more for his sport and pleasure. It seems only fair that the landed gentry, who suffer seriously from the depression, and who usually

contribute without fee or reward much of the ground hunted over, should pay less than other subscribers. In unfashionable countries the sport will probably revert more and more to the form of chase in vogue with our ancestors; fields will be small; and only the squires, wealthy residents within the hunt, subscribers, and such of the farmers as can afford it, will appear at the covert side.

But, in addition to barbed wire, one other great danger threatens hunting. The pheasant preserver has long been the unavowed enemy of the fox-hunter. There are, of course, numbers of owners of coverts, especially among the more ancient landed families, who have been bred to regard fox-hunting as a sport to be religiously encouraged and not destroyed, where pheasants and wild foxes are produced together, and where the master of hounds and his pack are received with a genuine and hearty welcome. But the very reverse of this is far too often seen. Men are more and more becoming owners and lessees of great shootings, who not only take little interest in hunting, but do all in their power to crush out and discourage it.¹ This may not be done openly; there are a hundred ways, all well understood by a certain class of keeper, by which the wild fox can be exterminated or driven away. Among these enemies of fox-hunting, the man who has become suddenly rich, who has been reared in towns, and cares little for the ancient interests and traditions of the country side, and especially that of fox-hunting, is too often in evidence. He is too old, too soft, or has too little nerve to acquire the difficult art of riding to hounds; but he can and does acquire a certain amount of skill in shooting. He spends money lavishly in rearing pheasants and providing big "shoots"; his wealth, his magnificent entertainments, his holocausts of game, bring him quickly the friends and the paragraphic notoriety that he desires. In the opinion of this class of person, wild foxes and fox-hounds have no business near his coverts, and his keepers take good care that his private ideas are carried out. It is true that this type of pheasant preserver dare not plainly declare himself the bitter enemy of the fox-hunter. Public opinion, of which he has a wholesome dread, would not at present tolerate such an open avowal. But the wild fox knows his woodlands no more, and miserable imported beasts, kept in hand and turned down periodically against the coming of the hounds, are offered in its place. From these imported foxes, confined in some filthy kennel till they are foul with disease, has been spread the fell plague of mange, which now-a-days devastates whole districts and threatens even to exterminate

¹ Shooting speculators and syndicates are among the chief offenders in this respect. As a rule they have few interests or friends in the district in which they operate, and are therefore almost absolutely unaffected by the annoyance and dislike of their neighbours. It may be possible, in future, to get rid of some of these foes to fox-hunting, in the richer hunts, by hiring, and re-letting to shooting tenants, who will preserve foxes in reason, the woodlands and coverts from which reynard has been banished and destroyed. That, of course, means further considerable burdens upon the hunt funds.

wild-bred foxes altogether. In some countries foxes have become so scarce from the ravages of mange that even masters of hounds are compelled to import fresh stock and turn them down. These importations again are, from confinement, often liable to disease, and are very poor substitutes for the aboriginal wild fox of the district.

Some owners of large pheasant coverts have lately become so emboldened as to refuse the entrance of hounds into their woods until mid-December or later. This is not an absolutely new development. It has been known in a few instances for fifty or sixty years past. But it is a steadily growing evil, which must have some limit if fox-hunting is to continue. If these and other selfish tactics are persisted in, fox-hunting must and will disappear, as some masters of hounds predict that it will, in certain parts of England.

In the struggle which is going forward between the pheasant preserver and fox-hunter, it may be safely said that public opinion is strongly upon the side of the ancient and far more manly sport of fox-hunting. And in the long run the great fox-hunting interest may be trusted to find a remedy for the evils wrought by over much pheasant culture. Combination can do a good deal; and, without advocating the "boycott," a combination of the fox-hunting interest throughout England would be a force which even hardened pheasant preservers would be compelled to listen to. I speak, of course, of the worst and most selfish form of game preserving. As every one knows, hundreds of good shooting men are also good fox-hunters and fox preservers.

Upon the whole it may be asserted that, in spite of the dangers I have touched upon, fox-hunting is by no means upon its last legs. It has yet an enduring vitality. It will probably survive far into the next century, nay even beyond. Changes and reforms, in the very nature of things, there will have to be. Many of these are already in progress. The fact that more packs of hounds than ever have, this season, entered upon the campaign, indicates that the pastime has still abounding vigour and troops of friends. A fine, manly, and most bracing pastime, fox-hunting, of all our field sports, can least be suffered to die out.

Hare-hunting, although pursued with somewhat more difficulty than of old, has not the same enemies to contend with as the sister sport. Small fields are the rule, and the farmer, upon his one rough nag, can and often does enjoy a look at the sport. Moreover, the expenses of harriers are far less than those of fox-hounds, while the opposition of preservers of large coverts is necessarily not so pronounced. In the case of foot beagles, damage to fences and crops is almost nil. There seems every probability, therefore, that hare-hunting, despite the scarcity of hares in some districts, will long flourish in these islands.

H. A. FRYDEN.

RECENT ATTEMPTS AT COPYRIGHT LEGISLATION.

It must be quite evident to any one interested in the question of Copyright, whether as a producer of Copyright property or an owner, that the Copyright Acts are in a very confused condition. It is not the object of this article to give a detailed historical account of how there came to be Copyright laws at all, or how, after they had come into being, they got into the present involved state; but it may be interesting to note a few points with regard to the rise of literary and artistic property.

As this property more than any other is the peculiar production of the individual, one would have thought therefore that it ought more than any other property to be his in eternal possession. For many generations however the producer after publication had no property at all, and has it now only for a limited time. It was only with the introduction of printing that the question of Copyright property began to be seriously considered, and then the matter was discussed not so much with a view to the author, the producer: as to the printer, the tradesman. In 1662 was passed the Licensing Act forbidding the printing of any book unless first licensed by the Stationers' Company. The Charter of the Stationers' Company, it should have been stated, was granted in 1556, more than one hundred years previously. The Licensing Act was continued by several Acts of Parliament, but finally expired in 1679. Several attempts were made to resuscitate it, but without avail. It was not until the reign of Queen Anne that the first Copyright Act was passed. This is known as 8 Anne, c. 19. This Act was certainly unsatisfactory to authors, but it was better than nothing. It was a point gained. Even at this period the author had very little property. Being generally poor, and not having a printing press of his own, he sold the rights in his work for a sum down.

This Act, therefore, was passed more for the protection of the printing and bookselling trade than as a safeguard to the author. As time went on, however, literary property became more valuable, and other kinds of artistic property were considered worthy of legislation. The author lost by slow degrees his dependence upon his patron—sometimes a member of a wealthy aristocratic family, sometimes a bookseller and printer, or combination of booksellers. As education increased, his Copyright became more extensive owing to the greater circulation of his works, till, at the present day, although the old jargon of publishers' generosity is still heard, he may be said to be on a fair way towards emancipation.

The evolution of other art property has come about more slowly, but it has also come with the fulness of time.

Yet even now, in this enlightened nineteenth century, a man who has evolved out of his inner consciousness a work that may delight millions of his fellow beings has only property in that work for a limited number of years. Whereas the owner of a few acres, under which there happens to be a coal mine, may reap the benefit of that for which he has not toiled, generation after generation. But this point again is wide of the present subject.

The present Law of Copyright which touches the many different kinds of artistic property is set forth in fifteen or sixteen different Acts of Parliament. The interpretation of these is, in many cases, a matter of exceeding difficulty, and the confusion is heightened by the fact that there is absolutely no uniformity with regard to the methods of dealing with this property. The term of Copyright varies with the different kinds; the methods of registration are dissimilar; the question of publication has never been properly defined; and with regard to the fine arts, the Copyright lapses on sale unless *specially* reserved or transferred. These are only some of the main points in which the present legislation is entirely defective. There are in addition several and not unimportant minor points which are too numerous to be specified. The main Act on which literary and dramatic copyright depends is the Act of 5 and 6 Vict., entitled the "Copyright Act, 1842." From time to time there has been a movement amongst the holders of Copyright in all the different kinds of property which are subject to this method of treatment to obtain a more satisfactory protection of their rights. A Royal Commission sat on the Law of Copyright in 1876. Since that date consolidation and amendment of the Law have been several times attempted, first in 1879 by the Duke of Rutland (then Lord John Manners), on behalf of the Conservative Government. This Bill, owing to the dissolution of Parliament in 1880, was not proceeded with. It was a Bill framed to carry out the suggestions of the Commission, from which it differed only in one or two points. In the following sessions, 1881 to 1886, a consolidating and amending Bill dealing with paintings, drawings, and similar Copyright property was introduced, but never passed into law. Two Bills, the "Musical Compositions Acts," were introduced in 1882 and 1888, and became law. In 1886 the "International Copyright Act" was passed, which gave Her Majesty power to agree to the terms of the famous Berne Convention, and also had some reference to the Colonies. In the same year the Society of Authors drafted a Bill, which was not brought before Parliament. Towards the end of 1890 the United States passed the American Copyright Act, and in 1891 Lord Monkswell brought forward a Bill, promoted by the Society of Authors, after consultation with all the parties interested. This Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords, subject to the singular condition imposed by Lord Halsbury, as representing the Government, that it should not be further proceeded with.

All the Bills, whether consolidating or amending, have, as might have been expected, been framed on the lines marked out by the report of the Commission of 1878. The Bill of 1891 is prefixed by an elaborate memorandum summarising its contents and giving reasons for almost every alteration proposed.

All these attempts were, for various reasons, unsuccessful, and the matter remained in the same state as before until the beginning of the year 1896, when the Society of Authors decided to appoint a sub-committee to re-consider in full the question of consolidating and amending the Copyright Acts. The question of applying for a full consolidating and amending Bill was very seriously discussed, and, finally, for various reasons, set aside. No doubt the line to be pursued with regard to consolidation generally was present in the minds of the Committee when they took this step. These lines have been ably set forth in the "Encyclopædia of the Laws of England," under the head of "Consolidation of Statutes," written by Sir Courtenay P. Ilbert, K.C.S.I. His dictum there set forth is of such importance that it will be worth while to quote it:—

"Experience shows that, under existing conditions of English Parliamentary Government, consolidation should not be combined with substantial amendment of the law. Where a Bill aims both at consolidation and at amendment, it is practically impossible to confine proposals for amendment to the new provisions as distinguished from those which are merely reproductions of existing law. The whole Bill becomes open to criticism and amendment in committee, and if the subject is in the least degree contentious, the chances of passing it are very small.

"Where amendment of substance, as well as of form, is needed, one of three courses may be adopted. An amending Bill may be introduced, and, when passed, followed by a consolidation Bill. Or, when the provisions of the amending Bill are past the committee stage, they may be embodied in a consolidation Bill. This course was adopted with the Housing of the Working Classes Act, 1890, and the Public Health (London) Act, 1891, but is attended by many risks, and is difficult to combine with the more recent practice of referring consolidation Bills to a joint committee of both Houses. Or, lastly, it may be more expedient to make consolidation precede substantial amendment, an assurance being given that re-enactment of the existing law is not in any way to prejudice or preclude future amendments. The fact is that simplification of the form of the law facilitates amendments of substance."

Whether, however, the Committee of the Society were concerned with this view of the question or not, or whether they were restrained by the ill success of their former attempt, the result of their deliberations proved thoroughly satisfactory, for they abandoned the idea of a full consolidating and amending Bill. This course must be acknowledged as a thoroughly sound one, as a Bill embodying the question of consolidating Acts of Parliament is never likely to be brought forward except by the Government itself. It is practically useless for private individuals, however influential, or however influential the bodies they represent, to deal with a question so large and so difficult as the consolidation of the Copyright Acts. It is no longer a question

of obtaining uniformity for different kinds of literary and artistic property, and for the methods of dealing with them in Great Britain and Ireland. There is the wide question further involved of the British Colonies, which question a little time back reached a very acute stage with regard to the reproduction of copyright books in Canada, and there is the still wider question of International Copyright under the Berne Convention. To have a full knowledge on these points, it is absolutely necessary to be behind the scenes, and to know the negotiations of the Colonial and Foreign Office that have been or may be pending. The Society, therefore, wisely settled to bring forward a small amending Bill which might deal with the points which were in most pressing need of amendment, but the Society naturally only confined itself to literary and dramatic property, and with that object in view thought first of merely dealing with the eighteenth section of the existing Act of 1842, which has been, since the Act was passed, so great a stumbling block. This section refers to literary property contributed to magazines, periodicals and encyclopædias. It is extremely badly drawn, and almost impossible to interpret. Counsel was instructed on behalf of the Society to deal with the matter.¹ Instructions had no sooner been delivered than a letter appeared in the *Times* from Mr. Tree with regard to the dramatic rights of novelists in their own works, *à propos* of the pirated versions of *Trilby* that were appearing in the country. The Society at once joined forces with Mr. Tree, and determined to widen the scope of their proceedings. A meeting of other bodies interested in literary Copyright was called. Mr. Longman represented the Publishers' Association, Mr. Daldy the Copyright Association. A plan was submitted to those present for the drafting of a Bill amending the law on the following important points:—

- 1.—The eighteenth Section (Magazine Copyright).
- 2.—The Dramatisation of Novels.
- 3.—Copyright in Lectures.
- 4.—The Term of Copyright.
- 5.—Abridgment of Books.
- 6.—The Question of Copyright in Titles.

It was decided, after mature deliberation, to drop the following points:—

- 1.—The Term of Copyright.
- 2.—The Question of Copyright in Titles.

The former, it was thought, would be better left for the Consolidating Bill, and the latter was considered too difficult a question to handle at the present time and in the present Bill. Further instructions appear then to have been placed before counsel by Messrs. Field, Roscoe & Co., the solicitors of the society, and a Bill was drafted embodying the points set out above. Many meetings of all

(1) N.B.—See "Report of the Society of Authors," 1893.

the parties interested were held. No doubt many alterations were suggested and were embodied by counsel. All this entailed considerable labour, and the expense of counsel's and solicitor's fees must have been heavy. It was not, however, till July, 1897, that the Bill was in a fit state to be placed before the House of Lords. Considerable delay had occurred, as it appeared that the representatives of the Publishers' and Copyright Associations, although acting for these bodies, could not bind them, and had, from time to time, to refer to their principals. This method of procedure would naturally tend to complicate the position. If those engaged in the work had been more numerous, the negotiations might have been prolonged indefinitely, like a suit in Chancery, and the society have been burdened with a large annual legal expenditure. The main points of the Bill had met with the assent of all parties. The sub-committee of the society then "took the bull by the horns," placed the Bill in Lord Monkswell's hands, and left the details to be fought out in Committee. In its final shape the Bill dealt with the following points :—

- 1.—Copyright in Periodical Works.
- 2.—Articles on Encyclopædias.
- 3.—Lectures.
- 4.—Abridgments.
- 5.—A short clause touching newspapers being merely declaratory of the present law.
- 6.—Dramatisation.
- 7.—Summary Remedy for Infringement of Dramatic Copyright.
- 8.—Date of Publication.

There was some objection raised to the Bill, as then settled, by one or two persons of importance who had not been consulted in its initial stages. Their objections were mainly based on the method of drafting the Bill, and on the fact that the Bill dealt in one or two points with newspapers. Neither of these objections, however, can now be considered to hold water, as the Bill has been re-drafted on behalf of the House of Lords, by Lord Thring, whose parliamentary draftsmanship will no doubt satisfy the objection, and the clauses referring to newspapers have been struck out, as, after mature consideration, it was felt that these ought to be dealt with in a Consolidating Bill, but this is rather anticipating. The Bill was read a first time in the House of Lords, and on July 1st, a very strong Committee of Peers, of whom Lord Monkswell acted as Chairman, sat upon the Bill. The Committee were as follows:—Lord Monkswell (Chairman), Lords Farrer, Hatherton, Hobhouse, Knutsford, Pirbright, Tennyson, Thring, and Welby.

Evidence was summoned before the Committee, touching the amendments proposed, and the Bill was finally re-drafted, and passed the third reading on July 23rd, 1897.

In its final state it dealt with :—

- 1.—Translations.
- 2.—Magazine Copyright.
- 3.—Copyright in Lectures.
- 4.—Abridgments.
- 5.—Dramatisation of Novels, &c.
- 6.—Summary Remedy for Infringement of Dramatic Copyright.

Such was the position of the Bill in the summer of last year, and it was proposed to pass the Bill through the House of Lords next session, as it had been unable to come before the House of Commons. In its present form, supported by the Publishers' and Copyright Associations, it was considered that there would be very little difficulty in obtaining support for it in the Lower House. So far, the action of the Society must be considered as thoroughly satisfactory to those who have the best interests of Copyright Amendment at heart. The Bill is a small one, deals with important points, and has the support of the Publishers' and Copyright Associations; but there are points dealing with artistic and musical Copyright that must be amended before the Government can be persuaded to deal with any large measure. There is very high authority for stating that a Consolidating Bill would have no chance of a favourable consideration that did not emanate from the Government offices.

In the autumn of 1897 it was proposed by the Secretary of the Copyright Association to gather together all those bodies interested in Copyright to draft a Consolidating Bill, and the members of a joint Committee were summoned to meet at Mr. Murray's offices. Some of the names of the members have been published in the papers. The Bill which was submitted for their perusal was a Bill which had been drafted five years ago by the Secretary, and had been added to from time to time when any fresh points occurred. This Bill was issued as "confidential." It is therefore impossible to give a detailed comment upon it. Its draftsmanship is in many points doubtful, although it is rumoured that this most important question has received the consideration of two Members of the Bar, Q.C.'s, whose names may not be mentioned. The matter appears shrouded in mystery. This much is however clear, the Bill contains clauses materially differing from those clauses already approved by the Copyright Association, in the Society of Authors' Amending Bill, and others that are not in accord with the letter and spirit of the Copyright Commission. Apart from this, however, such an undertaking at the present time is inopportune and prejudicial to Copyright interests. It will conflict with the passing of the Amending Bill, and will fail to obtain the object that it has in view.

It is understood that the Society of Authors refused to join such Committee. To anyone really cognisant of the position, this course is thoroughly creditable to the Society, as desirous of protecting and

upholding literary property. As stated previously, amendment must come before consolidation. If, therefore, the Bill of the Society is successfully passed, it will then be high time to consider the question of consolidation—if consolidation from private sources can possibly be of any material advantage. This point, it has already been declared on high authority, is exceedingly doubtful. Under any circumstances, if the question of consolidation is going to be undertaken by private individuals, it can only be undertaken satisfactorily on one basis; that is, by drawing together all the different producers of Copyright property, as distinct from the holders of Copyright—the tradesmen of literary, artistic, and musical wares are not likely to propose a law for the benefit of producers. Their interests may be in some respects similar, but they must in many points be dissimilar: That the views of such producers of Copyright property should be taken either through the societies which represent the different branches, or through representative men from each branch; that a certain sum should be subscribed by all concerned, and that the best Parliamentary draftsmen securable should receive instructions to draft a Bill containing all the main points which had been agreed upon between the joint committee of producers; that another counsel, eminent for his knowledge of Copyright Law, should also be instructed to join in consultation with the committee and counsel previously appointed—there is no need to keep the names of the counsel employed from the public; that the Bill thus drafted should be put before a joint committee of producers and holders, summoned for the purpose, and that at all meetings of such committee counsel should be present to keep the legal aspect of the Bill constantly before the committee. This course is absolutely necessary, for the artistic temperament is not always capable of grasping legal niceties. It must certainly be considered that the producers of Copyright property should form a large majority of this committee.

It does not seem at all desirable, even under the most favourable circumstances, that such a Copyright Bill should be put forward, nor does it seem that, if put forward, it would be accepted, although possibly it might be of benefit to any future Government that thought of taking the matter up seriously. Where such serious questions as the position of Great Britain and Ireland with its Colonies, and with other countries in the universe, have to be discussed, it is not only fitting, but absolutely necessary, that the party representing public opinion at the time should take up a subject so vast and so important. It cannot possibly be of any avail that a few gentlemen, honourably known as publishers, or highly gifted as authors, should solemnly sit down to discuss a Consolidating Bill without any recognised legal adviser or Parliamentary draftsman, and without any previous and laboured inquiry into the Copyright laws.

G. HERBERT THRING.

PAUL KRUGER.

AN APOLOGY AND A DEFENCE.

For some weeks, or even months, past the writers of financial articles in metropolitan journals have been praying, as much as such writers can pray for anything, for the defeat of Mr. Kruger in the Transvaal Presidential Election. "If," they have seemed to say, "the Transvaal gold industry could only be rid of his repressive influence, we should have such a boom in low-grade properties as would make us all happy for the rest of our days!" Between their petitions and the expression of their hopes they have, it is true, lapsed into a despondent mood, and have bewailed the fact that such a prospect seemed almost too bright for realisation. No doubt, as far as mere Stock Exchange matters are concerned, these persons have been justified in their prayers and in their hopes. The news of the defeat of Mr. Kruger and of the election of Mr. Schalk Burger—himself, according to some, little more than the representative of one of the largest owners of low-grade properties—would, for a few weeks, have created a run on those properties, enabling present holders of their shares to unload at highly favourable figures—a result which would for those holders be quite sufficient. The financial press would have resounded with welcome to the golden age, and glorified the results which were bound to follow on the reduction of working expenses consequent on the installation of the new President in office. The period of exultation would have lasted long enough to serve the purposes of the present owners of low-grade properties. Then a dash of cold water would have been felt when, in a few weeks or months, it was discovered that the supposedly progressive President could do nothing in the face of a Conservative majority in the Volksraad—a majority rendered all the more stubbornly Conservative by the rejection from the Presidency of the one man they had learned to trust, and by the obvious intervention of the hand of the millionaire in the general policy of the State.

This nation at large, the British Empire at large, has no special interest in the enriching of the South African millionaire. It has, however, some considerable interest in the maintenance of peace and order in South Africa—peace and order which must be materially promoted by the suppression or avoidance of causes of irritation to large and influential classes of the population. That is a doctrine to which every one will assent, especially those who have been taught to believe that, under the influence of Mr. Kruger, causes of irritation have been supplied to that large and influential class of persons who

are practically interested in gold-mining in the Transvaal. But, as it happens, that class, so far as it is influential, is by no means large. The individuals composing it could certainly be counted on the fingers of one's two hands, possibly on the fingers of one. These individuals can own newspapers and absolutely dictate their policy. They can inspire telegraphic agencies. They can, by means of their deputies, absolutely control the action of that representative body, the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines. They entertain the hope that, by means of successive mine amalgamations, they will be able to control the whole of the mercantile interests of the Witwatersrand gold-fields. So far from their interests being coincident with the general interests of the alien population in the South African Republic, the two sets of interests are absolutely in conflict. The place which they take for their model is Kimberley, whence they originally came, and where political independence has been absolutely extinguished by the owners of the great diamond-mining monopoly. And hence it is that when those who know South Africa intimately see, as they believe, that Mr. Kruger's chief opponent in the candidature for the Presidency—an opponent weak in will, though doubtless excellent in intention—is chiefly the exponent of the ideas and interests of a leading capitalist; when they see the two Transvaal newspapers owned by that capitalist, turning round to extol Mr. Schalk Burger and run down Mr. Kruger—when they see these things, they know both what to think and what to expect. They can very well guess that Mr. Kruger did not see his way to reward certain former services of that capitalist at the price at which they were estimated, and that, as a consequence, an opponent, as formidable as the command of money could make him, was secured to run against Mr. Kruger for the presidential chair.

The truth is that, no matter how right the financial experts may have been in their view of the results of Mr. Kruger's defeat, so far as its temporary influence on the Stock Exchange was concerned, they have been entirely in the wrong in their estimate of its results in general. They may possibly say that it was none of their business to take those general results into consideration—that they had only to do with the affairs of the Stock Exchange. Grant this contention by all means, and then go on to admit that the world at large is far more interested in getting at the truth of things than in considering the pocket interests of a handful of speculators. Admitting this, it may be possible to show that all interests in which reasonable and peaceable men are concerned, will be much better served by the re-election of Mr. Kruger.

Those who regard Transvaal affairs from a purely Stock Exchange point of view are in the habit of accusing Mr. Kruger—we shall see presently with what amount of justice—of ignoring and even opposing the interests of the gold industry. Those who make this accusa-

tion seem in many cases to have forgotten the number of occasions in respect of which Mr. Kruger might far more reasonably have been accused of disregarding the wishes of his burghers. Three several occasions during the last ten years can be mentioned, in connection with which Mr. Kruger, if he had been the man he is so often represented to be—if he had been a mere ignorant slave to the prejudices of his burghers, a mere ignorant opponent of political progress—might most excusably have thrown all the weight of his influence against the alien population. The first of these occasions arose in 1890, when, on the day of Mr. Kruger's very first visit to the Rand, the Transvaal flag, which was flying in front of the magistrate's office in Johannesburg, was torn down and disappeared. By whom this act was committed was never very clearly ascertained. But no matter by whom it was committed, it aroused among the burgher population an indignation so intense that, at a single word from their President, they would have marched upon Johannesburg. Mr. Kruger, as good a patriot as any of them, never uttered that word. On the contrary, he employed all his efforts to tranquillise the minds of the people; he minimised the significance of the act; he declined to believe that it was the act of any responsible residents in Johannesburg, and humorously attributed it to the influence of the "long drinks" in which the rougher class of the Johannesburg population were in the habit of indulging. More even than this, when in the session of the Volksraad, which was held very shortly afterwards, the riotous proceedings at Johannesburg were used by several members as an argument against granting even the beginnings of political rights to foreigners, Mr. Kruger fought vigorously against the objection thus raised, and successfully contended that the great bulk of the quiet and orderly population of Johannesburg ought not to be made to suffer on account of the folly of a few riotous persons.

The second occasion became manifest in 1894, when Lord Loch, then High Commissioner, arrived in Pretoria for the purpose of conferring with the Transvaal Government with regard to the re-settlement of the Swazieland question. Some agitation had just previously arisen over the act of the Pretoria Government in "commandeering" over one hundred British subjects for active service against a rebellious chief. In the absence of any special treaty to relieve British subjects from liability to such service, the Transvaal Government was perfectly within its right in taking this step, while the great majority of those "commandeered" went cheerfully to the front, did their duty like men, and were duly compensated. Some half-dozen, or less, refused to go, and were made the centre of a political agitation which was at its height just about the time of Lord Loch's arrival. His arrival was made the occasion of a noisy and seditious demonstration at the railway station. The President's carriage, in which the Presi-

dent and his distinguished guest were driving into town, was surrounded by a disorderly body-guard of political agitators, who flaunted the British flag over Mr. Kruger's head all through the streets. It would be difficult to imagine anything more insulting to the Transvaal Government, more embarrassing to the representative of the British Government, or more exasperating to the burgher population of the Republic. Again, however, Mr. Kruger repressed the irritation produced by such conduct, again minimised its significance, and again declared his belief—a belief perfectly well-founded—that responsible residents in Pretoria had nothing whatever to do with the demonstration.

The third occasion arose when, in the first days of 1896, the prisoners taken when Jameson surrendered were brought into Pretoria. Mr. Kruger had from the first made up his mind what was to be done with them, viz., that they should be handed over to the British Government for such punishment as was due to them. He arrived at that conclusion knowing well that it would, at the moment, be the most unpopular thing he could suggest; he fought for his view in spite of the almost complete absence of any sympathy or support from members of the Executive, and in the teeth of the vehement opposition of all his military commandants, and carried his point by sheer force of persuasive argument and indomitable will. All those who opposed him now know that he was perfectly right, and understand and appreciate the humanity and wisdom of his reasons. "If these men," he argued, "are tried in the Transvaal, they will be condemned to death, and I cannot pardon them." It was to prevent the creation of an eternal feud between the Dutch and English races that Mr. Kruger stood out against the popular indignation which the raid had excited among his own people, and risked unpopularity rather than lend himself to a course which, while at the moment grateful to those who looked up to him, he knew to be unwise and unmerciful.

Conduct of this kind, it must be admitted, was not the conduct of a fanatic, nor of a man seeking popularity at the expense of justice, nor of a sworn and irreconcilable opponent of the interests of the alien population. On the contrary, such conduct is reconcilable only with one conclusion—that Mr. Kruger is a sagacious and wide-minded statesman, caring little for praise so long as he satisfies his own conscience, anxious to give to a newly-arrived population the fullest possible privileges and the widest possible liberty, subject only to one consideration; and ever ready generously to discriminate between the noisy and self-seeking few, and the quiet, industrious, and orderly majority.

"How then," it may be asked, "to account for the repressive and oppressive acts of the Transvaal Government in respect of the

mining industry and the alien population?" The answer to the question is simple, viz., that there has never been, except perhaps with regard to the Franchise, any legislation that could be properly called either repressive or retrogressive. To prove this it is not in any respect necessary to go to what might be called prejudiced Transvaal sources of information. All the evidence requisite is to be found in the Annual Reports of the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines—a source not only unpossessed of any prejudice in favour of the Pretoria Government, but, if anything, antagonistic to that Government. Let us go back first of all to the year 1890. In that year, at Mr. Kruger's invitation, and in spite of the indignation aroused by the flag incident in Johannesburg, the Volksraad agreed to three measures in the interest of the new population and of the gold industry, two of which can only be described as revolutionary. The Raad agreed (1) to the construction of railways, specially with a view to meeting the Cape system then being pushed on through the Free State; it agreed (2) to a constitutional change involving the creation of a Second Volksraad, the members of which were to be elected on a very much more liberal franchise; and (3) it agreed to various alterations in the Gold Law which had been suggested from Johannesburg. For all these acts the Government and the Volksraad were warmly thanked by the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines. Nor were these mere empty resolutions. The railways agreed to were taken in hand with the utmost energy, and in two years' time were actually at work. The elections to the Second Volksraad were at once proceeded with. The value of the amendments to the Gold Law were warmly appreciated by those whom they concerned. True, the granting of political rights to new comers, by the creation of the Second Volksraad, did not all at once go the whole way to an "Uitlander's Emancipation Act," and it left a power of veto in the hands of First Volksraad. In no country, however, has a reform in the basis of representation been brought about save by successive stages, while the veto of the legislation of one Chamber by another is not unknown in Great Britain. If it should be asked why, this kind of reform having begun, it did not go further, the answer will be met with immediately.

In 1894 and 1895 the Pretoria Government—Mr. Kruger's Government—was still, as reference to the Reports of the Chamber of Mines will show, doing its utmost to meet the views of the mining industry. In 1894 the Volksraad did all that the Chamber of Mines requested in respect of Sunday working. In 1895 it passed the labour regulations suggested by the Chamber without alteration. In the same year it passed an admittedly satisfactory law with regard to the sale of drink to natives; took steps to prevent the molestation or robbery of natives on their way to the mines; accepted the recommendations of the Chamber for the codification of the Gold Law; amended or

rejected applications for patents to which the Chamber objected; acted in accordance with the views of the Chamber with regard to a proposed cyanide monopoly; promptly appointed a commission to inquire into complaints as to trading in mining areas; reduced to 1 per cent., on receipt of a memorial from the Chamber, a proposed $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. royalty on coal; and further, in response to another memorial from the Chamber, increased the salaries of the judges by 50 per cent.¹ There was, to put it shortly, no question raised by the Chamber of Mines which the Government and Volksraad did not at once take in hand. It would be difficult, so far as practical results were concerned, to imagine more cordial relations.

It has been complained that under Mr. Kruger's control the foreign residents in the Transvaal and the gold-mining industry have been unfairly and excessively taxed. We may pass over the Customs tariff in connection with this question, seeing it has been admitted that the tariff is moderate and reasonable enough, and having regard also to the obviousness of the principle that those who are the chief consumers of imported goods are the proper persons to pay the import tax upon them. As regards direct personal taxation it is trivial, and concerns all classes alike. There are three direct personal taxes—the Poll Tax, the Road Tax, and the Railway Tax, and these three between them produced, in 1894, a total revenue of no more than £28,292, equal perhaps to about 4s. 6d. per head on the entire European population of the Republic. As regards the taxation of the mines, no royalty is payable to the Government on the gold extracted, the Transvaal Government being in this respect probably the most liberal in the world. The only revenue from the mines comes in the shape of diggers' and prospectors' licenses, the former amounting in 1894 to £43,465, and the latter to £142,246, a total of £185,711. In that year the nominal value of the capital invested in Rand and De Kaap mines was some $37\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling, the market value being very much in excess of this figure, so that the total taxation amounted to barely one-half per cent. on the nominal capital invested. In the same year, the value of the total output was, at 70s. per ounce, £7,406,574. As only productive mines pay diggers' licenses, the percentage of taxation on the output for 1894 was equal to about 0.58 per cent.

The cost of coal has been complained of, but, even at the worst, with carriage at threepence per ton per mile, the average price of coal at the mines was not more than 15s. per ton, the Government charging the merely nominal royalty of 1 per cent. The cost of

(1) It has not been thought necessary to give in each case the page in the Reports on which these matters are alluded to. But verification would be a simple matter of a few minutes to any one who took the trouble to look up the Reports, most of which are to be found at the Royal Colonial Institute.

coal has, moreover, been materially reduced, thanks to Mr. Kruger's Government. Railway rates, which were also complained of, have also been reduced, the reduction, on an average distance from the sea of some five hundred miles, probably amounting to $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ton per mile. It was not, however, the Transvaal, but the two British Colonies that pocketed the most out of railway rates, far in excess of the level needed to pay the interest on the capital sunk in railway construction. These facts and figures should surely be sufficient to expose the absurdity of the charges laid upon Mr. Kruger and his Government of oppressive action towards the gold industry. One more fact, or comparison of facts, may be added. At a recent meeting of a very rich and important mining company—the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa—the chairman explained that working expenses had been gradually reduced from 29s. per ton to the "ideal figure" of 20s. per ton. This working rate of 20s. per ton is, then, possible under Mr. Kruger's cruel and oppressive Government. That is one fact. Now for the other. In the *Financial News* for the 15th January, 1898, there appeared a special telegram from Perth (Western Australia), referring to the "Sons of Gwalia" property. In this special telegram an estimate was made of the value of the developments based on an allowance of 32s. per ton for working expenses. No one will suppose that in a telegram of this character working expenses would be made the subject of an excessive estimate. Here, then, is a useful comparison—32s. per ton in a presumably progressive British Colony; 20s. per ton under the tyrannical and ignorant rule of the Government of Paul Kruger! Is there not some valid justification for the assertion that the allegations against Mr. Kruger of a desire to oppress the gold industry have not a leg to stand upon?

It was suggested just now that Mr. Kruger is, and always has been, desirous to give to a newly-arrived population the fullest privileges and the widest possible liberty, "subject only to one consideration." What is that consideration? Nothing more or less than this—that the hardly-won independence of the South African Republic shall not be imperilled. Now let it be noted that up to the middle of the year 1890, in spite of the flag incident at Johannesburg, this fear of imperilling the independence of the Republic had not arisen. It did arise, however, in July of that year, when it was plainly seen, owing to the course of the negotiations over the first Swaziland Convention—a convention which, so far as Swaziland was concerned, only had the effect of postponing a settlement—that Mr. Rhodes, in his capacity as Premier of the Cape Colony, and as the controller, through the High Commissioner, of Imperial policy in South Africa, had embarked in a campaign against the independence of the Transvaal—a campaign that, for the time being, came to an end with the surrender of Jameson at Brink's farm. It might have

been possible, in 1890, to accuse those who detected this campaign of being the victims of an illusion. It would be impossible to make such an accusation now. From the middle of 1890 to the end of 1895 this campaign was in progress, even though at times it was at work below the surface. A realisation of its existence imposed upon the South African Republic the duty of adopting a strongly defensive policy, of ever being on its guard against the subtle attacks of a power vowed to its destruction. A careful survey of the situation showed that the utmost vigilance would have to be exercised in respect of the admission of foreigners, even after naturalisation, to the franchise. It was plain to those who were acquainted with the political slavery existing in Kimberley that the same kind of slavery might be introduced into Johannesburg, and that employees of some giant amalgamation might be made use of, whether they consented or no, to influence the issue of presidential and other elections. It was in view of this possibility that the Volksraad multiplied tests and conditions for admission to burghership, the one point in respect of which Mr. Kruger's administration might seem to have earned the right to be called retrogressive. If, owing to any fortunate combination of circumstances—for example, a declared resolve on the part of the Imperial British Government to exclude Mr. Rhodes from its counsels—the Pretoria Government could be reassured, it might confidently be expected that the defensive attitude of the Transvaal Government would be modified, and that the spirit that prevailed in the earlier part of the year 1890 would once more assert itself.

A similar remark applies to other matters in respect of which Mr. Kruger's Government has been accused of being impracticable and retrogressive. Among more recent accusations have been included (1) an unwillingness to agree to the appointment of an "advisory board" in respect of Johannesburg matters; (2) an unwillingness to agree to the expropriation of the Transvaal railways; and (3) a disposition to uphold the dynamite monopoly. Having regard to the cordial manner in which the Transvaal Volksraad has paid attention to the suggestions of the Chamber of Mines, an "advisory board" seems hardly called for in practice, while in theory it would establish that very principle of local independent government for Johannesburg which was so deeply objected to when suggested by Mr. Chamberlain. The dynamite question is a somewhat involved one. It is a question, however, that cannot be understood apart from the fact that the agitation over it represents to a very large degree a conflict between rival monopolies, and that the creation of the existing monopoly actually resulted in a considerable reduction of price. Here once more the Reports of the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines supply some useful figures. The prices of dynamite in 1895 ranged from 85s. to 87s. 6d. per case. In 1890 Nobel's Agent in South Africa

wrote to the Chamber of Mines, offering, as a concession, to fix the price of dynamite at 100s. per case for five years for quantities of not less than 100 cases. Again, in 1894, a Committee of the Chamber of Mines, with Mr. Lionel Phillips at its head, suggested the formation of a dynamite monopoly company, in which the mining companies should be shareholders, on a basis of 90s. per case till the company had paid a 10 per cent. dividend for three years. In the face of these figures it can hardly be pretended that the dynamite monopoly was any real or serious grievance at the time of the Jameson raid. If the price can be lowered, all the better. There is, however, a factor in the question which is very liable to be overlooked. The dynamite company is also a gunpowder manufacturing company, and, having regard to the fact that more than once the British Government has arbitrarily prohibited the supply of ammunition to the Republics, there may be some solid reason for Mr. Kruger's declaration that the independence of the Republic is involved in the question of the dynamite monopoly.

The expropriation of the Transvaal railways is another matter in respect of which Mr. Kruger has been condemned as unprogressive and obstinate, if not interested. In this case again, however, there is reason to believe that he is only jealously guarding the commercial independence of the Republic. The completion and opening of the Delagoa Bay railway has been felt in the Cape Colony as a sore grievance—as an accomplishment tending to deprive the Colony of that large proportion of Transvaal trade which has proved so profitable. If the Cape Colony could by any means put a spoke in the wheel of the Transvaal over this matter, it would do so; indeed, there is good reason for believing that, in 1894, the Cape Government used its best efforts with European financiers to prevent the completion of the Delagoa Bay line. Mr. Kruger has always regarded the Delagoa Bay route and the commercial treaty with Portugal as securing the South African Republic against commercial dictation from Cape Town. The treaty with Portugal, as it now stands, was concluded in 1884. No exception was then taken to it by the British Government; indeed, Lord Derby, who was then Secretary of State for the Colonies, placed every facility in the way of its conclusion, in spite of the fact that the London Convention, under which the Transvaal was at liberty to enter into direct negotiations with foreign Governments, was still awaiting ratification. There is, however, this peculiarity about the treaty—that it depends on the existence of the concession granted to the Transvaal railway company. If the Transvaal Government expropriated the railways, the concession and the treaty would both lapse, creating the necessity for the conclusion of a fresh treaty between the Pretoria and Portuguese Governments—a treaty to which the British Government, under the 4th Article of the London Convention, would have the right to object if its pro-

visions seemed to be opposed to British interests, which in this case would mean Cape Colony interests. In opposing, therefore, the expropriation of the Transvaal railways, Mr. Kruger has a sound justification for arguing that such expropriation would be a blow to the commercial independence of the Republic. Possibly it is for this reason that, in other quarters, the cry for expropriation is kept alive.

There is, besides, the complaint, of which something seems likely to be heard again, of a desire on Mr. Kruger's part to control the decisions of the High Court. There is, however, no record of any decision given by the High Court against the Government being disputed. On the contrary, the original aggressive action came from the Bench, and was in effect an assault upon the supremacy of the Legislature. It may be advisable to state once more, as briefly as possible, the circumstances under which this assault was made. Certain farms were proclaimed a public gold-field from a certain date. When the day arrived, it was discovered that a man named Brown, acting on behalf of a group of capitalists, had men ready on the spot to peg out every claim the moment the proclamation came into force. In the meantime independent prospectors had arrived in large numbers. The officials became alarmed, and telegraphed to Pretoria their fears of a serious disturbance of the peace. The Government telegraphed back that the proclamation throwing open the ground would be immediately cancelled by another proclamation. Owing, however, to the shortness of the time, the second proclamation could not be duly published before the first one came into force. Brown, being debarred from pegging out, brought an action against the Government to recover damages. The High Court never disputed either the right of the Government to proclaim a farm or its right to cancel such proclamation by the issue of another. The Court held, however, and properly held, that the display of a telegram expressing an intention to cancel a proclamation was not a legal cancellation, and gave Brown the damages asked for, subject to assessment, a decision which the Government accepted without demur. So far all was well. But, having thus decided the case brought before him, the Chief Justice went on to deliver an opinion—it could hardly be called a judgment—on the legislative powers of the Volksraad, claiming for the High Court the right and power to review the acts of the legislature from a constitutional standpoint. To this claim both the Government and the Volksraad strongly objected. There was, they contended, no such power conferred on the High Court under the constitution; it was in conflict with the admitted and recognised practice of the Volksraad for many years past; it was directly antagonistic to a judgment delivered by the Chief Justice himself some years previously; and, beyond all this, having regard to the peculiar circumstances of the country, it might

afford some wealthy enemy of the Republic the means, through a friendly disposed Bench, of defying the authority of the Volksraad. That is the way in which the dispute is regarded from the side of the Transvaal Government, and, at the very least, no fair-minded person can say that the objections raised to the action of the Bench—or rather of a majority of the Bench—were unimportant or ill-founded. Naturally, by those who are in active antagonism to the Transvaal Government, the true nature of the dispute has been sedulously misrepresented, with the view, doubtless, of prejudicing public opinion in European countries.

It would be impossible within the ordinary limits of a magazine article to enter into a discussion of all the charges which have been so diligently made against Mr. Kruger. What has been said, however, may possibly serve to awaken that spirit of fairness which has, unfortunately, not been conspicuously manifested in this country, in the discussion of the affairs of the South African Republic. It may suggest the doubt whether the rejection of Mr. Kruger from the Presidency might not have been a worse misfortune than his election. In the minds of those who know him, and who understand the Transvaal and its history, Mr. Kruger appears in the light of one of the most remarkable figures of the present century. Impervious to flattery; gifted with an unrivalled shrewdness in his estimation of men and events; penetrated by a religious conviction as deep and as sincere as that of the founders of the Evangelical school in England; patriotic in every fibre; courageous, watchful, patient, humane; possessed of a humour as genuine as that of Abraham Lincoln; as little to be drawn aside from his conscientious convictions by the pressure of his own burghers as by the threats of foreign agitators—thus fashioned by nature and educated by experience, Mr. Kruger may well and worthily stand forward as the representative of a race of whom it has been truly said, that “no people, not of British descent, ever offered such favourable material for conversion into loyal subjects as did these South Africans when they came by conquest under British rule.”¹ And yet what a record of errors the British treatment of this race must have been when, more than a century after the first planting of the British flag on South African soil, to distrust Great Britain is, among Transvaal burghers, a certain road to popularity! Is it always to be thus? Or may it be that, when every kind of mistake has been committed and recoiled upon those who committed it, the people of England will at last learn to appreciate the hardy and courageous descendants of those whose waggon-wheels first carried the seeds of civilization through the wilds and wastes of South Africa? By sympathy and appreciation you can do anything in South Africa; by threats or coercion, nothing.

F. REGINALD STATHAM.

(1) *Theal's History of South Africa*, vol. iv., p. 58.

THE WESTMINSTER "IMPROVEMENT" SCHEME.

No intelligent dweller in London who, for the last twenty years has watched the development of his stupendous town, can have failed to observe to how great an extent, especially within the last decade, the aspect of its central quarters has changed. To the foreigner it has grown appreciably lighter, brighter, and more agreeable; to the abiding denizen, more liveable and likeable; and to both, increasingly more full of amenities of all sorts.

Yet, though great changes have been made, and, upon the whole, distinctly for the better, there remains an effect singularly inappropriate to the greatest capital city in the world, and singularly characteristic of London and of England. It is the provincial effect, the absence of the ordered reticence, the relevance and obedience to a dominant idea, that stamp the civic control of a great central authority.

The unskilled alignment and proportion of thoroughfares and spaces, the neglect of perspectives, and the haphazard medley of incongruous façades, resemble the emptyings of a gigantic German toy-box rather than the deliberate and sane expressions of a civic ideal. This effect is curiously manifest upon some of the great proprietary estates, that embrace the greater part of fashionable London, and which have been lately, and are still being, rebuilt. It is in the reconstructed streets, squares, and "gardens" of such estates that the absence of educated control and real architectural distribution is most distressingly apparent. Yet it is precisely upon these proprietary estates that, relatively to the rest of London, the closest control, that of the ground landlord and his agents, is exercised. Architecturally speaking, we have no governing body in London, for we have no central committee of taste, not even a Ministry of the fine arts.

The lack of any such central authority is easily explained by the extraordinary indifference of Londoners to London, visually considered. That indifference is receiving a most striking and disheartening illustration at the present moment. The Westminster Improvement Scheme, technically known as the "Victoria Embankment Extension and St. John's Improvement," is the scheme of a syndicate for acquiring and remodelling, as a commercial speculation, an immense area in the heart of Imperial Westminster.

The very existence of such a scheme, dealing, as it does, with sites in close proximity to, and actually in touch with, the two great national monuments—Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parlia-

ment—is a signal proof of the absence of civic pride, of the amazing indifference of Londoners, to the outward and visible signs of national greatness.

What other nation—what other capital city, would tolerate for a moment such a proposal?

Yet the proposal is not only tolerated alike by press and public, but even, by a certain proportion of the former, extolled. This attitude of a section of the London papers towards a private commercial venture dealing, amongst other things, with a great national site, is painfully illustrative of the want of broad conception, of the lack of appreciation of a grand architectural opportunity which seem to clog and hamper all our efforts towards the structural reform and dignity of the capital. For the most part, those newspapers which have pronounced favourably upon the scheme, have accepted and embodied in their pronouncements the self-interested statements of its promoters, without critical examination either of the Bill to be laid before Parliament this session, or still less of the explanatory plan which accompanies it. This careless confidence would not, I venture to think, have been extended to the prospectus of any ordinary business scheme, such as that of a restaurant company or a motor omnibus association. With certain laudable exceptions, the morning and evening papers have shown an amazing want of perspicacity as to the statements of the syndicate, and a surprising ignorance of the actual significance of the plan. It has been left almost entirely to the letters of private correspondents, to point out the misleading character of the former, and the hopeless ineptitude of the latter. I do not propose to weary your readers with a detailed recapitulation of these criticisms, but wish to point out what appear to me to be the more conspicuous faults of statement and of plan.

The very title of the Bill is a misnomer, it is called "Victoria Embankment Extension and St. John's Improvement." But a moment's consideration of the appended plan will show that nothing that can fairly be called an extension of the Victoria Embankment is intended. The Embankment Road, of which London has just right to be proud, is, where it ceases at Westminster Bridge, by no means its widest point, about 130 feet wide, and, for the whole of its length, from Blackfriars to Westminster, is absolutely unimpeded by any building between road and river, affording thus an uninterrupted and incomparable view. The scheme before us proposes to "extend" this magnificent highway by a river road 40 feet in width, backed by an immense block of buildings for the whole of its length, except for the 40-foot lanes of approach at the northern and southern ends respectively of the block. It is nothing but an audacious attempt to create an attractive and remunerative private site, to gain which it is proposed to lop a portion off the, already far too restricted, area of

the Victoria Tower Gardens. That is one of the "Public Improvements" intended by this strange scheme. Another is the widening of Abingdon Street by an average increase of 15 feet, and the creation of Street No. 1. This, with the proposed embankment, involves the demolition of Millbank Street, a narrow, winding inconvenient street, so indefensible as a thoroughfare that the County Council has already prepared a plan for widening it. Bad as Millbank Street is, it has one merit at least: that of approximately right direction. It does at any rate effect a correspondence with the end of Grosvenor Road, at present the only southward avenue in the direction of Vauxhall, and a waterside road. It has been obvious ever since the scaffolding came down from the Houses of Parliament, that a really fine and spacious southern approach to Old Palace Yard was needed, and the doom of Millbank Street was foretold. But threatened streets, like threatened men, live long, and Millbank Street, in all its crowded picturesque squalor, is with us yet, though probably not for long.

A little consideration of the proposed plan of alterations, however, will convince any unbiassed mind that Street No. 1 is a most inefficient, inconvenient, and undignified substitute. It debouches upon Horseferry Road, at present of an average width of perhaps 40 feet, and of not much more than 35 at the point of junction, so far to the westward of Grosvenor Road, that unless the latter thoroughfare is to be immensely widened, or a "*place*" or circus of considerable dimensions is to be formed (and neither Plan nor Bill portends any such arrangement), there will be two bad and dangerous corners to be turned in order to reach the river bank.

The County Council, we are told, has a scheme for widening Horseferry Road by some 25 feet, thus making it about 65 feet wide. But even if that is done, this road will remain too narrow to carry the direct traffic to Lambeth Bridge, and to receive, as in accordance with this plan it would receive, the additional southward traffic of Marsham Street, widened to 60 feet, and of the new Streets, Nos. 1 and 3. A new Lambeth Bridge, wider and easier of gradient than the existing little suspension bridge, is intended by the County Council. That of necessity implies that the starting point of the bridge will be farther in shore and will need ampler space to ease the traffic to and from the initial causeway. The Provisional Plan ignores this necessity, and it is obvious that the block of buildings next the Embankment would in any case have to be shortened, or the miserable river road it provides would end in a veritable *cul de sac*.

Granting that this scheme of the syndicate is accepted, and carried out, a really alarming legacy will be left to Westminster, in the inevitable and extremely difficult task of continuing Street No. 1, in such manner as to effect any tolerable junction with Grosvenor Road.

For if this new street is "produced" southward, and kept perfectly straight, it terminates against the steps of the Tate Gallery, after shaving, in a most ungainly fashion, the backs of the row of modern houses in Grosvenor Road. If it deflects eastward, that is riverward, it must partially or totally destroy that row, which, upon grounds of expedience, is not likely to be intended. So that the creation of Street No. 1, as planned, would leave us in a bad fix.

Now let us consider this street in itself. It is to be 90 feet wide, the width we are informed of Regent Street. It is shown as a boulevard flanked with trees, and has been eulogised, by some unthinking but friendly critics, as a splendid avenue. For a "boulevard" the width of Regent Street would be paltry in the extreme. The side walks of a boulevard, in which trees are to have room to grow without impeding foot traffic, should be at least 25 feet wide from house fronts to kerbstone, that would leave a roadway of 40 feet in this case; 120 or better 130 feet of total width would give something that even continentals would recognise as a boulevard. The Paris boulevards are stated to have a minimum width of 33 yards. The Avenue de l'Opera is of that width; the Avenue Dumesnil, 44 yards. Portland Place is 125 feet wide, but has obtruding "areas" to mar its effective breadth. Many of the new avenues of Brussels are wider yet, while Berlin has given, to Unter den Linden, the handsome width of 196 feet. The apparent width of a street is obviously related to the height of the buildings between which it passes; and it cannot be supposed that a speculating company, or its future lessees or purchasers, having incurred enormous expenditure in obtaining and clearing sites, would, in the matter of height, stop far short of the extreme limit allowed by the London Building Act. Thus this 90-foot street would almost inevitably be flanked by houses at least as high as those that make Victoria Street, which, at its "Sanctuary" end, is of about that width, the gloomy, big lane we know it. Its trees are not likely to flourish greatly. It will carefully avoid all river view. That is to be reserved for the happy dwellers in the front row of the big block that faces the delightful prospect of Lambeth Palace, with its grounds and trees. At the northern end of this portentous avenue it will be seen that it is the intention of the syndicate to acquire and remove the terrace of quiet Georgian houses, known as Abingdon Street. The removal would include, apparently, the fine old house, now occupied by the Board of Trade Standard department, whose admirable stone north front faces Old Palace Yard. This will provide a site, one end of which is opposite to the Victoria Tower, while for nearly its whole length it will have the fine view eastward, of the river across the Tower gardens, and westward, the really delightful prospect of the Abbey gardens, and the Abbey and Westminster School. That the indifference of London, of the nation,

will be sufficient to surrender to the unknown projects of the speculative builder such a splendid site as this, I, for one, refuse to believe. But should that architectural ignominy overtake us, we may well dread the result. Instead of the handsome and dignified block of public offices, which might fitly grace a position presenting all the aptitudes for a building of national importance, we may get a ten-storeyed pile of flats in red brick, or a giant hotel.

Anyone endowed with ordinary powers of perception and imagination, who will stand at the south-west corner of Parliament Street, facing southwards, and will consider the vista before him, will see that the mere widening of the gap between the great Victoria Tower and the end of Abingdon Street, by 20 feet, will do nothing to improve the dignity of the former, or the general view, if, in place of the low buildings existing, we get a new block of nearly double their height. The effect upon the long, and not very high range of the Palace of Westminster on the one side, and Henry VII.'s chapel on the other, of a mass of buildings close to both of them, and as high as either, would be positively disastrous in the architectural sense. And the syndicate offers no guarantee whatsoever, as to the character or dimensions of the buildings which are to replace its demolitions, a fact which may well give pause, even to enthusiasts for private enterprise.

We are vaguely promised something nobler and more dignified than what we now possess, in the way of surroundings to the great national monuments so copiously alluded to. A brief survey of the nobility and dignity afforded by the "mansions," residential flats, and hotels, strewn broadcast over London, within the last ten years, is not comforting. What "noble" building is like to be created by a desire for dividends? The promised dignity, we may be sure, will be of the tenantable order, the "desirability" of newness and smartness, of red brick and vividly contrasted freestone, of electric light and elevators, in fact, of "all modern conveniences."

No sensible man would uphold the integrity of the slums which fringe the threatened area; they are going bit by bit, and might well go faster. Reform is certainly needed. But the syndicate has the assurance to stigmatise a great part of the area, for whose possession it yearns, as one of the most insanitary districts in London, and as an imminently possible "hot-bed for epidemics." These allegations have been shown by the Health Officer of the district to be absolutely untrue, a contradiction for which the promoters should be grateful. For they have chosen a singular method of fouling their prospective nest, in seeking to convince the public, and their possible tenants, that the area they desire to turn into a brand new residential quarter is excessively insanitary.

Their dealings with the territory lying westward and inshore of

the river, which has been aptly dubbed the "Hinterland," show one predominant idea—the desire for paying sites. The spaces between the meagre streets are obviously calculated to fit in the greatest number of lettable houses, and, by consequence, to produce the greatest possible return for money invested. There is little evidence of care for the requirements of traffic, still less for considerations of architectural effect, or the value of the picturesque.

Smith Square contains that curious masterpiece of Archer's, the church of St. John the Evangelist, at any rate admirably built, and full of character. This is the chief monument of the parish, and, of course, will remain. But how is it to be treated? It has at present one dignified and convenient avenue of approach in North Street, which not only leads directly to its principal entrance, but affords a unique and really charming vista terminated by its portico and pediment—an untouched legacy of the eighteenth century.

This street it is proposed to abolish, to block up, and, the church being a building of north and south aspects and entrances, it is intended to provide it with approaches only from the east and west. And this in the great name of Public Improvement. Northward of Smith Square is another legacy of the eighteenth century, almost as untouched, in the triad of extremely picturesque, staid, orderly and delightful little rows of porticoed, panelled, and wrought-iron-fenced houses, known as Great College, Barton, and Cowley Streets. These are indicated upon the published plan by an irregular shaped block, closely resembling the top of a grand piano. We are left in doubt as to the fate of this block. But it is safe to assume that it is not to be acquired with the kindly view of preservation. That is not the way of money-making syndicates.

These quiet old streets, intensely appreciated by those who live in them, and intensely appropriate in their very quietude, most decent folks will think, to their position, under the shadow of the great Abbey church, will go. They will go, and soaring flats and mansions will reign in their stead. And why? They are not insanitary or unsightly, they occupy no space required for any avenue of traffic, or for any other public need. They are unique, interesting, and pleasant. Is it of "public and local advantage," to quote the Preamble of the Bill, that they should disappear? They are still enjoying a hale old age, may they not die a natural death?

What this syndicate offers us is, at best, a sorry bargain. We are to grant to a private body of commercial speculators, for its own behoof and benefit, powers to smash, obliterate, and wreck, on a gigantic scale, an ancient and interesting quarter of the historic City of Westminster, powers to convert to its own commercial ends sites of national value (which we may have to redeem some day at immense cost); and last, but not least, powers to create another great proprietary estate, an oligarchy of ground landlords. All this with

the inevitable ousting from their homes and occupations of an immense number of people, who, on the score of "local advantage," have some right to a voice in the matter. "Proper provision," we are given to understand, will be made for the poor—a phrase of vaguely comforting suggestion, like "that blessed word Mesopotamia."

The consideration we are to receive, in view of this magnificent grant, is to consist of a mock extension of our splendid Embankment, a few ill-arranged streets, and an ill-planned residential quarter of the speculative order of architecture, the cost of the creation of which is to be borne by the future tenants of the creative company. The acceptance of the offer will mean the acceptance not only of a thoroughly bad plan, but the practical prevention of real public improvement, for the next few generations, in a district presenting great architectural possibilities.

Any extension of the Victoria Embankment must be a real continuation of its generous amplitude and dignity, the splendid highway befitting the margin of a splendid stream. If it is not this, if intervening buildings shut out from the public way the continuous prospect of the river, it belies its title, and falls to the level of a paltry compromise.

Surely the great City, that a few years ago found courage, skill, and resources to create as noble a mile of river road as any in the world, can treat this further fragment of three hundred yards on the same broad lines, and with the same fine freedom of effect. The success of such an effort is assured, and the practical difficulties, other than those of the acquisition and clearance of the ground, are not serious.

It would be easy to make the sides of the new avenue parallel, or nearly so, to the front of St. John's Church (which is the key to the architectural position), and to open out Smith Square by "producing" its northern and southern sides to meet this avenue. The Square is at present provided with a North Street; might not its approaches be completed with a South and a West Street, in the centre of their respective sides?

The Victoria Tower Garden is all too short for its position, under the lee of the House of Lords. It should be extended to Lambeth Bridge, and bounded on its inshore, or west side, by a really imposing avenue, say 130 feet wide, and running from the Victoria Tower to a circular or elliptical "*place*" of about 300 feet in diameter, forming a spacious junction with the new bridge, which, let us hope, will be of stone, and the widened Horseferry and Grosvenor Roads.

This is a mere indication of a possible scheme; there will, doubtless, be many and better ones. What is, however, imperative is that the plan should be laid on broad Imperial lines, and not dictated by the cramped necessities of a speculative venture.

EDWARD PRIOLEAU WARREN.

THE MODERN FRENCH DRAMA.—VI.

THE NEW COMEDY.

THE most striking and original amongst the younger men who have come to light during the last five or six years, the two who sound a really new note in dramatic literature, are Paul Hervieu and Maurice Dounay, and I do not think that any critic with a love of antithesis has ever lighted on a contrast more strongly marked. Hervieu and Dounay are as absolutely opposed as will and temperament; laborious effort and improvisation; shadow and light; winter and summer; north and south; hatred and love of life. Both look on at the same world, but the one with the eyes of a Stoic, the other of an Epicurean. In that eternal question of marriage, adultery, divorce, from which neither our stage nor our society can escape; in that duel between the sexes which, in our days, has become so strongly accentuated, Hervieu is the declared defender of the rights of the woman, Dounay the crafty advocate of the failings and passions of the man. To put the matter in a nutshell, I think that the law has seldom been better attacked than by the first, or love better defended than by the second.

A few years ago I met M. Paul Hervieu in a newspaper office. I remember a pale, interesting, finely-cut face, suggesting the idea of nervous energy in repose, grave, almost melancholy eyes, no shadow of a smile, no suspicion of a gesture, an even, colourless, indifferent voice, nothing affected or irritating, but an evident determination to keep himself to himself, and not to wear his heart upon his sleeve. This was before M. Hervieu's first success, when his name was scarcely known to anyone except brethren of the trade. An eminent *artiste*, who holds a high place in Parisian society, was, if I am not mistaken, one of the first to understand him, and to introduce him. His novel, *Flirt*, was much read. It was such an attractive title, and the book did more than justify the promise of the title. I remember that it pleased women of the world because it was so delicate in form, and said very audacious things very prettily. Moreover, it was lighted up here and there by those touches of mischief which they like, without ever falling into that coarser gaiety which they detest. This veiled gaiety disappeared in the succeeding novels. I confess that I was very much bored by these, and that I understood very little of them. M. Hervieu seemed to me to be developing a dismal precosity. His efforts to evolve a style were scarcely happy; moreover, what is the use of torturing words, trampling on old phrases, and disturbing our minds in a hundred ways, if, after all, the idea that one is trying to

convey remains formless and vague? What is the Sphinx without its enigma? I was just admitting that M. Hervieu had struck a bad vein and was in great danger of deserving the praise of idiots, when his dramatic successes filled me with surprise and delight. His three plays—one played at the Vaudeville, two represented at the Français—lifted him at once to the first rank, and showed the world that he was master of a dramatic manner, as clear, as outspoken, as easy to define, as his style in fiction was subtle, tortuous, and disconcerting.

Les Paroles Restent was M. Paul Hervieu's first appearance on the stage. This is the plot: the Marquis de Nohan, a soldier and a man of the world, has met, in the East, Mlle. Régine de Vesles, the daughter of a diplomatist. Misled by certain appearances, he believed this young girl to be engaged in a guilty intrigue. He told the story under the seal of most intimate confidence to a woman whom he loved, and she circulated it throughout Parisian society. Régine's reputation was gone. She remained in ignorance of the fact, but the man, who was the cause of the evil, both knew it and deplored it. Not only did he break off all relations with the wretched woman who had let out the secret, but he fell deeply in love with his victim. To complete his remorse, he learns that the circumstances which deceived him admit of a quite natural explanation, and that Régine, for all the freedom of her manners, is purity itself. There is only one way of repairing his fault, and giving the lie to the reports which he has set on foot. It consists in marrying the woman whom he has calumniated. Therefore he decides to tell her his love, but at the same time to confess his fault. These two confessions, the first so easy if only it had not to be followed by the cruel second, make up a very touching scene, although it is spoilt in some parts by the mannerism, the laboured subtlety of expression, all too frequent in M. Hervieu's novels. The Marquis de Nohan, who, as I have just said, has the two confessions to make, makes Régine de Vesles decide which ought to come first, just as in the Chamber, members dispute the Order of the day. "Suppose that a man is in a situation like this with a girl whom he loves,"—then simplifying the case and coming nearer to the truth—"suppose that I am that man." In his mortal trouble, in his strange desire to be both understood and not understood, he stammers out some ridiculous, scarcely intelligible phrases. "Don't you think that a woman's unhappiness can only come from one single thing—from a person?" When Régine, half stifled by emotion, cries out, "My friend, my friend, you hurt me!"—then corrects herself—"No, that is only a way of speaking because there are no words to express that one feels something better than good," I feel a great desire to burst out laughing, both at the expression which is so awkward, and at the idea which is so ambiguous, so twisted, so artificial. But I remember the curious perversity of the human

heart, which never says frankly all that it means; instead of the simple and direct, it prefers the oblique, the complex. That is what made the fortune of *Euphuism* and *Marivaudage*. Moreover, the situation here is so embarrassed that the style can hardly fail to feel the effects. At length the truth is out, and the scene, as M. Hervieu has written it, ends pretty much as might have been expected. Régine de Vesles does not accept the reparation which is offered her. It is precisely because she loves her calumniator that she suffers retrospectively in her pride and in her love. In the first moment of passion she adopts as her champion an enigmatical personage, whose character and sentiments are never explained to us. There is a provocation given and a duel; de Nohan is dangerously wounded. His danger brings Régine to his side, forgiving all. He will be cured, doubtless, and they will be happy. No, for the world has not said its last word. As the proverb says, "*Les paroles restent.*" The infamous story is repeated once again in public. De Nohan hears it, and the shock costs him his life.

This dénouement belongs to the purest melodrama. M. Hervieu, in *Les Paroles Restent*, has borrowed a few weapons from the inexhaustible arsenal of Scribe and his followers. The duel, the will which serves to exhibit the beautiful sentiments of the hero and heroine—we know all that, and we have made up our minds that we want no more of it. The author has also been reproached for letting so many characters hover about in the background, just as Dumas did, a method hurtful to unity, by which I mean the only true and necessary unity, unity of impression. But M. Hervieu might have replied that these secondary characters are only the Hydra's heads, the fragments of that formidable and mysterious entity, which delights to devour reputations and shirks all responsibility. Don't try to banish these people from the piece, for they play a much more important part in it than the pale figure of de Nohan.

M. Hervieu did better than answer. Three years later, in *Les Tenaïlles*, he gave us a play exempt from these faults. Not only does it show a very considerable advance on the last play, but it seems to improve as it goes on. At the beginning there are a few tortuous, subtle sentences; in the final act all is bitter, concentrated, poignant.

Irene Fergan has been married for ten years to a man whom she does not love. Why does she cherish a grudge against him? Just because he has not known how to make himself loved. She is told that she will love him when she is married. "It was not I who was married ten years ago, it was the other woman that I was then." But she does not tell us all. She loves Michel Davernier, the celebrated traveller, who, on his side, cherishes a great and heroic passion for her. Will she yield to him like so many other women, who take a lover and preserve the outward appearance of virtue? Will she

lie, deceive, smile in the face of the man whom she detests? No, rather a thousand times divorce. She goes straight to her husband and tells him of her resolution. But Robert Fergan does not see the matter at all in the same light, neither does the law. He explains to her with his calm and cruel irony that you cannot go and say to the judges, "This man and I thought that we loved one another. We made a mistake. We demand to be set free." What grievance will she allege?—adultery, ill-usage, serious insult? Nothing of the sort exists, and consequently it cannot be proved. Moreover, there must be a motive. "Well," cries Irene, "we will invent one." That, I think, is what the English law calls "collusion." Our law, less far-sighted and less strict, leaves the door open to these little conspiracies. But in such a case the husband must be the accomplice of the wife. Now Robert Fergan has no intention of getting a divorce. "And if I run away?" "I will have you brought back by the gendarmes." "And if I disgrace your name?" "I will keep you all the same." Thus, according to the French law, which regulates marriage and divorce, the wife is the prisoner of the husband, and must remain such at her jailor's good pleasure. That is the first situation, the first striking moment of the play.

This is the second. Ten years have elapsed. The victim has apparently become resigned, and the husband and wife seem to have lived together on fairly good terms, away from the world in a lonely country place, where M. Fergan has chosen to shut up his wife. A child has been born, little René, and it is on his account that the struggle begins again. The father has decided to send him to school; the mother means to keep him at home. Every argument has been exhausted on both sides, and it rests with M. Fergan to insist on getting his own way. "He belongs to me, his father." "You are not his father," and she confesses that on one occasion, maddened by her galling chains, she had put aside all generous scruples and had yielded to the man she loved. The child is hers, hers only. But here Fergan remembers the law, which puts the child into his hands. What is he thinking of?—some cowardly vengeance? She cries shame upon him. Can a civilised man make a victim of a child, appease his wounded pride by sacrificing a weak, helpless creature who, for ten years, he has thought to be his own flesh and blood? At that moment little René crosses the stage, and the mere sight of him decides the question.

FERGAN. You are right. I cannot harm him. It will be enough if I teach myself not to love him. (*decisively*) You will take him away. You will start at once with him.

IRENE. I will not start.

FERGAN. What?

IRENE. I will not consent to be thrust out of doors. For my son's sake I

will sacrifice nothing of his regular position, of the consideration attaching to his legal birth.

FERGAN. Then I shall force you.

IRENE. No.

FERGAN. The divorce that you were so anxious for, I now wish for and demand.

IRENE. I no longer accept it. My youth is past; my hopes are dead; my woman's future is at an end. I refuse to change the whole course of my life. I wish for nothing more than to remain to the end where I am—as I am.

FERGAN. You want me to put up with you?

IRENE. You must! You have nothing against me but my own confession.

However he revolts, he still protests. What, a whole life together face to face, always, always? What sort of an existence will he lead? And she answers, "The same that I have led for ten years." "But," he cries, "you are guilty and I am innocent." "No, we are only two miserable people, and misery knows none but equals."

La Loi de l'Homme, played last winter at the Comédie Française, has much affinity with *Les Tenailles*. The same concentration, the same severity of style, the same contempt of all petty devices. Like *Les Tenailles*, *La Loi de l'Homme* is a violent attack upon the law with regard to marriage and divorce. Like *Les Tenailles*, *La Loi de l'Homme* consists of two situations, which are opposed, or, to speak more exactly, of one and the same situation reversed. In the first act the wife is at the mercy of the husband; in the third the husband must surrender to the wife. Only the first of these two plays gave the mind the same kind of satisfaction which arises from a neat proposition followed by its contrary, or from a well-worked out algebraical equation. The same law furnished the key with which the former prisoner locked up her jailor. In the new play, the law, as conceived and framed by men, the same law which furnished Irene Fergan, the adulteress, with so excellent a retort, can do nothing to give freedom to Laure de Raguais, who is an honest woman. Deceived by her husband, she has discovered in his writing-desk some conclusive letters, and she learns from the very lips of the representative of authority that these letters can do nothing for her. She wants to have the lovers surprised, but she shrinks back from the stupid and ignoble formalities with which the law has surrounded the proof of *le flagrant délit* when it is a question of masculine infidelity. Consequently, she must content herself with an amicable separation. She will have the shame of remaining the wife of an adulterer, and the grief of feeling that he has a share in her daughter. As for him, he will keep his mistress.

The years pass. Little Isabelle de Raguais has grown up. She in her turn loves and is loved. André d'Orcien would be worthy of her, but his mother is the mistress of M. de Raguais. Imagine the disgust, the supreme revolt of the poor mother, who seems to see her

daughter torn away from her and given to the woman who has already robbed her of her husband. Will she consent to one of those hideous compromises which oblige the victim and the executioner to live side by side in the same family? Impossible. Here, again, M. de Raguais has an ally in the law, always the law of man! He can virtually ignore his wife's wishes, and disregard her veto. But M. d'Orcien and his son, André, are men of honour and men of heart, and the idea of forcing themselves into a family, or of a daughter marrying against her mother's wishes, is alien to their private code. M. d'Orcien insists on seeing Madame de Raguais in the presence of his own wife and of M. de Raguais. He must have a free consent, or a refusal with reasons given. Here is Madame de Raguais' opportunity for vengeance; she will tell the truth to the injured husband, and force a confession from the guilty pair.

Is she right, or is she wrong? That question was discussed over the sweetmeats at all the five o'clock teas of Paris, which gave me occasion to remark that the *esprit de corps*, formerly so powerful among women, is a thing of the past. Some threw Laure de Raguais overboard out of cowardice, to please the lord and master, to whom they had decided to show indulgence at all costs. Others, on the contrary, abandoned her in the name of the maternal affection which Laure sacrificed to her vengeance; and others, because they were wily birds, full of resource and armed at all points for the struggle, so that with or without the law of man they had a thousand ways of slipping off the yoke under which Paul Hervieu's heroine succumbed. There are blundering, stupid women, and Madame de Raguais was one of them; she did not know how to make herself loved; she did not know how to make herself obeyed. She had nothing on her side, as she said herself, but her "tears and her claws." She made use of them; she did well. Why pardon the guilty, who remain unrepentant in their crimes?

But I come back to the play. The situation is now in the hands of M. d'Orcien, who in a few seconds, and under our very eyes, has to pass through all the phases of an evolution which would require long hours, weeks, months, perhaps years. But this concentration of psychological development is the distinctive, permanent, and inevitable condition of the stage. Call it a convention, if you will; but it is a convention which is the very life of tragedy. Consequently, M. d'Orcien, though he gives way at first to an alarming outburst of anger, grows calmer when he thinks of his son, the only being whom he can still love. In the name of André and Isabelle, those two innocent creatures whose hearts and lives would be broken by an exposure, he proposes, or rather he insists, since he has the right to insist, that there shall be silence, peace, oblivion. Clearly there can be no question here of drinking champagne and forming one single

household, as at the end of *La Sérénade*. If M. Hervieu had dreamed of anything so brutal, I should never have forgiven him, and I should never have forgiven myself for taking his play seriously. But nothing of the sort happens. The great world, like the world of diplomacy, knows how to bring about reconciliations which are not intimacies, and if some silences are base, others are heroic.

I will not allow that *La Loi de l'Homme* is much inferior to *Les Tenailles*. I am infinitely more interested in Laure de Raguais, who is only a silly woman, than in Irene Fergan, who is a very decided minx. The solution of *La Loi de l'Homme* is much less neat than that of *Les Tenailles*, but it is more human; and for my part I should be disposed to like the piece just because of that dénouement which has been so much criticised. But M. Hervieu does not care to have his pieces liked. They make no attempt to win sympathy, indeed they rather repel it. They plunge us into lamentable situations, yet we do not shed a single tear. The writers of an older generation observed, M. Hervieu experiments. What do I mean by experimenting? I mean observation in specially chosen conditions prepared beforehand—isolation, so to speak, of the psychological phenomenon from the thousand circumstances which might obstruct it, or falsify it, or complicate it. So he imitates the physicist, who studies the fall of bodies in a void so as to arrive at the true laws of gravity and attraction; or the naturalist, who binds up a muscle in a rabbit so as to observe the separate action either of the motor apparatus or the apparatus of sensibility. That is to say, he practises abstraction, or science, no longer as a matter of reasoning, but as a matter of practice.

M. Hervieu thereby condemns himself to a loss of imagination and of wit. He deprives himself of the aid of rhetoric and of poetry. Psychology itself gives him nothing but a starting point, it does not give him characters. The secondary figures are nothing but shadows, and as to those which move in the foreground, they have only one sentiment and one attitude. Apart from their position as husband and wife, they are anything you like. They can only be realised by an effort like that required to conceive points without dimensions, surfaces without thickness, or bodies without weight. It is a hard, uncompromising kind of art, born of weariness and giving birth to it. M. Hervieu goes straight on, dragging us behind him; he never stops to gather a flower by the way. He will neither accept nor seek for those happy turns of expression which made Dumas and Augier such delightful companions. No; he seems to despise anything like naturalness in dialogue, although after all there is nothing wrong in it. However poor, limited, stiff, his vocabulary may be, he insists on making it poorer, stiffer, more contracted—he positively revels in it. In spite of the force of his ideas, and the soundness of

his thesis, will the public ever be on familiar terms with these gloomy plays, this anatomy of the drama? Certainly a biological experiment has an interest of its own, but to feel pleasure one must be presented with life itself. Now this is exactly what M. Maurice Dounay has once or twice succeeded in presenting.

The first actors at his disposal were some Chinese shadow dancers at the Chat Noir. These *artistes*, cut out in tin, had a definite influence on M. Dounay's dramatic career. They accustomed him to dare and say anything. At the Chat Noir he had a show represented called *Ailleurs*, which did not spare our public men or our institutions, and also a little archaic burlesque, *Phryne*, which was played in February, 1891, but was not printed until 1894, with a dedication to *feu Patin*. Patin, good honest man, was in his time a Professor at the Sorbonne, Perpetual Secretary to the Académie Française, and the author of the *Tragiques Grecs*. Would he have accepted this *enfant terrible*, who claimed him as a parent—this rather unexpected and compromising pupil, who descended upon him from Montmartre? He is now in a world which I have every reason to believe a better world, since it is impossible to imagine a worse one than this. Consequently, the answer to the question belongs exclusively to the domain of table-rapping and automatic letter writing. But I am inclined to think that if he had read *Phryne*, the few hairs that he had when I knew him would have stood straight up on his bald and polished yellow pate.

M. Dounay kept to the same vein in writing *Lysistrata*, which is a very free adaptation of the *Ecclesia Zousai* and the *Eirene* of Aristophanes. This time, instead of a luminous circle on a piece of white calico, M. Dounay could disport himself on the vast stage of the *Vaudeville*, and, in place of punched-out silhouettes, it was interpreted by beautiful girls, beautifully dressed. The transparency of the muslin would of itself have attracted the crowd; but M. Dounay added words worse than muslin. His work was like the musical burlesques of forty years ago, *Orphée aux Enfers*, *La Belle Hélène*, or the burlesques of Burnand and Byron, in so far as it put very modern sentiments into the mouths of antique characters. When the sentimental courtesan prefaces her false confidences by the words, "Daughter of a superior officer," . . . or when we see the snobs of Athens having their linen washed at Corinth, just as Bourget's Parisians send theirs to London, we have in an accentuated degree the vulgar kind of comedy that gives you Plato hailing an omnibus for the Gates of Hell, or Jupiter calling out to Ixion, whose palace is on fire, "Are you insured?" But *Lysistrata* differs from these ancient farces in not being a parody. It is no attack upon heroic literature or heroic art. It contents itself with grafting Parisian *blague* upon the *blague* of Athens, and, after all, the two are not so

very different. The author gets his effects not from the disparity, but from the similarity of manners and sentiments, which is no impossibility. Moreover, here and there he has given the piece a poetical colouring, just as Aristophanes did, a feat which would have been as difficult for Crémieux and Halévy as for Byron and Burnand. No nation ever equalled the Greeks in the art of describing young, elegant, smiling depravity and adorning sensuality with a thousand graces. That immoral, delightful form of art we once possessed and then lost. M. Dounay learnt it from the Greeks by the aid of Patin, and has restored it to us again.

The young author completed his course of irony at the Chat Noir. At the same time, like all the Frenchmen of his age, he must have noted the movement of the Théâtre Libre, although he does not seem to have written any play for M. Antoine. Without committing himself to any system or counter system, he picked up by the way certain ideas which accorded with his kind of wit. For example, that life is a sort of mystification. We live for the most part in full comedy; now and again we rise to serious drama; then we relapse into comedy, or, at least, to the realm of *terre-à-terre*, everyday material, mechanical existence, where every sky is dull and grey. His three modern plays, *Pension de Famille*, *Amants*, and *La Douleureuse*, follow this type, and unfold their action in the order which I have just indicated. But when the authors of M. Antoine's school tried to prove to him that the best play is a play that is no play, he did not believe a word of it, and reserved to himself the right of being clever when he found an opportunity. He was no less incredulous when he was told that wit is an element fatal to comedy, for he had a good store of that kind of merchandise, and he had every intention of placing it on the market. Above all, he saw quite clearly that the cardinal error of the Théâtre Libre was that of placing sensual love on the stage just at the moment when it was degenerating into a morbid habit, the disease of love, which Stendhal omitted, or, rather, which he justifiably eliminated, from his formal classification. But before it descends to that degenerate level, has it not had its glorious hour of freshness, its springtide of blossom, its share of what we call in France "*la beauté du diable*"? Immoral, if you please; but pleasant to the eyes for all but Puritans. Will not such a strain command a hearing? The innumerable editions of Pierre Loti answer in the affirmative. This kind of sensualism Loti has depicted with as profound and serious a conviction as if it were a religion, with a wonderful art, breathing all the poetry that is in us and around us, an art that is almost innocent in its ardour and simplicity. Imagine Loti, a child of the Boulevards, and making his *début* at the Chat Noir; take away his painter's palette, and give

him in its place the humour of Gavroche, and you will have something very like Maurice Dounay.

He had only risen to half his proper stature in *Pension de Famille*. The scene was laid in one of those cosmopolitan hotels on the Riviera, the characters were men and women in search of adventure, drawn thither from all parts of the world in the hope of stimulating their worn-out nerves by some new freak of fancy. The events were merely some trifling incidents of the *table d'hôte*. Then in the midst of this atmosphere, which gradually becomes charged with amorous electricity, there is a sudden explosion, but after all no one is wounded, the scandal miscarries, the revolver misses fire. But whether it is that M. Dounay presumed too much on his skill in handling so many threads at once, or whether the public is weary of these series of types and combinations of petty intrigues, *Pension de Famille* did not have a very long run. To make up for it, *Amants* filled the bills for a long time at the Renaissance, and I know that whenever one mentions this play to a Parisian, his eyes light up with the memory of a vivid, delicious sensation. Each generation has one book which it cherishes tenderly, one play dear above all others, in which the reader, or the spectator, identifies himself with the hero, one work which for ten or fifteen years fixes the language of love. To be young and to discover it, is to be thrown into a fever, and to see it again is to experience a softening of the heart and a gentle melancholy. When at last it gives place to new successes, one feels inclined to say with Mürger's lover, "O ma jeunesse c'est vous que l'on enterre!" I think that *Amants* will be that play, for all who had reached the age of love when it was played, for the lovers on their promotion in 1895. But that number is swelled by so many precocious boys and belated elders.

I said something about the *milieu* of the play, when I was speaking of Jeanne Granier. She played the principal part with Lucien Guitry, who is not unknown in London. When the curtain rises on Claudine Rozay's drawing-room, the representation of "Guignol" has just come to an end. The children and their mammas are delighted, the mammas very elegant, the children dressed in a pronounced English style and under the care of a "Miss" and a "Fräulein," whose efforts to keep them in check are wonderfully ineffective. There is respectability in the air—respectability of a rather artificial and superficial kind. As if to put us off the scent the Prefect of Police is in the drawing-room as an invited guest. However, we begin to sniff a somewhat doubtful odour. We understand by certain phrases that these women are not married, that these children are not children like our own, and that the Prefect has come to amuse himself. In fact, this is the demi-monde, the world of sham *ménages*, temporary fidelity, and virtue for a season. To give us a picture of these *femmes entretenues*, struggling to live like excellent

bourgeoises is in itself piquant, it becomes still more piquant when we turn to society nowadays and see a crowd of silly excitable women, whose longing for Bohemianism leads them into a hundred follies.

Here M. Dounay has employed the same device used by Arthur Pinero in that masterpiece of the present English stage, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. Just as Paula is more or less repeated and parodied by Lady Orreyd, who represents the absurdities and vulgarities of the married courtesan, the supernumeraries in *Amants* are left to bring out clearly the practical, domesticated courtesan, the *courtisane popote*, who knows how to look after her tradesmen, keep her accounts, and educate her children. We feel that for all Claudine's greater delicacy of mind, she sees life after all, just as these women see it. Hidden away in the bottom of her heart there is something of the man of business. Like all Parisian women she is a born arithmetician, and with it all she is kind, she would not make any one suffer; she adores her child, and she cherishes an attachment for its father, which is the result of habit, gratitude, sympathy, and I shall add respect, if the word may be forgiven. Yes, but she can love, and although she knows very well what that leads to, she has not the strength to turn her back upon it, or to be vexed, when she hears the first notes of the music. From the very beginning, although she makes a show of resistance for form's sake, we know that she will not repulse Vithenil. One wonders what will happen. Will they be denounced, will they be surprised? Doubtless there will be another woman, jealousy, a duel, someone will kill someone else, perhaps every one will die. You are quite mistaken: they will not be denounced; they will not be surprised; they will be jealous, but as usual, jealous for no reason at all, or for absurd reasons can only end in those thousand little nothings which make up the history of love. Nothing will happen, and no one will die. Someone will marry someone else, but it will not be Vithenil, who marries Claudine.

The whole play is nothing but the history of a *liaison*, the evolution of love. First act: they meet; they like each other; they flirt; they discuss the love which the one does not wish to feel, and the other feels already. Second act: they are in love; they talk nonsense; they quarrel and make it up again. Third act: they are still in love; they break with one another; they suffer; they come together again. Fourth act: their love is stronger and deeper, yet they separate with a great rending of hearts, which is in itself supreme happiness. Verily this fourth act is dangerous to see and hear; it is the paroxysm, the acute crisis, the heroic moment when any sacrifice, any madness seems possible. Claudine, for all her prudence, is ready to forget everything—rest, future, fortune, even her child. Those passionate farewells, this solitude, this Italian night, this nature made for love is all too much for nerves stretched to breaking

point. The man is wiser, perhaps because a suspicion of melancholy satiety is already to be felt in his wisdom. What separates them finally? *A coup de théâtre*? No, simply the coachman. "If monsieur does not wish to miss the train, he has only just time." In the fifth act they meet again, but cured, and they philosophise gently, sadly, tenderly over the past.

Is there nothing but love, then, in the play? There is everything, a whole crowd of things, when one comes to think of it. Françoise's journey; the history of two pastrycooks, the false Alexandrine who is the good one, and the true who is the bad one; a discussion about the worthlessness of servants; a toast; a fable in verse, varying from five to twenty-two feet in a line. Princess Soukhimiliki and her music-hall songs; a receipt for making "cocktail"; an anecdote about an Irishwoman, who belonged to an orchestra of Hungarian ladies, and was the mistress of the Siamese ambassador; a whole host of things, which do not serve the action of the piece. And that is the very reason why M. Dounay has thrust them into his play. If these details did serve the action of the play, he would be taking a leaf out of Scribe's book or Sardou's, and they are hopelessly out of date.

As to the sentiments of Claudine and Vêtheuil, we can follow without a shadow of effort their capricious and yet fatal development. They deal in self-analysis, whilst all the time laughing at "that confounded mania for self-analysis which possesses us." But their psychology is never pedantic or emphatic. The only reproach that can be brought against them is that sometimes they are too subtle and too witty. Here is a characteristic fragment. Claudine is scolding Vêtheuil very prettily for his ill-humour, which springs from his secret jealousy of the lover *en titre*. "If *you* are disagreeable, you must not be angry with *me*, it is not *his* fault." Note the mischief hidden in these three possessive pronouns, which I have emphasised. M. Dounay's style is loose, somewhat disordered, but it is an elegant disorder, like that of a pretty woman who has put on a peignoir to be more at her ease, but who is not the less pretty for that—quite the contrary. M. Dounay's careless, fantastic method contains, perhaps, not very much art, but, at all events, much artistic instinct. He is more of a literary artist than any of our other dramatic authors, Lavedan, perhaps, being bracketed equal, and Lemaître, of course, *hors concours*.

Many writers are capable only of one single work, into which they put their whole soul, all their talents, all their invention, till there is nothing left. People asked, some anxiously, others hopefully, if by chance *Amants* would not be M. Dounay's only play. *La Douleureuse*, which I saw last winter, has not altogether dispelled the anxiety of M. Dounay's admirers, but neither has it altogether contradicted the hopes of his rivals. It is a badly-constructed, ill-conceived play,

with some parts of the highest merit. The first act forms a play by itself. It is a light-heartedly, cruel picture of the "Panama Group," and its different states of mind. We have an outpouring of alarming cynicism, and also an exhibition of four little girls, singing, dancing, twirling, and what not. Then the officers come to arrest M. Ardan, the banker, who is giving a party that evening according to the immemorial custom of bankers, ready to take the final leap. He asks to go into his dressing-room, and there blows out his brains. The thing is whispered in the drawing-room, but supper is served, and, *ma foi*, the world sups.

In the second act the play begins. No, not yet, first of all we must join in a discussion as to whether a woman, deceived by the man she loves, ought to resent it, or to pardon it. The Second Empire, represented by Madame Leformal, debates the question with the Third Republic, personified in Hélène Ardan. Apparently the wife of the Second Empire overlooked everything in her husband, only she forgot to instil religious principles into her children, and without religion there is no resignation. This is why the daughter of this indulgent mother is an out-and-out rebel. In the fourth act, be it observed, she will prove as forgiving as her mother, whence it follows that all this comparative psychology of the two generations means nothing at all. It is a complete absurdity, and we must go to the *Vaudeville* of 1897 to learn that the *cocodettes* of 1867 were "bénisseuses." In any case, they were not fools, and I can assure M. Dounay that they would have made short work of the champions of the new generation in less time than it takes me to write it.

At last all these people go off. I take out my watch. It is a quarter past ten, and the real play is just about to begin. Hélène Ardan, whose husband paid his debts with a couple of ounces of powder, has been for a long time in love with Philippe Lamberty. She is only waiting for the end of her widowhood to marry him. It is a fatal delay, for it allows Gotte des Trembles, a little woman who is bored by her husband's neglect, to make a dead set at Philippe. They are in the garden one evening; Gotte is pretty and disturbing, because she is herself disturbed. Philippe is a man. I am in a desperate fright, but suddenly Philippe pulls himself together and explains to the poor little goose how base it would be to deceive her friend, the noble Hélène, so happy, so devoted, so trusting. And the poor little goose thanks the young moralist effusively.

I do not know, my dear sir, if you ever found yourself alone in a park at sunset with a young woman whose wrists burnt your fingers, and whose ideas of duty were getting into a mist. I am quite sure that in that case you also preached her a little sermon. And what happened then? One of two things. Either you went away, and the little woman for the rest of your natural life was your mortal,

irreconcilable enemy, or you stayed, and the temptation was renewed on the next day, until you succumbed. Philippe chose the second alternative, or rather, we have first one, then the other. Gotte triumphs, but only for an instant. Philippe is horror-struck at his own downfall, and with the cowardice which characterises our sex, he lets his accomplice feel this. Then Gotte revenges herself by revealing to Philippe that Hélène had another lover before him. That confidence has the foreseen and desired effect. Philippe, the culprit, poses as the victim, the avenger, whilst Hélène is crushed to the earth by his reproaches. But how did he guess, how did he know? One person only could have told him—Gotte! In a lightning flash Hélène has understood. What, at the very moment when he was faithless to her, he is overwhelming her with his jealousy and his contempt. "Now, really, that is funny, too funny." And when they have said everything insulting, heart-rending, cruel that they can think of, they stand looking at one another, haggard, broken. How will this terrible scene end? Just as it would end in real life. "What time is it after all this?" murmurs Hélène, as if awakening from a dream. "Seven o'clock, and I am dining out! I shall look pretty! (*Going up to the glass and speaking very low.*) Ah, my head! (*Arranging her hair and putting on her hat with convulsive, feverish fingers. He wraps her cloak around her shoulders. They look at one another.*) Who is that coming in? André? I do not want to see him." Philippe. "Then go out through the studio." And she goes out without a word. How many men and women among the audience can recall similar scenes in their secret history which ended very much like that! Strictly speaking, the play might have ended there, but M. Dounay insists on showing us the two lovers reconciled, softened, happy. Only to reach that result he thought that he must transport them far from Paris to the blue shore of the Mediterranean. The scene of *Pension de Famille* was laid in a suburb of Nice; and in the third act of *Amants* we were on the shore of an Italian lake; whilst the fourth act of *La Douleureuse* takes us to the pines of Cap Martin. We cannot but take note of that irresistible instinct to call in nature as an ally, and to turn to those sunny lands where life is easier and love more indulgent. However, M. Dounay must take care; he is too fond of travelling over the line of the P.L.M.; next time, perhaps, the public may take umbrage.

What is there in the fourth act? Absolutely nothing. M. Dounay has stuffed it full of useless things, some of them in very bad taste. The act might have been written in one single sentence. "We are not worth very much, let us forgive one another; let us love one another, and let us try not to yield to temptation." Moreover, that sentence sums up the whole philosophy of M. Dounay, and, I fear, the whole morality of his age.

It is all very well to talk about expiation. *La Douleureuse* reminds one of the bill that the waiter offers you at the end of a good dinner. We saw how Gaston Ardan paid his bill with a pistol shot, but did that pistol shot compensate the people whom he had ruined? Gotte's bad behaviour was largely due to the systematic neglect and infidelity of her husband, but I do not see that he was punished. As for Philippe, his expiation consists of two months' solitude at Cap Martin, which is a pleasant enough form of penance. I cannot forbear to notice the unpardonable recklessness with which the author in the last act drags in the name of an illustrious and revered Princess to support his doctrine of expiation. She, Monsieur, only paid for the crimes and follies of others, and that, I think, is the final condemnation of this pretended justice of fate.

"Do not let us bring suffering upon those that love us." In the general shipwreck of creeds and principles that is the only thing left to guide M. Dounay's heroes through life; all beyond is doubt and darkness. There is nothing good except joy, nothing evil except suffering. When M. Dounay wrote that line in *Phryne*, which assuredly does not smack of the midnight oil—

"Hélas! Eros nous mène, et rien ne prouve rien"—

he was giving utterance all unconsciously to a whole philosophy, a complete conception of life. I see no sign that he has changed.

I might add other names to the list of new writers whose work I have been studying in some detail. M. Gustave Guichet, for example M. Guimon; M. de Porto-Riche, the author of *Passé*; M. Abel Hermant, a clever and forcible novelist, who produced *La Meute* for the Renaissance, and more recently *La Carrière* and *Les Transatlantiques* for the Gymnase; M. Pierre Valdagne, who made his début at the Théâtre Libre, and has since appeared at the Odéon, in *La Blague*; others besides who show evidence of talent, and who are trying to shake off the tyranny of old formulas. But I do not think that any of them would furnish me with characters which I have not already observed amongst the writers at this moment in the first rank. They would not add anything to the provisional definition of what I have called, after M. Faguet, M. Larroumet, and others, the "new comedy." I said just now "provisional definition," and I know that these two words are at open war with another. I also feel how difficult it is to include under the same definition, literary temperaments, as diverse as Lemaitre and Brieux, Hervieu and Dounay seem to be at first sight. But if we hesitated to define life we should never define anything, since everything lives and moves, everything is progressing and advancing. The very diversity of mankind helps the critic instead of embarrassing him. For the very fact that they have many points

of contact and agreement shows him that all are driven by the same wind, and forced to converge by the same intellectual current.

This is what I seem to see.

Let us first of all consider the construction of plays. Intrigue is simplified and reduced to a minimum. Instead of "placing" the characters upon the stage, the first act is employed in explaining the *milieu*, the setting of the action. If this description is unnecessary, because the *milieu* is well known to everybody beforehand, the first act sets the action in motion. But the action is nothing except character painting, and instead of this occupying the first act, it now occupies all the acts. So that, as M. Faguet has remarked, we get back to the art of Molière and his immediate successors, that is to say, to living portraits. And when several of these types are grouped before us, we have no longer a portrait but a picture. As for incident, all that does not spring from the play itself and the interplay of character is eliminated, just as all circumstances alien to the phenomenon under observation are eliminated from a scientific experiment. I purposely dwell upon this comparison. The spectator who used to give all his attention to the complexity of the intrigue, now gives it to the psychological complications. His reason is called into play instead of his memory, but he is still obliged to collaborate with the dramatic writer, and necessarily so, for there will never be a real drama without this collaboration. There must still be preparation where preparation is needed, and explanation where explanation is called for, but for the most part the writer confines himself to suggestion. Those witty lookers on who passed judgment upon the play whilst it was in progress, and who embodied the author's ideas, those brilliant *rôles à côté*, which sometimes eclipsed the hero and heroine, have vanished altogether. That is to say, the chorus of antiquity has been banished from the scene, at any rate, until it is fetched back again. But what has become of wit which was formerly so necessary? It is not excluded, but it is no longer *de rigueur*. It still figures in the menu of the evening, not as a *hors d'œuvre*, but as a condiment. Love has once more been granted the licence to be witty that it had lost since the days of Marivaux. As for the dénouement, it must do the best it can. So much the better if it can prove something, so much the worse if it proves nothing. At any rate, in that case it will prove that the author has made a bad choice, for all good subjects lead up of themselves to a conclusion. The only thing absolutely forbidden is that the author should interfere. No *coup de théâtre*, no *deus ex machina*, no intervention of fortune, no chastisement falling from Heaven, nothing that can suggest a farce or a melodrama. Thereby we are conforming to the æsthetic principles of the Théâtre Libre, but in all other points we are leaving it behind and drawing closer to the old dramatic architecture, which prevailed from

1830 to 1880. For example, we have preserved the *périptète*, that is to say, towards eleven o'clock, or a quarter-past eleven, at the end of the penultimate act, the action comes to a crisis and we reach the high-water-mark of emotion. A whisper goes through the audience: "How on earth will they get out of it?" and here peeps out the little finger of Scribe.

Such is the new, or more or less new comedy, a slightly hybrid and bastard variety, which the professors are beginning to patronise, because they have been assured that it is only a revival of the "comedy of character" associated with Molière, and therefore, in their eyes, the highest expression of dramatic art. Some of them believe it, others pretend to believe it. At any rate, this form has the merit of being very wide and elastic. You can put into it what you like. M. Hervieu and M. Brioux have fitted a problem play into it; M. Dounay a sensual novel; M. Lavedan a picture of manners, a social study; M. Lemaitre, his dramatic experiences of every kind. It is not in itself either moral or immoral; it lends itself to the Attic imagination of Montmartre; perhaps to-morrow some Puritan may make it a vehicle for a sermon. Reactionary, bourgeois, anarchist, it is capable of anything. Even from a purely artistic point of view its tendencies are not yet clearly defined. It is only masterpieces that fix a style and make it definite. Then, but only then, the form will be perfect and nothing more can be done but break it up to make new ones, and so deliver the masterpieces from that fate, at once the cruellest degradation and the height of glory, cheap and unlimited reproduction.

AUGUSTIN FILON.

[To be continued.]

ENGLAND AND JAPAN.

If recent events in the Far East have caused uneasiness in England, it is not surprising that they should produce a frenzy of alarm in Japan. We can best understand the meaning of the seizure of Kiaochau and Port Arthur to her by imagining our own feelings if Russia and Germany should seize upon Antwerp and the Texel. And in the Far East, Japan, it must be remembered, had conquered Port Arthur, and had obtained its cession from China, when Russia, Germany, and France stepped in to take from her her conquest on the plea that she was disturbing the balance of power in the East. Her rage and dismay are not to be allayed by smooth assurances and promises. She is too nimble-witted to deceive herself, as does the British nation, with the idea that the new Triple Alliance has now realised all its objects and will no more aggress. She foresees an impending attack upon herself by the mailed fist of the alliance, and grasps the fact that two of the three allies have now secured the bases which they require for operations against her. Face to face with Russia, France, and Germany, she is powerless, and her only hope lies in England.

During the earlier period of the present crisis it seemed almost certain that England had some understanding with Japan. Count Ito's six hours' interview with Lord Salisbury pointed to such an arrangement; but even more conclusive were the indications which our naval dispositions afforded. At the time when Sir M. Hicks Beach made his famous speech, not obscurely threatening war against Russia and Germany, we had eleven fighting ships in the Far East. Against these Russia had seven, France three, and Germany six. If war was in the air we might have had to fight with eleven ships against sixteen, and with inferiority in weight of broadside, number of heavy guns, and number of torpedo tubes. It is not likely that a ministry so cautious and timid as Lord Salisbury's would have run so great a risk. And, therefore, it would appear that we had exchanged assurances with Japan, or, in other words, concluded a temporary alliance. At this date, too, very powerful reinforcements were on their way to the Russian, French, and German squadrons in the Far East, but not to ours. In all, these amounted to five ships—to say nothing of three more which had been ordered to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to the East. We did not, till the middle of February, move a ship from Europe, though from our other squadrons near the China seas we ordered up one cruiser. Either, then, we were guilty of that rashness which, Lord Salisbury has told us, ruins Empires, or we had Japan at our back. But now the reinforcements sent out by England to the East at the eleventh hour are such as to

indicate that our arrangement with Japan has been abandoned. We are moving two first-class battleships and one first-class cruiser from the Mediterranean, besides an extra second-class cruiser from home, and we already have one first-class battleship in the East. Japan and Russia each have two of the same class; Germany has two old battleships. If we had the Japanese alliance we might have needed more cruisers but not more battleships, so long as the foreign squadrons in the East remain what they are. Our margin of naval superiority is so very diminutive against France and Russia alone—against France, Russia, and Germany it is non-existent—that we cannot afford to be too strong at any one point lest we should be too weak at others. The tangle of our diplomacy and of our naval policy is indeed difficult to unravel.

Our naval position in the China sea is rendered more precarious by our want of a northern coaling station. Hong-Kong is 1,500 miles from the Gulf of Pe-che-li, that is to say, a week's steam at economical speed. The neglect of the Government to occupy such a base as we need is extraordinary and inexcusable, for when Germany and Russia were laying hands on fine ports we should have been more than justified in taking precautionary measures. As so often, we have done nothing but talk big, back down, and then pretend that we have scored a brilliant success.¹ Here, again, it looks as though we had been trusting to an agreement with Japan which allowed us the use of her bases.

In itself the Japanese fleet is a factor which makes her alliance appear desirable. She possesses a navy which is, when all is said, actually and potentially the most formidable individual fleet in the East at this moment. She has now available two new battleships supericr to anything east of Suez, eleven good cruisers—one of which has just been bought from Brazil—a reserve fleet of older ironclads and cruisers, and some forty torpedo craft. Strong though this force is, it is to be vastly strengthened in the immediate future. By the Austrian *Marine Almanach* for 1898 Japan has now building five large battleships—three of which but for the strike would have been delivered early next year—four large armoured cruisers, eleven smaller cruisers, and twelve destroyers or torpedo-boats. Taking into consideration the rapidity with which these ships are being pushed forward, Japan is building as fast as Russia, and nearly as fast as France. Her outlay on ships alone is prodigious in comparison with her resources. In the near future she will be the fifth naval power of the world.

In *personnel*, to man her navy, Japan is exceptionally strong. She has officers and men to take all her ships to sea, and has a large

(1) We have not even complied with the oft-repeated representations of Hong Kong and secured that priceless base by the annexation of Mira Bay and the surrounding islands. Yet courage and a paint brush are all that our diplomacy required.

trained reserve, as she employs conscription with the usual combination of long and short service. Her seamen, too, are the best men she can produce, and nobles are to be found on her ships' lower decks.

Besides her ships and men, Japan has the inestimable advantage of well-equipped naval bases and coal mines close at hand to the Yellow Sea. She controls the passage through the Inland Sea, which might be of immense strategical importance in war. She has accumulated large stocks of Welsh coal near to the scene of possible hostilities. Even with our purchases of coal at Singapore and our *dépôt*, such as it is, at Hong-Kong, we should be glad of this reserve of fuel, for fleets get quickly through their coal. We could, of course, draw upon Australia, where the coal is better than the Japanese, but the line of communication is long and exposed. France has her Tonkin mines, whilst if Japan were hostile to us, both France and Russia would have the Japanese mines at their disposal, and a naval force which would place them in a position of distinct superiority against even our vastly reinforced China fleet. A glance at the map will show that Japan dominates the Yellow Sea, if positions are of any importance.

The Japanese army is being reorganised; its present war strength, which is about 310,000, is to be increased to 520,000; but this will necessarily involve time. Japan would not have the slightest difficulty in providing an expeditionary force of 200,000 men. She is thus in a position—given command of the sea, which she does not as yet possess—to menace Russia on the Pacific Coast. Nor will the advance of the Siberian Railway destroy all her advantages, though it will diminish them. She is increasing her army *pari passu*; the line is only a single track, and to move large forces of men and the supplies and ammunition required by a modern army over it will take much time. The maintenance of an adequate Russian army on the spot will strain Russia's financial resources and weaken her, temporarily, at any rate, in Europe.

On the surface, then, the military position of Japan is strong against Russia alone, and it might seem that she is all that we could desire as an ally. But far more important questions remain to be considered. How far is Japanese civilisation a real and permanent factor, and not a mere exotic growth? How far has Japan acquired the refining and humanitarian characteristics of European civilisation? What is the Japanese national character? Are her armaments at the bottom formidable against European enemies? And has she the resources to maintain them?

Many of these questions cannot be answered, because time alone can give the answer. We can only look for indications. It does appear that civilisation has taken firm root, but it is not precisely Western civilisation. The plant has been modified by grafting. Yet

where the apparatus of education is so thorough and efficient, where there is so much energy and strength of purpose, where the external pressure can only be met by a resolute advance upon an upward plane, where there is talent and knowledge at the helm, there does not seem much danger of a relapse, unless Japan is attacked and crushed. Then all things would be possible. The country has to be consolidated; it is only thirty years since the overthrow of the feudal system. In a generation Japan has attempted to achieve the progress of four centuries. The work which her statesmen have carried out is a good work, and has made infinite demands on their courage and patience. Yet, whilst it is not a sham fabric like the civilisation of Siam, time is required for the mortar to dry and harden.

How far the Japanese sailors and soldiers could be trusted against a European enemy is a point which may be raised. Barbarian forces have usually failed in the past, because they were not intelligently led or because they were armed with inferior weapons, or good weapons which they did not understand. The typical instance is China in the late war. But Japan has German organisation and strategy, excellent leaders, as the Yalu showed, and the very best weapons. If on land her fighting men had only to "come, see, and conquer," at sea they had to face a more stubborn resistance. The Chinese lost 23 per cent. of their force in line at the Yalu, and are said by those Europeans present at the battle to have fought manfully. The Japanese Admiral, Ito, had not only to meet brave opponents, but also to grapple with new tactical problems. European critics have not been able to discover any faults in his leading, though one of his subordinates did make a serious mistake, but such a mistake as might be made in any European navy. It does not appear, then, that there is any real reason for disbelieving in Japanese efficiency. Still, it would be wise for us to discount Japan's strength in some degree till it has been more severely tried.

In the war of 1894-5 there were certain instances of extreme savagery—even ferocity—on the part of Japanese troops. The statistics for the war show that whereas only 795 Japanese were killed, 27,917 Chinese fell. If these figures are not an Oriental exaggeration, it becomes evident that the Japanese simply shot down the Chinese. At Port Arthur, in Formosa, and at the sinking of the *Kow Shing* they displayed a terrible ferocity. They have been very severely blamed by Mr. Greenwood, but it cannot be denied that such regrettable excesses have happened, and do happen, in civilised war, when men's passions are excited and the lust for blood is aroused. Probably few Europeans remember the capture of Fort Pillow, in the American Civil War, when the Confederates were guilty of atrocities so terrible that by the common consent of Americans the facts have been buried in oblivion.¹

(1) In a recent issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* I gave many more instances—the massacre at Jaffa by Napoleon, Badajoz, Bazailles, the Indian Mutiny, the Tepe. Any student of military history can supply further examples.

That the Japanese is more cruel than the European is possible: his civilisation, if it is not, as has been most unjustly said, a mere veneer, is recent and has not yet had time to work its full effects. It is not so many years ago since *hari kari* was one of the institutions of Japan. Is it then just to condemn the Japanese for outbreaks which have occurred in the most civilised armies, and which may be only a passing phenomenon, not a characteristic of the race?

Another reproach which is flung at the Japanese is that he is a "pagan." This is undeserved, for the educated Japanese is not a pagan, but a sceptic or agnostic. The young nation, like the young man, in the presence of modern science and philosophy is apt to cast away its religious beliefs and to believe that religion is an unnecessary superfluity. It does remain true that, as the historian of Sea Power has said, agnosticism which has never known Christianity is a far different creed from agnosticism which has passed through Christianity. There is, however, a very good prospect of Japan becoming Christian in the near future, and this though the missionaries who have striven to evangelise her have made little way. The Church Missionary Society, for instance, had in 1896 only 1,723 native communicants. The explanation of missionary failure probably lies in this: earnest believing men of insufficient intellectual calibre pitted against keen sceptical minds; innumerable jarring sects, each claiming to preach the true word of Heaven; and, therefore, before we revile the Japanese for their present unbelief we shall do well to ask whether Christendom itself is not at fault for it in some degree. A house divided against itself in the presence of an enemy can win no real success. It may, however, be observed that Unitarianism, the most intellectual of our "isms" and creeds, is making progress even now amongst the Japanese student class.

The question of religion is of immense importance, since there are many Englishmen to whom any alliance with a non-Christian power against Christians would seem something like treason to God. Yet, whilst I can understand this sentiment, I cannot see why it does not equally operate against the employment, by us, of pagans in India and Africa to do our work of slaughter. We should use Pagan Ghoorkas and Sikhs against Christian Russians in Central Asia, if the push came. It may be objected that Ghoorkas are controlled by Christian officers, whereas Japanese troops are not. But it seems that we are descending to very fine hair-splitting when we draw such distinctions, and that, if there is anything reprehensible, it is employing the lower civilisation against the higher, which is equally the case with Ghoorka private and Japanese auxiliary.

In character the Japanese has one noble vein, which raises him above dull materialism. Whatever his religious beliefs he believes in his country. On the field of battle, particularly at the Yalu, he has displayed the highest valour, the loftiest contempt for death. Can

that race be wholly bad, or even mainly bad, whose recruits, when called from peaceful pursuits to the battlefield, behave as Mr. Lafcadio Hearn has described in one typical instance?

"‘And now I am glad,’ he exclaimed, his face radiant with a soldier’s joy; ‘we go to-morrow.’ Then he blushed again, as if ashamed of having uttered his frank delight. I thought of Carlyle’s deep saying, that never pleasures but only suffering and death are the lures which draw true hearts. I thought also that the joy in the lad’s eyes was like nothing I had ever seen before, except the caress in the eyes of a lover on the morning of his bridal.”

The bandmen standing to the *Matsushima’s* guns, after the great shell from one of the Chinese ironclads had killed or wounded one-fourth of her crew, is an incident of which any navy might be proud.

British residents in Japan, however, see more than this heroic side to the Japanese character. They discover a dishonesty in Japanese merchants, to which the Chinese are comparative strangers, in the nation at large a fickleness and changefulness which are manifested in innumerable and kaleidoscopically changing political groups, an overbearing pride fostered by the war, with results that have proved disastrous to Japanese policy in Korea, a lack of strict integrity, and a want of the sense of justice. These are some of the causes which make foreigners look with so much apprehension upon the surrender of consular jurisdiction.¹ It is evident, however, that such faults are in a great measure the faults of imperfect civilisation. Moreover, the fickleness is not visible in Japanese foreign policy, which is strong and consistent. There are European nations open to a far severer indictment—witness “Lanin’s” picture of the Russian character. It would obviously be unjust to condemn a whole people for what may, after all, be the fault only of that part of it with which the stranger comes most into contact.

Mr. Greenwood has charged Japan with a treacherous, aggressive attack upon China. But the fact is well known that China herself was, in a dazed and foolish way, contemplating some violent move against Japan.² It is also perfectly evident that Japan foresaw and feared the opening of the Siberian railway, and wished to consolidate her military position before that event. She probably hoped to awaken China by administering an electric shock. A nation is justified in taking measures of defence, and Japan was not more treacherous than was Germany, in 1870, when Bismarck, anticipating an attack by France, Austria, and Italy, manœuvred France into declaring war before the scheme of alliance could be completed. She failed because

(1) Agreed to by England.

(2) In what way, one would like to ask, did Japanese “aggression” against China differ from Russian, German, or French aggression against the same power between 1895-98? Why if Japan is to be condemned is Germany to be condoned? The higher civilisation will always attempt to control and use the lower, and this, for the good of the race, is best. Unless life is made unsupportable to the lower it will not progress.

she could not foresee the union of Germany, France, and Russia—probably misled by the emphatic and oft-repeated assurances of British Ministers that Germany could never be found in the same camp with France. Those who have studied the course of European policy for the last hundred years will not be in too desperate a hurry to reproach the Japanese with treachery and violence.

Nor must the fact be forgotten, that if we do not grasp the Japanese Alliance some other power will. We are accused of “not being good Europeans,” by those who secretly armed and incited Menelik to overthrow Italian domination in Eritrea, who, in the past, did not hesitate to form an alliance with the gentle despot known to French history as “Citizen Tippoo,” who supported the Sultan in his attack upon Greece, and procured him impunity in his massacre of the Armenians, who are believed to have countenanced the armament of the Afridis. We are threatened with outlawry if, for our own defence and to protect Japan from violent attack, we join our forces to hers. In much the same style Napoleon denounced and outlawed England for her “greedy monopolisation of the sea,” a charge which is by a curious coincidence being repeated against us by the organs of opinion in France, Russia, and Germany to-day. The Jews refused to fight on the Sabbath till they discovered that such self-imposed restrictions meant destruction to themselves. Do we not owe a duty to our country, first and foremost, not to this armed Europe which hates us so bitterly? Can we afford to throw away a weapon because rivals and enemies tell us that its use will bring down upon our heads all manner of imaginary penalties?

It is strange to find that these “good Europeans” are, themselves, not above angling for the alliance of Japan. “Codlin’s the friend, not Short,” the *Novesti* repeats with anxious reiteration. On January 3rd it was pointing out that an alliance between Japan and Russia “would assure the political equilibrium of the East.” “France, Russia, and Japan, are natural allies” on January 9th. There have been hints that Korea has lost its interest to Russia since the seizure of Port Arthur, and that it may now become Japanese. But the “fickle and volatile” Oriental has not yet risen to this bait. He has at last discovered there is only one friendly power in Eastern Asia, and that is England. Is it possible that these pontifical ex-communications of England in the Continental press are inspired by the fear that we may play a trump card and form an alliance with Japan?

Step by step, wearily and painfully, at the cost of infinite exertions, we have raised our naval strength. We have reconstructed our fleet and long since passed France in the race. As soon, however, as we drew ahead it became obvious that we should have to meet, not France alone, but France and Russia. In spite of our efforts it cannot be said that we have any great superiority as against these two Powers.

We are now menaced by the possible hostility of Germany in combination with the Dual Alliance. If there is a traditional diplomacy which regards Russia as the enemy of England, there is also a traditional diplomacy which regards Germany as the enemy of France.¹ Our fleet is too weak to make front against the three Powers, supposing they are combined. But if the rising navy of Japan should be thrown into the scale against us our position is hopeless. We cannot raise our fleet to the required strength, and many voices will be inclined to cry stop to an expenditure which brings us no nearer our goal of maritime supremacy. Isolation, perfect in theory, is becoming impossible in practice. It demands as its conditions, if it is to remain our policy, exorbitant armaments—armaments which even our immense resources cannot support—and an extreme instability in continental Europe. What was safe in 1850, in 1870, in 1880, is no longer safe in 1900. The friction between the continental Powers is diminishing instead of increasing.

As an ally Japan has this disadvantage, that, like Italy, her financial position is very insecure. Her expenditure has risen from about £8,200,000 in 1894-5 to £20,000,000 in 1896-7 and £26,000,000 in 1897-8. It now amounts to one-third of the national income. If Japanese armaments are maintained, Japan is threatened with bankruptcy, or at least with a terrible commercial crisis, which may throw the nation back twenty years. If she reduces her armaments she must be crushed by Russia and Russia's satellites, or come to terms with that Power. It is here, rather than in the sentimental argument, that the objection to the Japanese Alliance lies. Is Japan, under these circumstances, able to give us substantial help?

The financial situation is, without doubt, serious. At the same time Japan has an industrious, intelligent, and energetic population, a considerable and fast expanding trade, a rising standard of comfort which means increased consumption and increased means to consume, proximity to one of the finest potential markets of the world with easy sea communication, coal and iron in plenty, and a fine climate. The war was followed by an extraordinary development of trade, which encouraged over-speculation and extravagant bounties to the mercantile marine. There will almost certainly be a period of great depression, for the nation has moved too quickly, but as certainly a recovery can be predicted. Italy has not the great possibilities of Pacific trade which await Japan; nor has she the immense market of China near at hand, or the energy and manufacturing potentialities which characterise Japan. What our position is in the West, that is Japan's position in the East, and similar

(1) Immense consequences would result from a reconciliation of France and Germany. The neutrality of Holland and Belgium could at any time be violated against ourselves, and the "covered way" into the channel, of which I spoke in the June (1897) *Fort-NIGHTLY*, be rendered secure for the two Powers and dangerous to ourselves.

geographical causes may produce similar effects. As the Pacific coast of the United States fills up, the oceanic trade will develop, and the richest share of it may well fall to Japan. With such a future she has no real cause for fear, if only the China markets can be kept open. Here her interests coincide with ours. Indeed, did we give her our support, we have nothing to fear from her. She cannot, for generations, be a source of danger to England.

In Europe we have managed to keep the platonic friendship of Italy without concluding a definite alliance with her. But Italy has the support of Germany and Austria, else she would long since have been compelled to come to terms with the Dual Alliance. Japan has no such help to lean upon. She must make terms and take sides with one or the other of the two systems which are now contending for supremacy in Asia. There always remains the possibility that if she has not British support, Russia and her allies may decide that she is not worth "squaring," or that she will still be dangerous if "squared," and may attack her. Under such circumstances what is to be our attitude? Are we to allow a non-Christian Power to be violently and unjustly assailed by Christian Powers? And if it be said that this is a remote contingency, one is curious to know why the Russian, French, and German squadrons in the Far East have been strengthened to a figure which gives them almost the certainty of a victory against Japan as she now stands, and whether the talk of the "mailed fist" is all going to vanish into thin air.

Should Japan be so attacked the danger to us will be extreme. Her new ships will be transferred to hands which cannot be considered friendly to England, if we stand aloof. Her naval power will be wiped out. And if we give her assistance we become at once her ally. We may attempt to disguise our position and to salve our *amour propre* by "subsidising" her, or by using her armaments under British leaders—if she will permit that. But this is, after all, trying to hide the truth.

We shall perhaps confess that by our policy of isolation we have been driven into a corner, and have been so out-manceuvred that an alliance with a yellow Power has been forced upon us. Would it not be wisest to recognise the unpalatable truth, to conclude a definite agreement with Japan which should restrain her from violent or premature action, but which should at the same time guarantee her from any such attack as seems to be maturing? Included in the terms would be stipulations for the maintenance of the "open door," by force if necessary, in the markets of the East—supposing British statesmen are in earnest in bringing forward such demands. Without force we cannot maintain them, and we shall be put off with paper promises for the present, to be repudiated in the near future. The great Powers have no interest in fighting us whilst they can get from us all that they want without fighting. They discover that we are

—to put it plainly—afraid to fight even when right is on our side, for that is the whole meaning of Lord Salisbury's policy in Tunis, Madagascar, and West Africa. We have played the dog in the manger against Germany, and played the part with miserable insuccess, afraid to resent her rough brushing away of our quibbles and objections. In international law we have no case to oppose her seizure of Kiao-Chau;¹ it is even doubtful if we could resist an occupation by her of Chusan. Lord Salisbury tells us that she will grant the "open door," but that is not what Herr Bulow says to the Reichstag. The German statesman maintains that his country has retained a perfectly free hand. Our rights—such as they are—at Port Arthur and Kiao-Chau will in any case be surrendered by some future Lord Salisbury, as our rights at Batum, in West Africa, Madagascar, and Tunis have been given away by past Lord Salisburys.

By any agreement with Japan we shall, of course, earn the enmity of Russia—even if such an agreement is not directed against Russia. This is a point to be considered, but in spite of assurances most Englishmen will be of opinion that we shall only exchange a secret for an open foe. On the other hand, if we frankly acquiesce in Germany's projects in China—and these will ultimately benefit British as well as German trade—if we can understand that tolerable government by a white Power is better for us and for the world than the deplorable administrative anarchy of China, we might even now secure the alliance of Germany, but only at a heavy price. No one, however, will be on our side if from day to day under pressure of threats we stammer, "this concession shall be made because to refuse it means war." We have dismayed our friends, encouraged our enemies, alienated our possible allies, and surrendered vital interests in every quarter of the world. No nation can prosper which is governed by moral cowardice. When will British Ministers discover that Nelson's saying, "the boldest measures are the safest" is true in our own day as in our glorious past?

H. W. WILSON.

(1) This need not be an obstacle to the British Government which has invented a new rule of international law against England, viz., that our treaty rights acquired under a foreign protectorate, lapse when the protectorate is converted into an annexation.

* * * *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any Manuscripts. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written. The sending of a proof is no guarantee of the acceptance of an article.*

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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WHERE LORD SALISBURY HAS FAILED.

No one who has studied, with any degree of attention, the workings of the public mind on the political questions of the day, can fail to have detected a deep and growing dissatisfaction with the conduct of foreign affairs by the present Government. It is not confined to one party, for among Unionists it is scarcely less conspicuous than among members of the Opposition. Its gravity is shown by the fact that it has not shrunk from manifesting itself, both in the party Press and on the ministerial benches in Parliament. I am not noting this in any polemical spirit. Whether justified or not, the discontent to which I allude is a fact which only the blindest partizanship will attempt to ignore. The Government itself is not insensible to it. That it has even caused some uneasiness to Lord Salisbury is shown by the unusually effusive letter of thanks he addressed a few weeks ago to the Working Men's Conservative Association of Liverpool, in recognition of their vote of confidence and their disavowal of the censorious tone of the Unionist journals.¹

What is the cause of this discontent? Lord Salisbury says, in the letter to which I have just referred, that it "has been exceptionally hasty and ill-informed." I am afraid this is neither a convincing explanation nor a fair criticism. That the discontent is ill-informed in the sense that it does not know absolutely all—"tout savoir c'est tout pardonner"—is no doubt true; but to say that it has been hasty in the sense that it has formed itself without justification, or even adequate knowledge, is itself a singularly precipitate judgment. On certain essential points the public has assuredly ample information, and these points relate not only to isolated acts of the Government, but to the scope of their policy and the consistency of their conduct. The public knows, for example, the main problems by which the Foreign Office was confronted when Lord Salisbury took office in the middle of 1895; it knows what principles of foreign policy have been, and still are, professed by the Government; it knows precisely how Lord

(1) *Times*, Feb. 14, 1898.

Salisbury has dealt with many of the problems he came in to solve. Hence it has ample means of judging the foresight, the skill, and the consistency displayed by the Premier and his colleagues.

Let us see in detail what it is that the public knows on these heads.

In a speech delivered at Liverpool last January Mr. Chamberlain prefaced a defence of the foreign policy of the Government with these words:—

"If I go on to speak of our foreign policy, I must admit that the position is a little difficult, because, in regard to foreign policy, it was impossible for us to anticipate international events, and therefore, it was not possible to lay before you, three years ago, definite lines of policy which were to be adopted by us in circumstances which nobody could foresee; but although we could not tell you what we were going to do, I am not afraid to challenge your verdict on what we have done."¹

This is a statement to which Lord Salisbury's epithet of the "exceptionally hasty and ill-informed" might not inappropriately be applied. As a matter of fact, very few new questions of the first magnitude have arisen in international politics during the last three years. Mr. Chamberlain himself dealt in his Liverpool speech with Venezuela, West Africa, China, Siam, Armenia, Crete, India, and the Transvaal. It does not seem to have occurred to him that, with the exception of the last two, all these questions were more or less angrily, but certainly definitely, open when the Unionist Government came into office, and that even in regard to India and the Transvaal there were already premonitory symptoms of coming troubles. It was, indeed, not only quite possible to lay down "definite lines of policy" with regard to the great majority of these questions in June, 1895, but it was one of the most urgent duties of the Government to so construct their foreign policy as to take full account of the opportunities and perils involved in all these pending problems.

It may, perhaps, be said that the stages which these problems had respectively reached in June, 1895, were not such as to raise any unusual apprehensions or to necessitate any special precautions. On this point the public has ample materials for forming an opinion—materials largely supplied by the Government itself—and when we come to look at them, we cannot be surprised, if the view of the public is emphatically opposed to the suggestion I have anticipated.

These are the facts: in June, 1895, the Armenian massacres had definitely reopened the Eastern Question. The Sultan had rejected the scheme of Armenian reforms drawn up by the Ambassadors, and Russia had rejected Lord Kimberley's proposal for an armed intervention by the Powers, "either joint or separate."² In the Far

(1) *Times*, Jan. 20, 1896.

(2) "Turkey," No. I. (1896), pp. 69, 70, 71.

East a situation menacing to British interests was rapidly developing. China and Japan had settled their differences in the Treaty of Shimonoseki, and the three Powers—Russia, France, and Germany—had settled theirs with Japan by securing the withdrawal of the clauses relating to the cession of the Liao-tung Peninsula.¹ The result was that British prestige in the Far East had received a severe blow, and China, where we have enormous interests, commercial and territorial, was at the mercy of a combination of Powers of whom two were politically hostile to us, and the third was our most strenuous and successful competitor in the industrial markets of the world. While the old antagonism with Russia was thus reviving in both the Near and the Far East, we had open questions with France in Siam, Madagascar and Tunis, on the Upper Nile, and on the Middle and Lower Niger. France was hankering for further conquests in Siam and direct contact with our Indian north-eastern frontier. She was levying war on Madagascar, and the prospect of the annexation of that island was already assuming definite shape in the Gallic mind. She was negotiating for the extinction of foreign commercial rights in Tunis; she had sent an armed force on a mysterious mission to our sphere of influence on the Upper Nile, and from Senegal and Dahomey she had despatched expeditions to the hinterlands of our Gold Coast and Lagos Colonies. On the north-west frontier of India the Chitral question had revived the problem of the adequacy of our frontier defences against possible Russian aggression. Finally in the New World we had difficulties with Nicaragua and Venezuela which threatened at any moment to bring us into conflict with the extending conception of the Monroe Doctrine in the United States. Here surely was sufficient material for forming "definite lines of policy" without speculating on future events.

Now before we consider how the Government proposed to deal with these questions, and how they actually did deal with them, it is important that we should glance at them as a whole, and ascertain what was the main problem which confronted Lord Salisbury when, for the fourth time, he assumed direction of the Foreign Office nearly three years ago. There is a process known to photography which consists in bringing out the essential features of several photographs by superimposing them in one negative. If in the same way we make a composite picture of the political questions of June, 1895, we shall arrive at the problem of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy. The outline shows us unmistakably a growing conflict between Great Britain and the Dual Alliance. It shows us those two Powers engaged in a campaign against neutral markets in which we had, and still have, much at stake. It reveals probabilities of perilous quarrels, and finally it discloses in Germany a tendency to act with

(1) May 10, 1895. See Brandt: *Drei Jahre Ostasiatischer Politik*, pp. 129-131.

our rivals rather than with ourselves, and hence warns us of a possible isolation in the event of our being called upon to defend our interests.

Anyone who will carry his memory back three years, or will glance at the newspapers of 1895, will see that, without any elaborate analysis, the public mind had fully grasped these perils of the international situation. The Unionist Party had been not less quick to seize the drift of popular feeling. The present Government, in fact, took office in a blaze of Jingo eloquence. For some years previously Mr. Chamberlain had made the welkin ring with huzzas for "our noble heritage" and halloos for Imperial expansion.¹ Lord Salisbury, who has always been more reserved on this subject, gave a formal adhesion to the extreme form of the new Imperialism, in a speech delivered at Bradford almost on the eve of the change of Government. Here is what he told his audience on that occasion :—

"Many men have thought that we have expanded far enough. 'Let us draw the line,' they say; 'let us set up the temple of the god Terminus, and let us never go beyond it.' But that is not the condition which fortune or the evolution of the world's causes has imposed upon the development of our prosperity. If we mean to hold our own against the efforts of all the civilised powers of the world to strangle our commerce, by their prohibitive finance, we must be prepared to take the requisite measures to open new markets for ourselves among the half-civilised or civilised nations of the globe, and we must not be afraid if that effort, which is vital to our industries, should bring with it new responsibilities of Empire and Government."²

Though Lord Salisbury has been sparing of utterances in this vein since he has been in office, his colleagues have not exercised the same reticence. If there is one characteristic of their policy more than another upon which they have never tired of expatiating in public, it is that they have consistently aimed at the acquisition of new markets, and the preservation of the freedom of the old. In a non-Party speech at Wolverhampton, delivered before the Government was six months old, Mr. Curzon won enthusiastic cheers by the statement that "British trade was one of the most important of Foreign Office affairs, and that the security of the markets we already possessed, and the opening of new markets, and the protection of British enterprise all over the world ought to be one of the proudest tasks of British statesmanship."³ Nor did he lay this down as a mere abstract doctrine, for he added that, "during the next six years to which the Government looked forward, opportunities would occur which would enable the present Foreign Office to do, perhaps, even more for British trade and traders than some of their predecessors had had time, or even opportunity to do." This has been the note of

(1) *Foreign and Colonial Speeches*. By the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, M.P. London, 1897.

(2) *Times*, May 24, 1895.

(3) *Ibid.*, Jan. 16, 1896.

scores of speeches made by Ministers and Under-Secretaries during the last three years. It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon them further, because, in the first place, they are well within the public memory; and secondly, because their general effect has been summed up by one of the chief members of the Cabinet as recently as last January. The summary was thus given by Mr. Chamberlain in a speech at Birmingham:—

“Our policy is, first, to defend our own possessions and our own colonies; in the second place it is to open the new markets wherever it is possible; and in the third place it is to prevent the old markets from being closed against us, and from being transformed into the exclusive monopoly of some single state.”¹

Of course, I have nothing to say in depreciation of these principles. On Lord Salisbury's momentary plea for the assumption of new responsibilities in the half-civilised regions of the earth, I should be disposed, I must confess, to make some considerable reservations, but to the policy of protecting foreign markets which are now open against the monopolising designs of foreign powers, no one can reasonably object. Nor are the utterances of the Government on this subject noticeable on account of their possessing any element of novelty. They really embody a very old tradition of British foreign policy and one which has never been confined to a single political Party. All our wars with Spain and France at the very dawn of our *Weltstellung* were waged under its influence, and, as Mr. Rush has pointed out, Canning was inspired by it when he resisted the intervention of the Holy Alliance in South America by suggesting the Monroe Doctrine to the United States.² The importance of its reassertion by the present Government consists in the exceptional emphasis with which they have pledged themselves to it at a time when the danger of its violation was more pressing, more sweeping, and involved more gigantic interests than at any previous crisis in our history. Hence the public have not taken the assurances of the Government for mere flowers of Jubilee rhetoric. They have regarded them as indications of a fixed policy, the practical appropriateness of which was revealed to them every day in the newspapers and in their own counting-houses. Their hopes have risen accordingly.

Now I have shown what was the problem which engaged the Foreign Office when the present Government came into office, and I have shown how they promised to deal with it. In face of a clear and dangerous campaign against the open markets of the world in which we enjoy an enormous trade, they proclaimed their determination not only to preserve the *status quo*, but to open fresh markets³ and

(1) *Times*, Jan. 31, 1898.

(2) Rush: *The Court of London*, 1819-1825, p. 411.

even to extend the area of the Empire. Have these pledges been fulfilled? Mr. Chamberlain says they have. In a speech delivered at Birmingham last November he made this remarkable statement :—

“It is time to see how much we have accomplished, and above all to see how far we have been true to the pledges that we gave when we were elected. That is a test which should always be applied to each Party in turn. Let us see how far we can stand it. I claim that, whether our policy be good or bad, whether you like it now or not, that, at all events, it is strictly and absolutely in accordance with the statements which we made to you when we asked you for your votes two years and a-half ago.”¹

The only comment I need make on this claim is to tabulate the problems of 1895, which involved questions of markets and cessions of territory and to set against them the solutions obtained by British diplomacy :

1. Siam : Great sphere of influence created for France, including the valuable provinces of Battambang and Angkor. Cession to France, without consideration, of the British trans-Mekong portion of Keng Cheng. Guarantee of territorial integrity of, and “equality of opportunity” for traders in, Central Siam.²

2. Madagascar : Island annexed by the French and market closed. British protest disregarded.³

3. Tunis : Commercial treaty surrendered and eventual closing of market acquiesced in. No compensation.⁴

4. Upper Nile : Cession to Abyssinia of a large slice of Southern Somaliland. Apparently the only consideration a most-favoured nation clause, and a declaration that the Emperor Menelik regards the Mahdists as “the enemies of his Empire.”⁵ Nothing done to stop the French from “effectively occupying” our sphere of influence on the Upper Nile, and their invasions officially ignored.

5. China : Kiao-Chau seized by Germany and exclusive privileges acquired by her in Shantung. Exclusive privileges acquired by Russia in Manchuria. Germany declines to pledge herself that Kiao-Chau shall always remain an open port. China has agreed to open rivers to trade and a treaty port in Hunan, and has promised not to cede the Yangtse valley to any foreign power.

6. West Africa : France has occupied, in defiance of treaties, the whole of the hinterland of Lagos, and a part of the hinterland of the Gold Coast, and threatens to exclude our trade. In face of this aggression we are negotiating.

In brief, instead of expanding the Empire, we have ceded indisputably British territory to France and Abyssinia ; instead of “defending our own possessions and claims,” we have allowed the French

(1) *Times*, Nov. 25, 1897.

(2) “France,” No. 2 (1896).

(3) “Africa,” No. 8 (1897).

(4) *Treaty Series*, No. 11 (1897).

(5) *Ibid.*, No. 2 (1898).

to invade and occupy immense regions, which we had proclaimed as British; instead of "preventing old markets from being closed," we have given up the Tania market, lost the Madagascar market, consented to the ear-marking of a large portion of Eastern Siam by France, and stood idly by while Germany and Russia have created spheres of influence in Shantung and Manchuria. Against this, the Government have to set a valueless promise from China not to alienate the Yangtse Valley, the prospective opening of a treaty port in Hunan, the opening of the inland waters of China to trade—the only really valuable gain that has been obtained—the rescue of Central Siam from the range of French ambitions, and the concession of most-favoured nation treatment by Abyssinia. Is it surprising that there should be popular discontent when this record is compared with the glowing promises made by Ministers?

But it is not only by this comparison of promises with results that public anxiety has been aroused. When the treatment of each question has been carefully looked into, grave doubts as to the foresight and skill of British diplomacy during the last three years have been engendered. Take for example the China question. There can be no doubt that Lord Salisbury altogether miscalculated the perils of the international situation in the Far East when he took the reins of the Foreign Office in 1895. Speaking at the Guildhall banquet in November of that year, he made a reference to that situation which recalls all the illusory optimism of his famous "large maps" speech on Central Asia in 1877. He said:—

"We have had a year in which the Extreme East has occupied us very much. We followed with great interest the fortunes of the contest which has been waged there, but those matters have now passed away, and I hope peace has returned to those regions. I will only venture to express the hope that we shall not view what took place there, whatever it is, with unnecessary disturbance and alarm. I was much struck with the extraordinary sensation which was produced by some false news that appeared in the papers a week or two ago,¹ not because I thought the news of particular importance, but because I thought the opinion of my countrymen in regard to it a very noticeable phenomenon. I think we foreshorten time and distance."²

It seems clear that, at the moment of making this speech, Lord Salisbury imagined the Far Eastern Question closed by the capitulation of Japan to the intervention of the Powers in the matter of the Liao-tung Peninsula. The idea of the Powers seeking important compensations for themselves, he derided in his heart as impossible. It is curious how strongly Lord Salisbury is possessed of that now almost obsolete British habit of under-estimating the enterprise of the

(1) A rumour that Russia had concluded a Treaty with China, permitting her to run a railway to Port Arthur, and giving her a right of anchorage for her war-ships in that port. *Times*, Oct. 24, 1895.

(2) *Times*, Nov. 11, 1895.

foreigner. Creditable to his patriotism it may be, but it does not make for good statesmanship. This habit of so measuring the abilities of our rivals as to regard all attacks which they may contemplate upon us as likely, "possibly, to interest a future generation of statesmen," has had the effect during the past three years of enabling them to steal marches upon us in China and Africa. So far as the Far East was concerned, Lord Salisbury was speedily undeceived, for in the following year Russia obtained the concession of the Manchurian Railway with all sorts of exclusive privileges, while France and Germany made no disguise of their desire to follow suit.

A great outcry is now being raised over the proposal of Russia to lease Port Arthur from China. Here, again, I am afraid British diplomacy is largely to blame. At one time Russia did not dream of getting so far West, her ambition being limited to an extension of her East Asiatic dominions to Northern Corea. It was there that she hoped to find an outlet on the ice-free ocean. We opposed her ambition, and, in 1886, when we occupied Port Hamilton, we compelled her to give a pledge to China, as the Suzerain of Corea, "not to occupy Corean territory under any circumstances whatsoever."¹ After the war with Japan, and the liberation of Corea, that pledge obviously fell to the ground, for China had no longer the same right to hold it, or an interest to insist upon it. Had we been alive to the real nature of the Russian designs at that time we should have done well to have recognised this fact, and to have made it clear to Russia that we were willing to waive our objections to her acquiring a moderate slice of Northern Corea. This, it seems to me, would have disarmed her more ambitious designs. Instead of doing this, however, we actually played into her hands by declaring publicly that "Her Majesty's Government consider that the pledge given by the Russian Government is still binding,"² at the same time stating that, "so far from regarding with fear and jealousy a commercial outlet for Russia in the Pacific Ocean which should not be icebound half the year, we should welcome such a result as a distinct advance in this far distant region."³

We have only to look at the map to see that these two statements together constitute a direct invitation to Russia to acquire a port on the Manchurian or Liao-tung coast, and that if it were acted upon the whole immense hinterland of such a port would inevitably become Russian. Probably Mr. Balfour was consoling himself with the "foreshorten-time-and-distance" theory. If so, it is only another instance of the Government's fatal want of foresight.

Again, look at the present crisis. The Government began with declarations which, as I pointed out two months ago, amounted to a

(1) "China," No. 1 (1887), p. 38.

(2) Statement by Mr. Curzon. *Times*, Parl. Rep., Feb. 21, 1896.

(3) Speech of Mr. Balfour at Bristol. *Times*, Feb. 4, 1896.

Monroe Doctrine for China. What have they done since? They have assented to the German settlement in Shantung, and they have so far acquiesced in the Russian designs on Liao-tung, that they have entered upon "Open Door" negotiations, based on the assumption of the early fulfilment of those designs. There is no probability that they will succeed any better in their "Open Door" policy than in their "Monroe" policy. As for the concessions made to us by China, they are, with the single exception of the opening of the inland waters, of little value. China's guarantee not to alienate any portion of the Yangtse Valley is indeed quite comic, after her shameless violation of a similar guarantee in regard to Keng Hung in 1895. The assurance respecting the permanent British tenure of the superintendence of the Maritime Customs, merely leads the way in a fresh campaign for exclusive privileges, in which other countries will certainly follow us. Moreover, neither of these concessions was necessary while our ability to defend our interests was what it is.

Not less disappointing is the story of our negotiations with France. The almost entire one-sidedness of the Mekong agreement can only be accounted for by a desire on the part of Lord Salisbury to conciliate France. Why he should have wished to do this I will show presently, but the events proved that he completely miscalculated the disposition of the French towards us. The agreement was signed on January 15th, 1896, and at that early period of "graceful concessions" was hailed on all sides as a demonstration of an Anglo-French *rapprochement*. The joy, however, was short-lived. On March 26th France successfully opposed the grant of £500,000 from the Egyptian Caisse for the Dongola expedition. On April 10th she tried to put an end to our commercial rights in Madagascar without formally annexing the island. On May 30th she annexed Madagascar and closed the market against us, notwithstanding her distinct pledges to the contrary.¹ On December 28th she sent Lieutenant Bretonnet to seize the Lagos hinterland, and in the following February occupied Bousa, over which a British Protectorate had been proclaimed. And yet, seven months later, without any change in the attitude of France, we carried out the Tunis surrender. This transaction has been defended by Lord Salisbury, on the ground that the Regency was "a bad life," and that had we refused to abandon our rights they might have been extinguished for us by the annexation of the country. In other words, Lord Salisbury was afraid that the Madagascar perfidy might be repeated. I cannot disguise my unbounded astonishment at this argument. Surely the proper view of the Madagascar case was that it was a warning and not a precedent. Indeed, Lord Salisbury is in contradiction with himself, for he distinctly recognised this bearing of the Madagascar case on the Tunis negotiations in a conversation with

(1) *Africa*. No. 8 (1897), p. 30.

the Italian Ambassador at the time when France claimed to set up her tariff in Madagascar as a necessary consequence of annexation.¹ If Madagascar proved anything it proved the necessity of resistance in Tunis.

The disappointing element in all these transactions is that, after having sacrificed so much, we are not a whit the better off. France is still making for the Upper Nile, and is strongly installed in our West African hinterlands. It is, of course, vain to speculate on the might-have-been, but I am strongly inclined to think that we could have obtained from M. Hanotaux the relinquishment of the hare-brained adventure on the Upper Nile in exchange for the trans-Mekong portion of Keng Cheng, and that the Tunis concession might have gone a long way towards buying France off the Lagos hinterland. As it is, those two questions have now brought us face to face with the grim possibility of war. And the prospect of a war with the Dual Alliance has not been rendered any the more alluring by the abandonment of Lord Rosebery's project of a buffer state on the Mekong at a time when the security of our North-West frontier has become more than ever doubtful.

This, I take it, is the evidence which has produced in the country that very considerable feeling of dissatisfaction with the foreign policy of the Government, which Lord Salisbury has characterised as "hasty and ill-informed." It does not seem to me to bear out the Premier's criticism. That on the whole no very great harm has been done I am willing to admit. The discontent, however, is not in proportion to the actual mischief, but to the very great disparity between promise and performance. Had there been no beating of the big drum, had there been a little less talk about our readiness for war,² had we been less emphatically assured that our isolation was due to choice and not to compulsion,³ the public might have been disposed to dwell more on the difficulties of a perilous situation, and on the cautious and conciliatory side of Lord Salisbury's statesmanship. But this has not been the case. Surrenders inexplicable in the light of the published versions of the Government's policy have been made, and these have only thrown into greater relief its undeniable blunders and its many strokes of ill-luck. Even its best work has been spoilt by that pitiless ill-luck which invariably dogs those who blunder. There are few finer things in recent diplomacy than Lord Salisbury's management of the Eastern Question, and no statesman was ever inspired by a loftier motive than that which actuated him in his negotiations with the United States. But, so far, both these branches of his work have been barren. The

(1) *Africa*. No. 3 (1897), p. 36.

(2) *E.g.*, Mr. Balfour at Manchester. *Times*, Jan. 16, 1896.

(3) Mr. Gorchon at Lewes. *Times*, Feb. 27, 1896.

evacuation of Thessaly, the autonomy of Crete, the guaranteed loan to Greece, are all Lord Salisbury's achievements, but as yet they exist only on paper. It is the same with the Arbitration Treaty with the United States, only in that case the paper is already waste-paper.

And while on the subject of ill-luck, I ought not to forget the cruellest of all the blows which have befallen the Cabinet. No ordinary foresight could have anticipated the Jameson Raid. That bolt from the blue is doubtless responsible for much of the floundering and wobbling of the last three years. Its sharp revelation of the Anglophobe tendencies of Germany, which Lord Salisbury seems to have disbelieved long after it had become manifest to humbler observers of public affairs, was probably at the root of the disastrous attempt to conciliate France, and of the misunderstood expressions of friendliness towards Russia. But though it was quite beyond the range of ordinary prediction, it is not unjustifiable to associate it with the frothy rhodomontade which is responsible for all that the Government has lost in the way of confidence and popularity. "My only crime," said Mr. Rhodes the other day, "is that I sought to add a hundred thousand square miles to Her Majesty's dominions." Would he have tried this experiment under a government less magniloquently wedded to the expansion of the Empire?

In the foregoing pages I have described, somewhat uncompromisingly, what I take to be the causes of the dissatisfaction with which Lord Salisbury's conduct of foreign affairs is regarded. I should like, however, to say here—in the face of many current rumours—that the prospect of his retirement from the Foreign Office can scarcely be regarded with indifference by anyone who values the finer traditions of diplomacy. Mistakes, we all make, and they become unavoidable when the burden of work and responsibility is such as the Premier has lately assumed. But, whatever his mistakes, we cannot but admit that, in a world of new men, of infinite bounce and pettifoggery, Lord Salisbury is the one dignified figure. His experience, too, is unrivalled, and he brings to us a whiff of that last great drama of European statecraft which unrolled itself at the Berlin Congress, when Europe was still the world. He embodies in a peculiar way the continuity of British traditions, for his patriotism and political idealism remind us of Canning, and his name and lineage evoke the moving memories of the two Cecils. When we criticise him to-day, it may, perhaps, be well to remember, that an Imperialist historian has traced the expansion of England to that Peace of Elizabeth, which was itself a long record of concessions, not always graceful or even honourable. Another Seeley may one day find that the Peace of Victoria, to which Lord Salisbury has substantially contributed, was not as dearly purchased as some of us imagine.

DIPLOMATICUS.

THE BROKEN GATES OF DEATH.

THE most of the Irish country people believe that only people who die of old age go straight to some distant Hell or Heaven or Purgatory. All who are young enough for any use, for begetting or mothering children, for dancing or hurling, or even for driving cattle, are taken, I have been told over and over again, by "the others," as the country people call the fairies; and live, until they die a second time, in the green "forts," the remnants of the houses of the old inhabitants of Ireland, or under the roots of hills, or in the woods, or in the deep of lakes. It is not wonderful, when one remembers this nearness of the dead to the living, that the country people should sometimes go on half-hoping for years, that their dead might walk in at the door, as ruddy and warm as ever, and live with them again. They keep their hopes half-living with many stories, but I think only half-living, for these stories begin mostly: "There was an old man on the road," or "There was one time a tailor," or in some like way; and not with the confident, "There was a sister of Mick Morans, that is your own neighbour," or "It happened to a young brother of my own," of the mere fairy tales. I once heard them called in the partly Elizabethan speech of Galway, "Maybe all vanities," and have heard many sayings like this of a woman at Inchy, "Did I know any-one that was taken by them? Well, I never knew one that was brought back again." Such stories have the pathos of many doubts. Numbers of those said to have been brought back, were children. A fisherwoman among the Burren Hills says: "There was an old man on the road one night near Burren, and he heard a cry in the air over his head, the cry of a child that was being carried away. And he called out some words, and the child was left down into his arms and he brought it home, and when he got there he was told that it was dead. So he brought in the live child, and you may be sure it was some sort of a thing that was good-for-nothing that was put in its place."

And another woman among the Burren Hills says: "There was one time a tailor, and was a wild card, always going to sprees. And one night he was passing by a house, and he heard a voice saying, 'Who'll take the child.' And he saw a little baby held out, and the hands that were holding it, but he could see no more than that. So he took it and he brought it to the next house, and asked the woman there to take it in for the night. Well, in the morning, the woman in the first house found a dead child in the bed beside her. And she was crying and wailing, and called all the people. And when the woman

from the neighbouring house came, there in her arms was the child she thought was dead. But if it wasn't for the tailor that chanced to be passing by, and to take it, we may know well what would have happened to it."

Sometimes a spell, like the spell of fire, even where used by accident, is thought to have brought the dead home, as in this tale, another Burren woman told a friend of mine:—

"There was a man lived beyond on the Kinvara road, and his child died and he buried it. But he was passing the place after, and he'd asked a light for his pipe in some house, and after lighting it, he threw the sod, and it glowing, over the wall where he had buried the child. And what do you think, but it came back to him again, and he brought it to its mother. For they can't bear fire."

Most of the stories are about women who are brought back by their husbands, but almost always against their will, because their will is under enchantment.

An old man at Lisadell, in county Sligo, who told me also a number of tradition tales of the kind that are told generation after generation in the same words and in the same chanting voice, told me one tale, full of that courtesy between "the others" and the living which endures through all the bitterness of their continuous battles.

His father had told him "never to refuse a night's lodging to any poor travelling person," and one night "a travelling woman" or beggar woman, told him that in her place, a woman died, and was taken by "the gentry," and her husband often saw her after she was dead, and was afraid to speak to her. He told his brother, and his brother said he would come and speak to her, and he came, and at night lay on a settle at the foot of the bed. When she came in, he laid hold of her and would not let her go, although she begged him to let her go because "she was nursing the child of the King." Twelve messengers came in one after the other, and begged him to let her go, but he would not; and at last the King came himself, and said that she had been always well treated, and let come and nurse her own child, and that if she might stay until his child was weaned, he would send her home again, and leave, where they could find it, money to pay a debt of some forty pounds that "was over" her husband. The man said, "Do you promise this on your honour as a King?" and the King said, "I do," and so the man let her go, and all happened as the King had promised.

They are brought back more violently in most of the stories, as in this story told to a friend of mine by a man at Cool: "And I'll tell you a thing I heard of in the country. There was a woman died and left her child. And every night at twelve o'clock she'd come back, and bring it out of the bed to the fire, and she'd comb it and wash it. And at last six men came and watched and stopped her at

the door, and she went very near to tear them all asunder. But they got the priest, and he took it off her. Well, the husband had got another wife, and the priest came and asked him, 'Would he put her away and take the first wife again?' And so he did, and brought her to the chapel to be married to her again, and the whole congregation saw her there." When my friend asked if that was not rather hard on the second wife, he said: "Well, but wasn't it a great thing for the first poor creature to be brought back. Sure there's many of those poor souls wandering about."

Those who are brought back are sometimes thought to bring with them unholy knowledge. A woman at Kiltartan says: "There's a man in Kildare that lost his wife. And it was known that she would come back at twelve o'clock every night to look at her baby. And it was told the husband that if he had twelve men with him with forks when she came in, they would be able to keep her from going out again. So the next night he was there and all his friends with forks, and when she came in they shut the door, and when she saw she could not get out, she sat down and was quiet. And one night as she sat by the hearth with them all, she said to her husband: 'It's a strange thing that Leuchar would be sitting there so quiet with the bottom after bein' knocked out of his churn.' And her husband went to Leuchar's house, and he found it was true as she had said. But after that he left her, and would not go back to her any more."

Sometimes the women themselves tell how they are to be brought back, but they have sometimes to be seized and held before they will speak, as though a human touch broke the enchantment, as in this story told by a woman at Gort. "There was a woman beyond at Rua died, and she came back one night, and her husband saw her at the dresser looking for something to eat. And she slipped away from him that time, but the next time she came he got hold of her, and she bid him come for her to the fair at Essekelly, and watch for her at the Custom Gap, and she'd be on the last horse that would pass through. And then she said: 'It's best for you not to come yourself, but send your brother.' So the brother came, and she dropped down to him, and he brought her to the house. But in a week after he was dead and buried. And she lived a long time; and she never would speak three words to anyone that would come into the house, but working, working all the day. I wouldn't have liked to live in the house with her after her being away like that."

I heard a story from a man at Doneraill, in county Cork, of a woman who bade a man go and look for her in a certain fort, and told him to hold her, even though she would struggle to escape, and scream out, either because the enchantment would have returned again, or because she would not have "the others" think her willing to leave them. I have only heard one story of a woman who came back of her

own will, and without the help of anybody. A woman at Kiltartan says: "Mick Foley was here the other day telling us newses, and he told the strangest thing ever I heard that happened to his own first cousin. She died and was buried, and a year after, her husband was sitting by the fire, and she came back and walked in. He gave a start, for she said, 'Have no fear of me, I was never in the coffin and never buried, but I was kept away for the year.' So he took her again, and they reared four children after that. She was Mick Foley's own first cousin, and he saw the four children himself."

The dead body was but an appearance made by the enchantment of "the others," according to the country faith.

If the country people sometimes doubt that those they have seen die can come and live with them as before, they never doubt that those they have seen die constantly visit them for a little while. A woman at Kiltartan says: "It's well known that a mother that's taken from her child will come back to it at night, and that's why a light is kept burning all night for a good while after a woman dying that has left young children in the house." And I have even been told that a mother always comes to her children; and because of the greater power of the dead, a dead mother is sometimes thought better than a living one.

Another woman at Kiltartan says: "Did the mother come to care them? Sure an' certain she did, an' I'm the one that can tell that. For I slept in the room with my sister's child after she dyin'—and as sure as I stand here talkin' to you, she was back in the room that night. An' a friend o' mine told me the same thing. His wife was taken away in childbirth, an' the five children she left that did be always ailin' an' sickly, from that day there never was a ha'porth ailed them."

And another woman at Kiltartan says: "My own sister was taken away, she an' her husband within twenty-four hours, an' not a thing upon them, an' she with a baby a week old. Well, the care of that child fell upon me, an' sick or sorry it never was, but thrivin' always."

Sometimes nothing but a chance is believed to prevent the dead being kept in the world for good. A woman at Sligo knew a Mayo man who was told to wait for his wife in a certain yard at night, and that she would come riding on a white horse, and would stay with him if he would snatch her from her horse, but the owner of the yard laughed at him and would not give him the key; while the terror of the husband did the mischief in a story told by an old man at Gortavena. "There was a man and he a cousin of my own, lost his wife. And one night he heard her come into the room where he was in the bed with the child beside him. And he let on to be asleep, and she took the child and brought her out to the kitchen fire, and sat down beside it, and suckled it. And she put it back then into the bed

again, and he lay still and said nothing. The second night she came again, and he had more courage and he said, 'Why are you without your boots?' for he saw that her feet were bare. And she said, 'Because there's nails in them.' So he said, 'Give them to me,' and he got up and drew all the nails out of them, and she brought them away. The third night she came again, and when she was suckling the child, he saw she was still barefoot, and he asked why didn't she wear the boots? 'Because,' said she, 'you left one sprig in them, between the upper and the lower sole. But if you have courage,' says she, 'you can do more than that for me. Come to-morrow night to the gap up there beyond the hill, and you'll see the riders going through, and I'll be the one you'll see on the last horse. And bring with you some fowl droppings and urine, and throw them at me as I pass, and you'll get me again.' Well, he got so far as to go to the gap, and to bring what she told him, but when they came riding through the gap he saw her on the last horse, but his courage failed him, and he let what he had in his hand drop, and he never got the chance to see her again. Why she wanted the nails out of the boots! Because it's well known they will have nothing to do with iron. And I remember when every child would have an old horse-nail hung round its neck with a bit of string, but I don't see it done now."

The mother comes sometimes out of hate of the second wife or the second wife's children. A man near Gort says: "There was a little girl I knew, not five years of age, and whenever the second wife would bid her rock the cradle or do anything for her children, she'd just get as far as the bed, and lie down asleep. It was the mother put that on her, she wouldn't have her attending to the children of the second wife."

A woman at Kiltartan says: "There was a man had buried his wife, and she left three children; and when he took a second wife she did away with the children, hurried them off to America and the like. But the first wife used to be seen up in the loft, and she making a plan of revenge against the other wife. The second one had one son and three daughters. And one day the son was out digging in the field, and presently he went into what is called a fairy hole. And there a woman came before him, and, says she, 'What are you doing here, trespassing on my ground?' And with that she took a stone and hit him in the head, and he died with the blow of the stone she gave him. And all the people said, it was by the fairies he was taken."

And a woman at Inchy says: "There was a woman in Ballyderreen died after her baby being born. And the husband took another wife, and she very young, that everybody wondered she'd like to go into the house. And every night the first wife came in the loft, and

looked down at her baby, and they couldn't see her, but they knew she was there by the child looking up and smiling at her. So at last someone said that if they'd go up in the loft after the cock crowing three times, they'd see her. And so they did, and there she was, with her own dress on, a plaid shawl she had brought from America, and a cotton skirt with some edging at the bottom. So they went to the priest, and he said mass in the house, and they didn't see so much of her after that. But after a year the new wife had a baby, and one day she hid the first child to rock the cradle. But when she sat down to do it, a sort of a sickness came over her, and she could do nothing, and the same thing always happened, for her mother didn't like to see her caring the second wife's baby. And one day the wife herself fell in the fire and got a great many burns, and they said that it was she did it. So they went to the blessed well of Tubber Macduagh; and they were told to go there every Friday for twelve weeks, and they said seven prayers and gathered seven stones every time. And since then she doesn't come to the house, but the little girl goes out and meets her mother at a fairy bush. And sometimes she speaks to her there, and sometimes in her dreams. But no one else but her own little girl has seen her of late."

People indeed come back for all kinds of purposes. I was told at Sligo about four years ago of a man who was being constantly beaten by a dead person. Sometimes it was said you could hear the blows as he came along the road, and sometimes he would be dragged out of bed at night and his wife would hear the blows, but you could never see anything. He had thought to escape the dead person by going to a distant place, Bundoran I think, but he had been followed there. Nobody seemed to give him any pity, for it was "an old uncle of his own that was beating him."

Sometimes people come back out of mere friendliness, though the sight of them is often an unwholesome sight to the living. A man on the coast opposite Arran, in Western Galway, told a friend and me this tale as we were coming from a witch-doctor's. "There was a boy going to America, and when he was going, he said to the girl next door, 'Wherever I am when you're married, I'll come back to the wedding.' And not long after he went to America he died. And when the girl was married and all the friends and neighbours in the house, he appeared in the room, but no one saw him but his comrade he used to have here; and the girl's brother saw him too, but no one else. And the comrade followed him and went close to him, and said, 'Is it you indeed?' And he said, 'It is, and from America I came to-night.' And he asked how long did that journey take, and he said 'three-quarters of an hour,' and then he went away. And the comrade was never the better of it; either he got the touch, or the other called him, being such friends as they were, and soon he died.

But the girl is now middle-aged and is living in that house we're just after passing, and is married to one Bruen."

Many and many are believed to come back to pay some debt, for, as a woman at Gort says: "When some one goes that owes money, the weight of the soul is more than the weight of the body, and it can't get away till someone has courage to question it."

A man who lives close to the witch-doctor says: "There was a man had come back from Boston, and one day he was out in the bay, going to Arran with £3 worth of cable he was after getting in M'Donough's store, in Galway. And he was steering the boat, and there were two turf boats along with him, and all in a minute the men in them saw he was gone, swept off the boat with a wave, and it a dead calm. And they saw him come up once, straight up as if he was pushed, and then he was brought down again and rose no more. And it was some time after that a friend of his in Boston, and that was coming home to this place, was in a crowd of people out there. And he saw him coming to him, and he said, 'I heard you were drowned.' And the man said, 'I am not dead, but I was brought here, and when you go home bring these three guineas to Michael M'Donough, in Galway, for its owed him for the cable I got from him. And he put the three guineas in his hand and vanished away."

Only those the living retake in their continuous battle against "the others," and those "the others" permit to return for an hour, are thought to come in their own shape; but all the captives of "the others," according to some tellers of tales, return in a strange shape at the end of their unearthly lives. I have been told about Gort that nobody is permitted to die among "the others," but everybody, when the moment of their death is coming, is changed into the shape of some young person, who is taken in their stead, and put into the world to die, and to receive the sacraments.

A woman at Kiltartan says: "When a person is taken, the body is taken as well as the spirit, and some good-for-nothing thing left in its place. What they take them for is to work for them and to do things they can't do themselves. You might notice it's always the good they take. That's why when we see a child that's good-for-nothing we say 'Ah, you little fairy.'"

A woman near Gort says: "There was a woman with her husband passing by Eserkelly, and she had left her child at home. And a man came and called her in, and promised to leave her on the road where she was before. So she went, and there was a baby in the place where she was brought to, and they asked her to suckle it. And when she was come out again, she said, 'One question I'll ask, what were those two old women sitting by the fire?' And the man said, 'We took the child to-day and we'll have the mother to-night,

and one of those will be out in her place, and the other in the place of some other person, and then he left her where she was before. But there's no harm in them, no harm at all."

She said "there's no harm in them" because they might be listening to her.

Death among "the others" seems not less grievous than among us, for another woman near Gort says: "There was a woman going to Loughrea with a bundle of flannel on her head, was brought into the castle outside Roxborough gate to give the breast to a child, and she saw an old woman beside the fire, and an old man behind the door, who had eyes red with crying. They were going to be put in the place of people who were to be taken that night. "The others" gave her a bottle, and when she'd put a drop of what was in it on her eyes, she'd see them hurling, or whatever they were doing. But they didn't like her to be seeing so much, and after a little time the sight of one of her eyes was taken away from her."

A man who lives near Gort was coming home from a fair, "And there were two men with him, and when three persons are together, there's no fear of anything, and they can say what they like." One of the men pointed out a place they were passing: "And it was a fairy place, and many strange things had happened there," and the other "told him how there was a woman lived close by had a baby. And before it was a week old her husband had to leave her because of his brother having died. And no sooner was she left alone than she was taken, and they sent for the priest to say Mass in the house, but she was calling out every sort of thing they couldn't understand, and within a few days she was dead. And after death the body began to change, and first it looked like an old woman and then like an old man, and they had to bury it the next day. And before a week was over, she began to appear. They always appear when they leave a child like that. And surely she was taken to nurse the fairy children, just like poor Mrs. Gleeson was last year."

And a woman from Kiltartan says: "My sister told me that near Cloughballymore, there was a man walking home one night late, and he had to pass by a smiths' forge, where one Kenealy used to work. And when he came near he heard the noise of the anvil and he wondered Kenealy would be working so late in the night. But when he went in he saw they were strange men that were in it. So he asked them the time and they told him, and he said, 'I won't be home this long time yet.' And one of the men said, 'You'll be home sooner than what you think,' and another said, 'There's a man on a grey horse gone the road, you'll get a lift from him.' And he wondered that they'd know the road he was going to his own house. But sure enough, as he was walking, he came up with

a man on a grey horse and he gave him a lift. But when he got home his wife saw he looked strange-like, and she asked what ailed him, and he told her all that had happened. And when she looked at him, she saw that he was taken. So he went into the bed, and the next evening he was dead. And all the people that came in knew by the appearance of the body that it was an old man that had been put in his place, and that he was taken when he got on the grey horse. For there's something not right about a grey or a white horse, or about a red-haired woman. And as to forges, there's some can hear working and hammering in them all the night."

Forges and smiths have always been magical in Ireland. S. Patric prayed against the spells of women and smiths, and the old romances are loud with the doings of Goibnui, the god of the smiths, who is remembered in folk-tale as the Mason Goban, for he works in stone as in metal.

Another woman from Kiltartan says: "Near Tyrone there was a girl went out one day to get nuts near the wood. And she heard music inside the wood, and when she went home she told her mother. But the next day she went again, and the next, and she stopped so long away that her mother sent the other little girl to look for her, but she could see no one. She came in after a while, and she went inside in to the room, but, when the girl came out, she said she heard nothing. But the next day after that she died. The neighbours all came in to the wake, and there was tobacco and snuff there, but not much, for it's the custom not to have so much when a young person dies. But when they looked at the bed, it was no young person in it, but an old woman with long teeth, that you'd be frightened, and the face wrinkled and the hands. So they didn't stop, but went away, and she was buried the next day. And in the night the mother could hear music all about the house, and lights of all colours flashing about the windows. She was never seen again, except by a boy that was working about the place; he met her one evening at the end of the house, dressed in her own clothes. But he couldn't question her where she was, for it's only when you meet them by a bush you can question them there. I'll gather more stories for you, and I'll tell them some time when the old woman isn't in the house, for she's that bigoted, she'd think she'd be carried off there and then."

Tyrone is a little headland in the south of Galway Bay.

Sometimes the "old person" lives a good time in the likeness of the person who has been taken, as in this tale, told by a woman at Ardahan: "My mother told me that when she was a young girl, and before the time of side-cars, a man that lived in Duras married a girl from Ardahan side. And it was the custom then, for a newly-married girl to ride home on a horse behind her next of kin. And she was on the pillion behind her uncle. And when they passed Ardahan churchyard, he felt her to shiver and nearly to slip off the

horse. And he put his hand behind for to support her, and all he could feel was like a piece of tow. And he asked her what ailed her, and she said she thought of her mother when she was passing the churchyard. And a year after her baby was born, and then she died. And everyone said, the night she was taken was her wedding night."

An old woman in the Burren Hills says: "Surely there are many taken. My own sister that lived in the house beyond, and her husband and her three children, all in one year. Strong they were, and handsome and good and best, and that's the sort that are taken. They got in the priest when first it came on the husband, and soon after a fine cow died, and a calf. But he didn't begrudge that if he'd get his health, but it didn't save him after. Sure Father Leraghty said, not long ago in the chapel, that no one had gone to heaven for the last ten years.

"But whatever life God has granted them, when it's at an end, go they must, whether they're among them or not. And they'd sooner be among them than go to Purgatory.

"There was a little one of my own taken. Till he was a year old, he was the stoutest and the best, and the finest of all my children, and then he began to pine, till he wasn't thicker than a straw, but he lived for about four years. How did it come on him? I know that well. He was the grandest ever you saw, and I proud of him, and I brought him to a ball in this house, and he was able to drink punch. And soon after I stopped one day at a house beyond, and a neighbouring woman came in with her child, and she says: 'If he's not the stoutest, he's the longest.' And she took off her apron and the string of it to measure them both. I had no right to let her do that, but I thought no harm of it at the time. But it was that night he began to screech, and from that time he did no good. He'd get stronger through the winter, but about the Pentecost, in the month of May, he'd always fall back again, for at that time they're at the worst. I didn't have the priest in, it does them no good but harm, to have a priest take notice of them when they're like that. It was in the month of May, at the Pentecost, he went at last. He was always pining, but I didn't think he'd go so soon. At the end of the bed he was lying with the other children, and he called to me and put up his arms. But I didn't want to take too much notice of him, or to have him always after me, so I only put down my foot to where he was. And he began to pick straws out of the bed, and to throw them over the little sister that was beside him till he had thrown as much as would thatch a goose. And when I got up, there he was, dead, and the little sister asleep, and all covered with straws."

She believed him to fall under the power of "the others," because of the envy of the woman who measured him, for "the others" can

only take their prey through "the eye of a sinner." She dwelt upon his getting worse, and at last dying, in May, because "the others" are believed to come and go a great deal in May.

Sometimes "the old person" is recognised by the living, as in this tale told by another woman in the Burren Hills: "There were three women living at Ballindeereen: Mary Flaherty, the mother, and Mary Grady, the daughter, and Ellen Grady, that was a by-child of hers. And they had a little dog, called Floss, that was like a child to them. And the grandmother went first, and then the little dog, and then Mary Grady, within a half-year. And there was a boy wanted to marry Ellen Grady that was left alone. But his father and mother wouldn't have her, because of her being a by-child. And the priest wouldn't marry them not to give the father and mother offence. So it wasn't long before she was taken too, and those that saw her after death knew it was the mother that was there in place of her. And when the priest was called the day before she died, he said, 'She's gone since twelve o'clock this morning, and she'll die between the two masses to-morrow.' For he was Father Hynes that had understanding of these things. And so she did."

Sometimes "the old person" is said to melt away before burial. A woman near Cork says:—"There were two brothers, Mullallys, in Ballaneen. And when one got home one night and got into the bed, he found the brother cold and dead before him. And not a ha'porth on him when he went out. Taken by them he surely was. And when he was being buried in Kiltartan, the brother looked into the coffin, finding it so light, and there was nothing in it but the clothes that were around him. Sure if he'd been a year in the grave he couldn't have melted away like that."

A woman from Kiltartan says:—"There was a girl buried in Kiltartan, one of the Joyces, and when she was laid out on the bed, a woman that went in to look at her saw that she opened her eyes, and made a sort of a face at her. But she said nothing but sat down by the hearth. But another woman came in after that and the same thing happened, and she told the mother, and she began to cry and roar that they'd say such a thing of her poor little girl. But it wasn't the little girl that was in it at all, but some old person. And the man that nailed down the coffin left the nails loose, and when they came to Kiltartan churchyard he looked in, and not one they saw inside it but the sheet and a bundle of shavings."

"The others" sometimes it seems take this shape; a woman in the Burren Hills tells of their passing her in the shape of shavings driven by the wind. She knew they were not really shavings, because there was no place for shavings to come from.

Even when cattle are taken, something or someone is put in their place. A man at Doneraill told me a story of a man who had a bullock that got sick, and that it might be of some use, he killed it

and skinned it, and when it was in a trough being washed it got up and ran away. He ran after it and knocked it down and cut it up, and after he and his family had eaten it, a woman, that was passing by, said: "You don't know what you have eaten. It is your own grandmother that you have eaten."

A man in the Burren Hills, says: "When anyone is taken something is put in his place, even when a cow or the like goes. There was one of the Nestors used to be going about the country skinning cattle, and killing them, even for the country people, if they were sick. One day he was skinning a cow that was after dying by the roadside, and another man with him. And Nestor said, 'It's a pity we couldn't sell the meat to some butcher, we might get something for it.' But the other man made a ring of his fingers, like this, and looked through it, and then bade Nestor to look, and what he saw was an old piper that had died some time before, and when he thought he was skinning the cow, what he was doing was cutting the leather breeches off the piper. So it's very dangerous to eat beef you buy from any of those sort of common butchers. You don't know what might have been put in its place."

And sometimes cattle are put in the place of men and women, and Mrs. Sheridan, a handsome old woman who believes herself to have been among "the others," and to have suckled their children, tells many stories of the kind; she says: "There was a woman, Mrs. Keevan, killed near the big tree at Raheen, and her husband was after that with Biddy Early, and she said it was not the woman that died at all, but a cow that died and was put in her place."

Biddy Early was a famous wise woman, and the big tree at Raheen is a great elm tree where many mischiefs and some good fortunes have happened to many people. Few know as much as Mrs. Sheridan about "the others," and if she were minded to tell her knowledge and use the cure they have given her for all the mischiefs they work, she would be a famous wise woman herself, and be sought out, perhaps, by pilgrims from neighbouring counties. She is, however, silent, and it was only when we had won her confidence, that she came of her self, with some fear of the anger of "the others," and told a friend and myself certain of the marvels she had seen. She had hitherto but told us tales that other people had told her, but now she began:

"One time when I was living at Cloughaish, there were two little boys drowned in the river there. One was eight years and the other eleven years. And I was out in the fields and the people looking in the river for their bodies, and I saw a man coming over the fields and the two little boys with him, he holding a hand of each and leading them away. And he saw me stop and look at them, and he said: 'Take care, would you bring them from me (for he knew I had power to do it), for you have only one in your house, and

if you take these from me, she'll never go home to you again.' And one of the boys broke from his hand and came running to me, but the other cried out to him, 'O Pat, will you leave me!' So then he went back, and the man led them away. And then I saw another man, very tall he was, and crooked, and watching me like this, with head down; and he was leading two dogs, and I knew well where he was going and what he was going to do with the dogs. And when I heard the bodies were laid out, I went to the house to have a look at them, and those were never the two boys that were lying there, but the two dogs that were put in their place. I knew them by a sort of stripes on the bodies, such as you'd see on the covering of a mattress. And I knew the boys couldn't be in it, after me seeing them led. And it was at that time I lost my eye, something came on it, and I never got the sight of it again."

"The others" are often described as having striped clothes like the striped hair of the dogs.

The stories of the country people, about men and women taken by "the others," throw a clear light on many things in the old Celtic poems and romances, and when more stories have been collected and compared, we shall probably alter certain of our theories about the Celtic mythology. The old Celtic poets and romance writers had beautiful symbols and comparisons that have passed away, but they wrote of the same things that the country men and country women talk of about the fire,—the country man or country woman who falls into a swoon, and sees in a swoon a wiser and stronger people than the people of the world, but goes with less of beautiful circumstance upon the same journey Etain went when she passed with Midher into the enchanted hills; and Oisín when he rode with Niam on her white horse over the sea; and Conla when he sailed with a divine woman in a ship of glass to "the ever-living, living ones"; and Cuchallain when he sailed in a ship of bronze to a divine woman; and Bran, the son of Feval, when a spirit came through the closed door of his house holding an apple-bough of silver, and called him to "the white-silver plain"; and Cormac, the son of Art, when his house faded into mist, and a great plain, and a great house, and a tall man, and a crowned woman, and many marvels came in its stead. And when the country men and country women tell of people taken by "the others," who come into the world again, they tell the same tales the old Celtic poets and romance writers told when they made the companions of Fion compel, with threats, the goddess *Miluchra* to deliver Fion out of the Grey Lake on the Mountain of Fuad; and when they made Cormac, the son of Art, get his wife and children again from Mananan, the son of Lir; and, perhaps, when they made Oisín sit with Patric and his clergy and tell of his life among the gods, and of the goddess he had loved.

W. B. YEATS.

LIQUOR TRAFFIC WITH WEST AFRICA.

THE present condition of the state of affairs in Africa can hardly be said to be completely satisfactory. There! I am going to apply for a patent for the above statement, for I believe there is a fortune in it if sold at 2s. 6d. apiece. It is the one and only thing that anyone who loves a life of calm study, combined with domestic activity, dare say about that continent, and I am sure there are many people who would like to have something safe to say, people like myself who, though forced by circumstances to speak of Africa, yet do not enjoy controversy.

If you think there is anything else that it is safe to say, try it, and see what happens, or take warning by the fate of others who have not confined themselves to the above safety sentence. I herewith give you my experiences. I did not confine myself to the above safety sentence when I published a brief, expurgated, and condensed sketch of observations made on the West Coast of Africa,¹ but said a few words regarding the effects of superimposed white culture on the African native of those parts. I knew the danger of it at the time, and so I said them very carefully. I had, amongst other things, to state what had been the result of my own experiences of the effects of the liquor traffic on the African; I said that more carefully still, knowing well that the African is a most dangerous subject to speak on to the superior civilised mind, and that alcohol is another, and that when you are constrained to combine these two heady subjects and administer them to the superior form of the British conscience, you must expect explosions. Any observant reader of current literature during the last few years must have observed, for example, the effect of the combination of these subjects on that great representative of the superior form of the English mind, *The Times*, and seen how the contemplation of the liquor traffic with Africa gives rise to a feeling of great personal moral elevation, combined with a conviction of the iniquity and absence of high moral ideal in other nations and in persons, persons of a non-superior type like myself, and the Liverpool traders. It is an impressive and doubtless improving phenomenon, but it is one that leads to the darkening of counsel, and in its practical developments to red ruin in Africa.

Well, in spite of all the care I used in speaking of the African and alcohol, I have brought down on myself a most distinguished Major, a Bishop, and a Medical Missionary. All able, energetic, literary men too, and every one of them in full going order. There-

(1) *Travels in West Africa*, p. 736. Macmillan. 1897.

fore let my fate be your warning, and if you speak of Africa, invest in the safety sentence above given. I myself must continue the conflict, for, as the African proverb says, a man cannot sit and count cowries when he has disturbed a hornet's nest—and in these pages I will attempt to deal mainly with the statements made against me and my observations by my fellow layman Major Lugard. I will not include *The Times*, although it is regarded by my adversaries as their great weapon, or ally, wherewith by the mere utterance of its awful name, I, and those with whom I agree, must be crushed as flat as botanical specimens. I beg to state I have the greatest admiration for *The Times*, and moreover, I owe it many debts of gratitude; for I always made a point, when on my extremely occasional visits to an English Government House, on the West Coast of Africa—the only sort of place in that country where you can get that newspaper—of securing copies and storing them, because when well wetted and beaten up into a pulp and mixed with gum, and then boiled gently in a pipkin, there is simply nothing equal to *The Times* for stopping cracks or holes in one's canoe, which is, as Mr. Pepys would say, an excellent thing in a newspaper. But, on the other hand, I never met the apparition of *The Times* in its human form walking about the West African bush; and it does not say in its leading articles where it gets its information from. It may get it from the Sultan of Sokoto, the King of Benin, Moko, or Samory himself, or, as the Captain of the late s.s. *Sparrow* would say, "Again it mayn't," but from some one who has never seen a West African bush town in their lives. I do not know, so le' em, and speak only of those gentlemen whose right to speak on West African matters I acknowledge and am acquainted with, and who have attacked my statements on the liquor traffic, namely: Major Lugard,¹ Bishop Tugwell,² and Dr. Harford Battersby.³ I have delayed dealing with this affair for a month or so, mainly in order to see if any other adversary, fired by their example, would take the field against me, but so far I have not heard of another so doing.

Now, before I deal with the statement of my adversary, I must state the position in regard to the Liquor Traffic in West Africa in so far as I am able.

It seems to me that, apart from the superior element, the English public mind has a sort of tired feeling about the African. A feeling that it is really impossible to understand the creature that turns up in mission literature as a Simple Child of Nature, our Unsophisticated Brother, &c., and in newspapers as an Incarnate Fiend wallowing in

(1) "Liquor Traffic in West Africa." Major Lugard. *Nineteenth Century*. Nov., 1897.

(2) *Niger Notes*, Jan., 1897. No. XXXI. Marshall Brothers, Paternoster Row, E.C.

(3) "Liquor Traffic in West Africa." O. F. Harford Battersby, M.A., M.D. Reprinted from *Church Missionary Intelligencer*. Dec., 1897. Published 13a, Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, Westminster.

blood, in Benin, Ashantee, and Dahomey, given to cannibalising round corners whenever the white eye is off him, and a lazy brute when the white eye is on. Therefore the English public mind just says most sympathetically to the mission party, "Oh, those poor blacks!" and to the other party, "Oh, those horrid blacks!" and for the rest arranges a set of mental pigeon holes for African matters—ticketed missionary, anti-missionary, Government, anti-Government, and Stock Exchange; and then it goes away and busies itself with religious education in schools, the County Council's goings on, or the latest murder, something that it really cares about, in fact. For Africa it really does not care a travelling whitesmith's execration. It will be sorry for it some day, but of that anon. Thus it falls out that when anyone comes up out of Africa with observations that don't fit any of these pigeon holes, that person is left to fight it out with the mission party, who are, as it were, left in charge of those pigeon holes by English public opinion, and who may be safely relied on to go for anyone it disapproves of, and give good sport. So poor "Tom all alone" has a time of it, and he usually leaves off bothering his head about saying things that only bring him into disrepute, get him misunderstood by nice people, and give him a nasty brimstony sort of smell to Society; and he contents himself with making—in private life—blistering, scoffing remarks regarding the arid ignorance of England concerning all things African.

Now I am a poor "Tom all alone," and I don't in the least like being regarded as a thing loose from Barnum's or Blazes, yet I cannot join that gallant band seated on the seat of the scornful and sulk about what has been said regarding my observations on the liquor traffic in West Africa, because I go to that region as a collector of ethnological facts and the value of my work depends on my bringing home facts properly preserved—not damaged, bought second-hand, or faked-up facts, of any kind—and this liquor traffic set of observations that are being attacked by the anti-liquor traffic party, happen to be an important set from my point of view, because they bear directly on the nature of the African himself; they deal with that most important underlying thing—the question whether or no the African will stand or fall in the contest of contact with the White races. Indeed, it would be quite possible to fight out the question of the future of the African races on the battle-ground of the liquor traffic alone, if it were fought out on scientific grounds.

There is, however, as fine a mixed fight as anyone could wish for being now fought over the liquor traffic in West Africa, but it is not being fought for the sake of scientific truth. Look at it and you will see a wirr-war of entangled combatants which it requires some care to sort out, because they all save one (myself) claim to represent morality and English interests. But a little care will enable you to

distinguish the rival armies: (a) that section of the mission party represented by the Committee for the Prevention of the Demoralisation of the Native Races by the liquor traffic, whose President is the Duke of Westminster, and whose Secretary is the Reverend Grant Mills, and whose opinions are expressed in the press, "more especially in *The Times*," as Major Lugard feelingly remarks. The leading warriors of this army for West Africa are Bishop Tugwell and Dr. Harford Battersby, and it has now secured a friendly chief in Major Lugard. (b) The Liverpool merchants engaged in the West African trade, who are represented by the Chamber of Commerce of that city, and who have in me a friend, but not a blessing; a skirmisher on whom they have to keep an eye in consequence of my habit of worshipping at foreign shrines, and shrines of which they disapprove. When I am discovered at this, by the enemy, and held up to scorn as unpatriotic, and such like, Liverpool disowns me to the World, and in its own press calls for "that two-inch bamboo."

Now you may think that with these two great armies—the mission and the mercantile—with just one friendly unattached apiece; fighting a fight over two clear enough issues: 1. Does the liquor traffic demoralise the native West African? 2. Does the liquor traffic aid or destroy English trade? that with decent generalship the battle need not be in the confused state it is. This confusion, however, comes easily enough from both armies insisting on using the same banners—Morality, English interests, Native advantage—and each of them fighting with the same make of weapon.

The sort of weapon that both armies love dearly are those things they call "authorities." For some obscure reason they are both keen on an authority who is a Governor. Now your West African Governor, with two exceptions, is a kind of a boomerang, a weapon requiring skill to use successfully, for if you pick up a Governor, in the usual way carelessly, and hurl him at the head of your foe, he may split that head, but three times in five he comes back and knocks the legs away from under you. I will, in this restricted space, make no attempt to show which army has the greatest right to claim the use of the banners they both flaunt, but only wish to say this, that the anti-liquor traffic party have no true exclusive right to claim they and they only care about the native African's prosperity and advancement in the scale of civilisation. For that prosperity is quite as dear to the mercantile army; no trader wants to kill his customers, and commercial intercourse is a most valuable factor in elevating the African to the rank of a citizen of the world.

I now descend to the statement of my own position in this affair, which is that of an advocate of fair commerce between England and West Africa, alike in spirits as in cotton and other goods.

In stating my case in favour of freedom of fair commerce between

the African and European, I only presuppose, regarding the liquor traffic part of that main affair, two things: (a) that alcohol is not in *all* its forms poison—mind, I do not say it is a necessity, because I think that is an open question; (b) that the form in which alcohol is exported to Africa is not a necessarily poisonous form; because poisonous forms of alcohol exist just as poisonous forms of flour. Now, in regard to this important point, I only speak regarding the only region of Africa I know—West Africa. The form of liquor sold to natives in South Africa and East Africa may, or may not, be poison for all I know; all I can say regarding them is that the best thing for people interested in the question in those regions is to have their local liquor analysed: scientific analysts abound, their fees are reasonable, and there is no excuse, except funk, on the part of the liquor or anti-liquor party in those regions for not having the thing done. In regard to West Africa I did my best. The common published statement regarding the liquor exported there, when I was last on the West Coast, was that it was “raw alcohol” and poison. Particularly poisonous, I was informed, were the foreign spirits from Germany and Holland. This was an easily get-at-able thing; down there there was lots of foreign spirits, in England lots of analysts! so, in order to get at the truth, I secured specimens of the two kinds of commonly used foreign spirits in West Africa—Van Huytema and Peter’s brands¹—and they were analysed, and the analyses I have published, so I need not dwell on them here. The result of them was to show these spirits were of good quality, low strength, and totally devoid of “poison.” I had, and have not now, the slightest financial interest in the affair; if the analysis of either brand had come out bad I should have published it just the same. I could not, however, do like a German critic on his nation’s gin did, send it to an analyst, and then, because it did not come out as a sort of liquid Hell, say: “Ich liesz mir Branntwein aus Afrika kommen damit er hier untersucht werde. Es könnte sein dasz die Untersuchung nichts Schlimmes zu Tage brachte—ich würde dann eben nicht den schlechten bekommen haben; das Urtheil über die schlechte Qualität ist aber zu allgemein als dasz es ganz unbegründet sein konnte.”²

I am constrained to quote this, because it is such a typical example of the method in which the controversy has been and is carried on by the anti-liquor party, a party which is not an entirely English one.

I, of course, only chose to answer for the quality of the two brands I have had analysed, but all the other brands of liquor I have met with in West Africa have had two characteristics in common with the

(1) See *Travels in West Africa*, for Van Huytema. Peter’s analysis was sent by me to the Baptist Magazine; it was practically the same as the other—a wholesome but weak spirit.

(2) *Mission und Branntwein Handel*. Adolph Woermann. Hamburg.

analysed brands, which makes me disinclined to believe in either their strength or poisonousness: (a) they will not preserve fish unless the spirit is constantly changed, and then badly; they won't burn well in spirit lamps, most of them will not burn at all; (b) they have been repeatedly consumed by my followers, out of bottles in which fish specimens were soaking; or fish, spirit, and all have been taken and beaten up into what I was assured was an extremely excellent and appetising sauce to use with manioc, with no bad effects, except on my temper.

Therefore, from these joint presuppositions; that alcohol is not necessarily bad for man; and that the form of it exported to West Africa, in the words of the analyst, is of "good quality but low strength"; I beg to argue that the liquor traffic with West Africa is a part of fair commerce that should be dealt with on the same lines as other parts of fair commerce.

Now we come to the question: Is fair commerce allowable between Europeans and Africans? This is the root question of the affair. We know from past history, some of it quite modern, that there exists a natural law, that weak ethnic stocks cannot stand intercourse with strong ones.

Then we have a right to say, if the African is a weak stock, he will go off the face of the Earth, for intercourse between him and the white races, who are strong races, is a thing that it lies beyond human power to stop. The evidence of the anti-liquor party is all in favour of the view that he is a weak race, and that he cannot stand dealing as man to man in fair commerce with the white strong races. But the evidence of history, and statistics, and everyday fact, seems to me to point out that the African can do these things, hands down. Remember the African has traded with white races, to our certain knowledge, since 500 B.C.; he has traded with them before they took to cradling him and calling him infant; before the anti-everything phrase came into the sphere of practical politics. Again, a hundred years ago, we heard he would soon be merely a museum specimen in consequence of the slave trade. The population of Africa is vast and increasing, and the population of Africans in the United States is 7,470,040, having an increase per cent. per annum, according to the last census, of 2.49, to say nothing of the enormous population of Africans in the Brazils and other South American States. These things, and many more like them, are *not* things a weak race could do, and they convince me that the African is *not* like the Polynesian, the American, or the Australian, stocks who have vanished, or who are vanishing before white races, for the African is not vanishing, although the treatment he has been subjected to has been more trying and more long continued than that which the aforesaid races have faced away under. Mind you, I am not saying that the African is

the moral, mental and physical equal, superior or inferior, to the white or other races; nor am I advocating his being in any manner whatsoever unjustly dealt by. I am only saying the African is a strong race, a steadily increasing race, and one of the great World races of the future; and that being such, he will come on all the quicker and all the sorer for not being treated like an imbecile.

Nevertheless, I deeply regret, in so far as I am personally concerned, having to say this at all, for I know that half of what I say will be misinterpreted, and the other half will be misunderstood by most people, because I have not the power to put things well and clearly, and it may bring me into controversy again with the mission party. A thing very disagreeable to me, for missionaries are, to my mind, men and women who for their Belief throw down their lives before God in order to save millions of human beings, when their brief spell of earthly life is run, from everlasting torment. If these missionaries risked their skins to save a few people's earthly lives from a burning house in London, the Christian general public would realise the nobility of their self-sacrifice and their intention vividly, and would never speak of missionaries in the slighting way they all too often do.

Yet for myself, fully recognising this desire for the rescue of soul life as a grandly noble one, it does not seem to me that either the nobility, nor the intensity, of that intention includes in itself that the individual missionary should be more than human. He and she are often heroes among men, but being a hero does not necessarily imply that the missionary should be a practical business man when it comes to working methods, or an unbiassed observer of facts. But who am I to say this? Only an ethnologist collector; but we ethnologists, however humble, are like other followers of Science, we believe in our Science: this does not mean that we believe in each other's views regarding points in it, far from it; but that is a sort of family matter I need not discuss. Like all other scientists we are hopeful. We say to the rest of the world: "You're making a deplorable mess of that affair!"—whether it be the management of babies or black beetles—"you hand it over to me and I'll show you how to manage it." The chemist blows himself to smithereens, the bacteriologist dies of his pet microbe, the ethnologist gets himself killed off by justly incensed savages whose family affairs he has been endeavouring to understand, now and again, but that does not deter the rest; on we go as gaily confident in Science as ever, for we know what Science has done, though we may, and so far do, live in one everlasting Waterloo with Nature. Unfortunately, however, the ethnologist is a sort of scientific tribe England thinks she can safely ignore; the mathematician, pure or applied, she attends to, because she wants his sums in navigation and engineering; the chemist, in spite of the awful words he chooses

to talk in, she recognises is useful, and so is the botanist. But whatever good, says England, can those ethnologists be? How can Professor So-and-So's massive monograph on the way certain savages do their back hair, or Professor Someone else's paper on tatooing, read before a society made up of similar old frumps, interest or matter, to busy practical people, or be of value to humanity and the Christian religion at large! Well, of course, I believe the ethnologist is just as much use, if you would only use his work, as the mathematician, chemist or botanist, for we, like they, are studying in the same dot-and-carry-one way of Science a great mass of material you religious and practical men are working at in the native African.

If civilised man starts to build a house, a bridge, or an engine, he does not content himself with having a good design alone, and say, "Oh, all matter is the same, it's an affair of vortex rings, or hydrogen in a certain state, or the pace of atoms, or whatsoever may be the prevalent view of the constitution of matter at the time, but on the contrary, he acquaints himself with the practical qualifications and properties of the materials he is going to use, he notes their differences, and it is largely from this part of his knowledge that he succeeds in his endeavour. Yet when civilised man starts in as an "Architect of Fate, working in the Walls of Time," in the matter of building up a Civilisation out of uncivilised men, he does not seem to care to trouble himself about the nature of his material. He relies on the beauty and virtue of his design, and says, "Oh, there is no difference in human beings beyond that of degree—or education." This may or may not be as true and useful as the pace-of-atoms way of regarding matter, but it does not give you that practical knowledge required for good craftsmanship, and then, if when he is engaged in building a Civilisation, any poor "Tom all alone," like me, comes along and humbly makes remarks—well then there's a pretty fillaloo, and Tom is sent off with a flea in his ear, but all the same, I believe that as long as you neglect the knowledge of the quality of the material, so long will your influence be as ephemeral in West Africa as it has been in the past. On the other hand, that if you armed yourself with the practical knowledge which will give you a healthy, helpful sympathy, be your work mission, trade, or government, all your endeavours would assume a permanency, and would advance profitably for all parties, and you would thereby save hundreds of good men's lives, white and black, and tens of thousands of hard-earned white money, for I am convinced that the native of West Africa is a splendid form of human material in his way.

As things are now, there are men who have had to deal with West Africa personally—individuals in all the three great white classes there—who, from their personal experience and wide human sympathy, have a real knowledge of the African—and there are those handful of

scientific men who measure his cephalic indices, his cephalic capacity, his cephalic—a hundred things and a half—these are mostly French; then there are a still smaller section of scientific men, who busy themselves over what the African thinks, with the things inside that skull when he is alive; with his laws and religion, these are mostly Germans; but neither of these classes of white men have any influence over general public opinion, which is the legislating force in England—that influence is in the hands of men equally good in their way, and men with most excellent intentions, and the consequence is, West Africa is to-day a great quarry for paving stones for Hell, and those paving stones are cemented in with men's blood, black and white, mixed with wasted gold.

I now pass on to the consideration of Major Lugard's article, and venture to deal with it more in detail. I should not venture to do this thing had Major Lugard said his statements were the result of his personal observations in West Africa. If he had said, "I have seen whole towns drunk, I have seen whole districts sinking into decay under the influence of the imported liquor from Europe," and so on—well, "before a Botticelli I am dumb." It would be ridiculous for me to pit my African experiences against that of the founder of England's East African Empire. But he does not say these things, but quotes the opinion of that same gallant band (West African) that has been the stock property of West African anti-liquor and pro-liquor literature pretty well since it started.

I will try and follow Major Lugard's line of argument, and take these "authorities" first. He opens with the statement that "the majority of African Administrators and travellers . . . base their condemnation of the liquor traffic on its debasing influence upon the native." I am only speaking of West Africa. In that region this assertion will not hold, for it is only a minority of the administrators, i.e., the white Government officials, who have printed opinions on the liquor traffic one way or another. As for travellers in that region—travellers who have not been in the pay of some Government or mission of recent years—they consist of Germans, Frenchmen, and your humble servant. We West African travellers can and do believe in each other, not blindly, but intelligently; but Major Lugard perhaps all round had better not, indeed there is no real danger to the State of his doing so, and he tries to prevent respectable persons from doing so either—in my case—for he states, "I endorse Governor Sir Gilbert Carter's statement, that 'Christianity and drink usually go together.'" He is quite justified in making this accusation against me, for he is evidently writing with a knowledge only of my article in the *National Review*, "The Development of Dodoes," and in that, though warning the Governor of Lagos of the want of wisdom in saying that thing, I failed to look after myself.

After this preliminary skirmish with me, he proceeds to marshal the rest of those who have deliberately made pro- and anti-liquor statements. The majority of the former, his statements would lead one to think, were boughten men, or men actuated by some petty private interest. He says they are inconsistent, and that "Sir Claude Macdonald was then not engaged in defending it." He points out generally how they, in unguarded moments, have gone back on their pro-liquor statements by saying "this iniquitous traffic," and such like. Personally, I own it gives me pleasure to see Major Lugard do this; I have always told those gentlemen it would happen to them some day, and, by my prophetic soul, now it has. I gratefully, in this connection, acknowledge Major Lugard's compliment to me, even if not intended for a compliment, that he has not found me a trimmer in this fight; but I have earned this only from my recognition that, from my point of view, if the liquor and its effects are bad, it ought to be stopped; if they are not, it ought not to be interfered with; it did not matter whether the liquor traffic was a fruitful form of revenue or a paying trade to white men, or an advancer or destroyer of white trade. Neither, on the other hand, did it matter, provided the liquor traffic did not kill or demoralise the natives, whether it upset *The Times* about its being "a scandal in the eyes of civilisation when the administration of a British Colony has become almost wholly dependent for revenue on the sale of intoxicating drink."

Neither, again, did it matter whether divers English officials objected to living on the proceeds of a grog shop. Their dislike was a natural one, but if liquor was the thing the native wanted, and if he knew how to restrain himself regarding the use of it, the official's duty to himself was to try and get an appointment in a Colony whose revenue depended on the export of farinaceous food-stuffs or wool, and I own I never met an English official in West Africa who would not willingly have done this duty to his feelings. The thing that from my point of view does matter is whether European-made spirits are the cause of existing evils on the West Coast of Africa among the native population, or whether these evils do not come from other causes. Mind you, I am not saying West Africa is a sort of Garden of Eden in a pristine state. I would not even, fond of it as I am, say that as a sort of young ladies' or gentlemen's academy it would come out high up in a school competition, I am only questioning, whether in the language of the Elizabethan mayor, public opinion has not got the wrong pig by the tail.

I am, however, bound to say, in defence of those gentlemen who have made what Major Lugard regards as trimming statements, that, taken in conjunction with that other matter—namely, we of the pro-liquor party all saying that you can see more drunkenness on a Saturday night in the Vauxhall Road than you will see in West Africa in a year, or words to that effect—those gentlemen's statements are capable of quite a different explanation than he draws from

them. When we say this sort of thing, comparing the state of drunkenness in England and Africa, we are not holding up this state of drunkenness in England as a state of drunkenness we wish Africa to attain to ; we are only, in our artless way, trying to bring home to people who have never had the pleasure of living in West Africa, what the state of affairs there is, by giving them, as a basis of comparison, something we and they both know about.

Doubtless we might say you will see more drunkenness in West Africa than you will see on St. Paul's rocks. But what would be the good of that? We neither of us personally know St. Paul's rocks. Still, what we say about the comparative drunkenness is true, horribly true, and it quite accounts to me for those men like Sir Claude Macdonald saying, "this pernicious import," quite explains their disliking to touch money that has come from the sale of a thing that is such a curse to Englishmen, their own fellow-countrymen : and I feel sure it is this feeling that makes men like Sir Claude Macdonald and Sir Gilbert Carter say those things which Major Lugard cites as showing they are at heart dishonest when they combat the statements of the anti-liquor party.

Briefly, you will find by an examination of the testimony of English West African Governors, of whom there are six going at a time : Gambia, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, Lagos, Royal Niger Company, H.B.M.'s Niger Coast Protectorate, that out of them there are cited in this matter, five ; of these three have spoken not against the liquor traffic, two have spoken against it and on the anti-liquor side. Even if you pair Sir Alfred Maloney with Sir Gilbert Carter, and let them cancel each other for Lagos, you don't get an anti-liquor majority in Governors. Mind you, and this clearly, I am not telling you that those two Governors who are in the minority are negligible quantities, or men in any way inferior in experience, or less deserving of respect than those Governors who have not taken up an anti-liquor attitude in West Africa. I am only warning you that if you honestly wish to form a just opinion without first-hand experience of your own, regarding this, or any other West African matter, you must give time and care to investigate *in extenso* what the people, upon whose opinion you rely, say ; you must not depend upon extracts culled by advocates. And I wish you joy of the job, for I tried for years to find out what the African was really like, particularly in his religion, and the study of "authorities" drove me to Mephistopheles' conclusions that end in "Grau ist alle Theorie und grün des Lebens goldner Baum." It is, moreover, not only an unfair preponderance in authorities that the anti-liquor traffic party claim ; they claim the Home Government and the Opposition, justly for all I know.

Dr. Battersby says, regarding the Government, that its attitude is well shown in the Blue Book on the liquor traffic, published during the past summer. I gathered from that Blue Book that the Govern-

ment's attitude was a judicial one, but I do not pretend to appreciate Governmental attitudes, nor to understand them until they are translated into actions. All I know is that the actions of the Home Government towards West Africa since 1823 have been in the main a set of things only fit to be put in a bag with a brick and sunk in the Thames at Westminster on a moonless midnight; not things to draw the attention of men and nations to, now that they are past altering. For my part, however, I gathered from that Blue Book that there was a chance of a change for the better in the Governmental mind in the matter of this liquor traffic West African affair; at any rate, there seemed symptoms of a desire in it to get at the truth as shown by collecting information from both parties.

LIQUOR TRAFFIC AND TRADE.

I now leave the consideration of matters connected with the demoralisation of the natives and general opinions, realising that we are dealing herein with opinions, and opinions are only, as Milton says, knowledge in the making, and turn to the consideration of the connection between English West African trade and the liquor traffic.

One of the most painful spectacles to a sympathetic outsider, in connection with this liquor traffic, is that of the mission anti-liquor party, sitting with its breast upon a thorn, pouring forth a dismal lay about the way English trade suffers by the sale of German gin. Major Lugard now takes up the same attitude, only, alas! he has two thorns—the Germanness of the gin, and the way low tariffs in adjacent colonies lead to smuggling into the higher-tariffed Royal Niger Company's territories. I will take this latter point first, as less need be said on it, and point out that although the Royal Niger's dues on liquor are the heaviest levied in West Africa, because the Company charges export as well as import dues on its trade, yet the customs dues on spirits in the adjacent colonies are not 1s., as Major Lugard says they are, but 2s. a gallon on trade spirits, and have been this since 1895.

I have not the space to engage in that customary game of African liquor literature, allowancing out thimblefuls of liquor to every man, woman, and child in the West African Colonies and their hinterlands, or giving only chiefs and rich men swimming-bath supplies of it for their personal consumption—a time-wasting game, because neither the population nor the extent of the hinterland trades are known, though good players at it will work it into fractions in a very showy way and make you fancy they are. Yet I must remonstrate with Major Lugard, who accepts the swimming-bath view, for his statement that “surely it is much more to be regretted that men of wealth and position should be demoralised, than that the lowest

classes (as in England) should be the ones most affected."¹ Shade of Democracy, where are you! Besides, breaking up chiefs is a fashionable thing in English governmentally-administered Colonies. Neither have I space here to write a Natural History of the case of German gin, but as out of those cases come those bottles that appear in mission literature, choking up chiefs' back-yards and desecrating by their presence the graves that they have filled, I dare not ignore them.

One of the great objections urged by my adversaries against bottle gin is its cheapness, and they have an insidious way of giving the general public the idea that the native gets it at the price at which the trader buys it, which, if it were so, would show that the trader, out of sheer devilry, sank all desire for profit, sank the expenses of transport, breakages, customs dues, and everything else, in his desire to intoxicate his customers. I have never seen signs of a trader doing this; but I'll freely grant Sir R. Wilson's 2s. a case initial cost. To the ordinary mind this cheapness would suggest, not poison, but water, and the ordinary mind would find analysis support him, and if he were on the West Coast dealing with cheap spirits, he would also find support in the fact that, if kept long, they go rotten and are quite unsaleable.

How it is possible for the German distillers to sell this case, bottles, contents thereof, and all for 2s., is, however, an interesting point, and as I have not seen it explained in England, I will show you from excellent authority how it is done.

	Mark.
Eine bemalte Kiste	0.43
12 Flaschen M. 5-50 %	0.68
Strohhüllen	0.12
Arbeitslohn und Werkführer	0.12
Geschäfts—Unkosten	0.04½
Kapfen	0.03½
Korken	0.02½
Ord, Etiquettes	0.01½
	<hr/> 1.47
Inhalt: 8 Liter p. Kiste 40 % Sprit.	
Mark 25, — = pr 100 Liter.	
100 %	Mark 10.00
Essenz	„ 0.40
	<hr/> Mark 10.40
13 Kisten pr 100 Liter	0.80
Transport	2.27
Decort 1 %	0.02½
	<hr/> 2.29½
Nutzen 6 %	0.13½
	<hr/> Mark 2.43

(1) *Nineteenth Century*, Nov., 1897, p. 770.

I don't tell you this to stimulate you to go and make 2s. a case gin, because two kinds of this German are those I had analysed and found was not poison, whereas, well, yours might be; anyhow, I should have to get it analysed some day, for no one else seems to do this thing, in spite of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce perpetually inviting them to. As things stand, I venture to think the admirable commercial instincts of my German friends has led them to get as much water into the case-gin as is compatible with a selling power. The demi-john spirit is less dilute when it reaches the native trader's hands; then he sees to that dilution, and in goes, I cannot say fair water from the spring, but nutritious river stuff mixed with decoctions of peppers and cardamon if it's rum that's wanted, and the colour don't matter. I have often watched my friend, the native trader, making his arrangements to take a demi-john of liquor to a market and retail it in small wine-glasses; also I know how the white trader on the South-west Coast deals with the spirit he has out in casks, and even—I am sorry to drop this fact on to Major Lugard and his party, for they seem only to regard distilleries on the western side of the continent as dangerous possibilities not yet realised—know rum is being made ashore from sugar-cane; but that was far away down South, so we will return to the Niger-regions gin case, merely to make this concession to it, that it is the West African traveller among European spirits, for the demi-john is more breakable, and therefore less profitable in rough districts.

The fact of the spirit being made in Germany is not against it in my eyes, though my adversaries give the impression that they would not worry about it so much if it were only made in England. I am grandly indifferent on this point for two reasons: (a) Germany in West Africa is a fair-playing competitor, as trade competitors go, for she no more excludes our manufacturers from her possessions by imposing prohibitive tariffs on English goods, than we exclude hers from our possessions. (b) I entirely dissent from Major Lugard's statement, that to the extent of the value of German gin imported into an English Colony "British trade is a loser."

If a British trader buys anything from a foreigner which enables him to buy raw material that goes into England at a cheap rate for use in her home and export manufactures—at a rate that enables those manufacturers to compete successfully with those of other nations—British trade does not suffer from using that originally foreign-made article, unless it were possible she could sell instead of it, equally profitably, something she makes herself. This I contend she cannot do. German spirit has practically beaten, in open competition, British spirits. The anti-liquor party may say we don't want them beaten by spirits, but we wish them beaten by other things—by what Major Lugard calls "the appliances of civilisation

and the organized industry of the Manchester cotton-mills." I expect he means by this, calicoes of sorts, for he says the trade returns on cloth stuffs are largely made up of expensive plushes, brocades, and satins, and I know a high percentage of these are made in Germany, and so Major Lugard would not approve of expansion of trade in them. I will take this important point of the possibility of replacing German spirit by Manchester, &c., goods in connection with Major Lugard's immediately following statement,¹ wherein he, taking a sudden rocket-like flight from trade matters into the realm of ethics, says "the purchase of an article—which, whether it be pernicious or not—is in any case a merely sensual pleasure, effects nothing towards the elevation of the race in the standard of living, and does not promote habits of thrift and industry. If utensils, agricultural implements, or such-like goods, were purchased instead of liquor, not only would the African rise in the plane of civilisation, but the output of his industry, enhanced by improved appliances, would be greater and of better quality." Well, as things are, can you replace spirit by other goods? It is a desirable thing from a trader's point of view, because a higher profit is to be got thereby (spirit being a dear copper)? The two ways suggested for effecting this are both, to my mind, foolish, because superficial. The first is the increase of customs dues on spirits. The second is total prohibition of the import of spirit into West Africa.

By means of increasing the customs on spirit, you can check the expansion of trade in other goods, for spirit is the introducer of other trade—the West African wants it more than he wants your other things, except only guns and gunpowder. He has native equivalents for those other things, with which in his every-day life he is satisfied, until he has been sufficiently altered in his domestic-culture ambition by intercourse with white settlements.

West African districts vary greatly, and their trades vary greatly also, but the constant quantity in the affair is that your West African native is not the man to wear himself to a thread paper to buy what he don't want.

Let us take two regions, and briefly consider the possibilities of expanding trade in them under their present conditions. The Pepper, Ivory and Gold Coasts are a region of a fertile belt on the seaboard, backed by a non-fertile belt, the fringing zone of the Sahara. The population of the fertile belt is mainly pagan and christianised tribes; that of the belt behind it is a Mahometanised one, where the people have a much higher domestic culture; but that domestic culture is supplied by their own efforts, they are cloth and knife makers, and, moreover, they are in touch with the Moorish trade supply, and provided with salt mines in their own country. I do not think, from

(1) *Nineteenth Century*, Nov., 1897, p. 777.

many reasons, that such regions offer a big market for European goods at present ; and the great power in this region, France, can tell you the progress of white trade in the Western Sudan is not rapid.

You have then left the fertile coast region of this Benin Bight¹ where the population is enormous and a non-manufacturing one, where the natural riches of the country—rubber, gold and timber—are awaiting development, where you get already a good market, and might hope for a better one ; but in this region your manufactures, save spirit, guns and powder, are things not keenly wanted by the mass of the population. The educated native, who has been in touch with white culture, is your best consumer of Manchester goods, &c., but, unfortunately, he is not the person who collects rubber, oil, or gold, personally ; the collection of these things and the work on plantations is in the hands of that other gentleman who prefers spirits to shirts, guns to gaseliers ; he does not even care enough for spirits to make him work hard to buy more than he wants of them, and develop the great natural riches of his country at a rapid rate. If he did there would be no labour trouble on the West Coast, for he could come in thousands to work in mines, or at transport service or anything else, which he don't, but which he would, if he had the rabid rage for liquor Africans are credited with. As it is, he is calm before the Charms of Commerce. How you are going to excite him about them in a hurry, I don't know ; the tendency of white education seems to be to stamp out a profitable trade in cloth goods by breaking down the native's desire to bury them with the dead, and dash them to his ancestors in Srahmandazi ; and to create a class of educated, professional men, and a class of middlemen traders, not workers at plantation work, or trade stuffs collection, the things that West Africa bitterly needs for her own sake as well as that of Commerce at large, the main incentive to which now is the spirit, gun and powder trades.

Now take another district, that district wherein the percentage of spirit to other trade goods is at its highest, H.B.M.'s Niger Coast Protectorate.

From my experience there, I believe this proportion represents the native's wants, not his drunkenness. You are here in the region of the great African forest belt with its reeking climate that mildews, rots, rusts, and plays the mischief—with a rapidity hard to realise without experience—with cloth, cutlery, and gimcracks. Here the trade with the interior is in the hands of the Coast tribes, they buy what suits that trade, *i.e.*, spirits and iron pots. They cannot profitably take cloth, &c., into the interior to other tribes in the forest region, because those tribes are not enthusiastic enough about cloth to pay a sufficiently high price for it to make a good profit after covering

(1) In the Beafan Bight the fertile region is not a mere belt as it is in the Benin Bight.

expenses. It's the climate; well, apart from these forest towns your H.B.M.'s Niger Coast Protectorate trader has no customers. Away to the East and North-East there are people whom he would rather not meet, Mahometanised tribes who would take him and his goods entire, the one for a slave, the other for their own delectation as a free treat, *not* paying people for H.B.M.'s Niger Protectorate native trader to deal with at all; so he sticks to the liquor traffic suited to the demands of his fellow forest-belt townsmen, from whom a percentage of spirit may leak into the Mahometan zone.

Well, what can you do by stamping out the liquor traffic here? Check your exports, not increase your imports, aggrrieve the native trader, irritate the native Ju Jus horribly, for they are great consumers of German gin; create, in fact, a smouldering state of disaffection until some natural calamity comes along, which will be put down to irritated gods, and then you will get a murderous flare up, and respectable people killed; so that you, sitting at home in England, may feel that though, for political reasons, you dare not touch the English liquor traffic as firmly as it needs, yet you have sanctified yourself "in the eyes of civilisation" by stamping it out in a district where it does not do one fraction of the harm it does in the Vauxhall Road. The only escape from the evils of arbitrary exclusion of the main trade article in this forest-belt region, lies in the possibility of elevating the natives, and at the same time draining the local climate; I will join no syndicate for draining either the climate nor territory of H.B.M.'s Niger Coast Protectorate, nevertheless it would be an admirable thing done.

Below this Oil River region, which naturally includes Cameroon, there is not a large liquor traffic, and there is not a large trade till you reach Congo Belge.

I will now turn to the consideration of the other question involved in this affair. Is it possible to substitute for spirit any other form of trade article which, in the present state of things there, the West African will buy, and which, when bought, will by its own action elevate him? I won't say in the plane of civilization, but morally, for I expect this is what Major Lugard wishes, and what he means when saying civilisation.

Of the demand for, and difficulties surrounding extensive expansion of the cotton, cutlery and gimcrack trades in their connection with the suppression of the import of spirit, I have above spoken, and, moreover, Major Lugard does not claim a moral power for them, but he does for "utensils, agricultural implements, or such-like goods." We will, therefore, consider these three trade lines *seriatim*.

Utensils. H.B.M.'s Niger Coast Protectorate native takes already, I should fancy, man for man, more utensils than any other sort of native extant; he has done this for several generations, and the

effect of them on his morality is not perceptible. The utenails he takes are iron pots to cook his meals in and use in the preparation of palm oil. When they become unfit for these purposes, by wear and tear or breakage, he smashes them up into suitable fragments to fire out of guns into the persons of H.B.M.'s Niger Coast Protectorate officials, who are round his way, intent on stopping him from sacrificing human beings for religious purposes. I have, indeed, a certain amount of sympathy with the expression of opinion by several of H.B.M.'s Niger Coast Protectorate officials, that the Rivers would be healthier for white men if iron pots were excluded from commerce. But let us allow that these iron pots, being of a rough make, cannot be expected to have sufficient moral lifting power to tackle an Oil River native effectively. A superior, more cultured, utensil is required. Well, we have them on the coast. In the Congo Française trade, where French tariffs exclude the British iron pot, there appears a French utensil, a poem of a thing, with a surface of satin-like smoothness, a fair white inside, a lovely blue outside, but it does not sell like the British black pot, it really is not popular for the bush trade at all, for whatever my native friends and myself may either relish or tolerate in our diet, bits of rat, dog, snake, crocodile, or of our dearest foe, we do not like fragments of hard-eating indigestible china-like chips in our cooking, and this is what we get when we use this elevated-in-the-plane-of-civilisation-French-enamelled-iron-utensil to cook our chop in over a stoveless fire; those natives who have stoves, and can use this article with less danger, show no signs of moral elevation from its use, they are the people of the Coast white settlement, Libreville.

Agricultural Implements. With regard to these, the West Coast African is not such a fool as he looks for not buying high-toned agricultural implements—reapers and binders, haymakers and ploughs. The agricultural implement in its lower form he does buy in large quantities, hoes and machetes. You will, of course, understand that as his vegetation-zone does not include wheat, oats, or barley, but only maize, sorghum, and rice, he doesn't want reapers and binders; for all he could use them for would be forest timber and sword grass. Machines built to tackle these crops would be necessarily expensive—unrepayingly so—I am convinced. Still, you may say, he *might* have a plough and a plough, &c.; well, granted a plough is a thing every respectable white race has had, and that is useful in developing Agriculture in many parts of the world whereto they have introduced it, but in West Africa Coast regions a plough would be a blight and not a blessing on Agriculture. Nature, in the majority of the districts there, is carefully laying down a magnificently rich leaf-mould soil for by-and-by; just at present, in the greater part of the West African regions, she has only got a thin skin of it over the mangrove-growing

sour clay, and now, if you go fooling about on that skin, cutting it up with a plough, when the next wet season's rains come, whizz goes all your agricultural soil into the river, and you are left with stuff you couldn't grow a yam on.

It is doubtless true that there is room for improvement in the West African's Agriculture and preparation of trade stuffs, but the line along which the improvement must come, must be that of improvement in his own handicraft, and a continuation of the Roman Catholic missionaries' methods; introduction of new food-stuffs, and trade-producing trees and shrubs, and I would say, were I not nervous of an influential party in England, the taking of Agriculture out of the hands of the ladies, and the placing it in the hands of the gentlemen. The West African is not an effete race fading away, and so the men are still ahead. As for Major Lugard's "such-like things," if he means sewing machines, for example, I can show him a cultured tribe that use sewing machines, whose moral state would pretty well—anyhow it would sincerely shock any bush African who had never bought a European article in his life, and any Mahometan African who made his own clothes. It is hard to be serious over this suggestion of its being possible to elevate the African by the direct action of any of our manufactured goods. What alone can elevate him is the association with men who are his moral and intellectual superiors; this is saying he can only be elevated by spiritual change, which is true of all of us, white, black, brown, or yellow; this spiritual change is two-sided, and these two sides are distinct in character. There is the elevation that can come from Religion, which can come entirely independent of the change in what is called the plane of civilisation. Briefly, one can imagine it possible for a community of excellent Christians to exist in Africa who have no concern in the development of the riches of their country or in commerce with other peoples. These people, from a religious point of view, would be completely satisfactory, but they would not be citizens of the world. Then there is the other face to this change, the change that will make the African a citizen of the world; this change could be imagined to be independent of religious change—the bush African has qualifications for it in him now; he is honourable, a man of his word, sane, and industrious. With these mental attributes mere association with Commerce alone would soon show him that everlasting rows with his relations and his next-door neighbour, human sacrifices and slave raiding, were commercially unsound and bad investments. Both these changes—the religious and the plane of civilisation—you will say are so urgently required by the African that what's the matter with our working for them both at once in the same district? If it was any matter you could not alter its being done; the method, however, necessarily produces friction between the white parties engaged, for

both of them—men like—love to imagine they know each other's business. The missionary holds forth on the proper way of expanding Trade. The trader is truly great on the proper way to Christianise the heathen. I can do no better than quote Mr. R. B. Blaize, of Lagos, as to the effect of white culture on West Africa:—

“Civilisation has its advantages and disadvantages; but on the Coast, when weighed in the balance, it is always disadvantageous to the African race. It is easier to copy the vices than the virtues of civilisation. Our people in their first passion for everything European, imitated the European style of dress, mode of living, and general habits. These were not suitable for us—it would have been far wiser if we had blended the two; retained so much of our old customs as was suited to our climate and physique, and utilised anything in your methods that would have been useful to us. I am glad, however, to notice signs of a change for the better. Instead of becoming Europeanised Africans, we want to become native civilised Africans.”¹

This is a remarkably interesting statement, and it is in a remarkably interesting article on it and other statements by Mr. Blaize, evidently written by a man of learning and power of thought, and containing a statement that I make in season and out of season, that it is futile to judge the African by the races of other lands, Polynesian or American. But both Mr. Blaize and his commentator forget one point, in fact two: firstly, that if the African had had the power of judging at sight what was best in Civilisation, when it first came down on him, he would have been a brilliant exception from the rest of the human race. Certain Asiatic races have, be it granted, ignored the good part in it and taken the bad, but the African has not done this. Secondly, Mr. Blaize and I suspect his commentator forgot they are of a people who have a regular culture in a highly developed state to fall back on, and there are people and people on the West Coast of Africa—it is by no means all of them who have a culture equal to the Yoruba; but I leave this beloved subject of the differences between Africans being as great as those between Europeans, and of the existence among African people of thinking men and non-thinking men, &c.; and humbly beg to urge that the English general public does not worry itself enough about Africa. It gives its sympathy to the mission party and it deserves it, but it is not necessary, not advisable, that England should give sympathy, belief, and confidence to them exclusively in matters outside the mission sphere, namely in trade affairs with Africa. I maintain the trader knows his own business best, and when he tells you that further restriction on the liquor traffic is alike uncalled for as regards his native customers' welfare and is harmful to English trade, his opinion is not one to be put aside.

It does not matter to the missionary, any more than it matters to

(1) *Lagos Weekly Record*, Oct. 23rd, 1897.

the scientist, which European power rules in Africa, or elsewhere outside England, so long as we are allowed to do our work on good material unhampered, but it does matter to the trader, and that trader matters to England, for without him her vast population would starve.

He is a warrior fighting for England in the great commercial war now raging between her and the other powers throughout the world. He is fighting for the hearths and homes of England, just as the soldier fights in red war. Yet this trade interest in West Africa, where the trader fights at the risk of his life more than anywhere else, is the thing English public opinion has no sympathy seemingly for. It allows the result of three hundred years' effort, and life unreckoned laid down for England's Commerce, to be thrown away at the Council Board of Europe. It allows it to be hampered and handicapped by legislation based on unsound lines from the opinions of non-expert trade authorities. Do not tell me we must do these things to preserve "the National moral ideal." I have gone through enough with *that*, complicated by mosquitoes and foreign gentlemen plausibly explaining England was *the* most colossal hypocrite of the known world. The only ideal of England's that is worth preserving is the old one—fight fair and fight to win: this ideal is well kept and safe in the hands of those expert trade authorities.

I have not visited the Niger-Yoruba-Lagos region, yet there are none who know of my life on the West Coast of Africa who will say I have not had a sufficiently large and long experience of white traders and of natives to have a right to speak regarding them, and my opinion is that it is the individuality of the white man that makes the difference whether intercourse between Europeans and Africans is an elevating or a degrading thing. Among the traders the percentage of men who make it an elevating—not merely an altering one—is every bit as high as among the missionaries or the Governmental officials, and England's youngest, tenderest infant ideals, so long as they are healthy and sane, are as safe in the West Coast traders' hands as her good old tough one is; for they are strong-minded, sane, honourable men, who have an accumulated knowledge, a knowledge their relationships with the native daily expands, of the conditions which surround the West African and of the man himself. Many a trader I have known, and know, whose wisdom, kindness, and strength of character, has strengthened the hands for good, endeared him to the best of the natives round him, and has had a noble influence on all. Never have I known a West Coast trader, English, French or German, who was a curse to the African.

I will not deal in detail with Major Lugard's concluding section, his "Proposed action." I regard it as unsound and pernicious and destructive to England's Commerce in West Africa.

It amounts to the expression of his conviction that total abolition

of the import of spirit is the right thing, and this could, and morally speaking should, be done by England on the same lines as she suppressed the slave trade. This is only possible by spending millions of English money and wasting hundreds of English lives, and dropping England into a war with France and Germany unless they chose to accept the prohibition scheme. France might, possibly would, for it is jam and fritters to France to stamp out English trade—it amuses her. Germany, however, has a trade of her own to look after, and I do not think she would join, unless she preferred to wait for the advantages she would reap by the destruction of England's West Coast colonies; more possibly she would prefer the immediate benefits she would gain by standing outside the prohibition party, and sweeping the West African commercial board.

Major Lugard, however, for reasons he will give you, misdoubts the possibility of forcible concerted prohibition of the importation of spirit in West Africa, and advises a concerted, if possible, but at any rate an increased, duty on spirits enforced in English colonies. One of his reasons for this compromise is: "Moreover, the sudden enforcement of total prohibition would cause great discontent (and possibly disaffection) among the native consumers, a result which would be largely avoided owing to the apathetic and acquiescent nature of the African, if the restriction were enforced more gradually."

I shouldn't call it fair play to trade on "the apathetic and acquiescent nature" of the African if it existed, and humbug him out of a trade article by saying, "Oh! no, we are not taking it away, only making it a little dearer," and trust to his believing us. "That good might come"—I really seriously fear that that Jesuitical doctrine microbe has got into Major Lugard, and I am sorry because he says he dislikes it so.

But "the apathetic and acquiescent nature" is not in the African at all. Look at the present state of Africa, particularly those tropical regions where the African can, from the enormous preponderance of numbers, express his feelings about white interference when it's not the kind he likes; the state can hardly be regarded as satisfactory.

Fifty years ago white men, particularly Englishmen, had in the African an enormous mass of friendly-disposed pupils, disposed towards them, their culture, and their trade. Cramming methods have been resorted to on them by the English; disagreeable things have occurred; the African is beginning to doubt the advantage of white things, just because they are white. He, wisely in his generation, won't cram; he smites the white thing over the head to keep it off while he goes aside and thinks about it—it is neither "apathy" nor "acquiescence." Properly presented to him by men whom he feels he can trust, he will accept legislation and leading. Look at Major Lugard's own success in Uganda; look at Sir George Goldie's in the

Niger. Also he will accept legislation from the hands of men who have beaten him in fair fight, but he won't accept or acquiesce or be apathetic to those who enforce their ideas on him by breaking peaceful treaties, or by trying to humbug him about their real intentions.

As for the effect on English trade, apart from considerations connected with the native, look at the result of England raising her duty on spirit from 1s. to 2s. in the colony of Lagos. Major Lugard wishes the dues in English possessions at once raised to 3s. per gallon, and this duty raised to 8s. or 9s. a gallon. Nothing short of being in the smuggling line myself on the West Coast would get me to agree to this. I have no objections, on the contrary I am most anxious, that French possessions in West Africa should pay France, who has so nobly given her support to those brave men of hers who have laid down their lives for her, and who have triumphed in her name in exploration and administration in Western Africa, I would not snatch at one laurel leaf on the rich crown she has won there. Being as her representatives have often pointed out to me, "a butter-man," I should like to see her rewarded not only in glory but in gold. Still, personally, I could not be seen dead in the same street with anyone who wished her colonies to pay solely at the expense of English ones, and this is what Dahomey is doing, because of England's home-grown feelings supporting anti-liquor fads. In 1895 the value of imports of spirits into Dahomey was 30 per cent. of the total trade. In 1896, after the Lagos duty there had been increased, it was 43 per cent.

In Lagos, in 1894, prior to the increase of duty, the proportion of spirits to the total nett imports was 22·65 per cent. ; in 1895 it was 16·64 per cent. ; and in 1896, when the duty on it was telling, it was 7·56 per cent. Does that 7·56 per cent. represent African "acquiescence" or "apathy" ? Does it represent an increased sobriety ? No, it represents nothing more than damage to English trade, and an increase of smuggling, absolutely nothing more. It is an instance of how you do not expand trade by decreasing the liquor traffic, but how you curtail it because of the drunkenness in "the Vauxhall Road."

Believe me, honestly and sincerely, I have not that blind belief in everything that comes out of a bottle, which, according to one of my white West Coast friends, caused another of my white West Coast friends to swallow a lot of leeches, which a black lady friend of mine had brought into his parlour in a gin bottle. I honestly wish the Governments there would analyse, or that the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce would analyse, all the spirits used in the West Coast trade, to see if they were poisonous or no. More solid good to trade and truth would be done by this than by more regulations. Major Lugard has done me the honour of classing me with the Liverpool merchants

in this liquor traffic affair. This is the greatest honour I have had given me for my journeyings in West Africa; the greatest honour I should wish to have to be a man among men; but it is not mine, for it is not given me by them, therefore, I do not speak for them, but fight a lone fight, influenced by three things only. Firstly, by my desire to get at the truth of things in West Africa. Secondly, by my recognition of the great importance to England in England of such regions as the West African ones—regions rich in raw trade stuffs, and thickly populated by non-manufacturing customers for her manufactured goods; far more important to me really seem such regions to be than those of China, for open up China, and you liberate the greatest mass of high-class handicraftsmen in the world—men who can beat you, Germany, and America hollow in the production of manufacturers for the world's markets when liberated from their present state. Thirdly, it is hateful to me to see the West African native himself after all the kindness, all the chivalry, all the help and hospitality given me so freely with no hope of reward, painted unjustly as a mere drunken child by the anti-liquor party, or as a flighty-minded fiend by the superficial observer. Had the West African native, far away in the bush town outside white control, where I went unguarded—had the Coast town native amongst whom, after dark, and when the rest of white folks were safely a-bed, I spent many a pleasant evening with, been these things, I should never have come back to say a word to disturb Bishop Tugwell, Dr. Battersby, and Major Lugard, or the Anti-Liquor Traffic Committee, whose president is a Duke, and whose exponent is *The Times*.

MARY H. KINGSLEY.

THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

In the common work of the world men drop and disappear; they pass out of the ranks and another fills the gap; worse men may succeed better, better men may succeed worse, but no place remains vacant, for the world's work must go on, and the sad proverb says there is no man indispensable. But with great artists the case is otherwise. They furnish something which, for ordinary uses, is wholly superfluous; or, to put it more truly, they create a need which no one but themselves can supply. Living, they give something inseparable from themselves, something which they alone have the secret of making; and dying, they leave nothing for others to succeed to but their example. And for that reason the death of a great artist before his work has been completed brings to those who value the work of artists the most intimate sense of personal loss. We lament the untimely death of Keats and Shelley as we do not lament for Pitt and Fox cut off in their prime; presumably because we cannot figure distinctly in our minds the work which those statesmen might have done in shaping the course of events, or in moulding the nation's character, but we know absolutely that another ten years added to the life of Keats or Shelley would have endowed us with many imperishable possessions. It is for this reason that hardly any death within a young man's memory has left such a blank as Stevenson's. Books there are in plenty, heaven knows, to amuse and instruct us if we want amusement or instruction; but those of us who care to distinguish among their pleasures know keenly the difference. Something has been denied us which we can very well live without indeed, but which can have no possible substitute; we are less rich than we hoped to find ourselves. It seems a strange thing to write thus of an author whose works in the collected edition make a range of seven-and-twenty substantial volumes; but though there was reason patent to everybody for a genuine grief when word reached us three years ago of Stevenson's sudden fate in Samoa, it is the publication of his unfinished works which has borne in upon us a really abiding and immeasurable regret. The *Vailima Letters* (written from Samoa to Mr. Sidney Colvin) appeared a year after their writer's death. These threw a strong light upon his methods of working, and explained not only his purposes, but his delays. They showed not only that Stevenson was conscious of these limitations which admirers had regretfully acknowledged in his work; not only that he was anxious to overstep these limitations; but also that he was confident in the

power of his matured art and widened vision to achieve, so far as any real artist can, the ideal which he set before himself. And directly afterwards, for a confirmation ample and indisputable of his judgment, there was published the fragment of *Weir of Hermiston*. There are other posthumous works of Stevenson's which this essay must take into account; but its essential purpose is to consider the light thrown by the *Vailima Letters* on Stevenson's conception of the scope which his own work as a novelist might receive, and to show how that conception was being realised in his unfinished masterpiece. Or to put the thing quite plainly: All Stevenson's admirers hoped continually during his life to see him do something greater than he ever accomplished. My contention is, firstly, that the *Vailima Letters* show why that expectation was so long in being fulfilled, and why his life in Samoa might reasonably have afforded fresh confidence to his friends; secondly, that *Weir of Hermiston*, incomplete though it is, yet suffices to prove that within another year the expectation would have been answered beyond any ordinary limit of hope.

For in a sense this fragment is the completest thing that Stevenson ever did—the fullest expression of his art. "What we want with a book," said Carlyle, "is not the book, but the man behind the book." Now, in all Stevenson's work—travels, tales, essays, poems—before he went to Samoa, there was no single volume where one felt that the whole man was speaking. In the stories and novels we recognised perhaps the most skilful narrator who had written in English, and, more than that, an artist with the creative touch. In the essays and travels we became familiar with his singular and fascinating personality. But it was also obvious from them that the things which in life had most preoccupied this personality, and which had given to it its peculiar colour, were not the things about which the storyteller chose to entertain us. Here was a man, for example, writing in *Virginibus Puerisque* the most eloquent and suggestive passages upon love, who nevertheless scarcely touched in his novels the motive of sexual passion. Here again was a mind curious to probe behind the familiar facts of existence, and ordinary commonplaces of speech, quick to discover strange and novel significances in them; yet whose works, full of ethical problems though they were, hinged for the most part upon an issue to be decided by some violent and bloody arbitrament. Were we never to get from him a tale where the central conflict, however embellished it might be with picturesque episodes of action, should be a spiritual conflict? The profound thinker and minute analyst of conventional behaviour whom we knew in the essays, insisted upon giving us the romance of incident. Even in the *Master of Ballantrae*, the wonderful narrative of the duel was remembered for itself as an episode rather than as expressing the relations between the two brothers. It seemed plainly within his range to give us a romance

of more essential order—a romance primarily of emotions, not of incident. That was only possible if he should choose a subject where the need of inventing with probability what he had never seen, and of conjecturing emotions under imagined circumstances, should in some measure give place to the task of rendering in a dramatic form his own passions and sorrows. We wanted, in short, from him something deeper and fuller; something in more vital contact with the permanent and universal springs of romance; loves and hatreds in all their elemental grandeur, proceeding out of nature itself and not from the accidental relation of partisanship or conflict. It was only after Stevenson went to Samoa that his work became closely and obviously related to his own experiences; first, to his material environment; lastly, and in its highest development, to the spiritual adventures which had left their marks upon his youth.

The *Vailima Letters* contain, of course, much that is of extraordinary biographical interest, setting the man himself in the clearest light before us, but I have here only to write of the artist, and need not touch upon his honourable and stimulating work in the islands. But it is essential to note that from the moment when he took up his residence in Samoa, the whole tenor of his existence changed. Reverting to the habits of his youth, he emerged finally, not indeed from the grip of disease, but from what he calls “the Land of Counterpane.” Instead of being an invalid propped on sofas and cushions or a seeker of health in the enforced idleness of sea-voyages, he became once more a man living mostly out-of-doors, capable of severe physical exertion and rewarded with the delightful weariness that follows it; weeding and clearing jungle on an estate of his own; a keeper of live stock, an employer of labour; crossing country on horseback; and, for a graver excitement, keenly concerned in the island politics, the strenuous champion of a weak native race against European encroachments; but still, even in action, something of a spectator, continually envisaging life from the same argumentative ethical standpoint as his heroes, one and all of them, adopt. A single instance will illustrate at once his activity and his intellectual attitude. The Chief Justice of the islands, Mr. Cedarcrantz, had in Stevenson’s judgment come near to bring on a petty war; Stevenson was anxious to write to *The Times* and stir public opinion against the course pursued by the representatives of Germany; but Mr. Cedarcrantz happened to have left the island, and, moreover, was a personal friend. How is he to reconcile public duty with private loyalty?

“Cedarcrantz is gone; it is not my fault; he knows my views on that point—alone of all points;—he leaves me with my mouth sealed. Yet this is a nice thing, that because he is guilty of a fresh offence—his flight—the mouth of the only possible influential witness should be closed? I do not like this argument. I look like a cad if I do in the man’s absence what I could have done in a more

manly manner in his presence. True : but why did he go ? It is his last sin. And I, who like the man extremely—that is the word—I love his society, he is intelligent, pleasant, even witty, a gentleman—and you know how that attaches—I loathe to seem to play a base part ; but the poor natives—who are like other folk, false enough, lazy enough, not heroes, not saints, but ordinary men damnably misused—are they to suffer because I like Cedarcrantz, and Cedarcrantz has cut his lucky ? This is a little tragedy, observe well—a tragedy ! I may be right, I may be wrong in my judgment, but I am in treaty with my honour. Cedarcrantz will likely meet my wife three days from now, may travel back with her, will be charming if he does ; suppose this, and suppose him to arrive and find that I have sprung a mine—or the nearest approach to it I could find—behind his back ? My position is pretty—Yes, I am an aristocrat. I have the old petty personal view of honour ? I should blush till I die, if I do this ; yet it is on the cards that I may do it. . . . No clearness of mind with the morning. I have no guess what I should do. 'Tis easy to say that the public duty should brush aside these little considerations of personal dignity ; so it is that politicians begin, and in a month you find them rat and flatter, and intrigue with brows of brass. I am rather of the old view that a man's first duty is to these little laws ; the big he does not, he never will, understand ; I may be wrong about the Chief Justice, and the Baron, and the state of Samoa ; I cannot be wrong about the vile attitude I put myself in if I blow the gaff on Cedarcrantz behind his back."

That suggests a very different atmosphere from any that is breathed in "the Land of Counterpane." Stevenson, it is true, though you shut him up in a room, had lived enough to be able to forge out of his brain an imaginary world, and set people contending in it ; but all brain-spun visions must in the end grow thin and brittle unless the brain is fed from outside with perpetually renewed impressions. Here you had a man with the keenest desire to keep his flow of impressions bright and changing ; infinitely preferring death to stagnation ; and now by a kind of reprieve, sent out from his sick room, where he was merely a looker-on and a hearer of second-hand recitals, to play his part on a stage, small indeed, but strangely picturesque, and amply furnished with a display of the elemental passions. It was a complete release from literaryisms, and, as a release, Stevenson welcomed it for the good of his art.

"When I was filling baskets all Saturday in my dull mulish way, perhaps the slowest worker there, surely the most particular and the only one that never looked up or knocked off, I could not but think I should have been sent on exhibition as an example of young literary men. Here is how to learn to write, might be the motto."

The plunge back into civilisation on a brief trip to Australia made him even more conscious of the difference.

"*Digito monstrari* is a new experience ; people all looked at me in the streets in Sydney, and it was very queer. Here, of course, I am only the white chief in the Great House to the natives ; and to the whites, either an ally or a foe. It is a much healthier state of matters. If I lived in an atmosphere of adulation, I should end by kicking against the pricks. O my beautiful forest, O my beautiful windy house, what a joy it was to behold them again ! No chance to take myself too seriously here."

Life about him was more varied and more emotional than it could well be in a civilised country. He saw islanders in revolt, sitting with Winchester rifles on their knees, and at the sight the aboriginal in him, "knickered like a stallion." One feels in his letters almost a plethora of new impressions; his brain was overloaded with all this strangeness, and could not readily assimilate it. Give to a man so keenly participant in all the life about him a scene, so varied, so beautiful and so exciting, in exchange for the monotony of a sick room; add health and vigour restored instead of a cripple's existence; and the strange thing would be if there were not a transformation. Stevenson was conscious of it himself, and even in the heavy depression which settled down on him before the end, he writes in the last of all these letters:

"I look forward confidently to an aftermath; I do not think my health can be so hugely improved without some subsequent improvement in my brains. Though of course there is the possibility that literature is a morbid secretion, and abhors health!"

Health, unhappily, was as illusory as his dread of an exhausted vein. Three months after he wrote these words he died, while engaged upon *Weir of Hermiston*, having gone back for the greatest efforts of his art to the scenes of his boyhood, but with a manner entirely altered. It is curious to note how gradual was the change in his style. The new world about him he first attempted to utilise for literature in a book of descriptive letters, which, after an incredible deal of hard labour, proved a failure and disappointment. But as he worked on it, there flashed into his head one day a story which, he says, "shot through me like a bullet in one of my moments of awe, alone in that tragic jungle." It was not the descriptive writer nor the essayist who could give the soul of that strange island life, with its mixture of gentle savagery and buccaneering commerce; it was the writer of tales. This first story was the *Beach of Falesd*, which marks a new development in his work. But the change was not complete. In *Catriona* Stevenson went back to his old style and old subjects. *The Wreckers* was a sort of compromise between the old and the new, and finally, in the *Ebbtide*, the new material found for itself a new manner. Stevenson was doubtful at first of this "forced, violent, alembicated style"; the story was finished in bitterness of heart. "There it is, and about as grim a tale as was ever written, and as grimy and as hateful." But when the proofs came back he was of another mind. "I did not dream it was near as good; I am afraid I think it excellent. It gives me great hope, as I see I can work with that constipated mosaic manner, which is what I have to do just now with *Weir of Hermiston*."

St. Ives is again a compromise. But *Weir*, and what remains of

the *Young Chevalier* and *Heathercat*, are kindred in style to the *Ebb-tide*—a style perfectly distinct from that of his earlier and lighter romances. Thus it would appear that the new way of life and new surroundings produced in him a new manner, which first formed itself in treatment of the new material; but received its highest and, unhappily, its latest expression in what remains of the great story that went back across many thousand miles of ocean to that confused huddle of grey familiar hills.

One may gather up a few of Stevenson's own remarks upon the development of his art under these new conditions. Plainly the *Beach of Falesà*—first called the *High Woods of Uhusunua*—marked a turning point for him and opened a new field of success. Of it he writes:—

"On a re-reading fell in love with my first chapter, and for good or evil I must finish it. It is really good, well fed with facts, true to the manners, and (for once in my works) rendered pleasing by the presence of a heroine who is pretty. Miss Uma is pretty—a fact. All my other women have been as ugly as sin, and, like Falconet's horse (I have just been reading the anecdote in Lockhart), *mortes forbye*.

"What ails you, miserable man, to talk of saving material? *I have a whole world in my head, a whole new society to work, but I am in no hurry.*¹ I have just interrupted my letter, and read through the chapter of the *High Woods* that is written, a chapter and a bit, some sixteen pages, really very fetching, but what do you wish? The story is so wilful, so steep, so silly; it's a hallucination I have outlived, and yet I never did a better piece of work—horrid and pleasing and extraordinarily true; its sixteen pages of the South Seas; their essence. Golly, it's good. I am not shining by modesty; but I do just love the colour and movement of that piece, so far as it goes."

There you have the artist in all the intoxication of beginning: but one sees that what fascinates him is the fulness of life, the quick answer to external suggestion. Life has been pouring in sensations upon him, and out of them his brain is shaping something of its own, something new, quick, and stirring. Naturally, doubts and despondencies arose afterwards in the toil of composition, but he never went back upon his judgment of this piece. And if you compare it with his earlier stories, say *Will o' the Mill* or even *Thrawn Janet*, there is just the difference between vivid dreamland and reality. But having pleased himself he still had to count with the public, and they were shocked by his realism. He lifts his hands in horror over Mrs. Grundy.

"The plaintive request sent to me to make the young folks married properly before 'that night' I refused; you will see what would have been left of the yarn had I consented. This is a poison-bad world for the romancer, this Anglo-Saxon world; I usually get out of it by not having any women in it at all; but when I remember I had the *Treasure of Franchard* refused as unfit for a family magazine, I feel despair weigh on my wrists."

There one has the explanation of a good deal in Stevenson. How

¹ *Italics mine.*—S.G.

to reconcile the necessity for selling his books with truth of presentment in the relations of man and woman as he saw them. He had for years solved the problem by evading it; for a conspicuous instance, in the *Master of Ballantrae*, which is at bottom a tale of jealousy, yet contains no suggestion of the sex attraction. But the fragment of his Samoan work shows plainly enough that he was entering on a new path in this matter; *Weir of Hermiston*, had it been completed, would undoubtedly have shocked many susceptibilities; and here is a passage which shows that Stevenson was fully conscious of departing from his former reserve.

"I have celebrated my holiday from *Samoa* (the *Footnote to History*) by a plunge at the beginning of the *Young Chevalier*. I am afraid my touch is a little broad in a love story; I can't mean one thing and write another. As for women, I am no more in any fear of them; I can do a sort all right; age makes me a little less afraid of a petticoat, but I am a little in fear of grossness. . . . The difficulty in a love yarn which dwells at all on love is the dwelling on one string; it is manifold, I grant, but the root fact is there unchanged, and the sentiment being very intense and already very much handled in letters, positively calls for a little pawing and gracing. With a writer of my prosaic literalness and pertinency of points of view, this all shoves toward grossness—positively even toward the far more damnable *closeness*. This has kept me off the sentiment hitherto, and now I am to try; Lord! Of course Meredith can do it, and so could Shakespeare; but with all my romance, I am a realist and a prosaist, and a most fanatical lover of plain physical sensations plainly and expressly rendered; hence my perils. To do love in the same spirit as I did (for instance) D. Balfour's fatigue in the heather, my dear sir, there were grossness ready-made! And hence, how to sugar?"

The tale of which he speaks here never got beyond the introductory episode (now printed in the Edinburgh edition), and certainly that is steeped strong enough in passion—the uncommon passion of a woman for a man who has never spoken a word of love to her. But not less certainly it is free from the least touch of grossness. Stevenson, however, knew that the glamour of sex is absorbing in youth, and that a young man's novel, if it treats of this passion at all, is apt to represent the universe through a veil of passion. Probably he felt, that now age had made him less afraid of a petticoat, he was free also from the fascination; he could treat the motive frankly without giving it undue prominence. The love scenes in *Weir of Hermiston* are almost unsurpassable, but the central interest of the story lies elsewhere, in the relations between father and son. Whatever the cause, the fact is clear that in the last years of his life Stevenson recognised in himself an ability to treat subjects which he had hitherto avoided, and was thus no longer under the necessity of detaching fragments from life. Before this, he had largely confined himself to the adventures of roving men where women make no entrance; or if he treated of a settled family group, the result was what we see in the *Master of*

Ballantrae, which, as he observes, "lacked all pleasurable-ness, and hence was imperfect in essence."

It is necessary to say something of the less important among the posthumous works before proceeding to discuss *Weir*. No account need be taken here of those early compositions which were, for the first time, issued in the Edinburgh edition: my concern is with those tales upon which Stevenson was engaged during his residence in Samoa, and which did not appear till after his death. The longest of these is the novel *St. Ives*, which has been published as a complete story, Mr. Quiller Couch having written the last few chapters after an outline supplied by Mrs. Strong, who acted as Stevenson's amanuensis. A passing word is due to the excellence of Mr. Couch's reproduction of Stevenson's manner, and indeed to the skill with which he discharged the most trying task conceivable. Of the novel itself its author had no high opinion. "I will ask you to spare *St. Ives* when it goes to you," he wrote; "it is a sort of *Count Robert of Paris*. But I hope rather a *Dombey and Son* to be succeeded by *Our Mutual Friend* and *Great Expectations* and *A Tale of Two Cities*." And certainly the book seems to me among the weakest of its author's productions, though containing one chapter which any novelist might envy him, the episode of the old French Colonel who had broken his parole to return to his dying daughter. The story, begun in good spirits, was carried through in a kind of desperation by a man in failing health and wearied of his subject; at one period he was reduced to dictating it in the deaf and dumb alphabet. But suppose anyone else had written it: should we not all be crying out, Have you read *St. Ives*? Suppose the style came on us as a surprise instead of being a manner not only made familiar by its creator for a space of twenty years, but echoed in the writings of almost every talent among the younger generation. Apart from the style, it is extremely uncharacteristic of a novelist whose chief merit had often lain in his construction. It is a good example of the *picaresque* tale, a series of episodes connected merely by a single personality, a kind of novel not without illustrious precedent, but essentially inferior to that with a developed plot.

Much beyond *St. Ives* in importance is the volume of poems entitled *Songs of Travel*, but that cannot be adequately discussed here; nor does there seem to be the same cleavage between Stevenson's later and earlier work in verse as between the Samoan novels and their predecessors. There is no doubt, however, that it adds very materially to his claim to rank as a poet; the best poems in it are, in my judgment, the best he ever wrote. The only other completed work which I have to deal with is the series of Fables now issued in a volume with the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. They are interesting reading, but people who like a meaning made quite plain, will not

take kindly to the more elaborate among them, and, upon the whole, they must be reckoned among his failures. This is surprising enough. We are frequently told that Stevenson squandered the material of many admirable essays—the time, thought, and energy which should have gone to enrich our language with something really worthy of his genius—upon mere narrative fiction. Now as Stevenson was a highly original thinker, with an amazing skill in expressing his thought, and also, by consent even of those who disapproved of its exercise, endowed with the gift of narration, one would suppose that the two sets of qualities might have combined in the philosophic fable. They certainly did once so combine in the allegory of Jekyll and Hyde. But in that allegory the storyteller was uppermost; he had the moraliser well in hand; whereas in the *Fables* there is perhaps a slight ascendancy of what Mr. Henley called “the shorter catechist,” and fascinating as they are, posterity will probably regret the time spent upon these things, if it thinks that it might have had in exchange a few more chapters, let us say, of *Heathercat*. I confess that nothing in contemporary criticism surprises me more than the persistence with which excellent critics—of whom Mr. Gosse and Mr. Strachey are leading examples—rank Stevenson among born essayists who have been seduced into an uncongenial vocation. Mr. Gosse, I am glad to see, has the grace to make an exception for *Weir of Hermiston*, but he surely must have reflected that a man does not arrive at writing novels of that order without having either made a good many failures or achieved only smaller successes. Stevenson was singularly just in the measure of his own powers, and did not attempt the grand style till he felt himself mature; but, as a matter of fact, few novelists have accomplished work of the first class at an earlier age than forty, and Stevenson, who was by no means a precocious nature, died at forty-four. Mr. Strachey will not have any of these compromises. Stevenson wrote novels, he says, that were not quite good enough; he would have done better to write essays, which would have attained to the first quality.

One would urge against these critics that the natural bent of a man's mind is the indication he should follow, and that Stevenson—at least in the *Vailima Letters*—shows himself exclusively pre-occupied with tales. Life in Samoa presents itself to him as a background for stories, and—a fact not less significant—he presented himself to the Samoans as Tusitala, “the teller of tales.” That he was a great essayist no one is likely to deny; it is also possible that had he written no novels he would have written still greater essays. But what appears not less obvious is that creative work ranks higher in value than work which is not creative. Goldsmith's *Man in Black* and the rest are delightful, but how do they stand beside the *Vicar of Wakefield*? Fielding, no doubt, would have written admirable essays, so would Sterne, but do we regret that instead they

created Squire Western and Uncle Toby, putting their humorous commentary on life into a concrete embodiment? Is the *Ebbtide* less suggestive of thought than the essays in *Virginibus Puerisque*? Only those will think so who insist upon having moral lessons put into the form of positive precepts. Granted that the present day has need of moral teachers; granted that Stevenson, had he addressed himself to the work, would have been a lay preacher, most persuasive, eloquent, and stimulating: for my own part I am glad he followed the method congenial to his nature, which enabled him to develop all his gifts harmoniously. Take, for instance, what is left of *Heathercat*; a very few pages; yet there you have unmistakably stamped the pathetic figure of Traquair of Montroyment. Traquair was a man of strong affections, but of no great religious ardour; it was in the "killing times"; and he was married to a woman who persisted in attending conventicles and harbouring unlicensed divines. She was sentenced to imprisonment; he got leave to go to jail in place of her, and only came out to find that she had profited by his confinement to fly more boldly than ever in the face of the law, counting it the first duty in the world to assert her religious opinions. He, being a soft-natured man, unequally matched with a termagant, submitted, and saw daily his paternal estate, every stick and stone of it part and parcel of his own existence, melting away daily under the fines; worse still, found his own son taught to carry messages and cheat his father's vigilance. Is not that a more pregnant handling of the seamy side to fanatical virtue than any express discussion? I quote from it this dialogue between father and son over a fencing lesson:—

"But this day Francie's heart was not in the fencing.

"Sir," says he, suddenly lowering his point, 'will ye tell me a thing if I was to ask it?'

"Ask away," says the father.

"Well it's this," said Francie, 'why do you and me comply if it's so wicked?'

"Ay, ye hae the cant of it too," cries Montroyment. 'But I'll tell ye for all that. It's to try and see if we can keep the rigging on this house, Francie. If she had her way we would be beggar-folk and hold out our hands by the wayside. When ye hear her—when ye hear folk,' he corrected himself briskly, 'call me a coward and one that betrayed the Lord, and I kenna what else, just mind it was to keep a bed to ye to sleep in and a bite for ye to eat.—On guard!' he cried, and the lesson proceeded again till they were called in to supper.

"There's another thing yet," said Francie, stopping his father. 'There's another thing yet that I am not sure that I am very caring for. She—she sends me errands.'

"Obey her then, as is your bounden duty," said Traquair.

"Ay, but wait till I tell ye!" says the boy. 'If I was to see you, I was to hide.'

"Montroyment sighed. 'Well, and that's good of her too,' said he. 'The less that I hear of their doings, the better for me; and the best thing you can do is just to obey her and see and be a good son to her, the same as ye are to me, Francie.'

"At the tenderness of this expression the heart of Francis swelled within his bosom and his remorse was poured out. 'Faither,' he cried, 'I said "deil," to-day; many's the time I said it and "damnable," too, and "hellish." I ken they're all right; they're beeblical. But I didna say them beeblically. I said them for sweir words—that's the truth o't.'

"'Hout ye silly bairn,' said the father, 'dinna do it nae mair and come in ben to your supper.' And he took the boy and drew him close to him a moment as they went through the door, with something very fond and secret like a caress between two lovers."

Does a passage like that give less of Stevenson's style, or less of Stevenson's outlook on life, than even the best of his essays? Would Mr. Strachey or Mr. Gosse not sooner have written that than even *The Lantern Bearers*? Does it not give a still more sympathetic insight into the soul of boyhood than the wonderful abstract study which I have just named?

Take another and much closer comparison. In *Lay Morals*—a work sketched out in 1879, but posthumously published—there is a remarkable passage where Stevenson describes his own youthful troubles of conscience—for the "friend" whose case he cites can surely have been no other than himself. At all events, he cites the case of an idle youth, "the son of a man in a certain position and well-off," who, although he contentedly practised certain irregularities of conduct, of which, no doubt, his father amongst others would have bitterly disapproved, yet alienated himself from his friends by a scruple. He could not acquiesce, he felt, in the world's injustice which gave to him, the idle and undeserving, a permanent advantage over his betters in acquirements and industry. This pricking of conscience did not goad him into any resolute action by which he might pay back to mankind some equivalent for the wages which he received for doing nothing. On the contrary, he "was only unsettled and discouraged, and filled full of that trumpeting anger with which young men regard injustices in the first blush of youth"; and it was not until after some years, and after he had for a good while "thought too much of himself, and too little of his parents," that he fell into his place in the world's regiment of workers. Now it will be allowed that all this is very interesting; whether one takes it as an admonition to do the duty that lies nearest, or as a casuistic interpretation of the command *Thou shalt not steal* into *Thou shalt not take what thou hast not earned*. But compare this moralising casuistry with the work of his maturity, where kindred speculations, suggested by the experiences of his youth, are put into the far more eloquent language of drama.

For there can be no harm in saying that *Weir of Hermiston* owes its origin to the moral duel which in Stevenson's own youth went on between son and father. That much is common knowledge. He was resolute in holding opinions which his father was not less resolute to condemn; their points of view were morally irreconcilable, and for a while

they inflicted torture on each other. After long years Stevenson goes back on that critical experience and makes it a theme of a very different story. Suppose, he says in effect, that this divergence between father and son assumes the proportions of a moral repugnance—suppose each to be unshakable in his view, the son inheriting the father's tenacity though not his opinions—suppose each to be justified morally in his own eyes, perfectly honest in his belief—there you have a situation which increases in tragedy just in proportion as the severance is more complete, the repugnance more invincible. An essayist can suggest to you something of such a relation; only the creative artist can thoroughly and vitally present it. He can make you live through it in a fictitious personage, and that is just what Stevenson does in *Weir of Hermiston*. The whole thing is as carefully reasoned out as any treatise on philosophy; it is indeed "philosophy teaching by examples." In order that he may tell you all there is to tell about it, in order that you may see all sides of the problem, he abandons the method of dramatic narration in the first person, which condemns an author (as he remarks in the *Vailima Letters*) to present all characters but one from the outside. In *Catriona*, for instance, you see the inside of David Balfour, but everybody else as David Balfour saw them. Here there is no such limitation. Archie Weir, the hero, is a child of one of those disparate marriages where there can be no fusion of character, and when the child is bound to grow up a partisan. Archie, as so often happens, is partisan of the side which he does not resemble; he stands with his mother. The opening years of a man's life belong to his mother, and so in the first chapter Mrs. Weir is depicted; perhaps a dozen sentences are put into her mouth, but the presentment of her faint and characterless personality, pious, lachrymose, and pathetically ineffectual, is not less distinct than the portrait of her formidable spouse, the Hanging Judge. Her death leaves the son, sole, and now actively hostile, in opposition to his father. Stevenson's task is to depict the recoil of the boy's shrinking delicacy from the gross strength of Hermiston. Not till the third chapter do we reach the first incident. The "trumpeting anger of youth" moves Archie to protest in public against the cruelty displayed by his father in the trial of a common criminal. It is merely a cry uttered by the gallows, a motion in a college debating society, trivial and trumpety things enough; yet the incident has ten times the force, even of Alan Breck's fight in the round house. For an adventure is external to the man, it does not come out of his nature; it may occasion growth, but is not the result of a growth. Archie's protest against the grim hanging, trifling in itself, is the explosion of pent-up forces that have been at work for years; and it is amazing how Stevenson makes you feel that. The scene leads to an interview between the Lord Justice Clerk and his son; it is a duel, where the older man by sheer weight

easily bears down the younger, yet—almost unconsciously—he takes a wound to the very quick of his being; and the strain and stress of that conflict is rendered only as a man could render it who had known something of a like encounter. With the sentence of relegation to a country laird's existence pronounced upon the son, closes what one may call the first act in the drama; and though there was to be fierce action, bloodshed and violence enough in the story, the key was given; the drama was to be one of spiritual conflict, not of external happenings. The second act opens with the young man's isolation in a banishment which his own temper makes solitary, till after many days of "flying his private signal" it is answered by a consort. The passionate love story comes in, set against a grim and terrible background, Hermiston behind his son, behind Kirstie the Four Black Brothers; just as the lovers themselves in their warm bodily presence are shown against a cold, grey scene, among stony hills, and keeping their tryst by the slab which marked the martyrdom of the Cameronian weaver. Tragedy is in the air from the first page; and in Archie's nature, overstrung by the long tension of his home life, love itself has a tragic thrill that contrasts forcibly with Kirstie's simple, unreflecting passion. Upon their idyll, the elder Kirstie's forethought, like a lamp, casts Hermiston's shadow; and it is with that shadow already blackening earth to the lovers that the story breaks off. Archie comes to the tryst to say that there must be an end of trystings; and Kirstie is all woman to him—woman in her anger, her unreasonableness, above all in her weakness. "What have I done?" she cries.

"What hae I done that ye should lightly me? What hae I done? What hae I done? O, what have I done?" and her voice rose upon the third repetition—'I thoct—I thoct—I thoct I was sae happy;' and the first sob broke from her like the paroxysm of some mortal sickness.

"Archie ran to her. He took the poor child in his arms and she nestled to his breast as to a mother's, and clasped him in hands that were strong like vices. He felt her whole body shaken by the throes of distress and had pity upon her beyond speech. Pity, and at the same time a bewildered fear of this explosive engine in his arms, whose works he did not understand and yet had been tampering with. Then arose from before him the curtains of boyhood and he saw for the first time the ambiguous face of woman as she is. In vain he looked back on the interview; he saw not where he had offended. It seemed unprovoked, a wilful convulsion of brute nature."

So it ends; there the word lies broken on the page, never now to be completed. The world which does not care about fragments, will not often read *Weir of Hermiston*, but for artists it will remain a monument. Some have said that Stevenson was too much of an artist; too studious of form; too neglectful of the matter; desiring rather to express something perfectly than to attempt what might baffle expression. I, on the other hand, believe that he was studiously schooling his faculties with a modesty surely to be commended, till he should feel them equal to the full organ. And at least in this story there is

no shirking of the universal interests, no avoidance of the common driving motives of existence at their highest tension. Here you have certainly—for Stevenson never neglected the appeal to the aboriginal fighter in man—the wild tale of the “Four Black Brothers”—that sudden outburst of savagery, over which the crust of respectable church-going existence had settled down and hardened, but which spoke of violent possibilities. But the essential, and the strongest scenes of the book, were not to depend on the rough and tumble of incident, or on any melodramatic surroundings. Here, for the first time in Stevenson, you really have the bewildering atmosphere of woman, the glamour of sex, not only in the younger Kirstie, but in her elder of the same name—a far more wonderful and difficult piece of portraiture—who pours out to Archie a heart that has not known how to grow old. And poetry or adventure apart, are there not tragic issues enough in the grim prose of Hermiston’s dealings with his son?

How much, then, was to be incident, how much the drama of mere passion, the clash of opposing natures, is matter for conjecture? Only the roughest outline of Stevenson’s project is known. It has to centre upon the fortitude of Hermiston, who condemns his own son to death, but does not survive the moral effort. As related by Mrs. Strong, the course of the action was to be as follows: The younger Kirstie, when put aside by Archie for fear of his father’s displeasure, in her pique falls a prey to Frank Innes. Old Kirstie perceives that the girl is to become a mother, taxes Archie with the guilt, and thus makes him aware of the girl’s fall. Archie surprises Innes and Kirstie by the weaver’s stone and kills Innes; but meanwhile he is himself in danger, for the Black Brothers, believing him to be the seducer, are on his track, and he is only saved by the police who come to arrest him. He is tried before Hermiston and condemned to death; but the elder Kirstie, who has learned the truth, induces the Black Brothers to break the jail, and he escapes with the younger Kirstie to America.

Now in two points this account cannot be accepted as authoritative. First, it is clear from a letter of Stevenson’s that he perceived the impossibility of Archie’s being tried before his father. Secondly, he told Mr. Sydney Lyssaght that the culminating emotion was to be reached in a scene in the jail, when Kirstie gains access to Archie and informs him of her condition, and he proposes to marry her. Whether Stevenson himself had the plot clear before him is highly uncertain; but it is clear that he had impressed upon Mrs. Strong’s mind only the first outlines of the story as they presented themselves to him. Similarly, in the *Beach of Falesà*, he had broken in and reduced to credibility an idea which in its first form involved impossibilities; but his first, and very likely his most impressive telling of that story, *via voce*, would have substituted real witchcraft or ghostly noises for the Æolian harps by which Mr. Case terrified the natives. What, then,

are the lines on which he would have been likely to work out this central idea of a father condemning his own son? They seem to me indicated in a letter to Mr. Baxter which asks for information.

"The Lord Justice Clerk tries some people capitally on circuit. Certain evidence cropping up, the charge is transferred to the Justice Clerk's own son. Of course in the next trial the Justice Clerk is excluded, and the case is called before the Lord Justice General. Where would this trial have to be? I fear in Edinburgh, which would not suit my view. Could it be again in the circuit town?"

Now consider the facts. A girl is seduced, her seducer is found murdered, her brothers are men with the reputation of violent homicides. Upon them naturally the suspicion would rest. The Four Black Brothers would then be the "certain persons tried capitally" before Hermiston at the neighbouring circuit town. But, under those circumstances, Archie (given his character) would be with difficulty restrained from giving himself up; he would at least insist upon being in court at the trial to see justice done if necessary. Is it not clear that Hermiston, with his penetrating legal instinct, might read a new set of facts into the evidence; might, for instance, when the unfortunate Kirstie was called before him, force admissions from her, and thus be logically led to infer that the slayer was none of the Black Brothers but another, and that other his own son; that he might then not shrink from drawing the inference, discharge the prisoners and order his son into custody; thus virtually, though not actually, sentencing him to death. Further, it is clear that so good an artist in construction as Stevenson would never have attempted a second trial, which would violate all principles of diversifying incident. He wants to know where the second trial would be not to describe it, but that he may know where Archie would be confined; only in a small town could the rescue be plausibly effected.

This, at all events, seems a likely line for the story to have taken. I am sure that Stevenson, who was minutely particular about historical accuracy, would never have violated probability to the point of making Hermiston formally try his son. However, these are idle speculations; the story will never be told us now. Only this is to be said; that enough of it is left to be a high example—enough to prove that Stevenson's lifelong devotion to his art was on the point of being rewarded by such a success as he had always dreamed of; that in the man's nature there was power to conceive scenes of a tragic beauty and intensity unsurpassed in our prose literature, and to create characters not unworthy of his greatest predecessor. The blind stroke of fate had nothing to say to the lesson of his life; here was a man who went the right way to work; and though we deplore that he never completed his masterpieces, we may at least be thankful that time enough was given him to prove to his fellow-craftsmen that such labour for the sake of art is not without Art's peculiar reward—the triumph of successful execution.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

THE FRENCH ON THE NIGER.

THE "OPEN DOOR" IN WEST AFRICA.

It is not only in "the Far East" that we are fighting for "the open door." In West Africa, whence recently we have received grave news of the advance of French forces into countries within the British sphere of influence, we have been forced into a struggle for keeping open means of trading with the interior. It is not extended empire that we want, with all its added cost and responsibilities; and, but for the action of other countries, France especially, there would have been no reason for any change in the policy laid down by the Committee of the House of Commons in 1865, which advised the reduction of our responsibilities on the West Coast of Africa, and that, if we were to retain any part of this region, our possessions should be practically confined to Sierra Leone, which was of importance as a coaling station for our navy. But things have very much changed since then, and other nations have set their eyes and hands on what England refused to grasp.

Until some years after the Franco-German war we had no serious competition in this region, and could have made, almost without any European opposition, one vast British Empire, extending from Cape Verde to the Gaboon, and including almost the whole of the rich and populous western Sudan, with one of the finest waterways of the African Continent. Now the greater part of that vast region has been engulfed in the French dominion, leaving our West Coast colonies isolated *enclaves*, without any back country attached to them, and threatening similarly to "strangle" our possessions on the Gold Coast and Lagos, by cutting off their hinterland. It is thanks only to private effort and not to Government initiative that we possess any material extent of territory in this region in the possessions of the Royal Niger Company.

The recovery of France from the effects of the war of 1871 was quickly followed by a period of great activity in Africa—an activity not so much of a mercantile character as dictated by an ambition of empire. By 1885 the coast regions were being so rapidly absorbed that it was necessary to come to some international understanding, and the Conference of Berlin was called to establish, as it has been aptly termed, the rules of the game; but even then little enterprise had been shown in the interior of West Africa beyond the operations on the lower Niger. Having established herself on the hitherto unappropriated parts of the coast, France now set herself to extend her authority over the interior by a series of venturesome and costly

military expeditions, spreading out like fans from each of the possessions on the coast until they joined each other, with the intention of making French African territory an integral whole.

To define the relative spheres of interest a series of conventions has been come to between Great Britain, France and Germany, carrying the frontiers inland from the Gulf of Guinea to the parallel of 9° north. It was generally understood that the possession of the coast carried with it the right to the hinterland or country directly behind each of the respective coast regions, and it is owing to the total disregard of this principle on the part of France that our present difficulties have arisen. Starting alike from the Senegal, the Rivières du Sud or French Guinea, the Ivory Coast and Dahomey, the French have not only swamped our colonies of the Gambia and Sierra Leone, but have threatened to do the same with the Gold Coast and Lagos by cutting off and appropriating their back country.

It was only in 1881 that France, ascending the Senegal river, obtained a footing on the upper Niger, at Bamako, by a treaty with the Sultan of Segou. Two years later a fort was constructed here, followed by the launch of a gunboat on the Niger—a presage of military conquest. Then began a series of wars with the Sultan Ahmadu, the son and successor of the celebrated Toucouleur chief, El Hadj Omar, whilst more to the south another sanguinary struggle was carried on with another Mussulman conqueror, Samory, or Samadu, as he was known to the English of Sierra Leone, the Almamy of Bissandugu. Whilst Ahmadu was defeated in several engagements and driven away to the north-east, Samory's Sofa bands were, after a series of campaigns which cost the French much in blood and treasure, dispersed and driven towards the east, his capital, Bissandugu, being captured in January, 1892. It was during the operations against these Sofas that the French closed in on our Sierra Leone possessions, carrying the war on one occasion into indisputable British territory and even attacking a British force at Waima (or Warina) near the Niger sources, on 23rd December, 1893.

Kenedugu, the kingdom of Tieba, whose capital was Sikasso, was absorbed into the French Empire in 1888, and the capture of Segou two years later gave the French the command of the upper Niger and left open the route to the ancient and mysterious city of Timbuktu (or Tombuktu, as the French maintain the name ought rather to be pronounced), which was captured in 1894.¹ Already, in 1887, Lieutenant

(1) In the spelling of the place names I follow the rules laid down by the Royal Geographical Society, the vowels being pronounced as in Italian, and the consonants as in English. Thus, Timbuktu should rhyme with "hymnbook too," as in the famous verse; and we should say "Kenny-doogoo, Seg-ou," &c. Niger should be pronounced with a hard *g*, like *tiger*, as in another famous rhyme (and no doubt, in strictness, the *i* should have a shortened sound, the word being more like its derivative, *nigger*).

Caron had navigated the river as far as Kabara, the port of Timbuktu. In April, 1893, Djenné, the commercial centre of Massina, was taken, after a smart bombardment, and Colonel Archinard entered Bandiagara, the capital. Ahmadu, who had seized on the throne, again fled before the French, and Colonel Archinard now installed in his place Agibu, a professed adherent of the French cause. At the end of this year, too, Colonel Bonnier conceived the ambitious design of occupying Timbuktu, although for the moment the great cost of these wars induced the Home Government to hold its hand from further conquest. Sending on Lieutenant Boiteux to see to the flotilla of steamers and boats, Bonnier left Segou just as the newly appointed Civil Governor reached Kayes, instructing Colonel Joffre to follow with a land column. But disaster dogged the hurriedly carried out enterprise. A lieutenant of Boiteux's party fell into a Tuareg ambush, and Bonnier himself, with his little force, fell a victim to his temerity. But the French position was effectually established at Timbuktu by Colonel Joffre (February, 1894), and one by one the surrounding Tuareg tribes were got to acknowledge French rule.

Meanwhile Samory and his Sofas, flying to the eastward, devastating the country and massacring or enslaving the people, captured Sakala (August, 1893) and threatened Kong, which was in the back country of the Ivory Coast and under French protection. A treaty had been signed there by the Frenchman Treich Laplène in 1888, and only in April, 1894, Captain Marchand had established a post there. The inhabitants now sent a deputation to Grand Bassam, to ask for assistance against Samory's lieutenant, Sekuba, and his Sofas. Lieutenant-Colonel Monteil was accordingly despatched with a strong force. He encountered the Sofas in a number of combats, in one of which Sekuba was killed, but was unable to achieve any decisive result. He was unable to reach Kong, which, M. Bailly and his *Tirailleurs* having fled, fell into the hands of Samory. In the following year the Sofas entered Bonduku, the King of which fled and sought French protection. But the French were evidently sick of the ceaseless struggle with Samory, and nothing further was done from this side beyond some futile attempts at negotiation.

Farther to the north, within the great bend formed by the river Niger, the French advance was carried in 1894-95 into Mossi, a great negro state with an ancient civilisation, which had kept free from Mohammedan influences. Just as, in the case of Tunis, they made use of the Krumir legend, so now it was alleged that Ali Kale, King of Bosse, had threatened Massina. Captain Bonnacorsi advanced against him, and on 1st July, 1894, attacked and captured his *tata*, or stronghold, after a bloody engagement, in which the French lost 21 killed and 128 wounded, whilst Ali Kale and 500 of his followers were killed. To follow this up and prepare for the definite occupa-

tion of the regions to the east of Massina, Captain Destenave was, early in 1895, sent at the head of a mission, with Lieutenants Voulet, Margaine and Gaden. Going first to Yatenga, he entered its capital Wahiguya; of which the chief, Bakari, accepted the French protectorate. He then started for Yako, the chief of which showed a hostile attitude. The party not being sufficiently strong to oppose him returned to Massina, making a detour to the north-east to Dori, where Lieut.-Colonel Monteil had signed a treaty in 1891, and where Destenave now arranged to establish a representative. The Naba (or King) of Yako in Yatenga, considering the retreat of the French as a reverse, attacked the French protégé Bakari, and drove him from his capital. Bakari asked for French assistance, and Lieutenants Voulet and Chanoine were sent to help him. They had a series of conflicts with the Naba of Yako, and on 17th August, 1896, reinstalled Bakari in his capital, Wahiguya. Ten days later Voulet attacked and took the town of Yako, and then marched on Wagadugu, the capital of Mossi.

Wagadugu was first visited by Captain Binger from the French Ivory Coast, in 1888. In 1890, Dr. Crozat, and in 1891, Lieut.-Colonel Monteil, both coming from the west, essayed to enter the town, but were prevented by the hostility of the Almamy or Naba. In 1894, however, Mr. Fergusson, acting on behalf of our Gold Coast Colony, was more successful, and on 2nd August he negotiated a treaty which brought the whole of Mossi within the range of British influence. Had the French proceeded on similar lines to those which have governed British action, they would have respected this treaty and left Mossi, which is in the direct hinterland of the Gold Coast, to British influence. But on 1st September, 1896, Voulet's little force assaulted and took Wagadugu, and then, having assured the French position there, hastened southward to Sati, the capital of Gurunsi. Here he found the country invaded by Baba-To, who was said to be in league with Samory, and the French at once took the part of the native chief, Hamaria.

These operations were not, like the action of Colonel Bonnier in seizing Timbuktu, carried out on the initiative of the local commanders, but had the full sanction of the Home Government, which, early in 1897, despatched additional forces to occupy the ground in the great bend of the Niger. But meanwhile our own Government was awaking to the importance of taking action to protect British interests. In November, 1896, Lieutenant F. B. Henderson, R.N., was despatched from Accra with one hundred Hausas to visit the chiefs in the back country with whom treaties had been concluded, including Buna and Wa. At Dekrupe, the frontier town of Mo, a short distance north-west of Kintampo, refugees stated that Buna had been attacked by Samory and that the king and most of the principal inhabitants had been killed. Henderson reached Buale on Christmas Eve, and sent

messages to Samory's son, who told him to go back to Banda. Pushing on he found that the Sofas had also occupied Wa, though they fled on the approach of the English, and whilst the little force was at Dawkita, this place was attacked (28th March, 1897) by the Sofas, who warned the British to go away, as they did not want to fight them. The siege lasted four days, after which the small British force got away in the night, the natives having already fled. Mr. Fergusson, a coloured gentleman who had done good service to the Gold Coast Government in opening up relations with the interior, was shot in the leg, and being afterwards abandoned in the flight by his hammock-bearers, was killed by the Sofas, his head being taken to their camp as a trophy. Lieutenant Henderson afterwards visited the Sofa camp to try to arrange a cessation of hostilities, but was detained a prisoner and taken before Samory. He was, however, afterwards set at liberty. Captain Cramer, with the remainder of the Hausas, sought refuge with the French at Leo, in Gurunsi, farther to the north.

A little before this Captain Donald Stewart, British Resident at Kumasi, had made a journey to the northward, and on 7th February, 1897, met Lieutenant Voulet at Tenkodogo, or Tangurka, a small Mossi village not far from the frontier of Gurma. In a courteous interview Voulet informed him of the occupation of Mossi, and after negotiations an understanding was come to that the English should withdraw beyond the frontier of Mampursi, whilst the French should withdraw beyond the frontier of Tenkodogo, leaving the right to Tenkodogo to be settled by their respective Governments. Captain Stewart then turned back on Gambaka, in Mampursi, where a British treaty had been signed in 1894, and a French in 1895, and established a station there.

In February, 1897, Commandant Destenave arrived at Wagadugu with reinforcements from Senegal, and installed Captain Scal there as Resident. He sent Lieutenant Chanoine to render effective the protectorate over Gurunsi, and support Hamaria against his enemy Baba-To. Chanoine defeated Baba-To on 14th March, and then went to the south and signed a treaty of protectorate with the King of Asseydu, between Gambaka and Wa. But in this region he had been preceded by our representatives from the Gold Coast, and at Leo he found six Hausas who had been left there by Lieutenant Henderson and Mr. Fergusson. It was here also that he was joined by Captain Cramer and the fugitives from Wa. Captain Scal then went to Yarba, or Liaba (20th April), where Captain Donald Stewart then was. Chanoine soon after planted the French flag at Wa, disregarding the prior rights of the British.

While these events were happening in Gurunsi, and Commandant Valet and Captain Hugot were operating farther to the west, at

Danfiera and Bobo Julasu, more behind the French Ivory Coast, Commandant Destenave went to the north and established himself at Dori, in Liptako, sending a detachment under Captain Betheder to Say, on the Niger, which was occupied on 19th May. Here the flag erected by Lieutenant Hourst, during his descent of the Niger, was still flying. But these occupations were not made without opposition. At Dori, the Resident, Captain Menvielle, had to defend himself against the Awellimiden Tuareg, and farther to the north, on the banks of the river, Sakkawi, chief of the Iguadaren, who signed a treaty with Lieutenant de Chevigné, permitting the French to circulate freely on the river, afterwards repented, and a French force under Captain Audié, sent against him, fell into an ambush near Rhergo, and only twelve horsemen escaped.

The French had now extended their occupation right across the country in the bend of the Niger from Segu to Say. In the country to the north of a line drawn between those two towns no opposition whatever has been made by the British, but to the south of that line it will be seen that the French have in several cases come into districts in which we have prior rights both by virtue of treaties and also by occupation, and forming the true hinterland of our Gold Coast possessions.

Let us turn now to the region more to the east, forming the back country of Lagos, and bounded on the east by the Niger and the territory of the Royal Niger Company, and where the interlacing expeditions have caused an even more inextricable "tangle." This region the French have approached chiefly from their colony of Dahomey. This possession is a matter of quite recent years. It was only after the final defeat of Behanzin, in January, 1894, that Dahomey was formally annexed, previous to which France had only the possession of Porto Novo and a strip on the coast. Now, however, a feverish activity was at once manifested. Officers were sent about in every direction, entering into communications with the various chiefs and signing treaties. Within a few months Commandant Decœur had signed a treaty with the King of Savalu, and reached Chauru, but was prevented from entering the country of the Baribas by the hostility of the natives. In September the Governor of Dahomey, M. Victor Ballot, installed a resident at Savalu and himself pushed on to 9° north, the parallel to which the frontier had been agreed upon, and at Aghassa, just inside of this limit, in a mountainous and healthy region, he established a French station with a military post, and named it Carnotville.

The Bariba country, or Borgu, as it has been better known to us, which Decœur had endeavoured in vain to enter, lies at the back of our Lagos Protectorate, in the angle formed by the ninth parallel and the Niger south of Say. It was regarded as in the territory

of the Royal Niger Company in virtue of treaties signed with the King of Bussa in 1885 and 1890. The Bariba people are a wild and independent race, strong enough to withstand the invasions of the Fulahs from the north, and of Dahomey on the south, and indeed to render themselves a terror to the neighbouring tribes. Europeans had in vain tried to penetrate their country. The Englishman, Duncan, in 1846, entered the country only to die; the German, Dr. Wolff, in 1889, reached Ndali or Dbari, and died there of fever; two years later Lieutenant Kling had to turn back before he reached that point; and in the year before Decœur's attempt another Frenchman, Dr. Hess, was attacked and wounded by the Baribas, and driven back unsuccessful. In the extreme east only, near the Niger, had Clapperton and Lander succeeded in passing unscathed. It was not to be wondered at that the Niger Company had made no effort to occupy this inhospitable country, though the treaties, which were duly notified to the Powers, were regarded as sufficient evidence that the country was in the British sphere.

But the French had set their covetous eyes upon the country, and later in 1894, Commander Decœur was despatched by the Colonial Minister, M. Chautemps, to make a second attempt. Leaving France on 25th July, he had this time a stronger force, consisting of five Frenchmen (including Lieutenants Baud and Vargoz, and Dr. Danjou), 48 Hausas, 35 native police, and over 200 porters. It was not only the country of Borgu at which France aimed, but also access to the lower Niger. She had already the control of the upper reaches of the river, and patrolled it with her gunboats, but the navigation is broken at Bussa by a series of cataracts, which proved fatal to Mungo Park, and the only way to reach the river below this was to cross the British sphere. Accordingly French writers disputed the validity of the Bussa treaties, maintaining that the King of Bussa was not sovereign over the whole of the Baribas, whose capital was really Nikki, some hundred miles to the west of the Niger. They, therefore, contended that the Bariba country was not under British protectorate, and that there was, therefore, nothing to prevent their seizing it, and so by crossing the Lagos hinterland reaching the lower river.

It was, however, a matter of vital importance to the Royal Niger Company to maintain exclusively British influence on this part of the river. The objects of the Decœur mission were at the time declared to be confined to Dahomey, but past experience had shown that no reliance was to be placed on such assurances, and it was at once decided to despatch Captain F. D. Lugard to endeavour to anticipate French effort in this direction. He left London 28th July, only three days after Decœur left France, and, with a force of 40 Hausa soldiers and 320 porters, hurried forward in what has been called "the race for Borgu." After a hasty visit to Bussa, where, how-

ever, the chief was not friendly, and would not afford him any facilities for his journey, he reached Nikki on 5th November, making treaties on the way at Kishi and Kiama, the frontier towns of Yoruba and Borgu. On 10th November he concluded a treaty with the King of Nikki, of which the essential clauses were :—

“I bind myself not to have any intercourse, as representing my tribe or state, on tribal or state affairs with any foreigner or foreign Governments, other than the Company.

“I recognise that the Company, as a Government, represents Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and I accept the protection of the flag.”

When Lugard left Nikki there was no rumour of the approach of the French. The Deceur mission, in fact, only reached Nikki on 25th November, being delayed because the King of Gambara, through whose territory it had to pass, was away to the west on a war expedition. Thither Deceur had to follow Akpaki, and first conclude a treaty with him. When he got to Nikki he found that he had been forestalled by the English. However, the Frenchman was equal to the occasion, and made the discovery that Captain Lugard did not treat with the king, but with the religious chief (who probably, as in many of these African states, had more power than the king himself). Deceur therefore got the king to sign a treaty of protectorate with him. The chiefs of Nikki, we are told, are completely independent; and so far from being subject to Bussa, it was Bussa that was formerly a dependency of Nikki. It would hardly have been thought that quibbling between two great and friendly, though competing nations would have been carried to this excess. But the French were determined to get possession of the Bariba country, and in view of the despatch of Captain Lugard and the possibility that he would be first in the field, M. Alby had been hastily sent on another mission to Nikki, but he only reached there the day after Deceur had left, though he seems to have got the King to sign an additional convention.

After returning to his base at Carnotville, Commandant Deceur made another and more extended journey, Say being this time the objective. Proceeding first to Sansanne Mango, behind the Gold Coast, he found that in August, 1894, a British treaty had been concluded by Mr. Fergusson. He then entered the country of Gurma, and at Pelale the French were overtaken by a German treaty-making expedition, which had been despatched from Togoland under Dr. Hans Grüner and Lieutenant von Carnap. It now became a hand-to-hand race between the Germans and French. Von Carnap, lightly equipped, hurried on to the north much faster than the more heavily freighted French caravan, but Deceur had previously despatched Lieutenants Baud and Vargas with a section of his party direct to Say. On reaching Pama some hours after Von

Carnap, Decœur received from the chief of the village a paper given him by the German officer with instructions to show it to the French. This document, written in Arabic, stated that Von Carnap had taken possession of Pama in the name of the German Emperor. But Decœur learnt that the chief of Pama had neither signed nor approved of any treaty of protectorate; and, moreover, that this village chief was merely a dependent of the king, who lived at Nungu or Fada N'Gurma, and ruled the whole country. Satisfied that Lieutenant Baud would reach Say before the Germans, Decœur pushed rapidly on to Nungu, where he got King Bantochande to sign a treaty of protectorate. Here, again, there is a dispute as to who is the supreme chief of Gurma, probably the petty village kings being independent until they unite for protection against a common enemy. The Germans maintained that Matchakuale was the capital, and that they signed a treaty with King Tuninturiba, the supreme chief, on January 21st, two or three days before the French turned up there. And to support the German contention, Tuninturiba sent for the kings of Fada N'Gurma and Bissugu; but the French did not wait for them to turn up, and pushed on towards Say, where Lieutenant Baud had already ratified the treaty concluded by Lieut.-Colonel Monteil in 1891. The reunited French mission now followed the banks of the Niger down to Leaba, returning thence to Carnotville. At Ilo and Gomba, places claimed by Great Britain under the protectorate of January 1st, 1895, the French signed treaties of protectorate. At Bussa, Decœur had been preceded by M. Ballot, the Governor of Dahomey, who had proceeded on a separate mission, establishing French posts on the way at Paraku, Wari, Bassila and Sheri. He reached Bussa January 29th, 1895, and does not appear to have called in question the previous British treaty rights there. At Paraku subsequently a resident was appointed with instructions to enter into good relations with the neighbouring chiefs, and to endeavour to draw towards Dahomey the caravans from the Niger region and from Sokoto, which had generally hitherto gone by way of Nikki, Wangara and Salaga to the Gold Coast, principally Accra.

About the same time, also, Commandant Toutée reached the Niger, at Bajibo, from Porto Novo. Although charged with a special commission by the Colonial Minister, M. Delcassé, with instructions to reach the river below Bussa, keeping as near the ninth parallel as possible, and to make treaties with the chiefs and establish posts in the countries passed through, he did not think it beneath him to endeavour to induce the Royal Niger Company to carry him up the river on the plea that he was a private traveller without any political object! But the Company was too wide-awake, and he landed, therefore, at Kotonu (December 17th, 1894). Toutée did not scruple, moreover, to cross the Lagos-Dahomey boundary before reaching the

ninth parallel, and, in defiance of the Anglo-French agreement of 1890, to establish posts at Saki (or Tchaki) and Kishi (or Kitchi) in the sphere acknowledged to be British, and where Captain Lugard had passed treaties some months before. So also at Kiama, or Clayo-man, as Toutée calls it, he persuaded the king to accept the French flag. On February 15th he reached the Niger opposite Bajibo, and there he constructed a fort and named it after Prince d'Arenberg, and installed a small force there. But the protest of the British Government against this infraction of the rights of the Royal Niger Company resulted in the recall of the French garrison, and Fort d'Arenberg became Fort Goldie.

Toutée afterwards ascended the Niger, in boats, to Tili Farka, above Zinder, finding the rapids near Bussa by no means so unnavigable as had been generally supposed, and is as free in his charges against English travellers and the officials of the Company as his compatriot, Lieutenant Mizon. The navigability of the river throughout was further proved in the following year by Lieutenant Hourst, who successfully descended it from Kulikoru, above Segou, to the mouth, and has recently published an account of his voyage in a profusely illustrated volume.

Meanwhile, French activity to the west of the lower Niger was kept up by M. Deville, who got a treaty of protectorate at Bue or Buay, between Borgu and Gurma (March 3rd, 1895), and farther to the west M. Alby crossed into the Gold Coast back country and, disregarding the previous British treaties, signed treaties at Sansanne-Mango (January 25th, 1895), and Djebiga in Mossi (February 1st). His aim was to visit Wagadugu, but he did not succeed in reaching this town, and instead turned back to the east, and visited Tangurka, Beri, Bussurima, Fada N'Gurma (Nungu), Bari, Ragu, Pama and Tambigu, signing treaties everywhere on his way. Lieutenant Baud, too, on his return to Carnotville with the Decœur mission, was immediately started off again to turn the Gold Coast back country, and connect Dahomey with the French Sudan and French Guinea with a string of French posts. Keeping close to the north of the ninth parallel he signed treaties at Kirikri and Bafflo, behind the German sphere, and proceeded to Sansanne-Mango, where he endorsed M. Alby's treaty with some presents, much to the surprise of the people there, who now had treaties with Great Britain, Germany and France, that of Great Britain being first in date. Then, crossing the White Volta, a treaty was signed at Liaba, where also the British had previous treaty rights, and then on to Wa, where the king showed him a treaty of protectorate signed with the late Sir William Maxwell, though the Frenchman wishes us to believe that the simple-minded king was duped into this under the impression that it was simply a certificate of good treatment. Lieutenant Baud

actually carried the document off, first concluding a full and formal treaty of protectorate with this potentate. On leaving Wa, Baud's intention was to join Monteil's column which was operating against Samory, but on reaching Buna, he heard of the withdrawal of the French military expedition, and picking up on his way the French fugitives from Kong, he reached the coast at Grand Bassam on June 12th.

Under the convention with Germany, signed at Paris on July 9th, 1897, defining the frontiers between the back country of Dahomey and Togoland, France gave up all claims to Sansanne-Mango, Gambaka and Bafilo, Germany on the other hand withdrawing her claims to Gurma under the treaties obtained by the mission of Dr. Grüner and Lieutenant von Carnap.

In the early part of last year the treaty-making expeditions of Decœur, Baud and others were followed up by the despatch of military expeditions under Lieutenant Bretonnet and Lieutenant Baud to occupy the various places visited. Lieutenant Bretonnet, now denominated French resident on the middle Niger, started from Paraku, the last French post to the north of Carnotville, on January 1st, 1897, and, following the route taken in 1895 by M. Deville, founded a line of French posts connecting Paraku and the Niger at Ilo : at Bori (January 4th), Saoré (January 6th), Buay (January 8th), Kandi (January 15th), and Ilo (January 20th). It was at Ilo that early this year the French resident (M. Pierre de Bernis) was assassinated, being stabbed to death, it is said, by the husband of a woman who had been outraged ; though the French colonial party, headed by Prince d'Arenberg, could stoop to the suggestion that it was due to the machinations of the Royal Niger Company. He then turned down the river to Bussa, which, as already seen, was unquestionably in treaty relations with Great Britain, and arrived there on February 5th. Here, although not without opposition and protest on the part of the king, he left a French resident. King Ikki produced the flag given to his brother and predecessor, King Dagba, by Sir G. Taubmann Goldie, in 1896 ; but, according to a message sent by the king to Sir G. Goldie, the French officer replied by threatening to destroy his town. Ikki sent repeated messages between February and July asking the Niger Company to come and drive the French out, which would have been an easy matter ; but the Company steadfastly refused to do so, and the King has now undoubtedly been driven into the arms of France. The Company was at this time in fact engaging all its energies in the war against Nupé and Illorin, and it was probably owing to this that the French thought they could safely invade its territory in the north. The first news of the French expedition was received on the lower Niger just as the British force was starting for Illorin, but no importance was then attached to the

matter, for it was reported to be at Ilo, the extreme northern limit of Bussa territory (and therefore also in the British sphere), and was believed to be moving northwards up the Niger, towards Timbuktu.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Baud, appointed French Resident in Gurma, was similarly operating farther to the west, establishing a series of French posts between Carnotville and Gurma. Arriving, with Captain Vermeersch, at the residence of King Band-Ohandé, on February 1st, he found that potentate at war in the west of Gurma. The two Frenchmen took command of his army of 5,000 men, and thus enabled the king to re-establish his authority over the whole of Gurma. During the course of these operations Lieutenant Baud joined hands with the Voulet mission from the west (referred to above) at Tigba, or Tibga, on the eastern frontier of Mossi. Some activity in this region was still being shown by the Germans, but Lieutenant Baud followed them to Machakwali, and sent them back to Saneanne-Mango. Then he went to meet the German Lieutenant Thierry at Pama, the chief of which declared that he was dependent on Fada N'Gurma. The German Lieutenant, however, would not entirely evacuate Gurma without the authority of his Government; but the Franco-German convention of July 9th has since left the French in undisputed possession.

Somewhat later in the year measures were similarly taken for the effective occupation of the Bariba country behind Lagos. A force of French native police was sent to occupy Kishi, a dependency of Oyo and south of the ninth parallel, which thus constituted a distinct breach of the agreement of 1889. The Governor of Lagos (Major McCallum) at once telegraphed home for assistance, and despatched Major Everett, Travelling Commissioner, with a small escort of ten Hausas, to visit the western frontier. Keeping a few miles to the eastern side of the boundary, he travelled *via* Egoa to Meko, a town seven miles within the British line, an important point at the intersection of a trade route from Porto Novo to the interior. Whilst there a small body of French native police, under M. Zaviere, passed through from the north, travelling towards Porto Novo, and a few days later Lieutenant Borot arrived from Porto Novo with a French force of between 70 and 80 men. He paid no attention to the protest of the British officer, but proceeded on his way to Saki. After a few days' stay at Saki, this force marched north-east to Ilesha, on the border of the Bariba country and also within the British line, but was there opposed by a strong Bariba force. After a fight, in which the French lost several men and the officer himself was wounded, the expedition fell back upon Saki, and then on Kishi. Both Saki and Kishi are undoubtedly Yoruba towns, owing titular allegiance to the Alafin of Oyo and the Ibadan Confederation, which have been

recognised as British since 1893. Leaving a small force at Kishi, the French officer proceeded to Kiama and the Niger.

Our own authorities were now becoming alive to the importance of maintaining the British positions, and a force of 120 Hausas was despatched in September, under Captain Humphrey, to occupy Saki and Igbafo, a place on the road between Saki and Kishi, and three companies of the West India Regiment, under Colonel Allen, from Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast, shortly afterwards followed. From Saki, Captain Humphrey advanced towards Ilesha at the request of the king, who is a vassal of Nikki, but the Baribas attacked his force and drove it back, under the mistaken impression that it was another French force. These Baribas had all along shown a decided opposition to the French, and in 1896 killed M. Forget, Colonial Administrator, whilst on a journey towards Nikki, and afterwards attacked and drove back M. Fonssagrièves, who was sent with a small force to recover the body of Forget and make reprisals. That the attack on the British was due to a mistake was shown by the welcome which the inhabitants gave the Lagos force when, in December, it entered the town, and the Baribas now rejoiced that they had no longer to fear French attacks. Berehere, a little farther to the north, was also occupied in December by Captain Humphrey's little force, and Bereguru and Bashoro in January last.

On 7th October, a large expedition of 500 soldiers, with 2,000 carriers, left Porto Novo to occupy Nikki, the French pressing, it is said, natives of Lagos into their service for this and other expeditions. Nikki was duly occupied, though not, it appears, without some fighting on the way with the Baribas, and it was reported that the French burnt no fewer than a dozen towns in the Bariba country. In a severe fight on 2nd January last, the French completely routed the Baribas, inflicting on them considerable losses, whilst of the French two officers were wounded, and about 20 native soldiers were killed or wounded.

The simultaneous advance from Dahomey and Lagos was now bringing the French and English into close contact in the Bariba country, and on 9th February last a French officer with 30 Senegalees arrived at Boria, which had been occupied by the Lagos force three days before, and ordered the Lagos non-commissioned officer and the Bale, or local native chief, to haul down the British flag, a demand with which they naturally refused to comply. The French officer then retired and encamped three miles outside the town. In view of the serious position and the danger of the strained relations resulting in a rupture, Lieut-Colonel McCallum, the Governor of Lagos, has gone into the interior. On 28th February he was at Saki, where the ambassadors of the kings of Borgu and Yoruba met in his

presence, and effected a settlement of their long-standing feud, a treaty of friendship and commerce was also agreed upon. At Hessa the Governor was received with acclamations by the king, chiefs and people, who expressed gratification at the arrangements concluded to ensure tranquillity, the promotion of trade, and their protection from the French. The new king of Borgu met Colonel McCallum outside the walls of Hessa with a body of cavalry, and escorted him to Bere, whence he was to proceed to Okuta and Otun.

Farther to the west, in the back country of the Gold Coast, the French and English forces were also coming into close contact. To meet the French aggressions on this side, and also to take precautions against Samory, it was necessary to send some forces into the interior. Accordingly a small force of Hausas was sent up to Kumasi, enabling Major Jenkinson to push forward and occupy Bona, or Buna (17th December, 1897), where Mr. Fergusson had signed a treaty in 1894. And Lieut.-Colonel Northcott was despatched from Cape Coast Castle with 1,100 carriers from Sierra Leone. In December he was at Wa, which was now again, therefore, in British occupation; and here he was visited, about Christmas, by Lieutenant Millot, of the French Sudan staff, the meeting being characterised by mutual civilities. A few weeks later, however, Commandant Caudrelier, the superior officer in Mossi, put in an appearance with a French force at Nasa or Tossa, a few miles to the east of Wa. Colonel Northcott sent an officer to protest against any further forward movement of the French and to propose a conference; but, disregarding this protest, the French commandant advanced to Wa, and in spite of the fact that the town was already occupied by British troops, proceeded to establish a French military post there, consisting of a subaltern officer and thirty native soldiers—the British and French flags thus flying almost within a stone's throw of each other. Yet, apart from the fact that Wa is in the direct hinterland of the Gold Coast, there can be no doubt of our prior claim to it, both by treaty and occupation.

Still more important news of the aggressive action of the French was that received about the same time from Lieut.-Colonel Pilcher, commanding the British forces at Lokoja, to the effect that a force consisting of four French officers and 100 men was at Argungu, another report from Akassa stating that two French expeditions were advancing towards Sokoto, and that six officers, with 200 men, were at Argungu and Tagga or Jega. In any case, the report is sufficiently serious, for Argungu is considerably to the east of the Niger and south of the Say-Barua line agreed upon as the French frontier in 1890. The Sultan of Sokoto commanded the expedition to halt forty miles from Sokoto, and the forces of the Royal Niger Company started from Lokoja on March 5th in order to support the

Sultan in resisting any occupation of his territory. The Sultan of Sokoto had for some time been disaffected, and it was only at the end of last year that he accepted his annual subsidy of £3,000, which for many months he had refused to take, doubtless on account of the wresting from his empire of the provinces of Nupe and Borin. In announcing his intention to adhere firmly to his treaty with the British, he stated that he had refused overtures made to him by the French officers. Although M. Hanotaux has denied any advance against Sokoto, it can hardly be doubted that an expedition has entered the country to the east of the Niger, and it must be remembered that the colonial party in France has persistently advanced the specious argument that the Say-Barua line only defined the southern frontier of Algeria, and that there was nothing to prevent a lateral extension to the south of it from the French possessions in Senegal. But no responsible French statesman has adopted this contention.

Judging from the action of the French elsewhere, there is every reason to believe that they would try to turn the British positions here as they have done in the Gambia, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast and Lagos; but in the case of the region to the east of the Niger they are confronted with the difficulty that the country to the north of the British sphere is in the desert of the Sahara, and they will, therefore, make every effort to keep as far to the south as possible. The intention, no doubt, would be to open up communication from this side with Lake Chad, and thus to connect their West African possessions with the French Kongo. From the Kongo M. Gentil succeeded in taking a steamer in 1896 to an affluent of the Shari river, and it was reported last summer that he had descended that river to Lake Chad. Last year, too, another expedition set out to reach the lake from the Ubangi, under MM. de Behagle and Bonnel de Mesières, both former members of the Maistre expedition. To bring these different possessions into connection with one another would only be in accordance with the consistent aims for years past of the French colonial party.

It is quite possible, too, that in advancing in each case as far as possible into the British sphere, the French will seek an opportunity of making apparent concessions by their withdrawal from these positions in the settlement which, it may be hoped, will shortly be arrived at in Paris. The negotiations have now been carried on, with intervals, since 1890, and an agreement as to the limits of the respective spheres of interest is desirable on the part of both nations. Although the French movements have led to some grave and even regrettable incidents—such as the attack on a British force at Waima, in the back country of Sierra Leone, for which, as Mr. Curzon stated on 7th March, no compensation has yet been paid—there can be no question of a war between the two nations—a war which, as *Le Temps* remarked the other day, would be the most unwarrantable of crimes.

against civilisation. But there must be a point beyond which concession can no further go. We have already conceded much to France, with the result that from the Gambia and Sierra Leone the door to the interior is already closed.

"We have allowed them to be shut in, and it is absolutely impossible to contemplate any further expansion. I think that whatever may have been the opinions of those who had to deal with the question at the time, in view of what has happened, I cannot doubt that it is a most lamentable fact, in the case of the two colonies in which we have allowed ourselves to be anticipated in the way that has taken place. Now we do not intend," said Mr. Chamberlain, in the House of Commons, on 24th February, "we do not intend that the history of Gambia and Sierra Leone should be repeated in the case of the Gold Coast."

Alas, it is almost too late, and it becomes a question, as a French paper remarked, of just how much land it requires to prevent the Gold Coast and Lagos from being "strangled" in the same way as Gambia and Sierra Leone. It is hardly, perhaps, to be expected that France will withdraw from Mossi, and from Gurunsi, and Gurma, all ours by prescriptive right, for we failed to follow up our treaties with "effective occupation." Those countries we may have to concede to France, but in all justice France should yield to us the territories of the Bariba and Bussa, part of which has been taken by force, even whilst we had troops in occupation of the country at Leaba and Bajibo. Even in this the concession would be really all on our side, for a glance at the map will show that in no case have we advanced outside of the true hinterland of our coast possessions, whilst, on the other hand, the French have freely poached on our preserves. To the superior enterprise of our neighbours across the Channel will be due the closing to British trade of some of those markets of the interior, of which a few years ago we might have had the command without let or hindrance.

FREDK. A. EDWARDS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND COMMON SENSE.

Common sense has not much to do with art: it will never enable its possessor to tell a good picture from a bad one. In the formation of a National Gallery the old axiom must be reversed; those who pay the piper must *not* be allowed to call the tune. Nevertheless there is a common-sense side to collecting pictures, and as regards that side the non-expert individual may, without presumption, have his opinions.

The recent re-arrangement of the National Gallery, consequent on the removal of various canvasses to Millbank, seems to offer a good opportunity for trying to elucidate the principles governing the purchase of pictures and their display. For the sake of space I will confine myself to the Foreign Schools.

At the start we are confronted with the difficulty of discovering what are the special functions fulfilled by the different art collections of this country. South Kensington as well as the National Gallery buys pictures; the British Museum possesses the drawings of the same masters whose finished works are at Trafalgar Square. However, until we have a Minister of Fine Arts, and a powerful one, we must rest content (or as content as we can) with the present hopeless muddle; trusting that at some time we shall have the natural division enforced: viz., Modern British Art at Millbank, Old Masters and modern Foreign Masters at Trafalgar Square, Applied Art at South Kensington, and Antiquities at the British Museum.

Accepting then the present state of things, what should be the objects of the authorities in charge of the Gallery? They may be stated shortly thus:—

To form the finest collection possible on the funds voted.

To arrange and display the pictures in the best possible way.

To make the Gallery as useful as possible to the greatest number possible.

It is evident that we cannot compete with other galleries in specialities: for Spanish pictures one must visit Madrid; for Dutch, Amsterdam, and so on. But there is no reason why we should not compete with any other country as regards general completeness; in fact we may already claim to have the most representative collection in the world. It should be our object to render it more complete; being especially careful, therefore, not to favour one school at the expense of others.

But this cannot be the view of the authorities, or certain purchases are inexplicable. For example, in 1803 we possessed thirteen

Buyadaels; we must purchase a fourteenth for £2,000, at the sale of the Bingham collection, at Christie's. In the same year, at the same place, a well-known Watteau (of whom we have not a single specimen) was sold for about £3,000. Guardi at his best is a good painter but very far from a rare one; then why purchase No. 1,454, an unworthy specimen? It would be easy to multiply similar instances.

It seems indisputable that the aim of the authorities should be to have each school adequately represented by the best works of the painters of that school. When two masters are unrepresented, the only excuse for the purchase of the inferior painter is the difficulty of obtaining the better one. In practice some other principle appears to be at work.

Take, for example, the Dutch painters whose names occur on the last page of the most recent catalogue; amongst others, works by the following were purchased:—

Decker (one example already in the Gallery).

Wet.

"Dutch School."

Avercamp.

I. van Ostade (three examples already).

Snyers.

Berck-Heyde.

The painters favoured are certainly respectable artists, but why spend money on them when we possess not a single specimen of Brauwer, Mirevelt, Verspronck, Flink, and a dozen others of similar rank? It cannot be because the works of the latter are not to be had, for good specimens of some of them at least have been in the market within recent years. Surely one fine canvas by a master is worth a dozen respectable works by a talented mediocrity.

Are no fine pictures ever obtainable that so much of a second-rate kind is bought? On the contrary, chances of acquiring masterpieces are thrown away in an incomprehensible fashion. After Mr. Willett's exquisite "*Giovanna Tornabuoni*," by D. Ghirlandaio, had hung in the Gallery on loan for some years, the Trustees allowed it to go abroad, though the only undoubted Ghirlandaio they possess is the retouched "*Head of a Youth*," for which a monstrous price was paid. (A portrait of Constanza de Medici has recently been lent by Mr. Salting). Other treasures recently lost to England are Sir J. Millais' Holbein, and Lord Darnley's Titian "*The Rape of Europa*." The list might be extended indefinitely. It is scarcely necessary to mention the omission to secure any of the works of the Barbison School. In fact the utter neglect of French art is an admitted scandal, and must be paid for heavily some day unless a national benefactor comes to the rescue.

In a collection showing the development of painting it is inevitable that certain canvases should be admitted which have a historical rather than an artistic interest. But although an inferior work may be justifiably hung if it forms a link in the chain of development, there can be no reason for occupying space by hanging the work of a poor painter who was contemporary with good ones. There seems to be no reason for purchasing Mocetto (Nos. 1,239-40) except that his works are rare (fortunately), nor is he the only painter who occupies the space which his betters would more worthily fill.

A gallery does not depend for its value on its magnitude, but its quality. Good works are positively injured by being swamped by mediocrities. It is quite a question whether the acquisition of a magnificent Reynolds justified the acceptance of the numerous inferior canvases which crept in with it under the terms of the Hamilton bequest. It is scarcely necessary to point to the Louvre to emphasize the importance of excluding poor work. That splendid collection will never be appreciated—never even seen—till effectually weeded.

Leaving, however, without further discussion, the question of the purchase of pictures, and accepting the collection as it stands, the problem arises how to display it to the best advantage.

Here, again, we are face to face with the fact that it is useless to dwell upon a most important factor in the problem, the building in which the gallery is housed. Such as it is we must accept it, confining ourselves to the question, on what principle should the pictures be hung.

How are they arranged at present?

"By schools," would be the answer of the casual visitor. A more correct reply would be, "by schools tempered by symmetry." Has the reader never noticed that the pictures form a pattern on the wall? If not, he is indeed unfortunate, for to obtain this symmetrical arrangement everything is sacrificed; schools are mingled, painters separated, chronological order disregarded.

The object does not seem worth the sacrifice, even were the object attained. But it is not. Nothing is more annoying to the eye than an imperfect symmetry; frank irregularity is much less irritating. It stands to reason that, as frames differ in size, it is impossible to make a perfectly regular pattern; to attempt it is to court failure. Surely the only reasonable method of procedure is to determine the ideal arrangement, and then to approach as near to that ideal as circumstances will permit.

What is the ideal hanging? The problem is not a difficult one.

Each school should be hung separately.

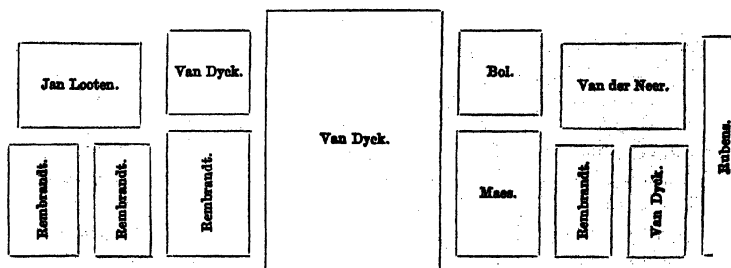
The works of each painter should be hung together.

Chronological order should govern the arrangement of both schools and works.

For example, the Florentine school should have precedence of the Venetian; in each room the painters should be hung in chronological order; the works of each painter should be placed in the order of date (as nearly as possible).

Needless to say, no such principles govern the hanging at present. I do not pretend for a moment that the National Gallery is worse hung than other public galleries; it is much better than most. The Louvre is a maze (a re-arrangement is, however, now proceeding in the right direction); whilst the system of collecting masterpieces in one room is fatal to homogeneity. The Uffizi suffers from the same drawbacks, whilst the Pitti is no better. In the Prado, as Mr. Armstrong points out, "the idea has clearly been to spread the better pictures pretty evenly over the whole building." In fact, in most galleries "the pictures are not arranged, they are distributed," to quote Morelli on the Borghese. But the question is not whether our gallery is not hung so badly as the others, but whether it could not be hung better.

Let me give an example or two of the present method. The Rembrandts are distributed amongst four rooms; try to imagine how infinitely more imposing and important they would appear if hung together, instead of being dotted about as at present.



The accompanying rough diagram shows with sufficient accuracy the middle of the long wall in Room X. In the centre is Vandyck's "Charles I.," on the left is a Rembrandt, "Jewish Merchant," on the right, not a Rembrandt, but a Maes, because it is of (nearly) the right size to form a pendant to the "Jewish Merchant." The Jan Looten must have a Van der Neer in a corresponding position, because both are landscapes.

The result is that the Dutch and Flemish schools are needlessly mingled, and the painters also.

There are seven other Rembrandts in Room X, as far away from each other as possible. To see another Maes you must go to the end of the room, or into the next.

The De Hoochs again are not all in the same room, and those which are, are widely separated. It appears, at first, as if the terms of various bequests might account for the distribution, but a closer inspection removes the impression. The Wynn Ellis bequest, for example, seems to be at the first glance hung together; but intruders are not lacking; whilst one item of the collection (a Paul Potter) is in Room XI.

There is no necessity to multiply instances; every room will supply them. Let the visitor try to imagine the additional interest which would be gained in the Spanish room, for example, if the Velasques were hung together in the order in which they were painted. The development of the artist, as exemplified in his "periods," would be shown at a glance, whilst at present there is nothing to help the ordinary visitor to connect the "House of Martha" with the "Bust of Philip IV.," except the labels.

The separation of the works of an artist must occasionally puzzle the casual visitor, who may see Spagnoletto labelled as of the Spanish School in one room, and of the Neapolitan in another. Dietrich hangs amongst the Dutch, Bouvin and Vernet amongst the British. (Rooms XX. and XXI.)

Perhaps enough has been said to show what inconvenience and inconsistency are involved by the desire for symmetry. Why must a landscape be the necessary pendant to a landscape, a figure subject to a figure subject? It may be safely asserted that not one visitor out of a hundred notices the attempted symmetry, and that those who do are annoyed by it. Grant that an occasional awkwardness would result if the principle suggested above were followed; that sometimes the unwieldiness of a canvas might necessitate some modification of the ideal arrangement; yet it can scarcely be denied by those who think, that the adoption of the proposed plan would commend itself to the student and the expert: to all, in fact, to whom pictures are something more than excellent substitutes for wall-paper.

But the objection will doubtless be made that the wall space is not sufficient to carry out a re-arrangement on these lines. It might be made sufficient, I think. In the first place there are several canvases which might go to the cellars to join the Wests, &c., already there. To instance only one: Stothard's "Cupid and Nymphs" (No. 319) is ripe for banishment. In the next place the gallery has too many specimens of certain fourth-rate painters, such as Backhuysen; we are even overstocked with works of several far better artists, who yet are over-represented in proportion to their importance. We do not need endless examples of even second-rate men; far better a few fine specimens than a large number of ordinary ones. Who would wish to possess the eight hundred Wouvermans which are said to exist?

Provincial galleries might benefit by a judicious weeding out of the national collection.

Another method of saving space would be by a freer use of screens;—a use that must not be extended to an abuse. To the most common objection—that screens spoil the look of a room—I attach little weight; we do not go to the National Gallery to look at rooms, but at pictures.

To pass to some less important details: the drawbacks attending the necessary glazing of canvases might be lessened. The flooring in the octagon is of marble, chiefly black and white, which is reflected glaringly from every frame. Fixing pictures on moveable rods to enable the spectator to avoid the inevitable reflections, would be a useful innovation. Air-tight frame cases would obviate the accumulation of dust on the inside of the glass. Small comfortable couches for the tired visitor might take the place of some of the uncomfortable cane-seated chairs, which squeak so horribly when moved. But we are descending to trifles.

But the money! Where is the money to come from for all these improvements?

They would not cost much, and even if they did it would be more sensible to buy one picture less a year and spend the £1,000 or so thus saved in making the rest of the pictures more easily seen and studied.

To pass to the last point. Having formed your gallery and arranged it, what more can be done to make it useful to the public?

The public is a composite body. Visitors to galleries may be roughly divided into three classes: the experts (who can take care of themselves), the cultivated amateurs, and the sightseers. The vast majority belong to the last class, who go to the National Gallery as they would go to the Academy. Not much can be done for them beyond giving them the chance to join the next class, the educated amateur.

Obviously the first necessity for sightseer and amateur is a good catalogue, and in many respects the present one is satisfactory. But it is misleading in some ways. Without entering upon the thorny question of attributions, the amateur ought to be warned in a footnote, or otherwise, when the consensus of critical opinion is opposed to the printed statement. A director can scarcely be asked to change his views at the bidding of every "cock-sure" expert, but he might surely possess sufficient courage to alter certain labels which absolutely mislead. A recent critic (*Quarterly Review*, October, 1896) speaks of the "lamentable blindness and apathy" evident in the official catalogue of the National Gallery—"where pictures are still ascribed to Sandro Botticelli and Giovanni Bellini, to Giorgione and to Raphael, although competent authorities have long ago recognised

them to be the work of other hands." To mention one instance only. There is no hint in the catalogue that the gallery harbours a single spurious Canale; though it would not require much courage for the director to re-label several ascribed to this artist. Why is it not done? It is not courage that is wanting in a director who can attribute "The Adoration of the Magi" (No. 1160) to Giorgione; a very recent change.

Correctness of attribution is not an unimportant matter. The would-be student who accepts without question the attribution on the label has his critical palate dulled if he is led into accepting the actual work of an artist and that of his follower or copyist as equally genuine.

There is a businesslike method of conducting the sale of the catalogue which would be more appropriate in a shop than in a public gallery. No unofficial catalogue may be sold in the building. Does that imply that the competition would be dangerous? Even the official catalogue can only be obtained on payment. This may seem an unreasonable complaint, but it is not so. A catalogue ought to be available for reference in each room. Is it reasonable to insist on the visitor's purchasing a fresh copy at every casual visit if he wishes to refer to the history of a picture? If it is objected that the concession would lessen the sale of catalogues, I would ask whether the object of the trustees is to make money by bookselling. If so, let them remove the labels from the pictures and the sale will be increased.

At the time of writing, the latest foreign catalogue is dated 1894, but it is not on sale, nor are the supplementary catalogues for 1894-5 and 1895-6, or the ordinary shilling "Foreign Schools"; the only catalogue available (except the abridged) being the 1892 three-shilling edition. There seems to be a certain lack of system in the literary department of the gallery.

It may be of interest to watch the career of the intelligent foreigner making his first visit to Trafalgar Square. He is faced at the door with a complicated set of rules, all in English. He enters, and knows not which of five openings to take, till brusquely directed by officials who have apparently no other duty; he has to discover that he must leave his umbrella at a counter, but must keep his overcoat. Unless he possesses a guide to London in his own language he finds himself in a maze; if he buys an English catalogue it will not tell him where any given artist's works are to be found. When tired he can find no refreshment, no seat except a cane-bottomed chair; and when he tries to reclaim his umbrella where he left it, he is curtly told (in English) to go to another counter round the corner. Let us leave him trying to discover it.

It seems to me that foreigners should receive special courtesy in a

gallery which owes most of its glory to foreign work. It should be remembered also that a very considerable proportion of the visitors are from the Continent. Not long ago I was at the doors a little while before they opened, and of the eighteen people waiting for admittance, not one was English. In many galleries abroad the directions are given in English, and in some an English catalogue is obtainable. We might reciprocate these attentions with advantage.

The authorities seem to be gradually awakening to the fact that public institutions should be open when the public can visit them, but the recent concessions have been of a very half-hearted kind. The gallery is open for a few hours on Sunday in the summer, but is closed in winter. The reason is given in an extraordinary statement of Mr. Hanbury, in the House of Commons, in February, 1897. "Without a system of artificial lighting it was impossible to keep that institution" (the National Gallery) "open during the winter months on Sundays, as the working classes were unable to get there till 3.30." What is Mr. Hanbury's authority for this astounding statement? And if it were true, why cater for the working classes only? Besides, is a system of artificial lighting out of the question? Electric light has now been invented for some years, and it is quite time the fact was recognised in the public galleries, as it already is in private ones. Those persons engaged during the day might then have a chance of seeing the pictures they help to buy.

Taking advantage of being an entirely irresponsible critic, let me briefly state what I should do in the impossible case of my being asked for suggestions for the improvement of the gallery.

I would have available for general use all the information obtainable about each picture. For example, Mr. Eastlake's unofficial notes in the *Building News* and other publications, are much more full than those in the catalogue, and are often of great interest. References should be given to authorities on, and criticisms of, each picture, and a library containing these should be available for those who wished to prosecute their studies further. It is worse than annoying to be referred by the present catalogue to an authority which has to be sought at the British Museum or South Kensington. One could not wish for a better example of how not to do it.

At present no attempt is made to tell one where a picture is hung: I have before now had a long hunt (with an attendant in chase also) before running a shifted canvas to its most recent resting place. I would have a catalogue in the hall showing, at a glance, the position of each picture; though this would be unnecessary if the gallery were hung as previously suggested.

A printed slip indicating the recent additions should be available for each visitor as at South Kensington. Copies of the Trustees' Annual Reports should also be at hand.

But I would make a few changes of a more radical nature. The drawings of the Old Masters ought to be at the National Gallery, and not at the British Museum: whilst those which are studies for exhibited pictures should be hung near them (as is already done with Raphael's "Sleeping Warrior"). In each room I would have a table on which would be found the best obtainable photographs of all the pictures of the artist whose works are in that room. How vast a boon this would be to all who have a serious interest in pictures! Something of the kind was attempted at the Venetian Exhibition at the New Gallery some few years ago, and proved to be of the greatest value and assistance both to critics and the public. The cost would be trifling; the additional interest immense.

Photographing the pictures should be allowed to all amateurs and professionals under certain restrictions. At present, the privileged photographers reproduce only those pictures they think they can sell; the "uninteresting" ones, of special value to the expert, are neglected. Facilities are given to the amateur copyist who takes a month to spoil a canvas, whilst a student is not allowed a half-hour to take his photograph. But perhaps it is time to stop making suggestions which one can scarcely hope to see adopted.

Many people will say that it is no business of a Government to provide pictures for a limited class to look at. Still more will say that we already spend enough on art—and perhaps we do; but of one thing I am sure, that our expenditure might have greater result.

To recapitulate:—

We buy in a hap-hazard way, and we do not display our treasures to the best advantage. The whole burden of my argument is that better a small collection intelligently hung, than a large one badly hung. It does seem the height of folly to buy pictures at thousands of pounds each, and grudge the wall space for displaying them to the best advantage and the adjuncts necessary for their full enjoyment.

Grateful as all picture-lovers must be to those benefactors who have helped to make the gallery what it is, it is impossible to help asking whether more of our rich amateurs and collectors could not spare a fraction of their treasures (before or after death) to fill up some of the terrible *lacunæ* in the gallery. How seldom does a bequest to the National Gallery appear in the will of a millionaire. It is not so everywhere; in Australia the galleries are full of gifts and bequests, whilst in Chicago "there is hardly a leading name in the business of the place but is to be found beneath a picture given or lent to this gallery" (the Field Columbian Museum).¹ In Paris there is an association, "*Les amis du Louvre*," for supplementing the government grants. Are we content to remain less generous, less public-spirited, than other nations?

H. M. PAULI.

(1) Stevens, *The Land of the Mighty Dollar*.

FELICE CAVALLOTTI.

THE one man dearest to the heart of Italy is dead. Felice Cavallotti has been slain in a duel; the thirty-first duel fought in his courageous and impetuous career. It is such a death as he would have desired; a fitting death for a poet and a soldier, with the vast ethereal Roman horizon attracting by its beauty his last words. But the pity of it—the pity of it!—that such as he should have been killed by one of the Crispi crew! Neither his adversary or his provocation were worthy of him; he would have done more wisely to disregard the miserable insults which were intended to provoke him to the encounter. Cavallotti attacked with all his well-known ardour and vivacity; Macola kept on guard, but three times in riposte Macola aimed at the throat, and the third time his sword pierced the jugular vein. In a few minutes Cavallotti was dead: over his head from his boyhood the thunder of battle had passed harmlessly, the fire and storm of revolution had left him unscathed, in the duello he had been always victorious, and this Sunday afternoon, amidst the violets and narcissus, he fell by the hand of a Macola! O derision and irony of fate!

Felice Cavallotti had the blood, as he had the features, of the Venetian nobility in whose Libro d'Oro his ancestry is written. Milan claims him as her son, but in truth he had nothing to do with Milan, except that he was born in the city at a time when his father, a learned man, was residing there for a few years. As a boy, he was a brilliant and assiduous student, devoted to the classics, and irresistible in logic and argument. But at that time the air was full of warlike epoch and revolutionary fervour; *fuori il stranier* was on all lips; the intoxication of patriotism entered the brain and the heart of the young scholar; he went to Sicily and fought at Milazzo and at Valturmo, and his valour is recorded in the story of the time. Yet he was only sixteen at that time, and had set sail for Sicily with only five francs in his pocket! At that early age he was already a writer, and, amongst other serious and political articles, printed one in which he foretold the future unity of Germany and defeat of Austria.

Alexandre Dumas loved him in his adolescence, and opened the pages of his *Indipendenza* to the essays and lyrics of this young genius, in whose martial aspirations and careless courage he saw reflected the intrepid temper of his own mousquetaires. Like nearly all men who are leaders of men, and born of higher and finer organisation than the generality, Felice Cavallotti adored his mother, who had a great

share in the education of this gifted mind, this uncommon nature. In the home of his childhood, there were more learning, and culture, and affection than wealth; their patrician lineage was weighted with poverty and privation; and doubtless he owed his habits of self-sacrifice, his power of finding consolation in letters, his cheerful acceptance of hardships, and his incorruptibility in public life, to the example and the teaching of his parents. For no crime had he such disdain and such inexorable condemnation, as for the base venality of men in high place and power. The war he has waged against this is matter of history; it has now cost him his life.

His life thenceforth was one of combat, romance, adventure, and devotion to impersonal causes; its record is like that of a hero of Ariosto, and love, war, poetry, danger, all that is sweetest, strongest, and most impassioned in human existence, alternated in his. Always chivalrous, impetuous, generous to a fault, and of exquisite tenderness and magnanimity, he has ever realised and represented the highest ideal of the Italian character: "one hand on the lute, and the other on the sword." He was constantly persecuted for his liberal opinions, for his dauntless utterances, and for his frequent duels; and he wrote his famous *Alcibiade* when he was lying in hiding in his own home of Dagnente, on the Lago Maggiore; he adored Dagnente, and when he was there, in mid-winter as in mid-summer, took his daily bath in the water of its torrent. One of the last acts of his life was to save a stray dog, and take her to Dagnente; "Lena"—as he called her—"Lena always knows when I am writing to you," he said in what was almost his last letter to me, "and puts her paw upon the paper to send you her caress." Nothing which lived and suffered was alien to him; his infinite tenderness and universality of feeling resembled Pierre Loti's, and was the more beautiful; he was filled by all the excitements and emotions most intoxicating to a man of ardent temperament, who was ready as a lion for all conflict.

It was the great diversity of feelings and impulses in him which made the irresistible charm of his personality, because united to such martial ardour, such fearless eagerness to support his word with his sword, such superb and scornful courage, such scathing command of irony. That fine ironical smile, so often on his lips in the Chamber at Montecitorio, stung like a whip the liar, the rogue, the opportunist, the false politician; but for the sincere, the humble, the oppressed, the persecuted, whether human or animal, the tenderness of Felice Cavallotti was as pure and as inexhaustible as his own torrent of Dagnente.

The poet whose eyes grew dim with joy at the glory of a sunset on his lake, and whose heart was stirred at the sight of the first primrose on the bank, was the same man as the soldier whose breast

was scarred with wounds—the same man as the public speaker who cried aloud to an assembled parliament, “Respect a clean and quiet conscience if you have it not”! He was many-sided, like Ulysses, and, like him, loved equally the blood-red scenes of battle and the blossoming fields of home.

As an orator, his seductive charm, his passionate eloquence, are well known even to foreigners; and it is a curious fact that when he was first elected deputy (for that Careteolona which has been always faithful to him through so many years), his opponents were so little able to foresee his future triumphs, that they mockingly counselled him to go to the shore of the lake, and put pebbles in his mouth like Demosthenes. Alas! the clarion of his voice will sound no more to carry dismay into base souls and cast shame upon the shameful. He is slain: and iniquity rejoices. Iniquity rejoices: but the people weep, and all which is best in youth mourns the loss of one who was eternally young. “He was love—he was courage—he was the tradition of all which was purest and most glorious in the redemption of our country—he was the surest promise for the future—he was liberty—he was goodness—he was tenderness, unselfishness, sacrifice—he was poetry incarnated in man—and he is dead.” An Italian writes thus. To it there is nothing to add, except a long farewell. Caro carissimo! addio.

OUIDA.

8 March, 1898.

BOOKS ON BIG GAME.

THE nineteenth century has been, beyond all others, the century of big game hunters, and of books about big game. From the days of Nimrod to our own there have been mighty hunters before the lord, and most warlike and masterful races have taken kindly to the chase, as chief among those rough pastimes which appeal naturally to men with plenty of red blood in their veins. But until the present century the difficulties of travel were so great that men with a taste for sport could rarely gratify this taste except in their own neighbourhood. There was good hunting in Macedonia in the days of Alexander the Great; there was good hunting in the Hercynian forest when Frank and Burgund were turning Gaul into France; there was good hunting in Lithuania as late as the days of the Polish Commonwealth; but the most famous kings and nobles of Europe, within historic times, though they might kill the aurochs and the bison, the bear and the boar, had no chance to test their prowess against the mightier and more terrible beasts of the tropics. No modern man could be more devoted to the chase than were the territorial lords of the middle ages, and their successors in continental Europe to the beginning of the present century; indeed, they erred generally on the side of fantastic extravagance and exaggeration in their favourite pursuit, turning it into a solemn and rather ridiculous business instead of a healthy and vigorous pastime; but they could hunt only the beasts of their own forests. The men who went on long voyages usually had quite enough to do simply as travellers; the occupation of getting into unknown lands was in itself sufficiently absorbing and hazardous to exclude any chance of combining with it the rôle of sportsman.

With the present century all this has changed. Even in the last century it began to change. The Dutch settlers at the Cape of Good Hope, and the English settlers on the Atlantic coast of North America, found themselves thrown back into a stage of life where hunting was one of the main means of livelihood, as well as the most exciting and adventurous of pastimes. These men knew the chase as no men of their race had known it since the days before history dawned; and until the closing decades of the present century, the American and the Afrikaner of the frontier largely led the lives of professional hunters. Oom Paul and Buffalo Bill have led very different careers since they reached middle age; but in their youth warfare against wild beasts and wild men was the most serious part of the life work of both. They and their fellows did the rough pioneer work of civilization, under conditions which have now vanished for ever; and their type will perish with the passing of the forces that

called it into being. But the big game hunter, whose campaigns against big game are not simply incidents in his career as a pioneer settler, will remain with us for some time longer; and it is of him and his writings that I wish to treat.

Towards the end of last century this big game hunter had already appeared, although, like all early types, he was not yet thoroughly specialised. Le Vaillant hunted in South Africa, and his book is excellent reading now. A still better book is that of Bruce, the Abyssinian explorer, who was a kind of Burton of his days, with a marvellous faculty for getting into quarrels, but an even more marvellous faculty for doing work which no other man could do. He really opened a new world to European men of letters and science; who thereupon promptly united in disbelieving all he said, though they were credulous enough towards people who really should have been distrusted. But his tales have been proved true by many an explorer since then, and his book will always possess interest for big game hunters, because of his experiences in the chase. Sometimes he shot merely in self-defence or for food, but he also made regular hunting trips in company with the wild lords of the shifting frontier between dusky Christian and dusky infidel. He feasted in their cane palaces, where the walls were hung with the trophies of giant game, and in their company, with horse and spear, he attacked and overcame the buffalo and the rhinoceros.

By the beginning of the present century the hunting book proper became differentiated, as it were, from the book of the explorer. One of the earliest was Williamson's *Oriental Field Sports*. This is to the present day a most satisfactory book, especially to sporting parents with large families of small children. The pictures are all in colours, and the foliage is so very green, and the tigers are so very red, and the boars so very black, and the tragedies so uncommonly vivid and startling, that for the youthful mind the book really has no formidable rival outside of the charmed circle where Slovenly Peter stands first.

Since then multitudes of books have been written about big game hunting. Most of them are bad, of course, just as most novels and most poems are bad; but some of them are very good indeed, while a few are entitled to rank high in literature—though it cannot be said that as yet big game hunters as a whole have produced such writers as those who dwell on the homelier and less grandiose side of nature. They have not produced a White or Burroughs, for instance. What could not Burroughs have done if only he had cared for adventure and for the rifle, and had roamed across the Great Plains and the Rockies, and through the dim forests, as he has wandered along the banks of the Hudson and the Potomac! Thoreau, it is true, did go to the Maine Woods; but then Thoreau was a transcendentalist, and

therefore slightly anæmic. A man must feel the heat of hardy life in his veins before he can be a good big game hunter. Fortunately, Richard Jefferies has written an altogether charming little volume on the Red Deer, so that there is, at least, one game animal which has been fully described by a man of letters, who was also both a naturalist and a sportsman; but it is irritating to think that no one has done as much for the lordlier game of the wilderness, and for the life of the dweller in lonely lands, who lives amid sights and sounds that vanish with the oncoming of the settler.

But there remain a goodly number of books which are not merely filled with truthful information of importance, but which are also absorbingly interesting; and if a book is both truthful and interesting, it is surely entitled to a place somewhere in general literature. Unfortunately the first requisite bars out a great many hunting books. There are not a few mighty hunters, who have left long records of their achievements, and who undoubtedly did achieve a great deal; but who contrive to leave in the mind of the reader the uncomfortable suspicion that besides their prowess with the rifle they were skilled in the use of that more archaic weapon the long bow. Gerard was a great lion-killer, but some of his accounts of the lives, deaths, and especially the courtships, of lions, bear much less relation to actual facts than do the novels of Dumas. Recently, I was reading a book on big game which might well have been quoted under the head-lines used by the newspapers of my native land in describing things which they are quite sure have not happened—"Important, if True." What finally shook my already tottering belief in the book was a prize fight, in which a gorilla was worsted in a scientific set-to without gloves by an English Major, the captive of an African king; dates, names, and places being left conveniently vacant.

If we were limited to the choice of one big game writer, we should have to choose Sir Samuel Baker, for his experiences are very wide, and all that he says in his books we can accept without question. He hunted in India, in Africa, and in North America; he killed all the chief kinds of heavy and dangerous game; and he followed them on foot and on horseback, with the rifle and the knife, and with hounds. For the same reason if we could choose but one work, it would have to be the volumes of *Big Game Shooting* in the Badminton Library, edited by Mr. Phillipps Wolley—himself a man who has written well of big game hunting in out of the way places, from the Caucasus to the Cascades. These volumes contain pieces by many different authors; but they differ from most volumes of the kind in that all the writers are trustworthy and interesting; though the palm must be given to Oswald's delightful account of his South African hunting.

In all these books the one point to be insisted on is that a big-

game hunter has nothing in common with so many of the men who delight to call themselves sportsmen. Sir Samuel Baker has left a very amusing record of the horror he felt for the Ceylon sportsmen who, by the term "sport," meant horse-racing instead of elephant shooting. Half a century ago, Gordon Cumming wrote of "the life of the wild hunter, so far preferable to that of the mere sportsman"; and his justification for this somewhat sneering reference to the man who takes his sport in too artificial a manner, may be found in the pages of a then noted authority on such sports as horse-racing and fox-hunting; for in Apperly's *Nimrod Abroad*, in the course of an article on the game of the American wilderness, there occurs this delicious sentence: "A damper, however, is thrown over all systems of deerstalking in Canada by the necessity, which is said to be unavoidable, of bivouacking in the woods instead of in well-aired sheets"! Verily there was a great gulf between the two men.

In the present century the world has known three great hunting-grounds; Africa, from the equator to the southernmost point; India, both farther and hither; and North America west of the Mississippi, from the Rio Grande to the arctic circle. The latter never approached either of the former in the wealth and variety of the species, or in the size and terror of the chief beasts of the chase; but it surpassed India in the countless numbers of the individual animals, and in the wild and unknown nature of the hunting-grounds.

South Africa was the true hunter's paradise. If the happy hunting-grounds were to be found anywhere on this world, they lay between the Orange and the Zambesi, and extended northward here and there to the Nile countries and Somaliland. Nowhere else were there such multitudes of game, representing so many and such widely different kinds of animals, of such size, such beauty, such infinite variety. We should have to go back to the fauna of the pliocene to find its equal. Never before did men enjoy such hunting as fell to the lot of those roving adventurers, who first penetrated its hidden fastnesses, camped by its shrunken rivers, and galloped across its sun-scorched wastes; and, alas that it should be written, no man will ever see the like again. Fortunately, its memory will for ever be kept alive in some of the books that the great hunters have written about it, such as Cornwallis Harris's *Wild Sports of South Africa*, Gordon Cumming's *Hunter's Life in South Africa*, Baldwin's *African Hunting*, Drummond's *Large Game and Natural History of South Africa*; and, best of all, Selous's two books, *A Hunter's Wanderings in South Africa*, and *Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa*. Selous is the last of the great hunters, and none other has left books of such value as his.

Moreover, the pencil has done its part as well as the pen. Harris, who was the pioneer of all the hunters, published an admirable folio

entitled *The Game and Wild Animals of South Africa*. It is perhaps of more value than any other single work. J. G. Millais, in *A Breath from the Field*, has rendered a unique service, not only by his charming descriptions, but by his really extraordinary sketches of the South African antelopes, both at rest, and in every imaginable form of motion. Mr. Bryden's books give an excellent, although somewhat melancholy, picture of South African game in the present day. Nearly at the other end of the Continent, there is an admirable book on lion-hunting in Somaliland, by Captain C. J. Melliss. Much information about big game can be taken from the books of various missionaries and explorers; Livingstone and Du Chaillu doing for Africa in this respect what Catlin did for North America.

As I have said before, one great merit of these books is that they are interesting. Quite a number of men who are good sportsmen, as well as men of means, have written books about their experiences in Africa; but the trouble with too many of these short and simple annals of the rich is, that they are very dull. They are not literature, any more than treatises on farriery and cooking are literature. To read a mere itinerary is like reading a guide-book. No great enthusiasm in the reader can be roused by such a statement as "this day walked twenty-three miles, shot one giraffe and two zebras; porter deserted with the load containing the spare boots"; and the most exciting events, if chronicled simply as "shot three rhinos and two buffalo; the first rhino and both buffalo charged," become about as thrilling as a paragraph in Baedeker. There is no need of additional literature of the guide-book and cookery-book kind. "Fine writing" is, of course, abhorrent in a way that is not possible for mere baldness of statement; but there is need of a certain amount of detail, and of vivid and graphic, though simple, description. In other words, the writer on big game should avoid equally Carlyle's theory and Carlyle's practice in the matter of verbosity.

Really good game books are sure to contain descriptions which linger in the mind just like one's pet passages in any other good book. One example is Selous's account of his night watch close to the wagon when in the pitchy darkness he killed three of the five lions who had attacked his oxen; or his extraordinary experience while hunting elephants on a stallion who turned sulky, and declined to gallop out of danger. The same is true of Drummond's descriptions of the camps of native hunting parties, of tracking wounded buffalo through the reeds, and of waiting for rhinos by a desert pool under the brilliancy of the South African moon; descriptions, by the way, which show that the power of writing interestingly is not dependent upon even approximate correctness in style, for some of Mr. Drummond's sentences, in point of length and involution, would compare not unfavourably with those of a populist Senator discussing bimetalism.

The experiences of a hunter in Africa, with its teeming wealth of strange and uncouth beasts, must have been, and in places must still be, about what one's experience would be if one could suddenly go back a few hundred thousand years for a hunting trip in the Pliocene or Pliocene. In Chanler's book, *Through Jungle and Desert*, the record of his trip through the melancholy reed beds of the Guaso Nyiro, and of his return journey, carrying his wounded companion, through regions where the caravan was perpetually charged by rhinoceros, reads like a bit out of the unreckoned ages of the past, before the huge and fierce monsters of old had vanished from the earth, or acknowledged man as their master.

Books on big game hunting in India are as plentiful, and as good, as those about Africa. Forsyth's *Highlands of Central India*; Sanderson's *Thirteen Years Among the Wild Beasts of India*; Shakespeare's *Wild Sports of India*; and Kinloch's *Large Game Shooting*, are perhaps the best; but there are many other writers, like Baldwin, Rice, Macintyre, and Stone, who are also very good. Indeed, to try to give even the titles of the good books on Indian shooting would make a magazine article read too much like the Homeric catalogue of ships, or the biblical generations of the Jewish patriarchs. The four books singled out for special reference are interesting reading for any one; particularly the accounts of the deaths of man-eating tigers at the hands of Forsyth, Shakespeare, and Sanderson, and some of Kinloch's Himalayan stalks. It is indeed royal sport which is described by the hunters who climb the stupendous mountain masses of mid-Asia, or cross the hot, jungle-covered plains of India.

Hunting should go hand in hand with the love of natural history, as well as with descriptive and narrative power. Hornaday's *Two Years in the Jungle* is especially interesting to the naturalist; but he adds not a little to our knowledge of big game. It is earnestly to be wished that some hunter will do for the gorilla what Hornaday has done for the great East Indian ape, the mias or orang.

There are many good books on American big game, but rather curiously they are for the most part modern. Until within the present generation Americans only hunted big game if they were frontier settlers, professional trappers, southern planters, army officers, or explorers. The people of the cities of the old States were bred in the pleasing faith that anything unconnected with business was both a waste of time and presumably immoral. Those who travelled went to Europe instead of to the Rocky Mountains.

There are good descriptions of big game hunting in the books of writers like Catlin, but they come in incidentally. Elliott's book on *Carolina Field Sports* is admirable, although the best chapters are on harpooning the devil-fish; and John Palliser, an Englishman, in his *Solitary Hunter*, has given us the best description of hunting in the

far west, when it is still an untrodden wilderness. Unfortunately, the old hunters themselves, the men who had most experience in the life of the wilderness, were utterly unable to write about it; they could not tell what they had seen or done. Occasional attempts have been made to get noted hunters to write books, either personally or by proxy, but these attempts have not been successful.

The first effort to get men of means and cultivation in the northern and eastern states of the Union to look at field sports in the right light, was made by an Englishman who wrote over the signature of Frank Forrester. He did a great deal for the shot gun men; but unfortunately he was a true cockney, who cared little for really wild sports; and he was afflicted with that dreadful pedantry which pays more heed to ceremonial and terminology than to the thing itself. He was sincerely distressed because the male of the ordinary American deer was called a buck instead of a stag; and it seemed to him to be a matter of moment whether one spoke of a "gang" or a "herd" of elk.

There are plenty of excellent books nowadays, however—Dodge's *Hunting Grounds of the Great West*, Caton's *Deer and Antelope of America*, Van Dykes' *Still Hunter*, and the Century's *Sport with Gun and Rod*, for instance. Warburton Pike, Caspar Whitney, and Frederick Schwatka have given a pretty full account of boreal sports; and Pendarves Vivian and Baillie Grohman have written exceedingly interesting accounts of hunting trips in the Rockies. A new departure, that of photographing wild animals in their homes, was taken in Wallihan's *Hoofs, Claws, and Antlers*, although Mr. Wallihan marred the book by combining with the genuine photographs of wild game a number of "faked" pictures of stuffed animals. Finally, in Parkman's *Oregon Trail* and Irving's *Trip on the Prairie*, two great writers have left us a lasting record of the free life of the rifle-bearing wanderers who first hunted in the wild western lands.

Of course, there are plenty of books on European game. Scrope's *Art of Deerstalking*, Bromley Davenport's *Sport*, and all the books of Charles St. John, are classic. The chase of the wolf and bear is excellently described by an unnamed writer in *Wolf Hunting and Wild Sports of Brittany*. Baillie Grohman's *Sport in the Alps* is devoted to the mountain game of Central Europe, and is, moreover, a mine of curious hunting lore, most of which is entirely new to men unacquainted with the history of the chase in Continental Europe during the last few centuries. An entirely novel type of adventure is set forth in Lamont's *Seasons with the Sea Horses*, wherein he describes his hunting in Arctic waters with rifle and harpoon. Lloyd's *Scandinavian Adventures and Northern Field Sports*, and Whishaw's *Out of Doors in Tsar Land*, tell of the life and game of the snowy northern forests.

Finally, we come to a book which, quite unconsciously, gives us the exact model of what a big game hunter and a true sportsman, who is much more than a mere sportsman, should be. I mean Mr. Edward North Buxton's *Short Stalks*. It is the book of a man who is a hardy lover of nature, a skilled hunter, but not a game butcher; a man who has too much serious work on hand ever to let himself become a mere globe-trotting rifleman. I shall not be suspected of undervaluing manly outdoor sports, or of failing to appreciate the advantage to a nation, as well as to an individual, of such pastimes; but they must be pastimes, and not business, and they must not be carried to excess. The man whose chief title to glory is that, during an industrious career of destruction, he has slaughtered two hundred thousand head of deer and partridges, stands unpleasantly near those continental kings and nobles who, during the centuries before the French Revolution, deified the chase of the stag, and made it into a highly artificial cult, which they followed to the exclusion of statecraft and war-craft and everything else.

If sport is made an end instead of a means, it is better to avoid it altogether. The greatest stag-hunter of the seventeenth century was the Elector of Saxony. During the Thirty Years' War he killed some eighty thousand deer and boar. Now, if there ever was a time when the ruler of a country needed to apply himself to serious matters, it was during the Thirty Years' War in Germany, and if the Elector in question had eschewed hunting he might have compared more favourably with Gustavus Adolphus, Tilly and Wallenstein. Wellington was fond of fox-hunting, but he did very little of it during the period of the Peninsular War. Grant cared much for fine horses, but he devoted his attention to other matters when facing Lee before Richmond. Perhaps as good an illustration as could be wished of the effects of the opposite course is furnished by poor Louis XVI. He took his sport more seriously than he did his position as ruler of his people. On the day when the revolutionary mob came to Versailles, he merely recorded in his diary that he had "gone out shooting, and had killed eighty-one head when he was interrupted by events." The particular event to which this "interruption" led up was the guillotine. Not many sportsmen have to face such a possibility; but they do run the risk of becoming a curse to themselves and to every one else, if they once get into the frame of mind which can look on the business of life as merely an interruption to sport.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

CAN WE RELY ON OUR WAR NEWS?

At a recent dinner of the Institute of Journalists, Mr. J. M. Maclean, a Member of Parliament, and editor of *The Western Mail*, a daily paper published at Cardiff, made a speech which suggests the question, "Can we rely on our War News"? Mr. Maclean said:—"He had remarked with some surprise and uneasiness that the Press of London, which was expected to give the public the truth about everything, in peace or war, had not given all the facts about the present campaign in the north-west frontier of India. There had been, he would not say a great deal of suppression, but a great deal of silence about what had been going on. He saw, also, that the commander of the forces in Egypt had given notice that he would not allow newspaper correspondents to accompany him. It seemed to him that public interests demanded that the Press should be allowed to accompany the Egyptian expedition. Multitudes of people in this country had friends among the soldiers. Correspondents in India were making no mention of facts which were talked about and discussed in a way which caused a great deal of anxiety, and which were known to anyone who received letters from private friends in that part of the world. The letters of the newspaper correspondents were very excellent, no doubt; their correctitude could not be found fault with; but it had been left to others to tell the truth about what was going on in that campaign, and to tell the public that everything was not going on as it should be, either as to the conduct of the generals or of the troops."

This country has almost always on hand a military expedition of some kind, or a "little war" with uncivilised tribes. At present we are involved in a network of foreign complications which may result, any day, in the declaration of hostilities against a European Power. The question, "Can we rely on our War News?" is, therefore, one of the gravest importance to the public, who are vitally interested in the treatment of the soldiers in the field; in the capacity of the Generals in command; and who, also, have to pay the big bills of these military expeditions.

The custom of newspapers having representatives with armies in the field dates only from the Crimean War in the early 'fifties. Before that period the public gained its information of the progress and varying fortunes of a campaign from belated official despatches, supplemented occasionally by extracts from private letters from officers engaged in the war, which were sent to the newspapers. The first War Correspondent was Mr. (now Sir) Henry Howard Russell, who represented *The Times* in the Crimea. His position with the troops

was unrecognised by the military authorities. It was consequently attended by many discomforts and inconveniences. His movements were not in the slightest degree restricted; he had perfect freedom of action; he could go where he pleased; and what he wrote was subject to no censorship; but he was unable to procure rations for himself or forage for his horse from the provisioning department of the army. On informing the authorities of *The Times* office of his unpleasant position, he received a letter to the effect that the Government had ordered that facilities should be afforded him in the field. He immediately proceeded to interview Lord Raglan, the Commander of the Army. "I sent in my card," he writes. "Lord Raglan was very much engaged; but I was received by Colonel Steele, who listened to my request for transport and rations with an expression on his face, half of annoyance, half of amusement; and in the end informed me most courteously that there was not the smallest chance of my obtaining what I desired." Throughout the campaign, therefore, Sir Howard Russell had to victual and clothe himself and forage his horse as best he could from other sources. A ham cost him £5, a turkey the same figure, a little pot of marmalade 5s., a pair of boots £6—but the difficulty with him was not the high prices of provisions and clothing, but their meagre and uncertain supply—and, as he tells us himself, he presented a strange and rather ludicrous figure, mounted on a fiddle-headed, ewe-necked horse, dressed in all sorts of odds and ends, including a commissariat officer's cap, with a broad gold band, a rifleman's patrol jacket and breeches, and Blucher boots with huge brass spurs, as he rode here and there, as he pleased, over the fields of battle.

But the position of the War Correspondent has since been entirely changed. He is now recognised by the War Office, thanks to the pressure of public opinion, as an essential accompaniment to an army in the field. He is regularly attached to the army with which he is acting; he takes rank as an officer for the purpose of drawing food for himself and a servant, and forage for one horse, from the commissariat department; he is bound to obey the orders of superior officers; he is under military law; and, finally, everything he writes for his newspaper is controlled by a vigorous military censorship. The change is perhaps for the better, so far as the personal comfort of the War Correspondent is concerned—though he always supplies his provisions and his transport from his own resources, and when he is compelled by circumstances to fall back on the army commissariat department, pays for what he receives—but it undoubtedly has also immensely restricted his freedom of action in the field; his zeal, energy, and enterprise in the interests of his newspaper, and his independence in describing the scenes and incidents which come under his notice in the progress of the campaign.

The Commander-in-Chief (Lord Wolseley) attended the Press

Club dinner last year, and in the course of his speech said, "I know it is a popular idea that I have been occasionally a little down upon Newspaper Correspondents in the field. I entirely dissent from that suggestion." He cannot have forgotten that, in 1869, deploring the want of a practical manual of the duties of a soldier in time of war—the books on the subject issued by the military authorities being purely theoretical—he sought to supply it by publishing *The Soldiers' Pocket Book for Field Service*. The book, which can be conveniently carried in the pocket, is packed full of the most useful information to officers and men on active service; and proof of its popularity in the army is afforded by the fact that it has run through five or six editions. The last edition, as well as the first, contains several adverse comments on War Correspondents, which afford some foundation, at all events, for the "popular idea" from which Lord Wolseley dissents. Here is one:—

"Travelling gentlemen, newspaper Correspondents and all that race of drones are an encumbrance to an army; they eat the rations of fighting men and do no work at all. Their numbers should be restricted as much as possible."

And here is another:—

"NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

"Soldiers of course object to their presence in Camp upon military grounds, but as long as the British public's craze for sensational news remains as it is now, the English General must accept the position. Only newspapers of importance, and those that are well known, should be allowed to have a Correspondent with the army, and only one Correspondent to be allowed for each paper. It is most desirable they should be carefully selected men. Those who are best known for the honesty with which they report news are very anxious to exclude from their ranks all those who have transgressed or are likely to transgress the rules laid down for their guidance."

The danger of valuable information reaching the enemy by means of the Correspondents' communications to their newspapers is also pointed out. It is recommended that prisoners taken should be brought to headquarters without being questioned elsewhere; and that the Chief Officer of the Intelligence Department should examine each separately, taking care that no one else is present. The reasons for these precautions are then set forth as follows:—

"It is much better that the enemy's movements should not be known to the army generally; if they are they will be canvassed by a host of newspaper Correspondents, and in the end the enemy will learn that his doings are known, which will make him more watchful; whereas it is a great matter to lull him into the pleasing notion that we are a stupid people, without wit or energy enough to find out what he is doing or intending to do, and that we have no spies in his camp."

Lord Wolseley also points out the service which spies can be made to render in spreading false news of the movements of the army:—

"The General Officer in Command should so keep his counsel that his army, and even the staff round him, should be not only in ignorance of his real intentions, but convinced that he aims at totally different objects from what are his true ones. Without saying so directly, you can lead your army to believe anything; and as a rule in all civilised nations what is believed by the army will very soon be credited by the enemy, having reached him by means of spies or through the medium of those newly-invented curses to armies—I mean Newspaper Correspondents."

These being the sentiments of the Commander-in-Chief in regard to War Correspondents, it is only to be expected, perhaps, that a drastic code of regulations, restricting the independence and freedom of action of the journalists in the field, should be prepared by the War Office. Here is a copy of the document:—

"RULES FOR NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

"1. All Newspaper Correspondents accompanying the army in the field must be furnished with a license granted under the authority of the Commander-in-Chief at home. In this license the paper or papers for which the Correspondent is agent will be stated.

"2. A Correspondent may not write for papers other than those mentioned in his license. If he desires to do so he must get leave, and the permission must be duly registered on his license.

"3. Licenses will not be granted to those whom it is considered undesirable to have as Correspondents in the field.

"4. All Correspondents in the field will be under the Mutiny Act during their stay with the army.

"5. Correspondents will not be allowed to go to the outposts without special permission, to be granted in writing each time a Correspondent may wish to visit them.

"6. The use of any cipher is forbidden to Correspondents. French and German are the only foreign languages permitted.

"7. A Staff Officer will be named to act as Press Censor. He will register licenses granted under the authority of the Commander-in-Chief at home, and will grant licenses to local Correspondents *not accompanying* the army in the field. Those licenses will be issued under similar conditions to those granted to Correspondents accompanying the army. He will also grant passes, when necessary, to all Correspondents at the seat of war. He will be the channel of communication between the General Officer Commanding in the field and the Correspondents. Each newspaper having a Correspondent in the field or at the seat of war will send him a copy of every issue of their papers, so that he may, by examining their contents, be assured that the Press rules in the field are strictly adhered to.

"8. This Press Censor will have the power of insisting that all communications from Correspondents to their newspapers must be sent through him; and he may detain or alter the communication should he deem it injurious to the interests of the army.

"9. The General Officer Commanding will, through his Staff Officer, give as much information as he may consider advisable and consistent with his duty to Correspondents. The Press Censor will fix an hour when Correspondents may call upon him daily for information, and he will be authorized to tell them everything that can be published with safety to the army.

"10. The Military Authorities will facilitate, so far as they can, the despatch of the messages of Correspondents.

"11. Should the means of communication at the disposal of the General Officer Commanding in the field not be sufficient to convey the messages of Correspondents, the latter may, under his sanction, arrange for a special means of transmitting their messages. It is, however, to be clearly understood that such arrangements are to be entirely under the control of the Press Censor.

"12. The General Officer Commanding in the field has power to revoke, at any time, any license granted under the authority of the Commander-in-Chief at home, or under his own authority, should he consider it advisable in the interests of the army to do so.

"13. Editors of newspapers desirous of sending agents to the theatre of war, and the Correspondents whom they propose for that purpose, will be required to sign the following declaration :—

" have read the rules for the guidance of editors of newspapers, and of Correspondents with an army in the field, and hereby agree to abide by the same.

Signed	Editor of the
Signed	Proposed Correspondent to
the	to accompany the army."

In *The Soldiers' Pocket Book*, in which the above regulations are set forth, the following note is appended to No. 7, which provides that copies of every issue of a newspaper having a Correspondent at the seat of war should be forwarded to the Press Censor :—

"As this regulation may be evaded, it is essential that all such newspapers should be carefully perused daily in our Intelligence Department at home, so that the attention of the General Officer Commanding in the field may be at once called by telegraph to any contravention of these rules."

Lord Wolseley also writes under the heading "Use of Electric Telegraph" :—

"It is essential that all wires in the theatre of war should be in military possession, and that every telegraph office should be worked by military operators, no message being allowed over the wires from Correspondents, officers, or others, until it had been read and signed by the Press Censor. All important news from a seat of war is nowadays sent home by telegraph, and my experience tells me how necessary, for the sake of accuracy, if for no other reason, it is that all telegrams with news should be read over, and all sensational matter erased from them. Some men love to dwell on horrors which, in many instances, are the creation of an imaginative brain that may be, perhaps, somewhat overwrought. It would be easy in many phases of every campaign to send home telegraphic messages that would create a panic without doing any good whatever. Not only should every telegram, but every page of it, and every correction made in it, should be signed by the Press Censor before any telegraphic operator should be authorised to send it forward."

In the Soudan, in 1885, the following rules were laid down, in regard to the use of the field wires by Correspondents :—

"1. The opening of the military telegraphs for the transmission of unofficial messages will be only permitted by the Commander-in-Chief, under such restrictions as may be enacted from time to time, and published in General Orders.

"2. As a general rule Press messages exceeding two hundred words will not be accepted for transmission.

"3. If messages of more than two hundred words are allowed, they must be divided into sections of not more than one hundred words each; each section being numbered consecutively.

"4. Press Correspondents are requested to make use of the military telegraphs, 'A' 'Forwarded' form (colour white). No Press forms are provided.

"5. No message will be accepted in cipher.

"6. The tariff is the same as that of the Egyptian Telegraph Administration.

"7. Messages are paid for with stamps as in the United Kingdom.

"8. Stamps are kept at every military telegraph office, for which cash must be paid.

"9. To avoid the use of cash, warrants are provided at the military telegraph offices for the exclusive use of authorised persons. Press Correspondents will be allowed to use them if they have lodged sufficient guarantee for the recovery of the charges, which guarantee will be vouched for by the Director of Army Telegraphs."

The system of mutilating Press messages under the Censorship, to the extent, in some instances, of entirely reversing the facts, will be best illustrated by a few experiences of War Correspondents. In the recent war between Turkey and Greece, a Correspondent wrote, "The Crown Prince rode this morning through the streets of Domoko uncheered"; but on reaching England the message read, that the Crown Prince had been "loudly cheered." Mr. Edward Vizetelly, who acted as a War Correspondent during the Egyptian campaign of 1882, writes in his book, *The Reminiscences of a Bashi-Bazouk* :—

"I remember taking the Hon. Paul, now Lord Methuen, who then occupied the post of Press Censor at the headquarters of Lord Wolseley's army, a telegram addressed to the *Daily News*, wherein it was stated that soldiers mortally wounded were dying in most atrocious agony, because there was not a drop of morphia among the medical stores that had been landed wherewith to alleviate their sufferings in their final moments. The information was perfectly correct. It had been given me by one of the doctors of the Army Medical Staff Corps attached to the hospital, who, I remember, spoke very strongly on the subject. The 'Honourable Paul,' as his Lordship was then commonly called, demurred to this passage, and to avoid delay in getting the message off, I at once suggested that the paragraph objected to should be struck out. But no; the 'Honourable Paul' declined to settle the matter so easily. I must go before the Chief of the Staff, and he forthwith took me to him. The gentleman performing those duties was that ancient warrior, Sir John Adye, afterwards Governor of Gibraltar. . . . When he had perused and inwardly digested the remarks that had met with the Censor's disapprobation, he became as red as a turkey-cock, shaking his head and scolding me after the manner of a naughty schoolboy. He wanted to know who had given me the information, which I, of course, could not reveal to him. Then he protested my message was the first intimation he had received of the doctors being without morphia. 'We can't have statements like this sent home, you know,' he continued. 'A telegram of that description would cause endless trouble and annoyance.' . . . Succeeding, eventually, in appeasing the dudgeon of Sir John, I was able to get my telegram passed, after obliterating the disagreeable allusion to morphia. I was rather sorry to have to do so, because the statement was perfectly true, and deserved to be made known in the interest of our gallant soldiers, along with many other blunders on the part of the Commissariat Department."

No foreign Newspaper Correspondent was permitted to accompany the French armies in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Permission was given to a certain number of gentlemen, connected with the journals of Paris, to proceed to the various quarters occupied by the French armies; but they were not allowed to give any information, and had to confine their letters strictly to glorifying the achievements of the troops. The result was that for part of the war the French nation was kept in ignorance of the disasters which befell its armies. The Germans, on the other hand, allowed Newspaper Correspondents of all countries to accompany its armies, and imposed no censorship upon them. The field post was placed at their service for the conveyance of letters to Belgium and Germany, and thence to their various destinations abroad. The field telegraph was, as a rule, blocked for newspaper messages by the pressure of army work, but whenever the lines were clear the Correspondents were at liberty to utilise them in sending brief messages, which had first received official approval, to their newspapers. The Correspondents, however, sent their long telegraphic dispatches from offices in neutral countries, or outside the zone of military jurisdiction, and therefore under no censorship. But it will be observed that the British regulations give the Press Censor control over the organization of special means of communication by a Correspondent outside the sphere of military authority, and the power to prohibit altogether the despatch of news by such agencies. If that rule were imposed by the German war authorities during the Franco-German War, the insatiable appetite of the British public for news from the theatre of operations would not have been appeased, as it frequently was, by the publication of vivid descriptions of engagements a day or two after they had been fought. Again, in the Russo-Turkish War, the Russians accepted every Correspondent who presented credentials from a respectable newspaper, and a recommendation from any Russian Ambassador. The permit to accompany the army was written on the back of a photograph of the Correspondent to whom it was granted; and a duplicate of the photograph was kept in an album at the headquarters of the army. Each Correspondent was also supplied with a badge, bearing the double eagles of Russia, to wear on his breast. There was no censorship in the sense that letters or telegrams had first to be submitted for official approval; but a copy of each newspaper had to be sent to a certain polyglot officer for perusal, and he had power to order the removal of any Correspondent to the rear for indiscretions in description or criticism.

While no justification can be advanced for the action of the Sirdar in prohibiting when he pleases the presence of Correspondents at the front during the advance to Khartoum, the desire of the War Office to limit the number of Correspondents with the army in the field, and to restrict in some degree the nature of their communications to the

newspapers, is, of course, perfectly legitimate. It is conceivable that, in certain circumstances, an indiscreet War Correspondent might, in the absence of a censorship, publish matter injurious to the interests of the army. He might, for instance, prematurely disclose some part of the army's plan of campaign, or reveal details of fortifications and defences, or the weak points and shortcomings in supplies and transport; and the information might reach the enemy in time to enable them to take advantage of it. During the Crimean War, when there was no Press censorship, Howard Russell, in his letters to *The Times*, exposed freely and candidly the stupidity and incapacity displayed in the management of the campaign; the disorganization of the Commissariat Department, and the terrible sufferings which, as a consequence, the army endured. We now know from Kinglake's *History of the War in the Crimea*, that Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief in the field, wrote to the War Office at home, complaining that the newspaper letters written from his own headquarters' camp, conveyed the very kind of information of the state and conditions of the troops which the enemy most required. Sir Howard Russell also mentions that, during the siege of Sebastopol, "Lord Raglan sent the Judge-Advocate O'Maine, who was a personal friend of mine, to my tent to point out that, in a letter which I had sent to *The Times*, information was given to the enemy of a most compromising character—namely, the use made of a windmill within our lines as a magazine for the storage of gunpowder and projectiles. I replied that my letter was written before the bombardment, the first bombardment of October 17th, 1854, which every one then in camp expected would have been followed by the immediate fall of Sebastopol; and that when the letter was written I believed that the place would have been in our hands long before the despatch could have reached London, and certainly long before the paper containing it could have returned to the Crimea." It is a curious fact that the first idea of a censorship should have emanated from a War Correspondent, for Sir Howard Russell goes on to relate: "I said that I was sorry that the calculation of the hypothesis was unfounded, and added: 'So little am I inclined to take responsibility upon military matters of that kind, that I will in future submit—or I am quite prepared to send—my letters to headquarters before they are posted, to be read by Lord Raglan, or any officer he may choose to appoint; but, in that case, I shall be obliged to state to the Editor, that in order to avoid doing a mischief to the military situation, I have been obliged to take this course.' That offer was declined."

As a matter of fact, the information in *The Times'* letters as to the deplorable condition of the British army, in regard to food and clothing supplies, did reach the enemy. But the Russians, so far as is known, derived no practical advantage from the disclosures, while they proved an inestimable blessing to the British troops, for, under

the spur of an indignant public opinion, the evils exposed were quickly remedied. It has also been said that, during the Afghan War of 1878-80, the Russians, who were in sympathy with the Afghans, supplied the enemy with valuable information concerning the British forces operating against them, which was telegraphed to the English newspapers from the seat of war; but that statement lacks authority. There is no doubt, however, that in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78, the Russians obtained information of the fortifications of Kars from a letter of a Newspaper Correspondent which they were able to turn to good account in their successful siege of the town. But an incident of that kind is exceedingly rare in the annals of war. It is hardly possible in the short, sharp, and decisive fashion in which movements and engagements are now conducted in warfare, that one side can profit by any information indiscreetly made public by a Correspondent on the other side. But even if no Press Censorship existed, a journalist with an army in the field is bound by the necessities of his position to exercise the greatest caution in what he writes to his newspaper regarding the movements, operations, and tactics, or the condition of the troops. He shares alike in the perils and victories of the army he accompanies. He can hardly help sympathising with its cause. It certainly is as much his interest as if he carried a sword or gun in the ranks, that it should win. He cannot discharge his functions as a journalist with a beaten and disorganized army, so well, so expeditiously, and so comfortably, as with a triumphant army. Besides, he knows that any serious indiscretion on his part will be punished by at least his expulsion in disgrace to the rear. But these remarks apply only to a war between civilised Powers. It is difficult to conceive how the enemy could have profited by the communications from the seat of war published by the British newspapers in the recent campaigns against the Afghans, the Dervishes, the Zulus, and the Indian Frontier tribes. These uncivilised races cannot have had agents in Paris, to send them direct any valuable information which may have appeared in the British Press. Of course they learn nothing of their opponents from journalistic sources; they rely entirely on their own powers of observation in the field.

Another objection often urged by military authorities against the presence of Correspondents with an army in the field, is that, by hostile criticisms of the conduct of the campaign, they might shatter the confidence of the soldiers in their leaders, and excite discontent in the ranks. But surely an army in the field will have discovered for itself any weaknesses in their leaders—if such there should unhappily be—long before stray copies of English newspapers, with the communications from the Correspondents, reach the theatre of war. It is the talk about the camp fires at night, and not the letters of the War Correspondents, which either destroys or confirms the faith of the

men in their leaders. The danger thus apprehended has existed long before the era of the War Correspondent. "There is," wrote Wellington, in one of his despatches during the Peninsular War, "a system of croaking in the army which is highly injurious to the public service, which I must devise some means of putting an end to, or it will put an end to us."

A third objection, and one perhaps in which there is more strength than in the other two, is the effect which the communications of the War Correspondents may have on public opinion at home. The public are unfortunately only too apt to jump at conclusions and pronounce unjust judgments. The revelation of one error in tactics, which leads to a defeat, might, therefore, most injuriously affect at home the reputation of perhaps one of the most capable Generals in the service before he had time to retrieve the mistake. Reputations might also be made undeservedly, as well as marred without reason, by the War Correspondents. They might crown the brow of one particular officer with the laurel wreath, ignoring his equally deserving comrades; or, perhaps, exalt a certain regiment above its fellows which had as bravely fought and bled in the same engagement. But, as a matter of fact, these mistakes of undue censure and indiscriminate praise were committed more extensively before the advent of the War Correspondent. Private letters, written with a view to publication, were sent home by officers, animated by jealousy or ambition, exalting the deeds of their own regiments, or imputing the defeats, the breakdown of transport arrangements, or the physical sufferings of the troops, to the incompetency, mismanagement, or the want of energy of the Generals in command. The practice of sending home letters of complaint prevailed so much during the Crimean War, that the Duke of Newcastle, the Minister for War, wrote on the subject in indignant and alarmed terms to Lord Raglan. The Commander in the field has at least been considerably saved from that terrible cause of anxiety—the blazoning forth of his errors and failures in the Press by carping critics in his own ranks—by the system of the newspapers having recognised representatives at the front.

But the War Office officials are not content with a drastic code of regulations for hampering the enterprise of War Correspondents in the field. They have also made it known that the necessary permit will be more readily granted to a newspaper which engages an officer on active service, or on the retired list, to act as its War Correspondent, than to a newspaper employing a civilian journalist. Indeed, it was rumoured some short time ago that the War Office contemplated issuing an order prohibiting the issue of the necessary pass during active service, to any Newspaper Correspondent who has not been, or is not, in the possession of Her Majesty's commission, either as an officer of Regulars, Militia, or Volunteers. It would, of course, considerably relieve the anxieties of the Commander-in-Chief in the field to have

the news from the theatre of war supplied by a brother officer. But from the journalistic, and, indeed, the public point of view, there are three strong objections against such a policy. In the first place, the aim of the newspapers to secure the best man as their correspondent would be frustrated; secondly, military correspondents would be less independent than civilian newspaper men; and thirdly, the civilian correspondent has, as a rule, in every campaign scored against the military correspondent in the competition of sending from the field the news the public wants, and in sending it expeditiously. The men who have won the brightest renown as War Correspondents, have all been civilians. Sir William Howard Russell was on the Parliamentary Reporting Staff of *The Times*, and was working up a practice at the Parliamentary Bar when he was sent to the Crimea. "Though I had always been fond of military matters," he writes, "I knew nothing of what is called by soldiers, 'soldiering.'" Dr. Archibald Forbes, it is true, served for a time in the ranks; but his reputation as a War Correspondent is due not to his military experience, but to his daring and resource, and his vivid power of word painting. The other well-known War Correspondents, Messrs. Melton Prior, Frederic Villiers, Charles Williams, John Augustus O'Shea, Montagu Irving, Bennet Burleigh, E. F. Knight, Henry H. S. Pearse, G. W. Stevens, Francis Scudamore, W. Kinnaird Rose, have had no previous military experience, but were trained for the position by ripe journalistic experience in other fields, both at home and abroad.

Army men have never, generally speaking, liked to see civilian Newspaper Correspondents in the field.

"As I had cleared the 30th Regiment," writes Sir Howard Russell in his work, *The Great War with Russia*, "and was about fifty yards in front of the 55th Regiment, an officer rode out from a group and said, 'General Pennefather wants to know who you are, sir, and what you are doing here.' I answered to the best of my ability; but the aide-de-camp said, 'I think you had better come and see the General yourself.' And so I did. 'By —, sir,' exclaimed the General, when I had told him all I knew about myself, 'I'd as soon see the devil. What on earth do you know of this kind of work, and what will you do when we get into action?' 'Well, General,' I answered, 'it is quite true I have very little acquaintance with the business, but I suspect there are a great many here with no greater knowledge of it than myself.' He laughed. 'Bedad, you're right. You're an Irishman, I'll be bound.'"

"What do you know of this kind of work?" is usually the question put ever since the Crimea by the army man to the War Correspondent. But it is no part of the duty of the War Correspondent to describe in detail the tactical or strategical movements of the rival forces on the field of battle. He leaves that kind of work, very properly, to military men in the leisurely Service magazines. What the public desire to obtain in their newspapers is not technical records of the military operations, but bright, graphic, vivid pictures of the war—its thrilling episodes, its pathetic incidents, its

glories and its disasters; and interesting narratives of personal experiences and adventures. And there is no doubt that for doing such work well and rapidly the ordinary journalist is, as a rule, far superior to the military man.

War correspondence is now a regular branch of journalism. There is never any lack of eager claimants for admission to its ranks—men of daring, resource, and ability, who are attracted by the fascination of war, and by a desire to play a part, however humble, in the most awful, grim, and tragic drama enacted on the human stage. They are handsomely paid for their services. There is no restriction on them in the matter of expense, for the newspapers are only too ready and willing to spend enormous sums of money for fresh and important news from the seat of war. The chief qualifications for this hard and adventurous life are physical strength, the endurance to subsist for days on a meagre supply of inferior food, and to sleep at night in the open; iron nerves and mental vigour; sound sense and rapid judgment; a quick observant eye, capable of taking in the ever-shifting scenes and changing incidents of a field of battle, and a ready, vivid pen to convey one's impressions to paper. The War Correspondent has often, in the discharge of his duty, to run as great a risk of being killed or wounded as any soldier in the fighting line. It has fallen to him often, also, to render a great service to the army which he accompanies in the field. A recent libel action between two War Correspondents who went through the Soudan Campaign of 1896, attracted considerable public notice. A charge of cowardice at the battle of Firket was made by the defendant against the plaintiff, which, happily—as the result of the action showed—was completely disproved. But the defendant advanced the extraordinary theory that it was the duty of a War Correspondent to keep well in the front in order to give a good example of bravery to the firing line. Of course, the first duty of a War Correspondent is to look after the interests of his paper, and he could not do his journal a greater dis-service than to get killed or disabled in action when he might have avoided that catastrophe by the display of a reasonable precaution. The General in Command could, with as much reason, be accused of cowardice for keeping at such a distance outside the line of fire as enabled him, without running any unnecessary risk, to observe the varying fortunes of the fight and control the movements of his troops. The large number of War Correspondents who have been killed in recent campaigns is evidence of the fact that these journalists carry their lives in their hands, even in the ordinary discharge of their duties on the field of battle.

"Before far-reaching rifled fire-arms were brought into use," writes Dr. Archibald Forbes, "it was quite easy to see a battle without getting into the range of fire. But this is no longer possible, and in the future will be still more impossible. With guns of precision that carry six miles, with mobile artillery

having a range of more than three miles, and with rifles that kill, without benefit of clergy, at two miles, the War Correspondent may as well stay at home with his mother unless he has hardened his heart to take his full share of the risks of the battle-field. Indeed, if he has determined to look narrowly into the turbulent heart of each successive paroxysm of the bloody struggle—and it is only by doing this that he can now make for himself a genuine and abiding reputation—he must lay his account, with enduring more risks than fall to the lot of the average soldier."

But the War Correspondents have not been content with simply doing their duty to their newspapers. They have never shrunk from rendering their side in the campaign a service, whenever it comes their way, even though it involved the risk of their lives. During the late war between Greece and Turkey, the *Daily News* Correspondent with the Greek army, describing a sharp artillery duel between the opposing forces at Arta, stated that the Greek gunners were working very well, but there was "marked nervousness." He went on:—

"As the feeling was apparent—and it was wholly justified—Mr. Knight and —, who were about to write long telegrams, did not feel justified in availing themselves of the shelter of the fort for that purpose, but considered it our duty to get our writing materials and do our work under fire. I think I am not exaggerating when I say that this decision produced excellent results. Certainly the action was appreciated. The officers thanked us most warmly; and when at length there came a long lull in the firing, all the officers and men available assembled and cheered us very heartily, an attention that we greatly appreciated."

Even Lord Wolseley, who has been for thirty years describing the War Correspondents as "those newly-invented curses of modern armies," admitted, at the dinner of the Press Club last year, that from the chairman, Mr. Charles Williams, he had at various times received the greatest possible help in the field. Yet the War Office have long since decided that civilian War Correspondents are not to receive medals, even when they have done excellent military service under fire. An exception is in this respect made in favour of military officers who are acting as Newspaper Correspondents. They are eligible for decorations in recognition of military services rendered during the campaign. Viscount Fincastle, a military officer, who represented a British newspaper in the Indian Frontier War, was awarded the Victoria Cross for a heroic, though unsuccessful, attempt—under the fire of the enemy—to save the life of a journalistic colleague, Lieutenant Greaves, whose horse had bolted with him. No one will begrudge Viscount Fincastle the distinction, for it was nobly earned. But in the Afghan War, on the same north-west frontier of India, Dr. Archibald Forbes saved the life of a soldier who was shot through the thigh, and was fast bleeding to death, while the bullets of the enemy were hissing about him, by pressing with his fingers the severed artery until assistance arrived and the disabled man was carried off the field; and yet a mention in the despatches was con-

sidered a sufficient reward for the gallant act of the civilian War Correspondent. Again, after the Nile Campaign of 1884-5, application was made to the War Office for medals for Mr. Charles Williams and Mr. Bennett Burleigh. Mr. Williams had been twice requested to take command of some of the men by the senior officers on the spot, and was in every respect a combatant, both in the Zereba, at Gubat, and in the attack on Metemneh. Mr. Burleigh was mentioned in despatches for extreme gallantry in the building of the outlying fort at Gubat; and for carrying despatches under fire between the officer commanding the column operating against Metemneh and the Gudoïn steamers. The official answer, though the application was supported by Lord Wolseley, who was Commander-in-Chief on the Nile, and by several other officers, including those who asked the Correspondents to undertake these military duties under fire, was that the Duke of Cambridge, the then Commander-in-Chief, and Mr. Edward Stanhope, the then Secretary of War, could not sanction the issue of medals to gentlemen who had joined the expedition "for their own purposes," unless they had been specially employed by the Commander-in-Chief in the field, namely, Lord Wolseley, who was 175 miles away at the time. It must be added that Mr. Edward Stanhope, in forwarding the official refusal to issue the medal, wrote a private letter expressing his regret at the decision which he, though responsible for it, was unable to alter.

But the public are not likely to tolerate any unreasonable attempt on the part of the War Office to hamper the enterprise of the War Correspondents on the field of action. The tardy, meagre, incomplete, and cold official reports of the operations of our armies in the field, published weeks and often months after the event, will not satisfy the public. They will insist on having early and vivid and independent newspaper accounts from the seat of war. Indeed, it is astonishing how the War Office can fail to see that these War Correspondents' graphic pictures of disasters, as well as victories, help, by the stirring of the patriotic sentiments and love of adventure in our youths, to man the Services. The loss of H.M.S. *Victoria* and the capture of the heights of Dargai are notable cases in point. There were never so many applicants for enrolment in the Navy as when the sad news of the sinking of the *Victoria* arrived, and the recruiting sergeants about Trafalgar Square have not been so busy for years as when the thrilling story of the rush of the Gordon Highlanders up the steep and rugged heights of Dargai, in face of a pitiless storm of death-dealing bullets, was published throughout the land. These youths were not driven into the Army or Navy by the goad of want and privation. They were attracted by the roving, adventurous and dangerous life in the Services—these "scallywags of society," than whom, according to Lord Charles Beresford, no better fighting men can be found.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

JUVENILE REFORMATORIES IN FRANCE.

"Tous les crimes de l'homme commencent au vagabondage de l'enfant." Perhaps the author of *Les Misérables* never gave utterance to a maxim more profound. Vagrancy is too often, directly or indirectly, the cause of leading the young into crime. Not only is the youthful vagrant compelled to beg or to steal in order to live, but he is drawn into association with depraved adults, and very quickly he assimilates all their immoralities and vices. In the interest of the child itself, and of society in general, it behoves us, therefore, if we would diminish crime, to deal seriously with this scathful infection. In our management of adult criminals we have a difficult task, for their character and habits are already formed; in the juvenile offender we have more plastic material to deal with. He is but the first growth of a moral and intellectual life, capable of being trained for good or evil. With watching, helping, and judicious care it is more than probable that he will develop into a good citizen and an honest workman. It is to be regretted, therefore, that magistrates so often hesitate as to the expediency of sending these unfortunate children, arrested time after time, to reformatory establishments. How is it possible to justify, even in the interests of the child itself, this delay in sending him where he may be amended—until the chances of his amendment are vague, if not hopeless?

In former times the same treatment was meted out to the child and the adult. The law forced children into association with depraved adults in prison—pest-holes from which they were discharged morally and physically corrupted. It is not surprising that such children grew up only to perpetuate a class ready for every species of crime.

In this second half of our century we have realised the fact that the training of the young is our indispensable duty. On every side compulsory education has become the law of the land, but it has as yet, however, far from succeeded in arresting the current of juvenile vice. The penal statistics of every country show, unfortunately, what terrible ravages crime makes in the ranks of youth. To suppose that the mere cultivation of the intellect itself is able to reform the disposition of an individual is an illusion. Such cultivation unaccompanied by a religious belief, and perception of duty, renders but sorry service to society. The restricted interpretation of the word "education" to mere matters of memory and understanding, often leaves the perverse and vicious "will" to grow up undisciplined and uncared for. A superficial literary training is far from diminishing criminality; it is mischievous. A religious and professional education is the only means to combat crime. In France, unfortunately,

the seeds sown in 1871 have long since begun to bear fruit. *Ni Dieu ni maître* has proved to be the creed, not only of the classes from which the majority of criminals are drawn, but also of many of the leaders in Israel themselves. Fortunately a large body of French citizens still have a more substantial faith than a godless gammon about the Rights of Man, and the Société Générale des Prisons is bravely fighting against this irreligion.

The question of juvenile offenders and the best modes to adopt for their reformation has been immensely developed in the last few years. There is a wide-spread endeavour to solve this most difficult of social problems. At an International Penitentiary Congress held in Paris in 1895, where the official representatives of twenty-five countries, and many other penological authorities, were assembled, the interest taken in children was certainly the distinguishing characteristic.¹ At home we have lately had the Departmental Committee of the Secretary for Scotland, the Home Secretary's Prisons Committee, and Committee on Reformatories and Industrial Schools, all dealing with juvenile offenders.

The Prisons Committee in their report recommend various changes in the mode of dealing with these youthful delinquents, and the setting aside of certain reformatories for lads and girls according to their age and characters. They also say that "under the present system reformatory managers are not obliged to take in lads or girls whom they think objectionable; and we believe that there have been instances of the lapse of sentences to reformatory schools for that reason. This is a weak point that requires to be dealt with." It is hardly credible, and certainly not creditable, that such a state of things should have been allowed to exist for so many years. How large a proportion of the expenses of these establishments are borne by the State and the local rates will be seen from the figures in the following table, taken from the report of the Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools for the year 1896.

Year.	Number of children under detention.	Paid by Treasury.	By Parents.	By Rates.	Subscriptions and Legacies.	By School Boards.	Total School Expenditure.	
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
Industrial Reformatories.	1896	5,372	82,400 9 0	5,121 14 5	25,479 7 10	4,411 5 0	—	124,948 3 3
	1895	5,584	74,734 18 6	5,698 5 2	23,891 7 1	3,458 19 5	—	111,964 12 10
	1896	20,688	185,539 1 5	15,389 1 5	41,408 11 8	34,067 7 0	64,280 18 6	378,876 17 3
	1895	24,520	192,737 19 1	17,506 12 4	53,734 8 6	31,968 14 5	58,784 4 11	407,924 19 11

(1) Having been present at the Congress in an official capacity, I may mention that this interest was not confined to the official meetings. The children's questions were a constant subject of conversation and interchange of views amongst the representatives of various nationalities.

In France, Government reformatories have long existed side by side with others established by private enterprise. A brief notice of the laws governing the detention of juvenile offenders, and of some of the most important establishments of both of the above categories, based on personal inspection, may not be without interest at the present time.

By the French penal code a juvenile offender under sixteen years of age¹ may be acquitted if he is considered by the judge to have acted without guilty knowledge (*sans discernement*). He is not, however, necessarily allowed to go free or handed over to his parents. He may be handed over to the penitentiary authorities to be detained and brought up under their care until he has attained his twentieth year. If he is considered to have acted with guilty knowledge (*avec discernement*), he can only be sentenced to half the penalty to which he would have been liable had his age exceeded sixteen years. The practical result is that the youth thus acquitted is under detention for a longer period than the one found guilty. The juvenile offender, therefore, exerts his ingenuity to show that he acted with guilty knowledge, whilst the judge often acquits him, that there may be more chance of amendment by a longer sojourn in a reformatory. Though ordered to be detained until he is twenty, he may at once be confided to an aid society (*Société de Patronage*), or be granted conditional liberty after a period passed in a reformatory. One of these *Sociétés de Patronage* always looked after them. A conviction, however, bears a further and lasting punishment of which the youthful offender, anxious only about the duration of his detention, takes little heed at the time. It is very difficult for a Frenchman to get any employment without a certificate from his commune that there are no black marks recorded against him on his *casier judiciaire*. Now the young delinquent's conviction is notified within fifteen days to the Mayor of his native commune, and his *casier judiciaire* is stained with the record of his punishment.²

(1) The Penitentiary Congress was of opinion that the age of penal minority should be extended to eighteen, subject to minors above sixteen sent to reformatories being never allowed to mix with those of less than that age. The Prisons Committee are also of opinion that the limit of age for sending juveniles to reformatories should be extended, but they recommend seventeen as the limit.

(2) The harm that may result from this is exemplified in a case which occurred at Mettray, quoted in the report of the *Société des Enfants traduits en Justice*, 1892, p. 16. A youth who had been in this colony for five years, and during that period had conducted himself exceedingly well, wanted to enlist in the army. Before he had been sent to the establishment a conviction had been recorded against him on his *casier judiciaire* for a trifling offence long forgotten—three days' imprisonment for having obtained food without money to pay for it. Consequently service in a disciplinary regiment in Africa was only open to him. In some cases convicted persons can obtain rehabilitation; application for this can only be made three or five years, according to the offence, after conviction. Unimpeachable evidence of good conduct must be furnished, and the applicant must have resided three or five years, as the case may be, in the same *arrondissement*, and two years in the same commune.

Juvenile prisoners awaiting trial, and those sentenced to less than six months, should by law be in separate quarters in local prisons. To show how this law is complied with, I cannot do better than quote the report of a high official in the penitentiary department, M. Louis Puibaraud: "As the ministerial orders are formal, our chief warders have to puzzle their brains how to confine these young boys and girls in a place where they shall be isolated. This is not always easy on account of the want of space, and the crowding at certain times, especially in winter. At length, with considerable trouble, a corner is found where the child's bed can be placed, and where no one can see him, still less talk to him. Sometimes a room in the infirmary, or part of the linen room, or an unused workshop, is found vacant, or perhaps it is a coalshed, an attic, or an unoccupied punishment cell. . . . The first hours the child spends in prison are so utterly wretched that I have seen the warders, not very tender-hearted, so moved that they have taken into their own quarters, to their own fire-sides, the unfortunate creature. . . . notwithstanding that they know full well that their act of mercy renders them liable to punishment."¹

Boys acquitted, but not given up to their parents, are sent either to State or private Penitentiary Colonies. They should be confined in special quarters for the first three months, but the special quarters do not exist. If sentenced to more than six months and less than two years, they are sent to State Penitentiary Colonies. The State possesses six colonies for boys, and there are twelve private colonies. No private correctional establishment can be opened without the permission of the Minister of the Interior. The responsible director is appointed, subject to the approval of the Government, and the managing committee act under the supervision of the Prefect of the Department, and are bound to accept any boy sent by the Government. The general system of these colonies is life in common during the day and separation by night, and the work is household, industrial, and agricultural.

Boys sentenced to more than two years' imprisonment and the insubordinates from the Penitentiary Colonies are sent to a special prison.

It is a well-known fact that women exercise over boys, even the very worst if they are handed over to their care young enough, an influence the secret of which the best of men never possess. The French reformatory system fully recognises this, and all children under twelve years of age are sent to "reform schools" where they will be subject to this benign female influence. There are three such reform schools in France; the first two were opened in 1876 and 1877 respectively. The Government establishment is at St. Hilaire (Vienne). It consists of three farms situated about a mile apart. To the first of these, which is under the entire charge of ladies, the children are sent

(1) *Les Maisons d'Education Préventive et Correctionnelle*, Paris, 1894, p. 17.

on arrival. At thirteen years of age they are passed to the second farm, and at sixteen to the third. Each group is thus kept entirely separated according to age. The private establishments are at Saint Eloi, near Limoges, and at Frasnes-le-Château (Haute-Saône). These two establishments are managed by *religieuses*. At Frasnes-le-Château, the Sisters, of whom there are forty, are always Alsacians. The only men on the premises are the farm bailiff and a man to look after the stables, &c. At the vine-dressing and vintage seasons a few men are hired in the neighbourhood; during the rest of the year the whole work of the farm is directed by the Sisters. They receive boys into their school as young as six, but they decline to receive any after they have attained their twelfth year. These youths, of whom there are over four hundred, remain under the sole charge of the Sisters until their departure at nearly twenty years of age. The farm is entirely unenclosed, and the lads go freely from one part to another. At harvest time and other occasions of agricultural pressure the boys are allowed to render assistance to neighbouring farmers. Attempts at escape are rare, and then, in most cases, by little vagrants newly arrived. In connection with this school, and under the management of the Sisters, there is a large house and garden at Besançon. To this home selected boys of town origin are transferred when they arrive at fourteen or fifteen years of age, that they may be apprenticed to tradesmen in the town. Every morning these forty or fifty boys, each in the dress of his particular trade, go off to their separate masters, for it has been found advisable to apprentice them singly. They do not leave the home in company, but after inspection to see that they are neat and tidy, each one is separately despatched by a Sister, the time of departure being regulated by the distance the boy has to go to his work. At twelve o'clock they return to dinner, unless employed too far away, in which case they take their dinner with them. The Sisters visit the youths at their masters'. There are never enough boys to fill the situations offered. An Aid Society in the town assists the Sisters in their work of superintendence. Both at the farm and the home the arrangements are excellent, homelike, and practical. The Sisters rightly consider that habits of cleanliness can be inculcated without luxuriously fitted-up baths, &c., and that the surroundings should be entirely in keeping with the future life of the inmates.

I have had many opportunities of talking with Madame Dupuy, the able and kind-hearted Inspectrice Générale, who has had much to do with the organization of these reform schools, and is constantly visiting them officially. "Punishments," she says, "are very rare, persuasion holding the first place in the moral training, and giving the best results. The greatest punishment, but seldom applied, is the transfer to an ordinary colony—a threat of which is generally sufficient. The happy influence of these ladies on young children remains

after they have become men, have been soldiers, and have married and settled in the neighbourhood, as well as on those for whom I have been able to obtain good situations even in Paris. The choice of the staff is of the utmost importance, for the gentle but firm authority of well-chosen women is never contested. It is accepted with affection and respect. This attempt, which has been crowned with the very best results, could not be made with older children, who, on their arrival, would not feel the want of a mother's care."

The best known private colony for boys is that of Mettray, near Tours. It was founded in 1840 by M. de Metz, and has served for a model for most of the numerous reformatory schools since established. Here the children are divided into small groups under the charge of a superintendent, who is known as the *père de famille*. Each little group has its own dormitory, refectory, workshop, and special plot of ground to cultivate.

The prison of *La Petite Roquette*, in Paris, is for juvenile male offenders only. Here boys are confined separately before being sent to a penitentiary colony. They are constantly visited by members of the *Société des Jeunes détenus et Jeunes libérés de la Seine*—a private charitable society, which is nobly devoted to the street arabs of the Seine. When they find a boy showing promise of amendment they apply to the judge for his conditional liberation. They clothe him and place him with an employer, who teaches him a trade and provides him with board and lodging. He passes his Sunday at the Home, attends service in chapel, and is given religious instruction, while later in the day there are classes for music, gymnastics, and military drill. They are encouraged to anticipate the time when they will necessarily be called to the colours, by enlisting voluntarily, their musical and military training generally ensuring them rapid promotion.¹

The State penitentiary colony of Les Douaires may be taken as a typical example. It is situated on very high ground, about three miles from the small town of Gaillon (Eure). It contains 575 acres, and has a population of 420 juvenile offenders, who are taught various trades, or employed on the work of the farm. The gates at the entrance are always wide open, and there are no enclosing walls or even hedges. On each side of a shady avenue are the detached residences of the higher officials, with the handsome church at the far end. Between the last of these residences and the church are the director's office and the boys' quarters. These form three sides of a quadrangle on each side of the avenue, the space between the buildings being divided into four playgrounds planted with trees.

(1) The *Société de Protection des engagés volontaires élevés sous la tutelle administrative*, under the presidency of M. Felix Voisin, is in constant communication with these young soldiers, from the day they enlist until their establishment in life on leaving the army. On 1st January, 1895, there were 1,893 young soldiers or sailors under their care.

Before making a round of the establishment I had the opportunity of attending M. Brun's (the director) morning report, when some sixteen boys were brought before him for offences committed the previous day. Each offender is seen separately. He is thus less likely to brasen it out than he would be were his companions present, and a more effective appeal can be made to his feelings. There were but few serious offences, and they were dealt with by the director according to the nature of the offence and the previous character of the offender. The punishments inflicted were reprimands, one or two days' "bread diet,"¹ or the cells. In one case only was a youth sent to the cells. He was nearly eighteen years of age, and had been discovered smoking in the straw loft.

Leaving the director's office and turning to the right we enter the schoolroom for the lesser boys. Next is the refectory, with accommodation for the whole colony. At one end is a theatre, in which every two months a performance is given by the boys, under the stage management of the director. On Sunday afternoons there are readings and music. The whole of the fitting-up and painting of the scenery has been done by the boys. Close to the refectory is the kitchen. Crossing over to the other side of the quadrangle we come to the store-rooms, whitesmith's shop, and schoolrooms. Above these are the dormitories. Formerly they were all open, but each sleeping place is being separated by thin brick partitions about eight feet high, the top being enclosed by iron trellis-work. Each boy will thus, at night, be entirely separated from his companions. The budding carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, painters, and locksmiths were busy on this work in the dormitories, under their respective foremen.

On the other side of the avenue are the stables and the workshops (which are large and well ventilated), the wheelwrights', the blacksmiths', the carpenters', and the shoemakers';² everywhere boys were busy at work. There is an excellent brass band of twenty-eight performers, and twenty-two more boys are qualifying to enter it. The cellular quarter is behind the church; there are fifteen ordinary cells and two dark cells: five cells were occupied at the time of my visit.

A new infirmary, about five hundred yards away from the main buildings, has been built and entirely fitted up by the boys and their foremen. There are four wards of six beds each, several separate rooms for infectious cases, and all the necessary details of a small hospital. For the convalescents there is a large verandah, heated in winter, with glass front, which enables them to look out on a well-

(1) This diet includes soup once a day.

(2) The tailoring trade is not taught. The uniforms are all made by prisoners at the Maison Centrale at Melun, and the repairs are executed by the wives of the various foremen.

kept flower garden. The ample service of baths for the whole establishment is placed near the infirmary.

The boys rise at 5 A.M.; at 5.30 bread and soup are served; from 6 to 7 they are in school; from 7.30 to 10.45 at work; at 11 they lunch (soup and vegetables); 11.30 to 12 noon, play; 12 to 12.45 is devoted to physical exercise, military drill, &c.; work commences again at 1.15 P.M. and continues until 4.30 P.M. After half an hour's play they are in school again until 7 P.M., when the evening meal (soup and vegetables) is served;¹ bedtime is at 7.45 P.M. This is how the day is passed from September to May. During the rest of the year there is no school, except for the small and backward boys. The boys rise at 4 A.M., and have more time in the evening for recreation. There is religious instruction three times a week, and on Sundays the boys attend service at the church.

In France the canteen is considered the necessary adjunct to every penitentiary establishment, but here it exists in a very modified form, and only as an encouragement to good conduct. The boys being but apprentices receive no pay; a daily report of each boy's conduct is made, and at the end of the month the good marks he has earned are calculated. These marks have a fixed money value. To check the usual tendency of boys to lose or destroy articles, they are obliged to replace small articles by sacrificing one or more already earned marks. They may also expend these marks by way of a fine to escape slight punishments, and by this means one or two days' "bread diet" is avoided. Good marks may also be used to purchase a more varied meal, with a tumbler of vin ordinaire on the last Sunday of the month. If for three months a boy can avoid being punished, his name is entered on a table of honour placed prominently on the wall of the refectory, and on the last Sunday of the quarter he is given a superior meal, with wine and coffee. He is also entitled to wear a red chevron on his right arm. For each quarter that there is no report against him he wears an additional stripe. The boys wearing these chevrons somehow manage that their right arms shall never escape your attention. The money value of the marks earned in the last month of each quarter is put away for the boy when he leaves the colony.

A continuation of this good conduct ensures conditional liberation. Those boys who are granted conditional liberation are placed out. The average wages paid them are £8 per annum. This is deposited in the savings bank until such time as the boy reaches twenty-one. In addition to these wages he is given fifty centimes per week as pocket-money, and he is fed and lodged by his employer. In case of misconduct he is sent back to the colony to finish his time.

(1) Meat is given twice a week, cider daily. The bread is baked by the boys, and at meals the supply is without stint.

There is a society to help these conditionally liberated boys, the funds being furnished partly by the State and partly by private subscriptions. This fund is administered by the director, and these boys are clothed out of it.

It will thus be seen that the boys' time is fully occupied, but there are occasions on which the day's work is reduced. Thus, in addition to the national celebrations, each trade has its fête day—the firemen, the musicians, the wheelwrights, the carpenters, the blacksmiths, the whitesmiths, the painters, the plasterers, the shoemakers, the stablemen, the cowmen, the bakers, &c. The holiday of one trade is a holiday for all.

The boys are allowed to write home once a month. Every Sunday they may receive the visits of their family; great care, however, is taken that objectionable relations should not be allowed to communicate with them. As far as possible boys from rural districts are put to agricultural work, and the town boys to trades. If before being sent to the colony they had begun to learn a trade, they are naturally set to the same trade; for those without a trade the director endeavours, as far as possible, to meet the boys' wishes.

Until recently the insubordinates from these colonies were sent to one of the five departmental prisons having special correctional quarters attached to them. In one of these prisons only was there cellular accommodation; in the other life was passed in common day and night. The young insubordinate did not dread the transfer; he liked the idea of the change, and he knew he would be in constant contact with others as bad as himself. Many directors avoided sending insubordinates to these prisons, preferring to try all means of punishment and reformation at their disposal. This plan has been abandoned, and the insubordinates are now sent to a special prison which has been set apart for their sole occupation. A solitary sojourn of some months in a cell has been found to produce excellent results.

Important as is the arresting of boys in their downward career, there can be no doubt that in the case of girls the necessity is still more urgent. From general experience we may say that rarely will any amount of imprisonment reform the woman. Unless the girl be taken in time there is probably no chance for her reformation. Though less prone to evil, the girl's case is far more difficult to deal with, inasmuch as she sinks lower, and eventually becomes more completely perverted. Her personal vanity, too, often makes her an easy victim for the seducer, and she is thus early prepared to fall headlong into vice.

In the case of juvenile female offenders the French law makes no distinction in the places of detention of those found to have acted without guilty knowledge. They are all sent to *Maisons Pénitenciaires*. Nor, apparently, did the framers of the law anticipate that there

would be any insubordinate juvenile female delinquents, for no provision is made for them. The penitentiary department has, however, supplied this want, and offenders sentenced to more than two years' imprisonment, and the insubordinate girls from other colonies, are sent to a correctional quarter attached to a House of Refuge.

There are at present two State establishments and seven private establishments for girls.

The House of Refuge to which the correctional quarter is attached is situated on the Darnetal Road at Rouen, and is managed by nuns. This *Maison d'Éducation Correctionnelle* was founded by the present directress in 1848. It consists of workshops and a farm. There is nothing about the place to remind you that most of its inmates are confined therein for offences ranging from vagrancy and mendicancy to arson and poisoning. None of the windows are barred, and in going round there is not that perpetual jingling of keys one is accustomed to hear in similar institutions; these are replaced by the kindly, but vigilant eyes of the numerous Sisters. There are few reformatories that can claim to have rescued so large a number of girls from crime and vice, and to have succeeded not only in inculcating them with moral and religious sentiments, but also in placing them well in the world. No difficulty is experienced in finding situations for girls from this establishment when the time arrives for their liberation. Far more places are offered than the Sisters can fill. Very many of the former inmates are married and well established in life.

On her first arrival the juvenile offender is for a few days isolated from her future companions. She is, however, frequently visited by the Superior and by some of her future mistresses, who endeavour to learn something of her antecedents and character, so as to determine her employment with a view to enabling her to gain her livelihood when liberated. She then passes into the general quarter, and later, when she has become disciplined, has received as much primary instruction as her intelligence will allow her to acquire, and has learned to sew, to wash, and to mend, attention is directed to her professional training. The Sisters always themselves fetch these children from any part of France, where they may be temporarily in detention. The industrial work consists of making men's and women's under-clothing, both fine and coarse. The sewing machines are steam-driven, as are also two machines for cutting out shirts, &c. The value of the material cut up each year amounts to £30,000; 95 per cent. of this is worked up in the home, and the rest gives employment to poor women in Rouen. The girls have no fixed tasks, but are encouraged by various gratuities, so that they sometimes leave the home with 300 or 400 francs in the savings bank, the average being from 75 to 150 francs.

The country girls are sent to the farm of La Grande Mare. This

farm has the general appearance of an ordinary well-to-do Norman farm, with its picturesque buildings in the best of orders. Here, again, there is an entire absence of surrounding walls or hedges. It is managed by five of the Sisters, and worked by from 40 to 45 of the girls, with some slight aid from two old men. During harvest time a further contingent of girls is sent from the home. The girls do all the carting, ploughing, sowing, haymaking, and harvesting. They also look after the stables, cows, pigs, and poultry. They are instructed in all the household work of a farm, including butter and cheese-making. In the garden they practise grafting, tree-pruning, &c. The milk of fifty cows is taken into Rouen daily by some of the inmates, accompanied by the garden mistress (a former inmate), and there has never been an attempt to escape. The farm is in an excellent state of cultivation, and its products have obtained rewards at many agricultural shows.

In the correctional quarter I saw about twenty insubordinate girls from other colonies quietly sewing. They wear the same dress as the female prisoners in the Maisons Centrales, with the exception of the kerchief for the hair (*marmotte*). Turbulent inmates are confined for short periods in the cells. They work in these cells, and when they become more docile they are put to work in the garden. Later, when there are real signs of amendment, their dress is changed, and, as a great favour, they are allowed to pass into the general quarters.

All the inmates attend service in the chapel on Sunday, and receive religious instruction during the week. Meat is served on six days of the week, and those engaged on farm work have a very liberal dietary.

Since 1841 the Protestant Sisters, better known as the Deaconesses, have been carrying on many charitable institutions for the benefit of their co-religionists. Beginning in a very small way in the Rue des Trois Sabres, they now possess extensive grounds and buildings in the Rue de Reuilly, in the Saint Antoine quarter of Paris. To their charge are confided all Protestant girls acquitted as having acted without discernment, as well as those under parental correction. These Sisters have also the charge of the Protestant quarter at the Maison Centrale for Women at Clermont, to which establishment are sent all long-sentenced female Protestant prisoners in France.

The Conseil Général of the Seine has at last awakened to the fact that its prisons require amelioration. The old historical Sainte Pelagie, prison of so many political celebrities from the time of the great Revolution even to the present day under the third Republic, the modern Mazas, and La Grande Roquette of ill-fame, will all disappear early in next year. A vast new prison outside Paris has been erected to replace them. In substitution for the present boys' prison

of La Petite Roquette, a new horticultural and agricultural colony has been opened.

In this establishment all the newest of new ideas are to be carried out. The old-fashioned plan of separating the inmates of reformatories, according to age, physical development, or the nature of the offence committed, is abandoned; they will be classified according to their moral characters.

The colony is situated at Montesson (Seine et Oise), in the valley below the terrace of St. Germain, and has an area of seventy-four acres. Only boys acquitted as having acted without discernment and those confined under parental correction (the demeratio *lettres de cachet*) will be admitted. There are eight separate houses, with accommodation for forty boys in each. Each house has its own refectory, schoolroom, reading-room, dormitory, and playground. For those under parental correction there is a separate building with forty-four rooms, each having its small garden. These children must by law be kept in solitary confinement. The ordinary youthful offender will, on arrival, be sent to the "Receiving Pavilion," and there detained until, by close observation, his true character has been ascertained. In this pavilion there will be twice as many schoolmasters and trade instructors as in the other pavilions. When, by this means, the boy's character is known he will be passed to the house considered most suitable for him. There will thus be an entire separation between those requiring the strictest discipline and those who may be more leniently dealt with. Agriculture and horticulture will be principally taught, but some knowledge of various trades will also be imparted. For this everything has been provided—large and well-ventilated workshops, extensive and well-planted gardens, green-houses, farm buildings, &c. The church, however, is wanting. A building intended for entertainments may be used "when necessary."

No warders are to be employed, the whole superintendence and moral instruction are to be carried out by schoolmasters and trade instructors, for whom houses have been provided inside the grounds. To do away with any idea of a place of detention there are openings in the surrounding walls with iron gratings, so that passers-by may be enabled to see what is going on within. These walls are just of a sufficient height to tempt a boy to climb them, a temptation which several boys out of the forty already interned have been unable to resist.

That the material comforts of the juvenile delinquents have been thoroughly considered there is no question. Time alone will show whether the moral results will repay the amount of thought, care, and money which has been expended on this new establishment, and whether its quasi luxury will be as efficient as the devoted care in the far less luxurious establishment of the good Sisters of Frances le

Château. How far city urchins will take to horticultural or agricultural pursuits when liberated remains to be seen, but in these days, when the large towns have such an attraction for the rural population, it seems doubtful if the city arab will settle to honest occupation in the country.

Many, if not all, the improvements effected in the French reformatory system and the treatment of juvenile offenders are due to the efforts of the *Comité de défense des enfants traduits en justice*. This society was initiated in 1890 by M. Adolphe Guillo, the well-known *juge d'instruction* and member of the Institute. Its object is to establish, in the interest of children brought before the Courts, closer and more intimate relations between Justice and the Penitentiary Executive. In France the selection of the reformatory to which the juvenile offender shall be sent is not left to the magistrate but to the penitentiary authorities. No one has devoted himself more to the welfare of these children than M. Guillo. He felt the need of an association of men who, by their names, their works, and their functions, were incontestably competent to solve problems relating to young delinquents.¹ They have succeeded in obtaining many valuable reforms, not the least of which is that children shall never be summarily dealt with, but that there shall always be a private preliminary investigation by a *juge d'instruction*, so that the Court, before giving its decision, may be fully acquainted with the offender's antecedents, and the moral character of his parents, &c. Under the system of summary jurisdiction (*procédure de flagrant délit*) the child was judged within twenty-four hours, and in a minute his fate was settled.

Having cited M. Puibaraud, as to children in local prisons, it would be unfair not to call special attention to another excellent reform due to the initiative of this society—that of the treatment of children under remand in Paris—and which will eventually be adopted, so far as possible, throughout France. That a prison, or even a workhouse, is not the proper place for many of these children is universally admitted. In Paris, so soon as the *juge d'instruction* has been able to form an opinion with reference to the child brought before him, he decides whether it is a case for detention in a prison, or elsewhere, during remand. In the latter case the child is transferred, not in a prison van, but in an ordinary omnibus or cab, to the *Hospice des enfants assistés*, or dépôt for children waiting to be sent into the country. They are never accompanied by a policeman in uniform. In this establishment there are separate quarters for boys and girls, where, entirely kept apart from the other youthful inmates, their conduct and dispositions can be carefully studied by well qualified attendants. If the *juge d'instruction* should eventually decide

(1) Similar societies are being established in the various assize towns throughout France, in connection with the Paris society.

that the child shall neither be imprisoned, sent to a reformatory, nor given up to its parents, the *Assistance Publique*, or some *Société de Patronage*, takes charge of the child, and provides it with an education and start in life.

One of the points in French juvenile reformatory practice which compares most favourably with the English is the placing of children under twelve years of age in special schools, where female influence is brought to bear upon them; as I said in my Report to the Home Office on the children's questions at the International Penitentiary Congress held in Paris in 1895 :—

"In these days it is admitted on all sides that our only chance of diminishing crime is by dealing with the young, and to deal effectually with the young a woman's influence is necessary. This was insisted on by nearly every speaker at the Congress. In ninety-nine cases out of 100 it is either the want of a good woman's influence, or the influence of a bad woman, that has brought the child within the meshes of the law, and it is our duty to the child and society at large to apply that good influence to the regeneration of the juvenile offender. A man, however kind and well-intentioned he may be, can never enter into the confidence and know the true character of the child as can a woman."¹

The result of my investigations abroad have convinced me that it is desirable that the Government should also have one or more reformatories under its entire control, and managed on lines laid down by itself.

Our reformatories were originally intended for young criminals, whom, although perhaps fit for prison, nobody would wish to see there. The industrial schools were intended not for criminals, but for those approaching the criminal class.

This distinction has been nearly obliterated. Age appears now to be the only distinction. Modern philanthropy plays so large a part in our social system that, when it can draw on the State or local rates, it progresses at a speed which gives cause for alarm. Numerous vast establishments have been erected at the expense of the industrious and honest portion of the community, and industrial schools begin to be looked upon as convenient places for parents, who are let off much too lightly, to deposit their children, so as to be relieved of their cost, and ensure a good opening for their future. This misapplication of well-meant philanthropy puts a premium upon parental vice, and will result in the children of the drunkards and thriftless getting a better start in life than the children of the honest poor. It is evident that we must return to the original idea, and maintain a clear distinction between the criminal and non-criminal children.

EDMUND R. SPEARMAN.

(1) Report to the Secretary of State for the Home Department on the proceedings of the Fifth International Penitentiary Congress, held in Paris in 1895, by Mr. E. Ruggles Brice, Chairman of the Prison Commission, and British Delegate to the Congress, together with the Report by Mr. Spearman, Assistant Delegate, on Anthropometry and Juvenile Offenders, 1895, p. 95.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER AND AFTER.

THE NAVAL POSITIONS OF SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

To whatever cause the loss of the *Maine* may be finally attributed—it is still *sub judice* as I write—it will always be put down to Spain's account by the American democracy. First impressions in affairs of this sort are final, nor is it probable that any absolute conclusion can be arrived at by those conducting the investigations, our knowledge of high explosives, ever erratic in their effects, is too limited to enable positive facts to be deduced. It might at first sight appear that if the plates around the hole or holes were blown inward, it would be proof of an external explosion, while if bent outward, an internal source would be suggested. All this, however, is but negative evidence at the best; in part because of the secondary explosions, and the practical impossibility of determining their sequence, in part because thin plates bent outward may have been subsequently driven inward by water pressure. But even given a fair amount of proof that the first explosion was internal, that does nothing towards elucidating the cause; or if external, there is no way of deciding between the theories advanced: (1) A submarine mine exploded intentionally or by accident; (2) a torpedo or other infernal machine; each with three sub-heads, that it was the act of (1) the Spanish Government; (2) a fanatical Spanish partisan; (3) a Cuban desirous of destroying the Spanish cruiser that lay near the *Maine*. Moreover, if the original explosion were internal, nothing but pure conjecture can decide between (1) pure accident through spontaneous action of an uncertain high explosive, gas in the coal bunkers, or possibly explosive siccatis; (2) careless handling of high explosives; (3) treachery on board; (4) Cuban, anarchist, Spanish fanatic, or Spanish Government agent having found means to put a bomb in the magazine. The first of these may be the most natural conjecture in the absence of proof so far as naval men are concerned, but naval men are not the American people. Further, the crew of an American warship is so heterogeneous, the discipline—to our eyes—so lax, that there would be no insuperable difficulties in the way of anyone carrying out any of the other causes enumerated. And we may be fully prepared to find the inventor of the high explosive demonstrating conclusively that his mixture could not go off spontaneously.

The only really clear point is that absolute proof of the cause is impossible. It needed little knowledge of human nature to predict what the American editor of the lesser sort would do, and will continue doing with the splendid "copy" thus provided; between

Spain and the States there is bad blood, and we may rest assured that it will now be inflamed to fever-heat. Sooner or later, therefore, despite all pacific assurances in high places, we may look for something stronger than "strained relations;" and if war be not inevitable, it is solely because neither party trusts its naval strength. Omnipotent as the American democracy believe their fleet and nation to be, their naval officers and administrators recognise a different state of affairs; they know that it is they who would be throwing stones from a glass house. They see that the States have bullied Spain, have for a long while carried on a practical war against her in Cuba, that (failing, of course, fairly clear evidence that the Spanish Government have dirty hands in the *Maine* affair) European sympathies lie with Spain, that there is always the risk of the Spanish South American republics throwing in their lot with the dying mother of the dissipated Spanish empire.

They see that the war would be a racial one, or at least embittered by racial feelings, and of all wars these are the worst and most desperate. There are few South American republics that have not felt the bullying hand of the "land of the free and the home of the brave"—Chili for one, has not forgotten the *Itata* affair, and many a Brazilian remembers what nation it was that helped Marshal Peixoto. And Chili, the most stable of the South American republics able to attack the well-nigh defenceless Pacific seaboard, might easily be a terrible enemy.

THE UNITED STATES.

(Through Spanish Spectacles.)

The people of the United States are (in the judgment of their editors at any rate) the bravest of the brave. By the simple process of announcing this fact they have acted the bully of the world with absolute success for the last thirty years or more, and the English have always been foremost in showing how afraid of them they are. Some thirty years ago the raw levies of the North, with four years' labour, beat those of the South, suffering under every possible disadvantage. *Ergo*, the Northerners, and consequently all Americans, are superior to all other fighting forces. The chain of logic may seem weak, but the world has always acquiesced in it. Similarly, five years after the use of floating batteries in the Crimea, one year after France had launched the seagoing ironclad *La Gloire*, some while after the English Captain Cowper Coles had issued pamphlets on his "device for mounting heavy guns in a revolving armoured circular turret," the Americans invented the ironclad and a Norwegian produced the *Monitor* for them. Consequently (more American logic), they possess unparalleled inventive ingenuity, which, apart from their invincible courage, would win them any war.

now be inured to the climate and veteran soldiers, against whom raw American levies would, if landed, not stand much chance.

The war, if there is going to be one, will first of all be a naval one. The Spanish naval *personnel* is peculiar. The evolution, "Chase devils out of the rigging," is a fairly common one in the Spanish navy; but a dash of superstition is no detriment to a sailor, possibly it is an advantage even. In any case it would all make for that feeling which would animate the crews individually and collectively, hatred for America and the knowledge that this was Spain's final effort. There will be a good deal of the "Death or Glory" spirit if the Don goes to war. On the other hand, he is a wretched gunner, and the best of intentions do not make up for inaccurate aim.

In the old Elizabethan days Spanish naval officers were the best in the world, in the Nelson period they acquitted themselves far better than is generally supposed. We are apt to forget the disadvantages under which they then suffered, to forget that their crews were nearly all landsmen, that all their ships were unseaworthy and very short-handed. Since then, in the war with Chili, the Spanish navy certainly gained no laurels, nor in the Carlist revolution did it shine. Those sailors, however, who bolted from the forecastle of the *Vitoria*, when a shot splashed some water over them, were landsmen hastily impressed. None the less, the captain of the steam-tug that held its own against two ironclads was the sole person to come out of the affair with credit. On the other hand, Grau of the *Huascar* and his gallant crew were nearly all of pure Spanish descent; and in several other actions South American Spaniards have done well. Arturo Prat of the *Esmeralda*, than whom no man has left a greater mark on modern naval history as a gallant figure, was a Spaniard. The Spanish sailors in the rescue boats from the *Alphonso XII.* went boldly to what promised to be certain death when the *Maine* was torn to pieces by continual explosions. They have all in their veins something surely of the old blood of the Sea Empire that once was theirs, and the sparks that smoulder may yet burst once more into flame if the last expiring effort comes to be made. We may talk as we will of racial inferiority, or intellectual inferiority, but nowadays neither of these things means more than business capacity and commercial instinct; we may say, and truly, that no nation could be more devoid of commercial ability than Spain; or that even were the national apathy in such matters overcome, the lack of ability would remain. But commercial excellence is not the characteristic of the fighting man, rather it deteriorates him in every way, the question of peace or war becomes purely a business matter controllable by Jews on the Stock Exchanges. If the Don does fight he will be hampered by none of these things that will so clog American action, and neutralise all their financial and other advantages. If the Don fights he will fight hard, and if

once he can find a man as leader he will do much : it will not need any very great triumph to obtain a victory, a great deal less than a Trafalgar or a Waterloo will set Wall Street scheming for peace at any price ; and whether victor or loser he will prove a relentless and none too principled foe. Mostly, it is a question as to whether the leader will be found. Somewhere in the Spanish fleet there must be serving some captain or lieutenant with something in him of the old spirit that reigned in the days when Spain was as omnipotent on the waves as ever England is to-day. On whether a piece of hostile shell finds him, or on whether it spares, may depend much of the world's future history ; a reverse at the hands of Spain would mean the splitting up of the United States into two if not three independent republics. The East hates the West and the South hates both, and many are the men biding their time. It is always a possibility ; a possibility, too, that more than one European nation would view with equanimity, that all know must come some day to the cosmopolitan "Koom-posh" of Bulwer Lytton, that would have come ere this but for the wisdom of the hand that framed the American Constitution. Spain might be but the mouse that moved the mountain, but the identity of the mover does not check the motion.

THE RIVAL NAVIES.

It is taken for granted in most quarters that America must eventually triumph over Spain, but the maximum that she can do would be to gain possession of Cuba ; she has no base wherewith to attack Spain in Europe, nor the ships to spare for an attempt upon the Philippines. For her larger battleships she has no docks, nor will have for a year or two yet ; any of the big ships badly damaged would have to be beached or laid up in harbour for good ; she has no catchers, as yet no destroyers, and but two torpedo boats. On the other hand, Spain has Havana as a base, there is a dock there, and plenty more in Spain if a ship had to be sent home. The American coast is weak and wealthy, much of it open to attacks by Spanish small craft, which are fairly plentiful.

Mere statistics of fighting units do not go to prove very much ; they are useful, however, and perhaps necessary in connection with any general view of the situation. For convenience, I have adopted my letter notation for guns and armour, mere weight or calibre of gun being in these days no criterion of power, and the resisting value of armour dependent far more on material than thickness of inches. These letters take into account all the many things that have to be considered, and range guns and armour into five powers, the letter for armour roughly indicating the gun by which, under practical conditions, it must be attacked, *i.e.*, a armour must be attacked by the (A) gun—the best—and so on.

First, let us consider battleships. Here Spain is altogether "to windward," and I have omitted one first-class U.S.A. battleship belonging to the Pacific coast, since it would hardly be a factor.¹

The finest U.S.A. vessel is the *Iowa*. She carries four 12-in. (A) guns protected by *a* armour, in two turrets fore and aft; eight 8-in. (C) guns in four turrets, two on each broadside, protected by *b* armour, and six unprotected 4-in. guns (value less than E). Her belt is impenetrable, and the bulkheads of *a* armour. The ends, however, are unarmoured; the forward big turret base has no protection, and the ammunition hoists have very little. The after big turret has *d* armour protecting its base, and so is vulnerable at near ranges to the 6-in. (D) gun. The *Iowa* has a high freeboard forward and can fight all her guns in all weathers, which is more than the *Indiana* and *Massachusetts*, the other two first-class battleships, can. These (save that they carry instead of six) four E guns protected by *e* armour; are armed and armoured much as the *Iowa*; both big turrets, however, have *d* armour around their bases. These two ships can bring two A and four C guns to bear directly ahead or astern, they have a more complete all-round fire than other vessels. They are, however, terribly over-gunned, being "whip creation" vessels, carrying on their 10,000 odd tons of displacement half as much armament again as they really ought to carry for seaworthiness.

For practical purposes the solitary first-class Spanish battleship, *Pelayo*, is probably superior to any single one of the Americans. She is of French type, with two 12·5 A guns, one forward and one aft; two 11-in. A guns, one in a barbette on either beam; a 6-in. Q.F. (D) under the forecastle, and an unprotected battery of twelve (E) 4·7 Q.F. guns. These D and E guns are new ones with a very flat trajectory, a most important thing—especially with bad gunners like the Spaniards—they can be fired point blank or nearly so at almost any fighting range. The barbettes are not armoured underneath, though the hoists are *a*, and continuous fire might eventually bring them down. One big shell would, of course, put the 4·7 battery out of action; but the separate big gun positions would be a very great help. Finally the *Pelayo* has a complete waterline belt of *a* armour, almost impenetrable over the engines—as that of all modern ironclads is. This belt would be in her favour because it saves her from the reduction of speed consequent upon holes in the bow at the water's edge. The sea entering such holes will certainly deteriorate a vessel's speed by weighing her down forward—it might also affect her steering.

Both sides have, however, other vessels that could fight in the line,

(1) This vessel, the *Oregon*, sister to the *Indiana*, is now being sent round to the East Coast.

the States having the second-class battleship *Texas*, two A guns in a turrets with an *a* redoubt protecting the bases, and six unprotected D guns. The speed is said to be about 14 knots at sea, but it is doubtful whether she would be of much service. Recently she sank in dock; due, it is said, to her defective construction, and the strain of action would soon tend to have a like result. There are also the two armoured cruisers, *Brooklyn* and *New York*, carrying respectively eight C and twelve E Q.F. guns, and six C and twelve E (in this case 4-in. Q.F. of little fighting value). Each has a thin armour belt, nearly complete in the case of the *New York*, and both carry armour on the C guns. No very reliable data as to their real speeds exist, but probably they could do, at a pinch, 17 knots in war service.¹

The Spanish navy is essentially one of armoured cruisers—those hybrid and hermaphrodite ships that have nothing to really recommend them, save that being cheaper than battleships, they are more easily multiplied. Of these, three, the *Viscaya*, *Infanta Maria Teresa*, and *Almirante Oquendo*, are in service; and a fourth, the *Cardenal Cisneros*, could be used if urgently needed. All are big editions of our *Undaunted* class, with ten 5.5 (D) guns in an unarmoured battery amidships, an 11-in. (A) Hontoria gun in the bow and stern, in barbettes, protected by *b* armour with *c* ammunition tubes. Each of these ships has a couple of submerged torpedo tubes, the only sort likely to be of use in battle. On trial these ships made speeds of 20 knots or thereabouts, but probably 13 knots would be nearer what they can actually do at sea—the Spaniards are abominably bad engineers. Spain also possesses a much better armoured cruiser, the new vessel *Cristobal Colon*. This ship has a complete water-line belt of *c* armour, and the whole of the main deck battery of ten 6-in. Q.F. (D guns of flat trajectory) is similarly protected. Equal armour is also given to thoroughly protected barbettes fore and aft, each of which mounts a 10-in. (B) gun. There are six 4.7 Q.F. guns (E) on the upper deck, and these alone are unprotected. This ship is very nearly proof against shell fire, only a 12-in. Palliser having any prospect of getting into the battery. The trial speed was 20 knots, and the ship being a new one should be good for 17 to 18 knots at sea.

Some naval officers recently played out a fleet action between these various ships with "Naval Kriegspiel."² As allowance was made for bad Spanish gunnery, and as the Kriegspiel is specially designed to solve problems of this kind, its results may possess some approximation to what might be actually expected to happen. In the Kriegspiel battle the more numerous units of Spain proved victorious, though

(1) On trial the *Brooklyn* made an average of almost 22 knots for four hours, and the *New York* about a knot less. But both ships were light, and the trials no criterion whatever as to their actual sea-speeds.

(2) A detailed account of the tactical dispositions adopted, appeared in *The Engineer*, March 4, 1898.

the victory was of a Pyrrhic nature. Ramming tactics were adopted, and these are certainly those that would most likely be attempted by both sides. The Spanish fleet was allowed a couple of destroyers, both of which were sunk, but not until they had effected a timely diversion. Strategically, however, the victory may be said to have rested with the American fleet, for the U.S.A. has a reserve of five monitors, mostly mounting four (B) guns, suitable only for coast operations, but against which Spain would have had nothing left to act with. There are also a number of useless old monitors, relics of the civil war.

In first-class cruisers Spain has one, and America two—the Spaniard is the better ship.

In second-class cruisers Spain has two, the U.S.A. ten. There are three American third-class cruisers against three Spanish. Of inferior cruisers Spain has nine, America twelve. Spain has eight catchers, four destroyers, and a dozen torpedo boats; the Americans have against this only two torpedo boats. It does not, therefore, require very much calculation to gather that Spain cannot, as yet, afford to meet the States on the sea in pitched battle, nor does the future hold any better prospects; America has more ships building than Spain has, and the new American vessels are more superior to the old ones than the new Spanish ones are.¹ It follows, therefore, that to hold her own Spain must be prepared for a long fight, and one in which guerilla tactics will be best. She can only beat the American battleships at the cost of all, or nearly all, her own chief units, and America would still be left with a formidable coast defence squadron of iron-clads. If wise, she would steadfastly avoid any general action (unless both Argentina and Brazil were with her) and confine herself to a dragged out campaign, not seeking to effect any grand coup, but making isolated efforts with her two best ships and the minor craft, recognising that these last would eventually be destroyed. The present spirit of Spanish sailors is favourable for such efforts. It is the people and towns upon the American coast that it will best pay Spain to damage, and the re-engined *Pelayo* should almost be able to do this with impunity for a long while, if only the Dons had the sense to take care of their engines. The *Cristobal Colon* again could do much the same thing, more easily, perhaps, than the *Pelayo*. So long as the American battleships kept together it is unlikely that they would corner these two Spaniards, isolated vessels have always greater mobility than a fleet; and the other Spanish armoured ships should be more than sufficient to stop any blockade of Havana, with a view

(1) Spain has also an old battle-ship, *Vitoria*, recently re-constructed, and a second one being altered. But these ships are too lightly armed to be of much, if any, service, and would probably be left at home. Neither side has men enough for all ships—Spain has of all ranks, 15,845; the United States, 13,218. America has just purchased the second-class cruiser *Amazonas* from Brazil.

to preventing the *Pelayo* and *Colon* from returning thither to coal. Whatever measures America adopted would be expensive, and the expense coupled with the absence of any "glorious victory" for which the American democracy would assuredly look, would quickly create a public distrust in the American admirals. They might be replaced by Captain Mahan; more probably by the loudest talkers to hand. In any case, and assuming Captain Mahan to be placed in supreme command by the popular voice, it by no means follows that that brilliant writer and theorist would be the right man in the right place. From him, too, the American democracy would least stand the more than Fabian tactics that alone could lead to triumph; indeed the greater the ability he displayed, the more quickly would they demand that he should be superseded. Eventually Tammany Hall, or its equivalent, would control the fleet, and then Spain might do as she pleased, for the States would be riven by internal disputes absorbing ever more and more of the energy that should be devoted to the common foe. This, and not a dramatic defeat of the American war-ships, is what Spain must seek for.

That she should do so is, perhaps, a large assumption. In the Cuban campaign nothing has been more evident than Spain's capacity for doing the wrong thing, and there is no valid reason to suppose that her admirals are any better than her generals. Everything depends upon the national crisis producing the right man—if he be found then Spain will come out of the struggle having more than held her own, leaving America a united nation no longer—if he be not found, then she will foolishly seek dramatic glory, and the States will conquer. The average American officer is superior to the average Spanish one; American gunnery is as certainly better, even making allowance for the superiority of the new Canet and Hontoria guns over American models. This superiority in gunnery means that the Spaniards would be almost compelled to seek that close action for which their ships are structurally unfitted. To obtain any victory they would have to be at least two to one; to obtain any victory from which after results could be drawn, three to one.

The whole situation is nothing but a gigantic simile of the farmer, the orchard, and the boys; save that destroyers and torpedo craft, which may well pass for the dog, are not with the farmer but with Spain. Personal courage is a minor detail to either side; good or bad tactics will have but a relatively small effect; strategy will be everything. If Spain adopts a bad strategy, not all the fleets of South American republics will be able to help her to success; if she adopt a good one and carry it out with consistency, then the patriotic citizens of the States may well come to rue the day that the meddling finger of Uncle Sam was thrust into the hornet's nest of Cuba.

FRED. T. JANE.

THE STORY-TELLER AT LARGE: MR. HENRY HARLAND.

WE receive now and then an impression that seems to hint at the advent of a time for looking more closely into the old notion that, to have a quality of his own, a writer must needs draw his sap from the soil of his origin. The great writers of the world have, as a general thing, struck us so as fed by their native air and furnished forth with things near and dear to them, that an author without a country would have come long ago—had any one ever presumed to imagine him—to be a figure as formless as an author without a pen, a publisher or a subject. Such would have been especially, to the inner vision, and for the very best reasons, the deep incongruity of the novelist at large. We are ridden by the influence of types established, and as the novelist is essentially a painter we assign him to his climate and circumstances as confidently as we assign Velasquez and Gainsborough to their schools. Does he not paint the things he knows? and are not the things he knows—knows best, of course—just the things for which he has the warrant of the local, the national consciousness? We settle the question easily—have settled it, that is, once for all; nothing being easier than to appeal for proof, with a fond and loyal glance, to Dickens, to Scott, to Balzac, to Hawthorne, respectively so English, so Scotch, so French, so American, particularly in the matter of subject, to which part of the business an analysis not prone to sin by excess of penetration has mainly found itself confined.

But if our analysis limps along as it may, the elements of the matter and the field of criticism so change and so extend themselves that an increase of refreshment will practically perhaps not be denied us even by the pace obtained. If it was perfectly true earlier in the century and in a larger world—I speak of the globe itself—that he was apt to paint best who painted nearest home, the case may well be, according to some symptoms, in course of modification. Who shall say, at the rate things are going, what is to be “near” home in the future and what is to be far from it? London, in the time of Fenimore Cooper, was fearfully—or perhaps only fortunately—far from Chicago, and Paris stood to London in a relation almost equally awkward for an Easter run, though singularly favourable, on either side, for concentration. The forces that are changing all this need scarce be mentioned at a moment when each day’s breakfast-table—if the morning paper be part of its furniture—fairly bristles with revelations of them. The globe is fast shrinking, for the imagination, to the size of an orange that can be played with; the hurry to and fro over its surface is that of ants when you turn up a stone, and

there are times when we feel as if, as regards his habitat—and especially as regards *here*, for women wander as they have never wandered—almost everyone must have changed place, and changed language, with everyone else. The ancient local concentration that was so involuntary in Dickens and Balzac is less and less a matter of course; and the period is calculably near when successfully to emulate it will figure to the critical eye as a rare and possibly beautiful *tour de force*.

The prospect, surely, therefore, is already interesting, and while it widens and the marks of it multiply we may watch the omens and wonder if they have a lesson for us. I find myself much prompted to some such speculation by Mr. Henry Harland's new volume of *Comedies and Errors*; though I confess that in reading into the influences behind it the idea of dispatiation I take a liberty for which, on its face, it opens no door. To speak of a writer as detached, one must at least know what he is detached from, and in this collection of curiously ingenious prose pieces there is not a single clear sound of the fundamental, the native note, not the tip of a finger held out indeed to any easy classifying. This very fact in itself perhaps constitutes the main scrap of evidence on behalf of a postulate of that particular set of circumstances—those of the transatlantic setting—that lends itself to being most unceremoniously, as it were, escaped from. There is not a single direct glance at American life in these pages, and only two or three implied; but the very oddity of the case is in our gradual impression, as we read, that conclusive proof resides most of all in what is absent, in the very quality that has dropped out. This quality, when it is present, is that of the bird in the cage or the branch on the tree—the fact of being confined, attached, continuous. Mr. Harland is at the worst in a cage of wires remarkably interspaced, and not on the tree save so far as we may suppose it to put forth branches of fantastic length. He is the branch broken off and converted to other useful and agreeable purposes—even in portions to that of giving out, in a state of combustion, charming red and blue flame.

To put it less indirectly, I have found half the interest of *Comedies and Errors* to be the peculiar intensity of that mark of the imagination that may best be described as the acute sense of the "Europe"—synthetic symbol!—of the American mind, and that therefore, until Asia and Africa shall pour in their contingent of observers, we are reduced to regarding as almost the sharpest American characteristic. If it be not quite always the liveliest of all, it is certainly the liveliest on the showing of such work as I here consider, the author's maturest—work which probably gives quite the best occasion the critic in quest of an adventure can find to-day for sounding, by way of a change, the mystery of what nutrition may eventually be offered to those artistic spirits for whom the "countries" are committed to

the process, that I have glanced at, of overlapping and getting mixed. A special instance is illuminating, and Mr. Harland is a distinguished one. He is the more of one that he has clearly thought out a form—of great interest and promise, a form that tempers the obscurity of our question by eliminating one danger. If we are to watch the “cosmopolitan” painter on trial, it will always be so much to the good for him that he has mastered a method and learned how to paint. Then we may, with all due exhilaration, set down all his shipwrecks to his unanchored state.

Mr. Harland’s method is that of the “short story” which has of late become an object of such almost extravagant dissertation. If it has awaked to consciousness, however, it has doubtless only done what most things are doing in an age of organized talk. It took itself, in the comparatively silent years, less seriously, and there was perhaps a more general feeling that you both wrote and read your short story best when you did so in peace and patience. To turn it out, at any rate, as well as possible, by private, and almost diffident, instinct and reflection, was a part of the general virtue of the individual, the kind of virtue that shunned the high light of the public square. The public square is now the whole city, and, taking us all in, has acoustic properties so remarkable that thoughts barely whispered in a corner are heard all over the place. Therefore each of us already knows what every other of us thinks of the short story, though he knows perhaps at the same time that not every other can write it. Anything we may say about it is at best but a compendium of the current wisdom. It is a form delightful and difficult, and with one of these qualities—as, for that matter, one of them almost everywhere is—the direct reason of the other. It is an easy thing, no doubt, to do a little with, but the interest quickens at a high rate on an approximation to that liberal *more* of which we speedily learn it to be capable. The charm I find in Mr. Harland’s tales is that he is always trying for the more, for the extension of the picture, the full and vivid summary, and trying with an art of ingenuity, an art of a reflective order, all alive with felicities and delicacies.

Are there not two quite distinct effects to be produced by this rigour of brevity—the two that best make up for the many left unachieved as requiring a larger canvas? The one with which we are most familiar is that of the detached incident, single and sharp, as clear as a pistol-shot; the other, of rarer performance, is that of the impression, comparatively generalised—simplified, foreshortened, reduced to a particular perspective—of a complexity or a continuity. The former is an adventure comparatively safe, in which you have, for the most part, but to put one foot after the other. It is just the risks of the latter, on the contrary, that make the best of the sport. These are naturally—given the general reduced scale—immense, for nothing is less intelligible than bad foreshortening, which, if it fails to

mean everything intended, means less than nothing. It is to Mr. Harland's honour that he always "goes in" for the risks. *The Friend of Man*, for instance, is an attempt as far removed as possible from the snap of the pistol-shot; it is an excellent example of the large in a small dose, the smaller form put on its mettle and trying to do—by sharp selection, composition, presentation and the sacrifice of verbiage—what the longer alone is mostly supposed capable of. It is the picture of a particular figure—eccentric, comic, pathetic, tragic—disengaged from old remembrances, encounters, accidents, exhibitions and exposures, and resolving these glimpses and patches into the unity of air and feeling that makes up a character. It is all a matter of odds and ends recovered and interpreted. The "story" is nothing, the subject everything, and the manner in which the whole thing becomes expressive strikes me as an excellent specimen of what can be done on the minor scale when art comes in. There are, of course, particular effects that insist on space, and the thing, above all, that the short story has to renounce is the actual *pursuit* of a character. Temperaments and mixtures, the development of a nature, are shown us perforce in a tale, as they are shown us in life, only by illustration more or less copious and frequent; and the drawback is that when the tale is short the figure, before we have had time to catch up with it, gets beyond and away, dips below the horizon made by the little square of space that we have accepted.

Yet, in the actual and prospective flood of fiction, the greatest of all the streams that empty into the sea of the verbose, the relief may still be immense that comes even from escapes for which we pay by incidental losses. We are often tempted to wonder if almost any escape is not better than mere submersion. *Petit-Bleu*, in this volume, *Cousin Rosalys*, *Tirala-Tirala*, *Rooms*, all show the same love of evocation for evocation's sake, if need be; the successful suggestion of conditions, states, circumstances, aspects; the suggestion of the feeling of things in youth, of the remembrance of this feeling in age; the suggestion, above all, of that most difficult of all things for the novelist to render, the duration of time, the drag and friction of its passage, the fact that things have not taken place, as the fashionable fables of our day, with their terrific abuse of dialogue and absence of composition, seem to have embraced the mission of representing, just in the hour or two it may take to estimate the manner of the book. The feeling of things—in especial of the particular place, of the lost and regretted period and chance, always, to fond fancy, supremely charming and queer and exquisite—is, in fact, Mr. Harland's general subject and most frequent inspiration. And what I find characteristic and curious in this is that the feeling is, in the most candid way in the world, but with new infatuations and refinements, the feeling of the American for his famous Europe.

It is a very wonderful thing, this Europe of the American in

general and of the author of *Comedies and Errors* in particular—in particular, I say, because Mr. Harland tends, in a degree quite his own, to give it the romantic and tender voice, the voice of fancy pure and simple, without the disturbance of other elements, such as comparison and reaction, either violent or merciful. He is not even “international,” which is, after all, but another way, perhaps, of being a slave to the “countries,” possibly twice or even three times a jingo. It is a complete surrender of that province of the mind with which registration and subscription have to do. Thus is presented a disencumbered, sensitive surface for the wonderful Europe to play on. The question for the critic is that of the value of what this surface, so liberally, so artfully prepared, may give back. What strikes me as making the author of the volume before me a case to watch, as I have said, is that fact that he has a form so compact and an execution so light and firm. He is just yet, I think, a little too much everywhere, a trifle astray, as regards his inspiration, in the very wealth of his memories and the excess, even, of his wit—specimens of which I might gather, had I space, from the charming *Invisible Prince*, from *The Queen's Pleasure*, from *Flower o' the Clove*, from each indeed, I have noted as I read, of these compositions.

He is lost in the vision, all whimsical and picturesque, of palace secrets, rulers and pretenders and ministers of bewilderingly light comedy, in undiscoverable Balkan States, Bohemias of the seaboard, where the queens have platonic friendships with professional English, though not American, humourists; in the heavy, many-voiced air of the old Roman streets and of the high Roman saloons where cardinals are part of the furniture; in the hum of prodigious Paris, heard in corners of old cafés; in the sense of the deep English background as much as that of any of these; in a general facility of reference, in short, to the composite spectacle and the polyglot doom. Most of his situations are treated in the first person, and as they skip across frontiers and pop up in parks and palaces they give us the impression that, all suffused with youth as the whole thing seems, it is the play of a memory that has had half-a-dozen lives. Nothing is more charming in it than the reverberation of the old delicate, sociable France that the author loves most of all to conjure up and that fills the exquisite little picture of *Rooms* with an odour of faint lavender in wonderful bowls and a rustle of ancient silk on polished floors. But these, I dare say, are mere exuberances of curiosity and levities of independence. He has, as I have sufficiently hinted, the sense of subject and the sense of shape, and it is when, under the coercion of these things, he really stops and begins to dig that the critic will more attentively look out for him. Then we shall come back to the question of soil—the question with which I started—and of the possible ups and downs, as an artist, of the citizen of the world.

HENRY JAMES.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES FOR WOMEN.

So far back as 1882, a ponderous Government Blue Book was issued containing an "Abstract of the Quinquennial Returns of Sickness and Mortality, experienced by Friendly Societies" for the quinquennial periods lying between 1855 and 1875. These returns had been first enforced by the great centralising Friendly Societies' Act of 1829, as an additional financial safeguard demanded on the granting of larger legal privileges and further concessions to members. For half a century there has been an unceasing flow of these five-yearly returns into the depository at Abingdon Street; but in 1881 an order was issued that no further ones would be required, and the several secretaries of societies and branches were relieved of this onerous duty. Sufficient material (it was announced) was at the disposal of the actuarial department of the Friendly Societies' Central Registry office. It may well have been a case of inability to say, "And yet there is room." The late Mr. A. G. Finaison dealt with that portion of the gigantic mass of financial data which had accumulated up to 1850, and another distinguished actuary, the Elder Neison, made large use of these same returns in his *magnum opus*, "Contributions to Vital Statistics." The unstinted wealth of data, however, which still remained to be dealt with, will in some measure be realised, when we are told that it embraces nearly four and a-half millions of years of lives exposed to sickness, having a sickness experience exceeding eight million weeks; while the total number of years of lives exposed to death amounted to over four millions and a-half, and the mortality experienced exceeded sixty thousand. Under such circumstances it was not to be wondered that a considerable period must intervene before the Report of the Actuary to the Central Office, promised in a memorandum attached to the preliminary publication of 1882, should be forthcoming. But at last it appeared in the form of a still larger Blue Book of over thirteen hundred foolscap pages, the outcome of twenty years' work on the part of Mr. W. Sutton and his assistants at Abingdon Street. It is not unreasonable to suppose that, had the Treasury been somewhat more lavish of outlay, instead of only giving out supplies in dribblets, there would have been no need for the twenty and odd years of waiting for results; Friendly Society secretaries would not have complained of labours in vain; financial reformers would have been stimulated to greater efforts; and the injurious effects which, we fear, these prolonged labours have had upon the health of the Government Actuary employed, might have been avoided. Such considerations, however, should not lessen our gratitude at being at length able

to taste of the fruits of the accumulated labours of Friendly Society and Government officials. And so far as Friendly Societies for Women are concerned, the issue of the Report before us is most important. In order, however, to show this, we must ask the reader to take a look back.

A hundred years and more ago we know, on the authority of Sir Frederick Eden and others, that female benefit clubs were very general. A few years later, however, they rapidly began to decline, and ultimately all but disappeared. There was a brief revival in the thirties, at which time we hear of imitation of the then spreading male affiliated orders under such titles as Oddwomen, Oddsisters, Loving Sisters, Female Foresters, and the like. But it was only for a time.

The reasons of the failure to provide women with full Friendly Society benefits are not far to seek. The Societies were, for the most part, of an old, and now happily superseded, type. There was a want of organisation, a looseness of government, and an absence of sound finance about them; consequently, they had no "staying" powers. When any strain was put upon the funds, there was a collapse. They admitted members on an annual uniform premium, whether they entered at eighteen or forty-five years of age; a ruinous practice which has brought to dissolution thousands upon thousands of the older Friendly Societies. Many of them, indeed, were founded before the dawn of the science of vital statistics. Some few of these old-fashioned clubs still remain with us; but, at the best, they lead an attenuated existence. The rules are for the most part unregistered; while a glaring abuse is too common in the enforced payment of a portion of the members' contributions "for the good of the house" in which they hold their meetings. There is one club which, so far as the writer is aware, still meets in the sanded parlour of a wayside inn near Nottingham, where its members may be seen taking their "pints" and smoking their "churchwardens." In justice it must be allowed that attempts at reform were made, of which we have evidence in the establishment at Wolverhampton of "The Reformed Order of Oddwomen." The objects of the order are quaintly put in the introduction to the rules as being "The cultivation of friendship, the pleasures of good company, and the improvement of the morals . . . for the attainment of which a number of individuals of the first respectability have formed themselves into a fraternity." Rule 2 has also an old-world flavour about it—"Every Oddwoman cheerfully subscribes her art to enliven the meetings, as well as her money to defray the expenses of the lodge, and entertains as with a song, amuses as with a tale, or instructs with advice her sisters assembled." The spirit of such a rule carried out in general society would undoubtedly do much to improve its quality. It must also be borne in mind that there is a considerable moiety of women in male societies,

which they are allowed, if not encouraged, to enter; besides, there are local female societies, a special production of the North.

Coming to the present, there is no need to demonstrate the necessity of Friendly Society benefits for women, when we remember that we have a veritable nation of them in our midst equal to the combined populations of Scotland and Wales; and that the some half-dozen occupations of women to be discovered in the census of 1831, have now grown into the two hundred and more of the census of 1891. The question with us now is, how best to confer on women their equality of economic rights.

Till the last year or two, with the exception of a few Rechabites and Abstemious Sisters of the Phoenix, the great male affiliated or federated orders uniformly declined to admit females into their ranks and to open lodges and courts for women. The old order has, however, at length given way to new. The Ancient Order of Foresters was the first society to throw open its doors to women, and to establish female Courts of the Order. This new policy was largely the result of the skilful advocacy of women's claims on the part of the late indefatigable permanent secretary, Mr. Ballan Stead. The great kindred society, the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, has at present stopped at the half-way house. The majority of delegates assembled at the last annual Movable Committee declined to establish female lodges as part and parcel of the Order; accordingly, the societies that have been opened have no financial connection with the unity or claims upon it, being no more than independent bodies established at the instigation of members of the Order. A memorandum has been issued to the effect that these lodges "will not be *branches* of the Order"; and that their establishment "does not confer upon the members thereof any right of representation at district meetings, or the privileges of adult membership." Other large male societies of the affiliated type are preparing to follow, more or less, the lead set them by the Foresters.

It is obvious that, whatever opinion may be held as to the desirability of male societies establishing female branches, a strong case exists for the promotion of separate and distinct friendly societies, managed wholly or in part by women, and consisting of women only as members.

In January, 1885, the present writer was privileged to found, at a time when the male affiliated societies refused to admit female members, the United Sisters, Suffolk Unity. The first court was established in Long Milford, Suffolk. The number of branches has now grown to twenty-four, the society having taken root in both urban and rural districts. It is composed of females only—the registry office regulations do not admit of the use of the word "women"—who may be admitted between the ages of one and

forty-five. The benefits open to the "Sisters" are the usual sickness and funeral, with superannuation or deferred annuities, and a maternity fund. The society may be said to embrace all classes of women, whether manual or brain workers, single or married, and to specially meet the economic needs of women in the professions. A "Work and Leisure" Court has been established in London, largely through the exertions of Miss Louisa Hubbard, Miss Sophia Beale, Miss Helen Blackburn, and others. There are also a few other benefit clubs open to women only, such as the Church of England Temperance and the Oxford Women's Friendly Society. And, as we have seen, preparations are being made for friendly rivalry on the part of the larger male affiliated orders. The present moment is consequently one fraught with large consequences to the economic future of women workers—an ever-increasing host. For it is obvious that the stability of the movement for women's friendly societies must depend upon the financial arrangements and management of these bodies. A good beginning is more than half the battle in a matter of vital statistics and sound monetary conditions. It is a question of taking the right road or the wrong road, and it is also a question of altering the direction already taken, should there be reasonable cause shown, while a society is as yet at the beginning of its journey.

Considerations such as these make the issue of Mr. Sutton's report, with its Government monetary tables of contributions based on a large body of female sickness and mortality experience, a matter for congratulation. For we have in this report the results of an examination and investigation into a body of data which, up to the present, has not been available to actuaries. It will also be of considerable interest and value to compare with the Government Blue Book a "Report upon an Inquiry into the sickness experience of the United Sisters' Friendly Society" during the five years—January 1st, 1891, to January 1st, 1896—the quinquennial period covered by the valuation prepared in 1896. The report has been most carefully and skilfully drawn up by Miss Mary T. Worsley, Organising Secretary, and, taken together with the report of the Valuers, Messrs. R. Watson & Sons, this inquiry may be said to contain the results arrived at (and the consequent lessons to be learned therefrom) in the only recently-formed friendly society for women which has been long enough in existence, as well as sufficiently extensive, to be able to collect and furnish the necessary data, taken from exhaustive returns specially made for the purpose by the secretaries of the several branches. This compact body of experience is, perhaps, all the more valuable because it emphatically deals with existing conditions, while the Government returns available for Mr. Sutton's report do not go beyond 1875.

To take Mr. Sutton first.¹ His report deals with 139,122 years of female lives exposed to sickness risk, and an actual experience of 146,793 weeks of sickness, extending over a period of twenty years. We are indebted to Mr. T. Abbott, actuary, for the following extracts from a table prepared by him for the benefit of the Foresters:—

COMPARISON OF ANNUAL CONTRIBUTIONS NEEDED TO MEET A SICK BENEFIT ON £1 PER WEEK THROUGHOUT LIFE.

Age Last Birthday.	Foresters' Male Experience, 1871-5.	Sutton's Female Experience, 1856-75.	Sutton's Male Experience.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
18	1 13 8½	2 3 9½	1 18 0½
20	1 15 4½	2 6 3	2 0 1
25	2 0 9½	2 13 2½	2 6 4½
30	2 7 11½	3 1 11½	2 14 10½
35	2 17 2½	3 12 11½	3 5 9½

In the above table the funds are estimated to fructify at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. compound interest. The excess of female over male sickness experience is at once seen to be serious, when considered from a monetary point of view, as to the amount of additional liability it will bring to the society. And the risks to the society are the more serious, when we find, by means of further detailed comparison, that while the cost of a sickness insurance of under two years' duration is slightly in favour of the females after twenty-six years of age, at all ages the cost of a sickness over two years' duration is very greatly against them. The average cost of a sickness benefit for females is seen to be 28 per cent. in excess of that for the Foresters (males). Nor do we find that Mr. Sutton's male experience, though very considerably in excess of that of the Foresters, comes near to that of his female experience.

Speaking generally, there seems to be no question that females are more liable to an excess of sickness over that of males during the early years of membership, while at the end of life the advantage is very frequently on the side of the women. This fact alone would make the need of tables based on their own experience the more imperative, in order to check inroads upon sick funds at a period when they ought to be fructifying at compound interest against the denser sick claims of a later period. The effect of a current ratio of interest equal to that expected by the tables in use has not been sufficiently understood.

Before making any observations or deductions, let us examine the

(1) I must here express my indebtedness to Mr. Thomas Abbott, actuary (Sheffield) of the Foresters, for his lucid explanation of Mr. Sutton's tables, and comparison with those prepared for the Foresters by Mr. Neison.—*Vide Foresters' Quarterly Report.*

witness of the United Sisters' Society. Turning to the second valuation (1890-95) of the assets, realised and prospective, and liabilities of the several courts or branches, we discover a net deficiency, whereas the first valuation showed a small net surplus. It must be remembered that we are now leaving out of consideration the deferred annuities of a hundred members as well as Unity and district funeral funds, and are only dealing with the court sick funds. As a matter of fact, the Unity and district funds show a relatively large surplus of assets over liabilities. The valuers' report makes it at once clear that the sickness experience of the society so exceeded that allowed for in the standard tables used (Manchester Unity experience, male) that an increase of 5 per cent. to the tables' values had to be added; and to meet the estimated deficiency, the society's valuers, Messrs. R. Watson & Sons, have advised that about 10 per cent. should be added to present sickness contributions, which were in part based on Ratcliff's Manchester Unity experience. A table of monthly contributions is given below, by which the present rates are compared with those based on the experience of friendly societies (female) shown by Mr. Sutton, which increased rates the society has now adopted :—

BENEFITS.				BENEFITS.			
6s. First Six Months; 3s. After; £4 at Death.				8s. First Six Months; 4s. After; £5 at Death.			
Ages.	Contributions.			Ages.	Contributions.		
	Proposed.	s. d.	Present.		Proposed.	s. d.	Present.
16 to 20 . . .	0	10½	0 9	16 to 20 . . .	1	2	1 0
21 „ 25 . . .	0	11½	0 10	21 „ 25 . . .	1	3	1 1
29 „ 31 . . .	1	2	1 0	29 „ 31 . . .	1	6	1 3½
34 and 35 . . .	1	3	1 2	34 and 35 . . .	1	8	1 6
38 „ 39 . . .	1	5	1 4	38 „ 39 . . .	1	10½	1 9

Miss Worsley has made a careful analysis of the sickness returns under the heads of "Influenza," "Anæmia," "Debility," and "Other Causes," with the following results :—"That out of a total of 992 cases, 221, or 23 per cent., have been due to 'Influenza'; 76 cases, or 8 per cent., due to 'Anæmia'; and 66 cases, or 7 per cent., due to what is termed 'Debility'; the remaining 629 cases, or 62 per cent., being due to other causes. There are, however, 134 cases unaccounted for in Courts Victoria, Loyal Clifford, and Constance, which have been included under the head of 'Other Causes.' It is probable that a certain proportion of these were due to the three causes above specified. Influenza has, therefore, probably been responsible for about 25 per cent. of the sickness, and Anæmia and Debility together for about 15 per cent."

In the matter of duration of sickness the experience of the United Sisters compares favourably with that of Mr. Sutton's friendly societies (female), as out of 992 cases 3 per cent. were under 6 days, 62 per cent. from 6 to 24 days, 21 per cent. from 25 to 48 days, and

only 14 per cent. over 48 days. A few of the shorter cases have, however, been identified as portions of longer cases divided between two returns, while several long-period cases would have been returned in two shorter periods. But, after making all due allowance, the results are reassuring upon this head.

Another feature of interest in Miss Worsley's report is the comparison between the cases of sickness occurring among distant members and those "who are more in touch with the court and under the control of the officers." The result shows the longer average duration of the former in a striking degree; since, omitting Court "Work and Leisure" (London), which for the most part has only distant members, we get of sick cases among resident members a percentage of 32, extending over 24 days, as compared with the heavier percentage of 46 in cases among distant members.

The table treating of the occupations of members is also of special interest, because Mr. Sutton was unable to deal with this important factor in his report.

PERCENTAGES OF SICK MEMBERS TO TOTAL MEMBERS IN ALL COURTS,
ACCORDING TO OCCUPATIONS.

Occupations.	Number of Members in all Courts, 1st January, 1896.	Approximate Average Number of Cases of Sickness per Annum taken from the Five Years' Return Divided by Number of Years.	Percentage of Sick Cases on Number of Members.
(A) Domestic Service and Matrons (Schools and Institutions) .	366	54	14
(B) Elementary Teachers and Governesses .	133	20	16
(C) Office (Clerks and Secretaries and Post Office) .	15	4	26
(D) Factory and Laundry .	184	57	30
(E) Shop Assistants, Barmaids, and Shopkeepers .	83	12	14
(F) Sick Nurses .	35	5	14
(G) Dressmaking, Millinery, and Tailoring (not Factory) .	95	19	21
(H) Daily Work—Charing and Washing .	25	7	27
(I) Without Paid Occupation, including Wives .	211	37	17

The results are pretty much the expected. Factory and laundry have been always considered comparatively unhealthy occupations. As regards "C., office," the numbers are too small for the fair play of the law of averages. The light sickness, however, of "sick nurses" is surprising, and only in a less degree the respective sick rates of "E" and "A." "Without paid occupation and wives" come out well from the ordeal. Here, it is probable, the need to take out sick pay is not so great as in the other occupations.

To sum up: It is evident that the practice of allowing women to insure for a sick benefit and charging them in accordance with male rates is very unsound. If a friendly society for women is to be established on a firm financial basis, it must charge its members contributions which will cover the liabilities those members bring, and the contributions should be calculated on Mr. Sutton's average female experience, and be from time to time revised, if necessary, in the light of the society's own experience.

However good actuarially the tables may be with which a society begins to work, revision is often necessary to meet local conditions or special circumstances. And the cardinal principle in friendly society finance of *building up reserves* to meet future and increasing claims cannot be too strongly enforced.

Mr. Sutton has also done well to lay stress on "the personal equation" of management. The best tables without efficient and economical management will be made of no avail. The hearty and active co-operation of all members, when it comes to the due safeguarding of the funds for the common benefit of all, is imperative in a well-managed society. The note of warning struck some years ago by Mr. Gladstone is too often needed; "You go," he said, "into these societies to seek your own good through the good of others." In mutual thrift there must always be the active principle of altruism at work.

It may be said that members cannot well join too young, provided they undergo a second medical examination between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. The Amended Friendly Societies Act now allows a *continuous* membership from the age of one year till the end of life. The advantages of such membership are great: the early years of life lay up for the latter years, whilst the need of transfer from a separate juvenile society to an adult is obviated.

There is the further "personal equation" of the doctor, and I am afraid he is not always careful enough in the matter of examination. The experience of the United Sisters has also shown that after a sickness of eight weeks the committee of management should be empowered to have a second medical opinion, if thought desirable. It has been found advisable to make a rule that no member should draw more than six months' full sick pay in any twelve calendar months; and if a member has been in receipt of full pay for six months, she should not again claim full pay until she has been off the sick fund altogether for twelve months. That a sick member should call off the sick fund, and then call on again, after a very brief interval, for a slightly different illness, is a contingency to be guarded against.

A portion of the excess of female sickness experience in the Government return is without doubt due to the frequent inclusion of maternity benefits; and societies should take care to insure only for

ordinary sickness, while at the same time opening a maternity fund as a separate insurance.

With regard to what a sick member (female) may do when on the sick fund, the hard-and-fast line drawn in male societies often operates with undue severity. The special rule of the United Sisters that "no work which either brings in earnings, or is considered by the doctor to be injurious to recovery, may be done by sisters who are in receipt of sick pay" has worked well, and, so far as the experience of the court goes, it has not, when duly safeguarded by the visits of the sick visitors, been found liable to abuse.

Full actuarial solvency is not likely to be found in any friendly society until sickness contracts terminate at sixty-five years of age, and the disability of age, as distinct from the disability of sickness during the working period of life, is separately provided for. This regulation is the more imperative in friendly societies for women, because, on the average, female life is two years longer than that of males. This is favourable to mortality experience, but operates against a lifelong sickness insurance. In the Unity Funeral Fund of the U. S. F. S., while the expectation of deaths was 32, the actual experience was only 16. Unquestionably, as has been seen, a large percentage of sickness was the result of influenza and anæmia among the young members, generally during the first two years of membership. Very possibly these causes may lessen in their influence during another quinquennial period. It is, however, unmistakable that the promoters of friendly societies for women should take all possible care to make use of the significant results which have been brought to light by Mr. Sutton's laborious investigation. It is also to be hoped that the special report of the Organising Secretary of the United Sisters will shortly be made public, and that kindred societies will not be slow to avail themselves of the lessons it conveys.

Much debatable matter has been cleared up, obstacles to progress have been removed, theories have been brought to the test of experience. The doubters and critics—who are many—can now venture on what will be to them new ground with doubts dispelled and fears allayed. We repeat, that the results of Mr. Sutton's labours should at once and without undue delay be made use of. The pioneer work of the United Sisters will not have been thrown away if advantage is taken of an experience which, though short in point of time, has been, the present writer ventures to think, fruitful and beneficial. The net gain is that all those women who are interested in themselves obtaining, or helping their sisters to obtain, full friendly society benefits with actuarial solvency, are now enabled "to take courage and go forward."

J. FROME WILKINSON.

BRITISH TRADE AND THE INTEGRITY OF CHINA.

IN the debate on China in the House of Commons on March 1st, the following motion was accepted by the Government, and passed without a division :—

“That it is of vital importance for British commerce and influence that the independence of Chinese territory should be maintained.”

During the debate on the motion, Mr. Curzon observed that he had not any great belief in the inherent stability of the Chinese Government; that China was being pressed from every side, and was incapacitated from successful resistance by defects in her Government and institutions; and that he could well foresee she is confronted in the future by even greater dangers than she had to meet in the past. But, speaking for the Government, he declared “our policy is and must be to prevent her disruption so far as we can, and to secure for her that fresh lease of life to which her immense and magnificent resources entitle her.”

In March, 1894, four years before the debate, I urged, in an article on “Western nations and Eastern markets,” that the designs of France and Russia upon China, and the approaching completion of the Siberian Railway, together with her own inherent weakness, particularly on the seaboard, should teach China that the goodwill of non-aggressive foreign nations was of the utmost importance for the preservation of the integrity of her dominions; and I pointed out that :—

“Such knowledge should, and in all likelihood will, lead her to further extend the European stake in her markets by increasing the number of treaty ports; reducing her provincial taxation on goods in transit, which at present throttles commerce, particularly in Southern and Western China; and by throwing open the whole of her navigable rivers to steam navigation. Thus trade would increase by leaps and bounds, and other manufacturing nations, besides our own, would look with angry eyes at the threatened encroachment of France and Russia upon the Celestial Empire, which, if carried out, would close its vast and highly-promising markets to their commerce.”

My advice appears now to be bearing fruit. It has apparently been accepted by our own Government and, at its instance, by the Government of China. China has thrown open her rivers to steam-navigation; she has issued a proclamation enforcing the provincial authorities to recognise and act up to our transit treaty-rights, thus relieving foreign trade in transit from provincial taxation; and, if the Peking correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt* may be believed, at

the instance of Baron von Heyking, an Imperial edict has been issued allowing foreign goods to be introduced, duty free (i.e., probably after payment of the import duty of 5 per cent. and the transit duty of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. as fixed by the treaty-tariff), in original packages, to all places in the interior of China, on condition that the packages shall be transported, unopened, to their final destination. This latter is a boon that I have for many years, acting through the Chambers of Commerce, pressed our Government to obtain. Moreover, Mr. Curzon, during the debate I have alluded to, declared, on the part of our Government, that "Our belief is that the integrity of China, which we are asked by this motion to safeguard, is most likely to be secured by throwing open China to the interests and intercourse of the whole world. . . . The more Powers—the more civilised Powers—you interest in China, the more likely you are to be able to sustain her integrity and welfare."

Notwithstanding the many brave speeches made by our Ministers on the platform, there is good reason to believe that Germany has treated their words as wind, and does not intend to bind herself to refrain from preying on China and restricting the area of trade for other nations. If she were to refrain from doing so, she would be stultifying the declarations that have been made by her Foreign Minister, Herr von Bulow, in the Reichstag. On December 6th, in referring to the policy of Germany in the Far East, he stated that "The time is gone by when other nations can divide the earth and Germans reserve for themselves the sky."

Again, on February 8th, the very day Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour were assuring Parliament that there was no conflict of view between the German and Russian Governments and our own, Herr von Bulow was placidly referring to the fifty kilometre zone, as the "German zone," and was assuring the Reichstag that, "In Kiao-Chau, English, French, and Russian interests are equally far removed, so that our interests there do not touch those of any Power."

As to our declared policy of the "open door," the German Foreign Minister plainly stated that he would not commit himself to it, especially as regards Foreign Powers. He would not go further than to say that he thought "it would best correspond with German interests in the future to make Kiao-Chau a free port." Our new Commercial Treaty with Germany is now on the *tapis*, and to flout us over-much at the present moment might have disagreeable consequences for Germany. What will happen when that Treaty is concluded, time will show. It was after this speech of Herr von Bulow that our Government determined to safeguard our area for trade to a limited extent by entering into the Agreement with China which includes the following important arrangement, which virtually places the Yangtse region under British protection :—

"In view of the great importance attached by Great Britain to the retention of the Yangtse region in Chinese possession, the Chinese Government have formally intimated to the British Government that there can be no question of territory, in the valley or region of the Yangtse, being mortgaged, leased, or ceded to any Power."

We have seen that Germany is apparently bent upon dividing the portion of China lying to the north of the Yangtse region with Russia, and upon fomenting a quarrel between England and France over the division of the remainder. She doubtless hopes to secure the provinces of Shantung and Shansi, and part of Shensi, Kansu, and Honan as her share of the spoil; leaving the Chinese province of Pe-chili, together with the three Manchurian provinces and Mongolia, Chinese Turkestan and Thibet, to Russia. Thus her power in Asia would about balance that of Russia, and she would have an enormous preserve for the extension of her commerce. She would never otherwise have propounded and initiated a scheme whereby the Chinese Empire would be broken into four fragments, two of which, under France and Russia, would be closed to her trade by prohibitive tariffs.

Now, it is evident that neither Russia nor France looked upon the intervention and proffered aid of Germany with favour. Whatever the designs of these two Powers upon the integrity of China may be, neither of them considered the time opportune for their fulfilment, and neither of them desired to share the spoil with Germany. Russia considered that she had an imminent war with Japan on her hands over Korea, and that, anyhow, it would be too early for her to take action in Manchuria before the completion of the Siberian-Pacific Railway. Moreover, by seizing Kiao-Chau, Germany seized a port that, during the winters of the two or three previous years, had harboured the Russian fleet, and for the lease of which, Russia at the very time was negotiating with China. Besides this, it was naturally inferred that Germany intended to acquire a large share of what Russia considered she herself was the natural heir to. Prince Oukhtomsky is known to be the personal friend of the Emperor of Russia, so the views of the Emperor on the subject were probably expressed correctly by that Prince's organ, the *St. Petersburg Vedomosti*, early in December last, a day or so after Germany had demanded Kiao-Chau Bay from China, and about a fortnight before the doctrine of the "mailed fist" was launched at Kief. The journal urged that :—

"If the Germans introduce fresh elements of trouble into China, other States, and especially angry Japan, will not remain mere spectators, and Russia in her proper senses could not allow that part of the world to become a second Africa for the white man."

Aggression in China was not popular in France, outside a small clique of hungry projectors and officials looking for promotion. France had received more than she bargained for in her last war with

China; and her colonies in Indo-China had proved not only unremunerative but a heavy burden. She had enough banditti to deal with in Tonkin without hankering after several millions more in the unruly provinces of South-Eastern China. Germany's action was, therefore, not looked on with favour by France in general, otherwise than as being vexatious to England. It was Germany that was initiating the disintegration of China. Why then should we have meekly passed over the action of Germany, and then turn and howl in one pack at Russia because it was bent upon following a course that had been practically sanctioned by Lord Salisbury in his speech at the Mansion House in November, 1895, and after Mr. Balfour's speeches at Bristol in the following February, and at Manchester in January last, which invited Russia to take the necessary steps to obtain an ice-free port?

Russia's late action against us in Korea and in connection with our projected Anglo-Chinese loan has been vexatious, but her demands on China in respect to Port Arthur, and for leave to make a branch railway to connect her main line with that ice-free port, are only such as we should have made in like circumstances. In fact, Russia is so placed that she must obtain an ice-free port even at the cost of a war with Japan, which she evidently expects and is preparing for. It would be rampant folly on our part to war against Russia in order to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for Japan. Unless we allow Russian action or Russian pressure at Peking and Seoul in any way to interfere with our privileges or rights in Chinese Manchuria and Korea, I fail to see what cause we have for making a fuss. Indeed, if we resolutely determine to carry out our own policy of keeping the markets of the Far East open on equal terms to the trade of the world, I do see cause for rejoicing in the intention of Russia and Germany to improve the position of their and our customers, and thus their purchasing power, by the construction of railways.

Of course, it is the duty of our Government to come to a clear understanding with Germany and Russia that, in the ports leased by China to them, we shall receive equality of treatment and taxation with their own subjects; and that there shall be no preferential rates on their railways. It is likewise necessary to note that with Kiaochau connected with the main Chinese system of railways by a branch line, and Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan in Russian hands, and connected with the main Russian and Chinese system of railways, the trade of Northern China as well as that of Chinese Manchuria and Mongolia, and of Eastern Asiatic-Russia, will, for several months in the year, find its way to these ice-free ports. It is, therefore, all the more important that there should be equal treatment on these lines and at these ports for all nations. If there is not, it will be an act of commercial war that the United Kingdom, the United States, Austro-

Hungary, Italy, Japan, and other nations concerned, would have a right to resent.

With Russia at Port Arthur and Germany at Kiao-Chau there can be no doubt that, unless we can by hook or by crook get possession of either Ta-lien-wan or of Wei-hai-wei, we shall be at an enormous disadvantage in case of future warlike operations in the Northern Chinese and Korean Seas. If we allow China to cede Ta-lien-wan as well as Port Arthur to Russia, and if Japan determines and is able to keep Wei-hai-wei, we shall only have the open and unprotected roads of Chefoo on the whole length of the Chinese coast, from the Yangtse northwards, to anchor our fleet in for many months in the year, in case of war. The question of Ta-lien-wan is, *pace* Lord Salisbury, a serious one for us. Port Arthur is all that Russia can rightfully demand as a naval base. To demand Ta-lien-wan as well, is, in my opinion, merely working to our detriment, and I trust that its cession to Russia will be vigorously and successfully opposed, and that it will be acquired by us.

Whatever the rumoured demands of France may be, the further disintegration of China has probably been brought to a halt for some years, at least, by the firm attitude of resistance taken up by the British nation, and the growing sympathy for our policy that has even been displaying itself in Germany and in France. Even the restless German Emperor may come to the same frame of mind, though it appears that Germany is now raising a claim to the whole of the province of Shantung, which contains about one-twelfth of the population of China, as being within her sphere of influence, and this notwithstanding that it includes the treaty port of Chefoo, and the naval base of Wei-hai-wei which is now occupied by Japan. Every day that passes, our position for successfully coping with the designs of such nations who would fain consider themselves the "heirs of China," is being strengthened. The United States and Japan, and still more recently Austro-Hungary, have shown a strong inclination to range themselves on our side in defence of their own and our interest, and it is daily becoming more recognised by other trading nations that the desire of aggressive nations to shut off the trade of one-fourth of the inhabitants of the world from them is a matter that deeply affects their interests and far more deeply the interests of their descendants. The fulfilment of such desires would not only mean the destruction of the Chinese Empire, but would be an act of commercial warfare against them, an act that would be more and more felt as their struggle for existence increased with the growth of their population.

The struggle for existence is daily becoming fiercer. This is mainly owing to the ever-increasing horde that is being driven to seek a livelihood in manufacturing and distributing pursuits. The last census showed that since the commencement of the century the

population of Great Britain had more than trebled, notwithstanding the great and constant flow of emigration to the United States and our Colonies, whereby they have been largely filled up. Even assuming that the population of Ireland remains stationary, and that emigration from Great Britain increases in ratio to the population; at the present rate of increase, at the close of next century the inhabitants of the British Isles will number fully a hundred and thirty-five millions. The acquirement, maintenance, and development of markets for our ever-increasing manufactures is thus a matter of growing importance to us. Other manufacturing nations are more or less in the same plight, and the result has been the fierce scramble for territory which has led to the partitionment of Africa, Borneo, New Guinea, and Indo-China; and to the hurrying of armed hosts to Eastern Asia, and the threatened letting loose of the dogs of war.

From Lord Salisbury's statement, during the debate on the Address, even after subsequent correction, it appears that there is no serious conflict of view between Germany and Russia and our Government. Moreover, the French Foreign Minister thought fit to declare, in the Chamber, on February 7th, not only that "France desired that China should continue to exist, and wishes that no attempts should be made against her rights," but went on to say that "France will seek for a combination suited to maintain harmony among the Powers." And on February 25th, we learned from Mr. Curzon's reply to Lord C. Beresford's question in the House, that the French Government had no intention to occupy Hainan, and did not intend to follow the example of Germany and Russia by occupying a naval base in Chinese waters. We may, therefore, look to having France on our side. If such is the situation, all nations being at one with us in the desire to develop trade with the Chinese dominions to its utmost possible limits, we should have no difficulty in arranging for joint effort towards putting the requisite pressure on the Chinese Government to force it to follow the example of the Governments of India and Japan. These countries, with great and growing benefit to themselves, have abolished all internal taxation on trade, and have opened the whole of their coasts as well as their rivers to steam navigation.

The results to our trade with China of such a policy can be judged from the following facts taken from recent Trade Reports. In 1896 the exports from the United Kingdom to China and Hong Kong amounted to only 5d. per head of China's population, whereas India took 2s. worth and Japan 3s. worth per living soul. Japan, therefore, received in value, per head of the population, more than seven times as much of our goods as was taken by China, a country far more fertile and far richer in latent wealth than either Japan or India. China's policy up to the present has impeded trade to the utmost, practically stifling it in many parts, by subjecting it to harassing delays, countless extortions, and unnecessary cost of carriage, with

the result that her people are impoverished and discontented with their rulers.

The general ignorance of even able and unusually well-informed statesmen in this country as to the requirements of our commerce in China was curiously exemplified by Sir Henry Fowler's speech at Wolverhampton on January 31st, when, scoffing at the idea of Cabinets in Downing Street opening markets for commerce, he declared that: "Markets were opened by clever tradesmen and manufacturers." Had he studied our treaties and blue-books he would have found that our clever tradesmen and manufacturers were unable even to set foot in China, Corea, and Japan until those countries were forced open by war and kept open by treaty. A glimpse into recent Reports on the trade of China and the Chinese treaty ports would have prevented him from so committing himself, for he would have learned how greatly our trade is hampered by absurd restrictions, unnecessary delays, onerous taxation, and by the squeezes and extortions of numberless officials, which have practically driven the trade out of the hands of our clever traders into the hands of the Chinese, and turned our merchants into commission-agents and mere shipbrokers, and left no single European tradesman in China outside the Concessions at the treaty ports.

Let us contrast the position of trade and traders in China and Japan, so as to be able to foretell what the trade of China may reasonably be expected to be when the Chinese Government follows the example that has been set it by that of Japan. According to Mr. Consul Brennan, who was last year deputed by the Foreign Office to report on the state of trade at the Chinese and Japanese treaty ports, the development of trade in China "is at present struggling against every obstacle that bad government can put in its way. Japan affords us the exact converse in every sense of the last proposition." In short, in Japan our Consul failed to see what greater facility can be given for the movement of trade. He says: "A London barge placidly sailing down the river Thames, and a boat being dragged up a Nile cataract, do not produce a greater contrast than is offered by the conditions under which trade exists in the two countries."

In Japan the import duties on raw material, and the export duties on the principal Japanese manufactures have been abolished, and we are told that: "Trade is hampered by no internal, and but by few and trifling export duties; no official has any power or scope for illegal exactions . . . facilities of transport have already been largely provided both by rail and water, and are yearly growing . . . Nothing, in fact, that Government patronage and interest can do to encourage legitimately the commercial and industrial tendencies of the people is left undone."

This sensible policy, joined with the rectitude of the Administra-

tion, has had the natural effect of increasing the revenue and trade of the country, and the prosperity and loyalty of the people. It likewise accounts for the revenue and trade of Japan per head of the population being so largely in excess of those of China. In a recently published report, the whole revenue of China is given at £14,829,000; whereas the Japanese ordinary revenue for the current year is estimated at £12,141,021, and its extraordinary revenue at £11,918,922. The extraordinary revenue may be left out of account in the comparison, because it is largely composed of contributions, receipts from the war indemnity, and from loans. Japan, with one-tenth of the population of China, has an ordinary revenue—which is rapidly increasing—equal to more than eight-tenths of that of China, and Mr. Lowther, our Secretary of Legation in Japan, has pointed out, in his report on the Budget of Japan, that “the country could bear a higher scale of taxation.”

In 1896 the foreign trade of China was valued at £55,768,000; and that of Japan at £31,543,195. The foreign trade of Japan is, however, but in its infancy, and it is increasing at an astonishing rate. Between 1880 and 1896 it increased nearly fivefold. For the present year its foreign trade will probably be nearly as large as that of China, or nearly ten times as large per head of the population as that of China. As the general fertility and latent mineral wealth of China are, area for area, far in excess of those of Japan, and the people of both countries are equally ingenious and industrious, and have the same trading propensities, there can be no reason why, if China follows the lead of Japan, her revenue and foreign trade should not in a few years increase tenfold, and expand at a similar rate to those of Japan. To understand why China is so far behind that country, in power of offence and defence, and in revenue and trade, we must consider the “defects in her Government and institutions,” which, as Mr. Curzon has pointed out, have “incapacitated her from successful resistance.”

The Chinese officials are without doubt the most venal in the world, and bribery, corruption, and speculation have in the course of centuries been raised in China to a fine art. It has been bruited about that one or two of the viceroys are comparatively honest, but considering the enormous amount of revenue that is speculated in the provinces under their charge, their honesty cannot be much more than a veneer. Even the highest judicial and highest Court officials are tainted in the same manner. Only last September an Imperial decree was published in the *Peking Gazette*, in which it appears that the President of the Board of Punishment (the highest Court of Justice in the Empire), the elder brother of the late Chinese Minister to Great Britain and France, had been accused by two censors of “having given secret aid to his nephews in their attempts at getting money by illegal and doubtful methods.” The President, together with the First-Class

Secretaries (equivalent to our Secretaries of State), who had (doubtless for heavy bribes) endeavoured to shield him, had been handed over to the Board of Appointments for the determination of an adequate penalty.

The system of expecting and demanding presents (otherwise bribes), regulates, as in Korea, success at the examinations, the obtainment of official appointments and promotion, and the veiling of peculations and other iniquities perpetrated by officials. From the Imperial Court down to the lowest official underling the naturalist's observation, quoted by Swift, applies—

“A flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey ;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em ;
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.”

On any official arriving at his new post, it is a well-understood rule that all the officials inferior to him in the district, prefecture, province, or viceroyalty, who are under his supervision, are expected to make him a present, graduated in value according to the comparative lucrativeness of their posts, and according to what delinquency they wish covered, or what favour they wish granted by their superior. An instance of the manner in which such bribes are rendered ineffective when not given to the Governor, as well as to the Viceroy of a Province—these officials being checks or spies upon each other—appears in a recent *Peking Gazette*, in which the Emperor decreed as follows :—

“It has been the custom for Viceroys and Governors of provinces to send us annual secret reports, at the end of each year, concerning the abilities, general conduct, and honesty of their subordinates, commencing from those holding the substantive and expectant ranks of Taotai and Prefect, down to the petty officials of the last or 9th class. With these reports as data, we are enabled to know the value of each official in the provinces to whom has been entrusted the direction of the affairs of our subjects, the common people. The following, however, appears to us inexplicable. On a former occasion we received one of these secret annual reports from Tan Chung-lin, the Viceroy of the two Kuang provinces (Kuangsi and Kuangtung), who eulogised a certain Chou Tien-lin, Prefect of Sze-fu, in Kuangsi province, declaring that he was ‘a man to be thoroughly trusted, both as an honest and talented official, who attended to his duties earnestly and diligently, and whom the people under him greatly loved and trusted.’ Now, however, Shih Nien-tsu, ex-Governor of Kuangsi, sends us an altogether different report of this Chou Tien-lin, stating that ‘the reputation for ability of the said Prefect of Sze-fu is mediocre, and from his general conduct he is not to be trusted to hold an important post,’ etc. This is rather strange, and calls for an investigation. We, therefore, command Huang Huai-sen, the present Governor of Kuangsi, and Hsu Chen-yi, Governor of Kuangtung, to investigate conjointly the case and report to us as to how the said Prefect really stands in the estimation of the people of the Prefecture of Sze-fu. Let there be no private likes or dislikes to stand in the way of a perfectly just report.”

It was to remove the need of bribery and extortion that the Emperor, Kien Lun, towards the end of last century, in order to

and an ample support for the officials, raised their allowances, or emoluments in grain, which are given to them in addition to their salary. Thus, for instance, according to the *Ta-Tsing-Hoey-Tien*, a Governor of a province, whose money salary is 150 taels (£25) per annum, receives pay and emoluments together amounting to 15,000 taels (£2,500) per annum. The Provincial Treasurer gets 8,000 taels (£1,333), and so on with the other officials. These emoluments are apparently unknown to, or forgotten by, writers who seek to excuse the bribery, corruption, and extensive peculations of the officials on the grounds of their being unable to subsist upon their small pay.

The revenue system of China could not be more effectively designed to lend itself to peculation. It is described by our Consul at Foochow as "an utterly rotten and corrupt system of collecting revenue, wherein the vested interests involved are so enormous that nothing short of the reform of the whole fiscal arrangements of China can set it right. The system of farming the taxes, or at least making the official in charge of them remit a certain sum every year, while he puts the balance of the amount into his own pocket, ensures the largest possible collection at the greatest possible cost, and the least possible benefit to the Government. It is said that the cost of collecting *Likin* is 70 per cent. of the total amount realised. The tax-farmers may be, and often are, Mandarins of the highest rank." The Tartar General at Foochow, who farms the Native Maritime Customs of the Fukien Province, is the highest official in the province, and ranks before the Governor-General, and has been Governor-General of the Hukuang Provinces. He is said to pocket out of the Customs 150,000 taels a year. How much the Manchu Colonel in charge of the Foochow office and other subordinates pocket out of the Customs of this province is not stated. The peculation of the Native Maritime Customs at Shanghai and Canton is even more glaring. It is within the mark to say that not one-fiftieth of the receipts of this branch of the Customs are accounted for by the officials.

The collection of revenue from trade, land, &c., in the interior is thus remarked upon by Mr. Consul-General Jamieson in his "Report on the revenue and expenditure of the Chinese Empire":—

"Each district has a fixed quota, which the magistrate must produce by hook or by crook, but beyond that minimum all the rest is practically his own, not to keep exactly, because if he holds a lucrative appointment he is expected to be extra liberal in his presents to the Governor, to the Literary Chancellor, to the Provincial Judge, the Treasurer, and so on, not to mention still higher dignitaries if he wishes to get on. But there is no magistracy that does not at least make up its limits of taxation and leave something over, while the greater number leave a handsome surplus. To hand this over to the Imperial exchequer is about the last thing that anyone would think of doing. It is the fund out of which mainly the fortunes of Viceroys and Commissioners have been built up."

Every official and underling connected with the collection of taxation has his finger in the pie. Native inland custom-houses, known

as "kwan," and Likin stations, known as "chia" or as "ka," are dotted over the country at every few miles both on the water and land routes. The salt controllers have likewise their stations, collectors, and watchers spread over the provinces, it may be cheek by jowl with the others. Each of these departments, though collecting duties at the same station, have a separate establishment. At treaty ports like Canton there are two other separate establishments: namely, the Imperial Maritime Customs and the Native Maritime Customs. The Imperial Maritime Customs, which are under European supervision, take cognizance only of cargoes carried in foreign bottoms, i.e., foreign-built ships, whether foreign-owned or Chinese. The Native Maritime Customs still controls the trade in native junks, and levies duties on their cargoes. In a letter in *The Times* of January 20th, I pointed out that the annual receipts accounted for by the Native Maritime Customs at Shanghai "must represent more nearly a week's collection than a year's," and that if the Native Inland Customs' and Native Maritime Customs' revenue "were collected by the Imperial Maritime Customs' Department—the only honest revenue department in China—the assets to the Imperial Government from this source would probably be at least fifty times as large as they are at present."

Exactly the same might be said about the Likin revenue, and we may expect some very startling revelations in connection with it when the terms of the new loan are carried out. For the loan is secured on the unmortgaged portion of the Foreign Customs' receipts, and upon the Likin of the provinces of Kiangsu, Kiangai, Hupeh, Chekiang and Nganhwui, and the Likin collection in these provinces is to be placed under Sir Robert Hart. The Emperor has for years shown a determination to put a stop to the peculation of the revenue, and the wholesale peculation that will certainly be revealed by the first year's collection of the Likin by the Imperial Maritime Customs, will go greatly to strengthen his hands, and will tend to the consolidation of the whole of the establishments now collecting revenue from trade in that department, greatly to the benefit of the revenue and the merchant alike. At present mining and other industries are practically stifled by the enormous taxation on goods in transit. In one case, for instance, the price of coal is increased tenfold at a distance of thirty miles from the mines.

An idea of the present internal taxation upon goods can be gained from the following passage from Mr. Commissioner Bredon's memorandum concerning Railways and Inland Taxation in China, which was published last year by order of Sir Robert Hart, the Inspector-General of Customs. Mr. Bredon, in 1896, was officiating Commissioner of the Imperial Maritime Customs at Hankow, and drew out the memorandum at the request of the Viceroy, Chang Chih-tung. The memorandum states that:—

"In foreign countries it is usual to tax goods once only—on import; the duty then paid frees them from all further taxation in the interior. The Chinese system of levying additional small taxes, frequently at stations not very distant from one another, on the way to market, seems to people from other countries to be vexatious and troublesome. The further goods go in China the more tax they pay, the higher the price becomes, and the harder it is for those who want them to pay for them. This is certainly a cause of hardship to inland consumers, for it places those who live in the interior provinces and remote districts in a less favourable position than those who live on the seaboard. Though, owing to freight expenses, the former can never be on quite so good a footing as the latter, the Government should do what it could to make the discrepancy between them as small as possible, so that all the subjects of the Empire should be on as nearly equal a footing as can be attained."

Of course, under such circumstances, there is no place in the world where wholesale smuggling extends and flourishes as it does in China. Our Consul at Pakhoi has stated that the opium smuggled to that district, from the opium fields of Yunnan, "is still twenty-seven times that of the declared." The smugglers return laden with cotton yarn, cotton piece-goods, and other merchandize along the same bye-paths by which they have previously eluded the tax-gatherers. Some idea of the taxation on our piece-goods in the interior, in provinces where the provincial authorities until last year refused to recognise our treaty transit-rights, can be gained from Mr. Consul Brennan's Report, issued in May, 1897, on the "State of Trade at the Treaty Ports of China," where he says:—

"To reach the provinces of Yunnan or Kueichow, *via* the West River, which is the natural route, it costs 8 taels in imposts of various kinds to lay down a bale of yarn weighing 400 lbs. On piece-goods the tax is much heavier; on the cheaper kinds it amounts to as much as 40 per cent. on the value."

Besides this, all sorts of illegal fees and squeezes have to be paid at the barriers to prevent the goods being delayed for days awaiting inspection. Then, on entering Yunnan, Likin and native Customs' dues have to be paid at various stations before the goods reach Yunnan-Fu, the capital of that province. In 1889, Mr. Warry, the adviser on Chinese affairs to the Government of Burma, showed in a report that between the frontier of Yunnan and Yunnan-Fu piece-goods had to pay 11 per cent. *ad valorem* for Likin, and 40 per cent. for native Customs' duties, making a taxation of 51 per cent. Assuming that a like taxation is levied in Yunnan on goods passing to Yunnan-Fu by the West River route, the gross taxation, outside squeezes, &c., levied on them between Canton and Yunnan-Fu would be no less than 91 per cent. of their value, whereas if our treaty-rights had been enforced and the goods been sent inland under transit pass, the gross taxation would have amounted to only 2½ per cent. *ad valorem*.

An idea of the squeezes levied by the officials at the tax barriers can be gained from Mr. Consul-General Jamieson's "Report on the

Revenue and Expenditure of the Chinese Empire," issued in February, 1897, where he shows that at one barrier "nearly 100 per cent." is added to the tariff charges, under the pretence that it is required to cover "the costs of collection," including "a meltage fee, loss on melting, freight and costs of transmission, and general office expenses." A receipt, however, is only given for the proper tariff charges, not including the amount charged for collection, &c. And he says: "This illustrates exactly what is going on all over the Empire." Then there are the *douceurs*, known as tea-money, which are given to facilitate business and prevent unnecessary delays, and the bribes which are given in order to escape part of the taxation. In reference to the latter, Mr. Consul Brenan says in his Report:—

"The way in which the revenue is defrauded is simple. A boat-owner on arrival at the station with a cargo of merchandise, with the connivance of the Likin official and his staff, makes a false declaration of quantities; 100 pieces may be passed as 70 (Mr. Consul-General Jamieson says that they are at times passed as low as 50). A receipt for seventy is given, and the tax on the remaining thirty is divided between the merchant and the official. Towards the middle or end of the month, when the receipts have reached about one-twelfth of the annual amount expected from the office, the month is closed, and subsequent receipts during this month are either not entered at all, or are entered to the credit of the following month."

To show how burdensome the Likin taxation is, Mr. Consul-General Jamieson quotes the "Likin Regulations for the province of Chekiang," and a summary of the method of working prepared by a Consular Assistant, whereby it appears that "merchandise in transit is taxed at each successive barrier 3 and 2 per cent. until it has passed four barriers, giving a maximum of 10 per cent., after which it is free for the rest of the province. But it will be observed that is only for one province, and should goods be destined to pass through another province, the same process recommences."

We have seen that the foreign trade of Japan will this year, in all probability, be, per head of the population, ten times as large as that of China, and the internal trade of Japan must be at least ten times as large as its foreign trade. The internal trade of China if, like Japan, it was relieved from the present burdensome taxation and exactions might, therefore, naturally be expected to be a hundred times the present value of its foreign trade. To be within the mark, we will assume that its present internal trade is valued at only ten times its present foreign trade, it would then be of the value of £557,680,000. Assuming that this trade pays on an average only one provincial Likin of 10 per cent., the revenue from Likin should be no less than £55,768,000. Adding to this the 100 per cent. levied in addition from the trader for cost of collection, &c., we have a gross amount collected by the Likin collectors from the traders of £111,536,000. But, according to Mr. Consul-General Jamieson, only £2,158,666 enters the Treasury. The remainder can only be accounted for by

peculation and by extensive smuggling. Anyhow, it is clear that an amended system of taxation is required.

I have shown that in a single province, Yunnan, 40 per cent. *ad valorem* is collected on our piece-goods by the native inland customs, yet the total revenue that enters the Treasury from the native custom-houses, maritime and inland, from the whole of China is given by our Consul-General as only £166,666. The peculation and smuggling are so stupendous as to nearly pass belief, and the small amount of revenue derived from the taxation on trade is as nothing when compared with the harm that it does to trade in general, and the misery and impoverishment that it causes to the Chinese people.

Just the same peculation goes on in the collection of revenue derived from the land. About 650,000,000 acres out of the area of 982,369,920 acres of China proper are under cultivation. Of the cultivated land more than three-fourths are said to produce two or more crops. Leaving out the land producing only one crop, we have a remainder of 500,000,000 acres. Allowing for land thrown out of cultivation by drought, inundations, and rebellions, we may safely assume that 400,000,000 acres are annually under cultivation and bearing two crops. On such land two taxes are raised, one termed the land tax on the spring crop, and the other termed the grain tax on the autumn crop.

From Mr. Jamieson's report we learn that the land tax averages 1,200 cash (it takes 12 lbs. of brass to make 1,200 cash) an acre, and the grain tax averages 1,020 cash an acre. To each of these sums 450 cash is added for tea money and cost of collection. Thus the cultivator pays in all for the revenue demands on his land, 3,120 cash, or (at the exchange in 1896 of 1,200 cash per tael) 2.6 taels per acre, but the cultivator receives receipts for only 666 cash. The revenue on the 400,000,000 acres, taking the tael at 3s. 4d., should be £173,333,333, or nearly twelve times the gross revenue from all sources that enters the Chinese Treasury. Whereas only £5,275,000 enters the Treasury from these two sources of revenue. Thus more than £168,000,000 disappears annually between the cultivators' hands and the Treasury. No wonder Li Hung Chang and the other Chinese Viceroyes are said to be the richest men in the world.

If the land and grain taxes were properly accounted for, the whole of the internal taxation on trade could be swept away, and the Chinese Government would have ample funds remaining for the development of the country by railways, and for its defence by sea and land. Anyhow, our Government should insist that the terminal *Likin* now levied on our goods that are sent into the country under treaty transit-pass shall be abolished. It is levied in distinct infractions of both the spirit and letter of our treaties. Mr. Consul-General Jamieson, in his address to the London Chamber of Commerce, last November, gave abundant proof that this is the case, and plainly

told the Members of the Chamber, that: "There could be no doubt that the original intention of both contracting parties, in fixing a transit duty, was to clear our goods of all inland taxation from the port till they reached the consumer."

Nothing could be clearer on this point than the two final paragraphs of Clause 1, Section III. of the Chefoo Agreement of 1876, which, referring to certain places on the Yangtse, not being treaty ports, declare that:—

"At all such points, except in the case of imports accompanied by a transit duty certificate, or exports similarly certificated, which will be severally passed free of Likin on exhibition of such certificates, Likin will be duly collected on all goods whatever by the native authorities."

The harm which these terminal duties do to our trade is well shown by the following extract from Mr. Consul Brenan's Report on the Trade of Canton for 1896:—

"Considering the thickly populated region which Canton should supply in addition to its own 2,000,000, one cannot but be struck by the absurdly small amounts of foreign imports. The superior endurance of native fabrics may have something to do with the restricted imports of our textiles; but the real general explanation is, undoubtedly, to be found in the heavy taxation specially imposed upon goods imported from abroad. The intention of the framers of our treaties was that imports in British ships should pay only 5 per cent. *ad valorem* so long as they were consumed in the port—that is the city and suburbs—of Canton, and that an additional half duty should clear them of all duties on their way to any place in the interior. The actual state of things is far different. . . . Once they are sold to Chinese, a tax euphemistically styled terminal Likin or Octroi is levied specially on such goods, and it is gravely argued that, as this tax is levied on all foreign goods, no matter whether they pass through the foreign or native custom-house, there is no differential treatment. In this way the treaty stipulations are nullified. For while 5 per cent. is undoubtedly a light tariff, 5 per cent., plus an extra percentage limited only by the risk of destroying a lucrative revenue, means unrestricted taxation."

Year after year, through a long series of years, our Consuls in China have urged in their reports that, if the Chinese are to become better customers for our goods, the obstacles to trade at the treaty ports and in the interior must be removed, and our treaty rights must be enforced. They have pointed out the absurdity of conducting trade and business in a cumbersome cash currency, in which 12 lbs. of copper cash have to be paid for a tael's (3s. 4d.) worth of goods. They have urged that, of all forms of taxation, the Likin and inland customs system is the worst. It is costly, cumbrous, and vexatious even if well administered, and in China it is simply a field for wholesale speculation. It combines the maximum cost to the people with the minimum of benefit to the people. They have truly and incessantly urged that our trade with China entirely depends upon her ability to bring her produce to market, and that her tea trade and her silk trade is being practically destroyed by heavy internal taxation. In no other country in the world are such exports

subject to taxation. Again, Russia is now allowed to import salt into China across her border, whereas we are forbidden by our treaties to import salt into any part of the Chinese dominions. Yet, under the "most favoured nation" clause of our treaties, a privilege granted to any other Power must be shared in by us. Why should we not insist upon our right to import salt into China, and thus greatly increase the volume of our trade and that of the Chinese revenue? If her people are to grow prosperous, the absurd embargo on the export of grain should likewise be removed; this would add greatly to the Imperial Maritime Customs revenue. China cannot buy unless she sells, and the more she sells the more she will buy. Moreover, it has been well said that, in every country of the world, and in none more than in China, greater cheapness means greater trade. If anything, therefore, occurs to reduce the cost at which goods reach the actual consumer, greater quantities of them will be purchased.

There can be no doubt whatever that if our treaty rights had been duly enforced, as they should have been, our trade with China would now be fully ten times its present volume. Foreign nations are plainly showing that they are not in the humour to allow a rotten and corrupt Government, like that of China, to stifle their trade by such infringements of their treaties. Trade is the life-blood of manufacturing nations, and increased trade they must and will have, even if they have to parcel out China and tumble down its dynasty to obtain it. I have shown that foreign trade in China is subject to unrestricted taxation, solely because our Foreign Office, through a long course of years, has ceased to maintain our rights. China wants more money to meet her liabilities, and is endeavouring to get it by increasing the duties on internal trade, and by taxing boats, carts, pack animals, and other means of carriage. If our trade and that of other nations is not to be taxed out of being, it is high time for us, with or without the conjunction of other trading nations, to bring the necessary pressure to bear upon China to ensure the strict observance throughout her Empire of our treaty rights. And, if we are to save China from the threatened disruption, we must furthermore insist upon her following the example of Japan in abolishing all internal taxation on trade. With the Yangtse region now under our protection, and with 70 per cent. of the foreign trade of China carried on with our dominions, and over 80 per cent. of freight by steamer in our hands, it is for us to take the initiative. There can be no doubt that many, if not all, the Powers interested in developing their trade with China, would gladly help us in doing all that is required for extending such trade to its utmost possible limits. If the integrity of China is to be preserved, and large sections of that country are not to be annexed by foreign Powers and closed to the trade of the rest of the world, prompt action is necessary.

HOLT S. HALLETT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPORTING LITERATURE.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am sorry to trouble you even with this short letter, as I had no intention of entering further into a controversy which after all can interest but a few persons, who, no doubt, have long ago formed their judgment of the case; but I must ask you to allow me to correct a mistake, which appears to have arisen from the somewhat involved sentences of Mr. Grohman's personal friend, Baron Biedermann.

It has been inferred, and not unjustly, considering the wording of his letter, that he is an expert, known to Mr. Grohman and myself, and had been requested either by both of us, or by you, to decide on certain points of dispute. He says:—"I could not well decline this request, etc." So far from this being the case, Mr. Grohman's criticisms of my works have never appeared to require any notice, and I simply wrote objecting to his misstatements as to what these books contained.

As these misstatements appear again, word for word, in Baron Biedermann's letter, I can only presume that being unacquainted, as he is, with the English language, he has accepted his friend Mr. Grohman's statement of facts, without asking someone else to verify them.

I regret that I cannot claim the Baron's acquaintance, though it is true that I once received a letter from him speaking of the great interest which he had taken in my work.

With these two exceptions, I have nothing to object to in his criticism, which is an interesting statement of his opinion, and will no doubt carry all the weight which it deserves; especially in his own country where his knowledge on matters connected with Literature and Art will be appreciated at its true value.

Yours faithfully,

HEDLEY PEEK.

[*This correspondence must now close.*—ED. F. R.]

* * * *The Editor of this Review cannot undertake to return any Manuscript. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written. The sending of a proof is no guarantee of the acceptance of an article.*

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EGYPT, 1881 TO 1897.

THE dates above given form the period embraced in the Statistical Returns recently issued by Sir Elwin Palmer, the financial adviser of the Khedive. These returns constitute the most complete and authoritative record as yet published of the progress made by Egypt under the British occupation. My personal knowledge, however, of Egypt and Egyptian affairs extends over a much longer period. It was in 1869, on the occasion of the opening of the Suez Canal, that I first visited Cairo. I had, therefore, the good fortune to see Egypt in the closing days of the era, when, under Ismail Pasha, the land of the Nile was still ruled by an absolute and irresponsible despotism. The glamour of that gorgeous pageant is nowadays a mere tradition. But the dominant impression left upon my mind by the spectacle was the conviction of what a powerful instrument, for evil or for good, the one-ruler, one-will system is in an Oriental country. The knowledge which came to me in later years, how Ismail Pasha employed the system for the satisfaction of his own personal ends and aims, and how he sacrificed to this satisfaction the welfare of his people, was not needed to convince me of the fatal defects inseparable from the *Sic volo, sic jubeo* method of government. But the revelations of Ismail's extravagance, oppression, and tyranny have never altered my conviction that the rule most in accordance with the character, the traditions, and the instincts of the Egyptian people, is that of the strong hand, and the iron will. If such a thing as the succession of a series of honest, merciful, and wise despots was within the range of probability, or even possibility, despotism would be the one form of rule suited to Egypt. Being unattainable, this system may be dismissed as beyond the domain of practical politics. But it would be a great advantage to all our British administrators in Egypt if they could only realise the truth, impressed upon me during my early sojourn here, that the Egyptian ideal rule is not that of government from below, but of government from above—the ideal ruler being in Egyptian conception an earthly Allah, all-wise, all-just, and above all,

all-powerful. There is no truer adage than *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret*. In dealing with Egypt above all other countries it is well to bear this adage in mind. The nature of the Egyptian is to be governed, not to govern, and this nature will always reassert itself, no matter what may be the character of its rulers, or the form of its institutions.

It was, if I remember rightly, in 1875, that the first step was taken in the joint Anglo-French intervention. The Governments of France and England induced the Khedive to accept the services of two financial advisers, Baron Malaret and Mr. Romaine, under whose supervision it was hoped that His Highness would curtail his expenditure and abstain from contracting any fresh liabilities. The advisers had no means of enforcing their advice; they were kept purposely in the dark. Things went from bad to worse; and, in 1877, with the sanction of their respective Governments, Mr. Goschen and the late M. Joubert came out to Egypt, as the representatives of the bondholders, armed with authority to effect a settlement between the Khedive and his creditors. On learning the nature of the terms which the Commission of Enquiry were prepared to propose, Ismail Pasha summed up the situation by the saying, "On veut me mettre en syndicat"; and, with the hope of averting, or, at any rate, postponing, this consummation, he offered to convert the position of Egypt into that of a constitutional monarchy, and to allow the chief portfolios in the Ministry—those of Finance and of Public Works—to be held by English and French Ministers, nominated by their respective Governments, but holding office under the Khedive. Mr. (now Sir) Rivers Wilson was Minister of Finance, M. de Blignières, Minister of Public Works, while Nubar Pasha, the most enlightened of Egyptian statesmen, was appointed Premier, with the approval of London and Paris. Ismail was jubilant, declaring to everybody, with one of the catch phrases in which he delighted, "Nous ne sommes plus en Afrique, nous sommes en Europe." But the moment he discovered that the Constitutional Ministers intended to exercise a real, not a nominal, control over the administration of Egypt, he dismissed his Ministers and announced his intention of reverting to the old system of personal rule. England and France virtually acquiesced in this *coup d'état*, and contented themselves with appointing two Controllers with increased powers; the French Controller being M. de Blignières, the English being Major Baring, now Lord Cromer, who shortly afterwards, on his leaving for India, was succeeded by Sir Auckland Colvin.

I should mention here, to make the position intelligible, that a few years before the appointment of the Dual Control, the great Powers of Europe had agreed, at the instance of Nubar Pasha, to suspend the civil jurisdiction of the Consular Courts in Egypt, guaranteed under the Capitulations, on condition that all civil cases to which

Europeans were parties should be tried before International Tribunals. The judges of these tribunals were to be nominated by their respective governments, to be irremovable except with the consent of the nominating Power, and to administer justice in accordance with a written Code based in the main on the Code Napoleon. The Code in question contained a clause certainly not to be found in French law, or I believe in the law of any other independent country, that in the event of any suit being brought against the State and of the Court giving judgment in favour of the plaintiff, the judgment might be carried into effect, as in the case of a suit between private individuals, by the seizure of the defendant's goods and chattels. In the year 1876, the late Mr. Horatio Lloyd was staying at Cairo, and, as being an eminent legal authority, was requested, by the Khedive, to give him his opinion as to the bearing of the clause in question. Mr. Lloyd told me at the time that when he informed the Khedive that under this clause all State properties were liable to seizure in the event of the State making default in any of its legal liabilities, His Highness gave vent to a furious outburst of indignation and declared that he had been deceived and betrayed, and that if he had known the Code contained any provision of the kind, no consideration would ever have induced him to append his signature to the decree authorising the establishment of the International Tribunals. It is probable that on this occasion Ismail spoke the truth. He was quite astute enough to see that, politically speaking, he had signed his own death warrant. So it proved. In 1879, a German bondholder brought a suit against the Egyptian Government for arrears of interest. The International Courts declared in his favour, and gave judgment accordingly. The arrears remaining unpaid, the Court ordered the seizure and sale of certain State properties in order to make good the default. The officials of the Court were refused permission to discharge their duty by the orders of the Egyptian Government, which at this period was synonymous with the Khedive. Thereupon, to the astonishment of the world, the German Government, under Prince Bismarck's administration, announced that if the authority of the International Courts in Egypt was not respected, steps would be taken by Germany to enforce the judgment given in favour of a German subject. Consternation was excited at the Quai d'Orsay by the news that Germany contemplated an armed intervention in Egypt. The prospect of such an intervention was unwelcome, though viewed with less repugnance, in Downing Street. The Powers exercising the Dual Control for once acted vigorously and harmoniously together. The Sultan was requested to exercise his Suzerainty over Egypt by deposing Ismail Pasha, on the ground of his having proved unworthy of the authority entrusted to him by his Suzerain. What would have happened if Ismail had acted as Mohamet Ali, the founder of his dynasty, would

have acted in his place, and had refused to abdicate, is a question which it is very difficult to answer. As it was, Ismail gave way, and his son Tewfik reigned in his stead. Thus the one important achievement of the Anglo-French Control was to reassert the supremacy of Turkey over Egypt; and the necessary result of this acknowledgment of Turkish supremacy was to destroy the prestige of the Khedivate. Ismail may have been hated, but he was feared; and fear in Egypt, as in all Eastern lands, is essential to respect.

In order to get rid of his Anglo-French Ministers, Ismail Pasha shortly before his deposition had stirred up the officers of his army to make an armed demonstration against a proposed reduction of pay. The memory of the Moufettish's fate in the gardens of the Ghezirah Palace, now turned into an hotel, was too vivid in Cairo for any idea of open rebellion against the powers that be, to be entertained as long as Ismail remained on the throne. But the lesson taught by the mutiny was not lost; what was perilous under Ismail was safe under Tewfik; and the army with Arabi as its leader rose in revolt. Of all so-called patriots "Ahmed the Egyptian" was probably the feeblest imitation of a revolutionary leader the world has yet produced. But the revolution backed by the Turkish party, by the Mollahs, and to some extent by the Levantine partisans of the deposed Viceroy, made head rapidly. It was supported by the populace, partly out of the normal hostility of the Crescent to the Cross, partly out of the natural dislike of the native for the foreigner, still more out of greed, and more than all out of the Oriental conviction that it is always better to be on the winning side. The massacres of Alexandria outraged European opinion, especially in England, and at last, sorely against the grain, the British Government, then under Mr. Gladstone's Premiership, consented to send the Fleet to Alexandria. The French Government declined to take part in the expedition. It was by English vessels and English troops, and by them alone, that Alexandria was bombarded, that the Egyptian army was defeated at Tel-el-Kebir, that Cairo was reoccupied, and that Tewfik was replaced upon the throne. It was England which had restored order in Egypt; England which had saved the lives and the property of the European community; England which had protected the interests of the creditors of Egypt; and it was England which, in the opinion of Europe, was entitled to claim the protectorate of Egypt as the reward of her services. Again an unrivalled opportunity for establishing British supremacy was deliberately thrown away by the British Government.

The policy of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, after the restoration of Tewfik, might best be expressed in the phrase employed by masters of ceremonies in the old days when there were public dancing rooms in London: "As you were, return to your places." In the

interval between the expedition being decided upon and its being carried into execution, our Foreign Office had gone out of its way to tender assurances to the world at large that England did not intend to derive any advantage for herself from the enterprise on which she was about to embark. Nobody abroad had asked for such assurances; nobody abroad believed in their sincerity. They were, to speak the truth, tendered in order to commit England beforehand to the evacuation of Egypt as soon as the immediate object of the expedition was attained. Mr. Gladstone had always been a staunch opponent of what may be termed "the forward policy" in Egypt. Whether holding the views he did, he was justified in trying to tie the hands not only of his own ministry but of its successors, so as to prevent England from obtaining any permanent footing in Egypt, is a matter of opinion; but about the fact and its consequences, there is no possibility of question.

The original idea of Mr. Gladstone's Administration was, that the British forces should be withdrawn as soon as the fighting was over. But it soon became obvious that the retention of British troops for a certain period was absolutely essential to the maintenance of the Khedivial Government. It was, I believe, with the most genuine reluctance, that the British Ministry consented to prolong the occupation for a limited period. All our officials in Egypt were given to understand, either directly or indirectly, that the desire of the Cabinet was to curtail this period as much as possible, and that, therefore, no changes were to be made, however desirable in themselves these changes might be, that might cause any delay in the departure of our troops. In consequence, the whole complicated fabric of Egyptian institutions continued absolutely unchanged. The Capitulations remained in full force; the Consuls General retained the same authority as they had before the war; the International Tribunals and the Commissioners of the Public Debt exercised their old jurisdiction; the various International Commissions which control the railways, the Daira, and the State domains, in the interest of the bondholders, resumed their custodianship. Nothing was altered externally, except that British troops garrisoned Cairo and Alexandria. To put it shortly, the British Government refused to assume any one of the functions that France assumed about the same period when she occupied Tunis. The Report just issued by the British Consul at Tunis as to the improvements effected in the regency under the French Protectorate, cannot but be painful reading to our British Administrators in Egypt when they reflect on what they might have accomplished if their own Government had claimed the same rights in Egypt as France claimed and obtained for herself when she occupied Tunis.

At the very outset of our occupation we were brought face to face with an issue which ought to have brought home to statesmanlike com-

prehension the inherent absurdity of a provisional protectorate. If our troops were to leave Egypt, the chief object of the protecting power was obviously the restoration of the Khedivial authority. In order to effect this restoration, the first thing to be done was to inflict condign punishment on the ringleaders of the military mutiny. At any other period of Egyptian history, Arabi and his fellow conspirators would have had every reason to consider themselves fortunate if they escaped with no worse punishment than immediate execution and the confiscation of all their property. According to all Oriental ideas, the lives and property of Arabi and his brother mutineers were justly forfeited. But, in England, the execution of Arabi, after he had been defeated and captured by British troops, would have been distasteful to popular sentiment. A sort of sentimental delusion had gained ground at home that the fellow was an enthusiast, whose zeal had been fired by the wrongs of the Fellaheen, and who had been actuated by an honest, if mistaken, desire to establish the independence of his native land. The British authorities in Egypt received intimation that Arabi was to be spared; and after a formal trial, whose result was a foregone conclusion, the men who had rebelled against the Khedive were sentenced to banishment in a pleasant exile, and were supplied with liberal pensions, which the Egyptian treasury had virtually to provide. Our ways of justice are unintelligible to the Egyptian mind, but even an Egyptian is intelligent enough to understand that an Effendina—a lord and master—who cannot hang soldiers wearing his uniform, who rise in rebellion against his dynasty, is no Effendina at all. Thus not for the last time during our occupation, the restoration of order in Egypt under native rule was rendered impossible, because the only means by which this restoration could be effected did not commend themselves to the approval of British sentiment.

Mr. Gladstone's Government having sent British troops to Egypt against their will, and having discovered to their dismay that these troops could not be recalled as soon as the military revolt had been suppressed, were naturally—and, from their own point of view, justly—anxious to devise some policy which might offer a reasonable prospect of establishing such an order of things in Egypt as would justify the withdrawal of our troops at no distant period. Lord Dufferin was sent out to report upon the best means of facilitating our evacuation of Egypt. His report, put briefly, amounted to this:—The administration of Egypt, civil, military, legal, industrial, and financial, was utterly disorganized. The authority of the Khedive could only be maintained for the time being, by the presence of a British garrison. Meanwhile, there might be reason to hope that if every department of the Egyptian Administration was thoroughly reconstructed under British supervision, and in accordance with

British principles of government, Egypt might, in the course of years, become capable of governing herself, and administering her own affairs. This report was accepted as determining the policy of England. Egypt was to be reconstructed by British advice, thus facilitating the withdrawal of the British army of occupation. Since the days when the children of Israel were ordered to make bricks without straw, no more hopeless task has ever been imposed in the land of the pyramids than that which was laid upon the British officials in Egypt, of carrying out in practice the theory propounded in the Dufferin Report.

I think it only fair in any attempt to show what our officials have accomplished in Egypt, to point out clearly that the problem they were called upon to solve was practically incapable of solution with the means at their disposal. I doubt whether any other officials in the world would have tried to grapple seriously with the work of re-organization they were called upon to undertake. But the feeling that if you are appointed to do work, and receive pay for doing it, you are bound, as a matter of duty, to do your best, is more general and more powerful amongst Englishmen than amongst men of other nationalities. No Englishman likes the idea of taking pay without returning value; and, I may also add, that the work of bringing the institutions of other countries into conformity with English ideas has a peculiar fascination for the ordinary Englishman. Egypt, for the last fifteen years, has been virtually administered under British supervision, British advice, and British assistance, and these influences have owed their efficacy to the presence of British troops.

In the early days the progress made was comparatively slow. The probability, or, at any rate, the possibility, of an early withdrawal of our troops told fatally against our progress. The few natives who were not actually hostile to our ideas of reform, and who saw any advantage to themselves in facilitating their execution, were afraid to take sides with us openly, from the knowledge that, if our troops were withdrawn, our influence would be at an end, and that they themselves would be exposed to the hostility of the Court and the Pashas as having been friends of England. Again, every English official had the conviction brought home to him, day by day, that the work of reform, however beneficial it might prove in the end to Egypt, was calculated to retard, not to advance, the formation of a strong native government; and, therefore, however strongly he might believe in the possibility of regenerating Egypt under English influence, he was not prepared to put forth all his strength so long as he saw cause to fear that the British garrison—which formed the basis, so to speak, of the fabric he was endeavouring to erect—would be withdrawn long before the fabric could be completed. Having been much here during the early years succeeding the occupation, I can say confidently that

the great majority of our officials contemplated the withdrawal of our troops as being within the possible contingencies of the near future. I can say, also, having had more occasion than most people at that time to know something about the Egyptian policy of Her Majesty's Government, that these apprehensions were fully justified. I am convinced that Mr. Gladstone himself was genuinely desirous of bringing our military occupation to an abrupt close. I am also fully convinced that when Lord Hartington stated in the House of Commons that evacuation might be expected to take place within a few months, or even weeks, he was giving utterance not only to his own opinion, but to that of the Cabinet. I have reason to believe that some of his colleagues were not equally confident as to the possibility, and still less as to the policy of evacuation. But I am absolutely convinced that none of the dissentient Liberal Ministers of the day would have actively opposed immediate evacuation if it had been proposed by the Premier, and supported—as in those days it would infallibly have been—by the strength of the then united Liberal Party. It was not till the secession of the Liberal Unionists and the accession of the Conservatives to power that the danger of the immediate withdrawal of our troops began to pass away. That this should have been so was due not so much to one Party having succeeded another at home, as to the circumstance that in England popular sentiment about Egypt had been affected by the Conservative reaction of which the defeat of Home Rule had been the result rather than the cause. As a matter of fact, Lord Salisbury was, if I am well informed, as anxious in 1885, as Mr. Gladstone had been ever since 1882, to close the period of our occupation. Lord Randolph Churchill, then the coming leader of the Party, was hostile to the retention of our troops in Egypt; so, also, was the late Lord Iddesleigh. Indeed, the one practical effort made by England to get away from Egypt was made during the short-lived Conservative Administration of 1885. Sir Henry Wolff was sent to Constantinople by the Government, and concluded a convention with Turkey for the settlement of the Egyptian question, which would have necessitated the withdrawal of our troops if France had ratified the convention. Happily, as I think, for England and for Egypt, France refused her consent, and the project was stillborn. The fact, however, that an early evacuation was brought to the very verge of accomplishment under a Conservative Ministry, seems to explain the want of confidence in the permanence of our occupation, which, up to nearly the close of the last decade, impeded and retarded the work of reorganization in Egypt to which England had set her hand. It is sufficient for my present purpose to state that from the collapse of the Wolff-Mouktar Mission, both the natives and the English residents in Egypt began to realise that England had got to stay; while, at the same time, popular opinion at home became far more favourable, or, at any rate,

far less unfavourable, to the idea of a permanent occupation than it had been previously.

The progress effected in Egypt under the British occupation has recently been recorded in a singularly clear and simple statement issued by the British financial adviser to His Highness the Khedive. I am quite aware that statistical returns cannot be regarded as matters of mathematical demonstration; and I have no doubt that exceptions may be taken to certain of the inferences which the compilers of the *Statistical Returns*, 1881 to 1897, have drawn from the figures they cite. About the substantial accuracy of the returns there is, however, no possibility of question; and the margins of profit shown by these returns are so stupendous, that though it may be argued that the profit is over-estimated, it is idle to contend that under any fair estimate the profit could be converted into a loss. Let me point out the main conclusions of this remarkable Report as briefly as I can.

From 1882 to 1897 the population of Egypt has increased from a little under 7,000,000 to close upon 10,000,000. This increase is not due to foreign immigration, as the number of foreigners resident in Egypt has only risen some 20,000 in all. Speaking in round numbers, the population of the Delta, the wealthiest and most thickly inhabited part of the country, has increased by 1,000,000; that of Upper Egypt, the least prosperous and fertile part of the country, by 2,000,000. The increase is enormous, and can only be accounted for by the fact that conditions of life amidst the mass of the population are more favourable than they were of old; that marriages are more frequent; that families are larger; that infant mortality, which previous to this period kept the population at a dead level, is less frequent; and that the general health of the people has improved. To put the same idea in plainer words, this marvellous and rapid increase in the population is due to the fact that under the British occupation the Fellaheen are better fed, better paid for their labour, better housed, better clothed, and better cared for than they have ever been within any period the recollection of which is retained by popular tradition.

Up to 1882 the acreage of taxable land in Egypt was calculated at 5,000,000. It is now increased by over 600,000 acres, or close upon 13 per cent. Yet the total amount levied by the land tax—the great permanent source of revenue in Egypt—is actually less in 1897 than it was in 1881. According to Sir Elwin's figures, the average land tax per acre has been diminished during the above period from 22s. to 18s. 3d. The arrears of land tax, which formerly attained colossal proportions, have now practically been paid off. The Fellah, when once he has paid his annual contribution, has no longer any apprehension, as he had in the days of Ismail, of being called upon to pay again in advance long before the date of the next

instalment had become due. The Fellah has in consequence no need to borrow money from the Greek village usurers in order to save himself from being bastinadoed and his crops from being seized. The extraordinary recent rise in the price of land throughout Egypt is, I am assured by old residents in the country, solely due to the fact that whenever land comes into the market its price is run up by the brisk competition of the Fellaheen in the neighbourhood, who are now both able and willing to invest their savings in the purchase of fresh allotments. The enormous properties which Ismail had appropriated, to some extent by enforced purchase and to a still larger extent by peuculation and confiscation, are rapidly returning into the possession of the small peasant landholders. I may mention in connection with this that of the persons who own land, and therefore pay land tax in Egypt, the native landowners are, roughly speaking, 750,000 as against 6,500 foreigners; while of the number of persons who own lands exceeding 50 acres in extent, there are 10,400 natives as against 1,500 foreigners.

Indirect taxation has risen from £2,000,000 in 1881 to £3,400,000 in 1897. But this rise is due to the increase in the population and to the yield of the taxes being greater, owing to larger consumption of the articles taxed and more honest collection of the taxes. The only indirect tax which has been increased is that of the duty on tobacco, which has risen from some £100,000 in the first-named year to £1,000,000 in the latter. But notwithstanding this, the total taxation per head has fallen from 22s. 2d. to 17s. 9d. during the period of our occupation.

The general improvement in the prosperity of Egypt is shown by the following figures: traffic returns on the railways have risen from £1,300,000 in 1881 to £2,000,000 in 1897; Post Office receipts from £91,000 to £119,000; the number of letters posted in Egypt from 3,500,000 to 11,300,000; and though the fall in the market prices of cotton and sugar have slightly diminished the gross value of the exports, the fact that the imports have grown in volume though not in value is shown by the increase in the tonnage of the port of Alexandria alone from 1,250,000 to 2,270,000 tons.

It may be said, however, that the development of Egyptian prosperity is due not so much to the direct action of British Administration as to the indirect effects of a prolonged period of tranquillity and order. I quite admit the truth of this assertion. What I contend is that under a native administration Egypt would never have enjoyed such an era of orderly quiet, and never can enjoy it unless the native administration had remained under European control and supervision. I have no doubt that if any other European nation had occupied in Egypt during the last fifteen years a position similar to that we have held, there would have been a marked improvement in the condition of the country. I am, however, con-

vinced that no other European Power could have administered Egypt with the same honest desire to do the best for the country as England has evinced. What other Power is there which would have forbidden the Kurbash, which would have practically abolished the Corvée, and which would have protected the Fellah against injustice and oppression, and enabled him to reap the due reward of his own toil and labour?

But we have done—or at any rate we have tried to do—more for Egypt than to confer upon her the benefits accruing automatically from a period of order, tranquillity, and economy. Under our occupation we have constructed, or rather caused to be constructed, 212 miles of new railway; and in this calculation the line now being laid down from Wady Halfa to Khartoum is not included. It may be asked why we have not done more in a country where railroads are practically the only modes of locomotion. The answer is that our hands are tied by the system under which the railways are administered. In virtue of the financial settlement concluded between Egypt and her creditors, the State railways are hypothecated to the service of the Public Debt, and are placed under the administration of three International Commissioners who are bound by the terms of their trust to hand over 55 per cent. of the gross receipts to the Caisse de la Dette; while out of the remaining 45 per cent. they have to provide for the working expenses of the line, the repair of the roadway, and the rolling stock. A very simple calculation will show that, as long as this arrangement holds good, the construction of any new line, however profitable as a going concern, involves a positive loss to the Railway Administration, and yet this extraordinary arrangement cannot be modified without the consent of all the Powers who sanctioned the compromise between Egypt and her creditors.

This consent is certain to be refused, and therefore new railways can only be constructed by a complicated process under which the cost of construction is borne in the first instance by private companies and repaid by debentures, the interest on which is provided out of the small surplus of the revenues accruing to the State. Still, the increased efficiency and economy introduced into the management of the railways under British supervision has done wonders. In fifteen years the third class traffic, which is practically the native traffic, has increased from 3,000,000 to about 9,500,000 in the number of passengers carried. I saw a statement the other day in a London paper, which devotes much attention to Egyptian affairs, that the British troops at the front had grave cause of complaint because the cost of their rations was unnecessarily increased by the exorbitant rates of transport charged by the railways, which all belonged to the State. As a matter of fact, the State in Egypt has no more power to reduce the transport charges on the State lines than

the British Government has to reduce the traffic rates on the Paris and Lyons railway. In Egypt, the railway administrators are powerless because they are bound by the conditions of the Trust to which they owe their authority; while the State has no more voice in the matter than the owner of an estate under liquidation has in the management of his property.

In irrigation our efforts have had a freer field of action than in any other department. To every individual in Egypt the maintenance, extension, and improvement of the irrigation system are matters of vital importance. Thus, when Sir Colin Moncrieff, supported by a singularly able body of British engineers, undertook the control of the water supply of the Nile, he had popular sympathy on his side, and was much less thwarted by the sullen hostility of the native officials than most of his English fellow officials in other branches of the public service; while his efforts did not encounter the same active opposition from the International authorities. To go into details is unnecessary for my purpose. It is enough to say that, under his *régime* and that of his successor, Sir William Garstin, the French barrage just below Cairo has been turned into an effective dam, which it had never been before; a number of canals have been constructed or restored so as to convey the water stored up behind the dam to all parts of the Delta at any season of the year, and Lower Egypt has thus been provided with a regular supply of water which is capable doubtless of great extension, but which suffices for the wants of all the Delta lands at present under cultivation.

The costly and unsatisfactory system of steam pumps has fallen into comparative disuse owing to the improvements already effected. The employment of subdrains has been introduced, and 2,200 kilometres of drains have been constructed, by means of which the stagnant water has been drawn away from the subsoil. 2,000 kilometres of new canals have been opened in Upper Egypt, and 1,000 in Lower; while 500 kilometres of fresh banks have been raised along the canals. To the British occupation the credit is also justly due of having solved the problem of the irrigation of Upper Egypt. From the time when Sir Colin Moncrieff had proved by experience that the barrage built by Mongel Bey, at the apex of the Delta, could be made to serve the purpose for which it was erected, it was obvious that the best way to procure a permanent regular water supply for Upper Egypt was by the erection of similar barrages higher up the Nile. Yet, for years after this conclusion had been arrived at, nothing was done to carry it into effect. As usual, international difficulties barred the way. Egypt, under the terms of the Liquidation Convention, cannot raise any fresh loan without the consent of the Caisse, and the Caisse, even if it had the power, had not the will to authorise the borrowing of an amount sufficient to con-

struct the proposed Upper Egypt barrages, or to advance the amount out of the reserved funds amassed by them owing to the actual revenue of Egypt having enormously surpassed the value estimated by the Commission of Liquidation. These funds are kept as a reserve against the possible, though most improbable, contingency of the Egyptian revenue falling short in any year of the amount required for the service of the debt. The importance, however, of having the Upper Egypt barrages constructed was impressed so strongly upon our Government by the British Authorities in Egypt, that a group of London capitalists was induced to provide the capital for the work in question, and to trust to the recovery of their advances by a series of half-yearly instalments, spread over so long a period that the Egyptian Government will easily be able to pay the instalments as they become due out of the revenue left at its disposal. I have sufficient confidence in the ability of the capitalists, by whom Mr. John Aird, the contractor, is backed, to entertain little doubt that their calculations will prove to be in the main correct, and that this being so, they will make a fair, though not an unreasonable, profit on the transaction. But there is no possibility of doubt as to the transaction being a most advantageous one for the Egyptian Government. The barrages at Assouan and Assiout will be constructed without the State having to pay a piastre for the work of construction. If, owing to any unforeseen difficulties, the cost of the barrages should prove greater than is expected, and should result in a loss instead of a profit, the State will lose nothing by the loss of the contractors. It is only when the barrages are completed and in working order that the State will be called upon to commence paying off the debt due to the contractors by instalments. The amount of these instalments is a mere trifle compared with the increase in the proceeds of the land tax which is expected to result from the new reservoirs. Even hostile critics of the project can only urge that the amount Egypt has virtually borrowed by this ingenious scheme—which I believe owes its existence to the financial genius of the author, Mr. Cassel—will, according to their calculations, bear interest at the rate of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while the interest on the State debts does not now exceed 4 per cent. According to the opinion current in Egypt, amidst the best local authorities on the culture of the soil, the reservoirs will nearly double the revenues of the State; the question, therefore, of 1 per cent., more or less, paid as interest for the necessary outlay is hardly worth considering. Since the conclusion of the contract between Mr. Aird and the Egyptian Government the price of land in Upper Egypt has, I may add, more than doubled.

In respect of education, we have not done so much as might have been done. But in this respect I think we have acted wisely in not endeavouring to introduce any drastic reforms. In the East, even more than elsewhere, education and religion are indissolubly con-

nected, and until our position in Egypt is more clearly defined and more emphatically recognised than it is at present, we cannot afford to introduce any changes under our *régime*, tending to excite the latent hostility which even at the best of times exists between the Crescent and the Cross. It is obvious, however, if newspaper reading is any proof of the spread of education, that education has spread very rapidly in Egypt. During the last fifteen years the number of newspapers posted in Egypt has increased from 2,000,000 to 7,000,000. Foreign newspapers for Egypt are posted abroad, and the proportion of local newspapers posted in Egypt for delivery abroad must form an insignificant proportion to the total posted. The foreign population in Egypt is comparatively small, and none of the papers printed in English, French, Greek, or Italian are supposed to have any considerable circulation. The explanation, therefore, of the enormous increase in the home newspaper postal service of Egypt must be found in the large circulation of the native Arabic newspapers. Prior to 1881 there was hardly a paper published in Arabic other than the *Official Gazette*. Now the streets of Cairo, Alexandria, and the large towns are filled with newsboys selling native papers. Considering the character of these papers, it may be doubted whether their increased circulation is a benefit or otherwise; but the fact shows that under our occupation there has been a rapid growth of intellectual activity amidst the native population.

We have also made very vigorous efforts to improve the administration of justice. Under our control, and at our instigation, a great many abuses have been removed. Examination by torture, barbarous punishments, judicial corruption, wholesale perjury, and official black-mailing have been nominally abolished; and even if these malpractices, as I suspect, still prevail to some extent without the knowledge of the British Authorities, they are comparatively few in number, and far less flagrant than they used to be up to the time of our advent in Egypt. The prisons are no longer scandals to humanity. Convicts are not now treated like wild beasts. Justice is not openly bought and sold; and the mere fact of an accusation is not accepted as absolute evidence of guilt and as justifying conviction, to be followed, if the accuser is a man of influence, by summary and vindictive punishment. At the same time, there can be no doubt that crimes of violence and offences against property are more frequent nowadays than they were in the era when the Khedives ruled Egypt with an iron hand. It is still less open to doubt that our legal reforms hardly commend themselves to native approval. Our Western ideas of justice in general, and our English ideas in particular, are alien to the Eastern mind. Justice, if administered according to the Eastern ideal, should be prompt, stern, based upon equity, not upon law, and indifferent to legal technicalities. According to Eastern notions the duty of a righteous judge, if he believes a prisoner to be guilty, is to get him convicted and punished

without much consideration as to the weight of the evidence. If a mistake is made now and then it cannot be helped. According to the Oriental view it is far better that an innocent man should be wrongfully punished by an error of judgment than that a guilty man should escape punishment owing to sufficient legal evidence of his guilt not being forthcoming. The ablest of Egyptian statesmen once said to me: "All your European systems of justice are based ultimately upon the principle that fear of death is the strongest preventive of crime. When you apply this principle to Egypt, you make a mistake. What Eastern people dread most is not death but worry." Now our British rules of evidence, our peculiar procedure, our assumption that a prisoner must be considered innocent till he has been found guilty, all worry the untrained Egyptian mind. The partisans of our legal reforms would urge that we have not even attempted to establish British law in Egypt, or to interfere with the native courts. Theoretically, this is true; practically, it is not true. Appointment to and promotion in the native courts are very much in the hands of the British legal advisers of the Government; and the native officials are aware that if they wish to win the favour of the dispensers of patronage, they must act, or at all events seem to act, in conformity with the principles of British criminal justice. They so act to some extent, and thereby give umbrage to native ideas. Moreover, our legal reforms are open to the grave objection that under their operation crime is more frequent and property less secure than was the case under Ismail Pasha. We have destroyed, or, to say the least, impaired the authority of the Sheikh in the villages, of the Mudir in the provinces, and of the Minister in the capital. The Kurbash can only be administered surreptitiously, if at all; and the magistrates think it more to their interest to allow a prisoner to escape than to convict him on evidence which may seem inadequate to British legal authorities in Cairo. Our attempt at reorganizing the administration of justice in Egypt can hardly, therefore, be regarded as a complete success. We have sown, I think, the seed of a new and better system of justice, but we have sown it before the soil was ripe for the reception of the seed.

With regard to the campaign in the Soudan, and the reorganization of the Egyptian army under British officers, the time has hardly come to express any opinion.¹ The immense benefit we hope in 1898 to confer upon Egypt by the reconquest of the Soudan, must always be counterbalanced by the grave injury we inflicted upon Egypt by compelling her to evacuate the Soudan in 1884. As to the value to Egypt of the native army we have enabled her to reconstruct, we can hardly judge as yet till we see how far this army has become an effective military machine. Even the experiment now being tried — supposing it, as I expect, to prove successful — will not

(1) Written before the battle of the Atbara.—[Ed. F. R.]

establish the fact whether an Egyptian army would be of any permanent value if not led by British officers : and the Egyptian army, it may be predicted with absolute confidence, will only retain the services of British officers so long as British troops continue to occupy Egypt.

For similar reasons, I hesitate about enumerating amidst the benefits we have conferred on Egypt, the transformation of Cairo. Under the British occupation, Cairo has been converted into a handsome European city, with all the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries to be found in the leading capitals of Europe. But the profit and advantage of these Cairene improvements are mainly reaped by the foreign residents and visitors ; not by the natives. Except that ophthalmia, which used to be, at one time, almost universal amidst the natives in Cairo, has become comparatively rare, owing to broad thoroughfares having been driven through the old dust-enshrouded, dirt-encrusted city, I can see no great apparent change in the conditions of existence amongst the mass of the native population. The trade and custom of a great modern capital, such as Cairo has become under our control, have undoubtedly raised prices and wages in the neighbourhood ; and the population of the city and its adjacent districts are better off than they ever were before. But, as yet, increased prosperity seems to me to have led to a comparatively slight improvement in the outward aspects of native life. The increased prosperity, however, I should add, seems to me likely to prove permanent. Whatever the political future of Egypt may be, Cairo, transformed as it has been under British influence, is certain from its position, its climate, its manifold objects of interest, and its luxurious surroundings, to remain one of the favourite winter resorts of the travelling community ; and the benefits, such as they are, derived from the yearly increasing visits of a vast multitude of tourists, must in common fairness be ascribed to the British occupation.

If I have succeeded in making my meaning clear, the following conclusions seem to me established by the facts which I have endeavoured to summarize. The British occupation has now lasted for over fifteen years. During the first five, comparatively little was accomplished, owing to the uncertain and provisional character of our tenure. The work done has been done in the main in the last ten years, and was only commenced in earnest when the British Authorities began to realise that, whether we liked it or not, we had got to stay ; and the Egyptians themselves came to the conclusion that we intended to stay. We have had, as I have tried to show, to contend with all sorts of unnecessary obstacles caused by the anomalous system of International commissions which have the right of interfering with the native administration, even when that administration is controlled and directed by British advisers. We shall still have to contend with like difficulties till we make up our minds to establish our proteo-

torate in name as well as in fact. We have, also, been fatally handicapped by the fact that the British Government and the British public have been slow in realising, even if they have realised yet, that our occupation of Egypt is a thing to be desired in the interests of the British Empire. The only points in our favour have been that British interests in Egypt have been represented throughout by far the larger portion of our occupation, by a man of a high character, great determination, and exceptional energy, in the person of Lord Cromer, who has practically played the part of a British Pro-Consul. His policy of reforming the native administration by moral, rather than by physical force, has been favoured by the accident that our Consul-General has had the willing support of a number of British officials imbued with an honest English desire to do the best, not only for their own country, but for the country in which their lot was thrown. To repeat, however, a saying which I have quoted before now and should like to recall whenever I have occasion to write on foreign affairs in which England is interested: "The only difference between physical and moral force is that the former has bayonets in the front, and the latter has bayonets in the rear." Even Sir Alfred Milner would, I think, be the first to admit that our "moral force" reorganization of Egypt must have proved a failure if it had not been supported by the presence of British troops in the Citadel of Cairo.

To sum up, under our occupation Egypt has been rendered solvent and prosperous; taxes have been largely reduced; her population has increased by nearly 50 per cent.; the value and the productiveness of her soil has been greatly improved; a regular and permanent system of irrigation has been introduced into Lower Egypt, and is now in the course of introduction into Upper Egypt; trade and industry have made giant strides; the use of the Kurbash has been forbidden; the Corvée has been suppressed; regularity in the collection of taxes has been made the rule, and not the exception; wholesale corruption has been abolished; the Fellaheen can now keep the money they earn, and are better off than they were before; the landowners are all richer owing to the fresh supply of water, with the consequent rapid increase in the saleable price of land; justice is administered with an approach to impartiality; barbarous punishments have been mitigated, if not abolished; and the extraordinary conversion of Cairo into a fair semblance of a civilised European capital has been repeated on a smaller scale in all the chief centres of Egypt. To put the matter briefly, if our occupation were to cease to-morrow, we should leave Egypt and the Egyptians far better off than they were when our occupation commenced.

If, however, I am asked whether we have succeeded in the alleged aim of our policy, that of rendering Egypt fit for self-government, I should be obliged honestly to answer that in my opinion we have made little or no progress towards the achievement of this aim. The

one certain result of our interference in the internal administration of Egypt has been to impair, if not to destroy, the authority of the Khedive; of the Mudira, who, as the nominees of the Effendina, rule over the provinces; and of the Sheiks, who, in virtue of the favour of the Mudira, govern the villages. We have undoubtedly trained a school of native officials who have learnt that it is to their interest to administer the country more or less in accordance with British ideas. Here and there we may have converted an individual official to a genuine belief in these ideas. But I am convinced that if our troops were withdrawn, and our place in Egypt was not taken by any other civilised European Power, the old state of things would revive at once, and Egypt would be governed once more by the old system of Baksheesh and Kurbash. Indeed, the last state of the country would be worse than the first, as the old generation of Egyptian statesmen have fallen into the background under our occupation, and the younger generation have so far not exhibited the intelligence or the vigour of their predecessors. The simple truth is that Egypt, in common with almost all, if not all, Oriental countries, has no desire for self-government: and that even if such a desire existed, self-government is not an art that can be taught by foreign supervision and control.

I should also find some difficulty in answering the question whether the Egyptians themselves appreciate the advantages that the British occupation have undoubtedly conferred upon their country. There is, as Sam Slick observes, "a great deal of human nature about man," and the Egyptians, the Fellaheen especially, would not belong to common humanity if they did not appreciate the advantages of being freed from the *Corvée*, of being exempted from extravagant taxation levied cruelly and capriciously, of being relieved from the burden of debt which hung around their necks, and of being allowed not only to earn money, but to keep it when earned for their own use and enjoyment. They owe all these advantages to the reforms which British officials, supported by British troops, have introduced into the administration of Egypt. But this work of reform has been done not under our name but under that of the late and the present Khedives. There is nothing in an official, and especially a British official, to inspire enthusiasm or devotion: and our British officials in Egypt, high-minded, painstaking, and honest as they are, as a body, are not persons calculated to appeal to the imagination of an Oriental people. It is our English way to do our duty, or what we think our duty, and having done it not to make much fuss about the matter. I doubt, therefore, greatly, whether the extent to which the benefits of their present state are due to British influence over the native administration, or the fact that that influence is due simply and solely to the British occupation, have presented themselves clearly to the ordinary

native mind. The Egyptians are very much like children, who accept whatever happens to them, good or bad, without troubling themselves much with the consideration as to the causes to which their happiness or unhappiness may be due. The popular belief that any good thing comes from the direct personal action of Allah is not in itself a stimulant to gratitude towards the human benefactors by whom the good may happen to have been brought to pass. Moreover, it is the nature of mankind to think less of bygone pain than of present discomfort. In the old days of the Kurbash and the Baksheesh rule, the probabilities were that you would get the Kurbash and not the Baksheesh. But under the Anglicised administration, you may be sure of not being bastinadoed, but you are still more sure of not being bribed. The regularity, punctuality, and economy of British officialdom are things distasteful in themselves to Orientals. After all, the system on which Egypt was administered in the Biblical days, when the baker was hung and the butler was raised to honour because it so seemed good in the eyes of Pharaoh, is the normal order of things to an Egyptian way of thinking. We are labouring under a strange delusion if we imagine that the Egyptians are grateful to us, as a nation, for the reforms we have introduced into the administration of their country. Our consolation must be that we have done our duty towards the Egyptians, and with that consolation we must rest content.

The readers who may recall the articles I have written in this review and elsewhere on the subject of Egypt for a score of years past, will, I think, bear out my assertion that I have always advocated the occupation of Egypt by England in the interests of the latter rather than the former. I have, however, throughout, contended that our occupation would confer great benefit upon Egypt—and this contention is, I think, fully justified by the official statistics just issued by authority at Cairo. To anyone who, like myself, has known Egypt for upwards of a quarter of a century, no such demonstration was required. For me it is enough to use my own eyes, and to recall my own memories. But to Englishmen not acquainted with the country, it may be a satisfaction to learn on evidence, whose substantial accuracy cannot be disputed, that our occupation, hampered as its action has been by manifold difficulties, has yet conferred immense benefits on the people of Egypt. Englishmen, therefore, who share my view that the occupation of Egypt is demanded by the interests of the British Empire will, I trust, be confirmed in their resolution that this occupation must be maintained, by the conviction that its retention is beneficial not only to the occupying power but to the country occupied.

EDWARD DICEY.

Cairo, April 5th.

PAINTING IN ENAMELS.

Of all the Fine Arts over which an unnecessary mystery has been cast, painting in enamels stands pre-eminent. In none has the worker upheld a more contemptible secrecy as regards his methods; in none has worse art work been accepted by connoisseurs; and in none has the capacity of the material been so little developed.

In this paper I shall treat only of what is termed "Painters' Enamel," in contradistinction to "Miniature Enamel," and omitting those forms called *cloisonné*, *champlevé*, and translucent enamel on relief.

If, as it has been said, every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every profession has its peculiar temptations, and the temptations to which enamellers succumb are mystery and secrecy. The ignorance of the public in the art of enamelling has largely contributed to this, as the very word "enamel" conveys to the public mind little more than the idea of a "shiny" surface. Hitherto this art has been treated by writers in an historical and archæological, rather than artistic, sense. They have sought to find proofs as to whether enamels existed before or after the Christian Era; to find marks to identify the workers; have worried over the relationship of one worker to another, whether brother, son, or nephew. And between Jules Labarte, Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, F. de Vernaille, Alfred Darcel, and others, there has been much strife. But all this has not helped to revive, or to make the public interested in, this art, which, we may say, died in the seventeenth century, before a tithe of its possibilities had been developed.

That no serious Renaissance has yet taken place is somewhat the fault of the artists. Perhaps in this way: the excitement of overcoming technical difficulties is not a pleasurable sensation to all natures. The methods of painting in oil or water-colours are practically so direct, that long practice with these mediums leaves the artist little inclined to do work so complex—work that depends for its results on the action of fire. Artists, as a rule, appear to dislike experimenting, a mental phase accounting in some measure for their neglect of this particular art—an art which, to my thinking, stands alone for its glory of colour, dignity of quality, and certainty of durability.

Its practice, fraught with so many complex difficulties, requires corresponding capabilities in the worker. He must be a good draughtsman, designer, and colourist. He must have an intuitive faculty for inventing ways and means. He must be patient,

methodical, and accurate, and above all, an inborn craftsman. Add to these a finely-attuned artistic nature, and a fund of enthusiasm, and you have the mental endowments needful to the painter in enamel. The question will be asked, did the sixteenth century enamellers possess all these virtues? The answer is, clearly—No! I am, however, not writing of that which *has* been done in enamel-painting, but what *could* be done. Nor do I speak of impossibilities, for I could name artists who have these qualities of mind.

There are some mediums in which poor work is less disgusting than in others; water-colour is one. Perhaps, on account of its special richness of quality, poor work in enamels is less offensive than in oil-colours. But I do not take this as a recommendation. I say, advisedly, that in no medium can the splendour of nature's colouring, in all its subtleties of tone, light, and depth, be so nearly approached as in enamels. The limitations arise from the handling, not the material. Perhaps all such sweeping assertions are a little unjust. But it is better to court antagonism than to quench enthusiasm.

And now, what is enamel? The answer is, roughly, glass; say, ordinary window glass, with certain mineral oxides fused into it to give it colour. Mr. Starkie Gardiner, in his preface to the "Catalogue of the Enamel Exhibition," held at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, last year, says, "The term 'an enamel' is now definitely understood to mean a metal object more or less coated with a deposit of glass. . . . It is applied to the metal surface either as a dry powder or moistened into an adhesive paste, and melted in an oven or kiln. . . ." An artist will readily understand the application of this material, in flat tones, to interstices that are dug out of a piece of metal, or to spaces separated by little wires. But how the pictorial aspect of nature, with the subtleties of tone, light, and depth (not to mention drawing), is to be approached with any certainty of handling by means of this dry or moistened powder of ground glass, he will doubtless fail to see without a further knowledge of the curious technical device invented in the fourteenth century, which opened out a new world to the enameller. About that time the glass painters made great improvements, not only in their technique, but in their representation of subjects. "Artists had begun to paint superficially upon glass with enamel colours," and had discarded the mosaic grounds of coloured glass. Now, as the enamels on copper, so esteemed for several centuries, were losing their value, all the fashion running in the direction of the precious metals of gold and silver, ornamented with translucent enamels, the enamellers of Limoges were compelled to invent some entirely new method by which they could carry out subjects in a more pictorial way, and so, by offering a substantial novelty, alter the trend of fashion. Probably the glass painters gave

the clue to what must always be considered a most ingenious method. Instead of cutting out the parts to receive the colours, separating the spaces by wire, or engraving the subject on metal in relief—all clumsy and almost impossible devices for pictorial effects—they first covered the whole copper plate with a dark enamel; upon this they "worked up" their design with white (oxide of tin) mixed with a volatile oil, such as lavender—getting every gradation of tone, from the dark foundation ground to the highest lights, by its successive application, and by subjecting the plate several times to the fire to complete the picture, in what they called "grisaille," or black and white.

Here is a process that lends itself readily to the artist's hand. As the work is gradually developed, after each firing the drawing can be improved and augmented. There is a fixed outline from the beginning, which can be retained or lost at will. In making this outline, all the skill of the etcher can be indulged in: on the glazed, dark enamel surface a coating of the white, much diluted with the oil, is spread as evenly as possible. This is dried, but not fired; that is, subjected to heat only sufficiently to evaporate the oil, leaving the white a light brown colour with a "mat" surface. On to this the design is transferred, and the outline made with a needle, which removes the dried white, exposing the dark ground below; thus producing a clear line, comparable to the finest etched line. No wonder the old enamellers "cross-hatched" here and there at this stage of the process. It is most tempting to do so, and such lines often give great value to certain tones or shadows, as may be frequently seen in Fred Walker's, or, still more, in Sir John Gilbert's water-colour works.

So far the artist has no difficulty in producing his black and white picture. Now comes the truly wonderful palette to his hand for the tinting of his monochrome picture. The enameller of the present day has over a hundred shades of colour. But the enamels vary in hardness, that is, some fuse more rapidly than others, and thereon hangs the one great difficulty in the manipulation. Some, it should be mentioned, are transparent, and some opaque, but all alike can be thinned down with flux (glass) as water-colours with water. Again, enamels can be mixed, or over-laid, just as other colours. The plate may have to be subjected to the fire ten to fifteen times before it is completed.

It will now be understood that to paint successfully in enamels, *exact planning* beforehand is imperative, and such planning is both difficult and irksome to the artist. But unless every stage of the work is carefully calculated, the result is an almost certain failure—not that the great difficulty lies in the firing, but in planning the application of the different colours, according to their power of fire-endurance. Whilst in the muffle, or kiln, the work can be watched by a frequent opening of the door, and when the glaze appears the

firing is sufficient. This is all one has to judge at that time, for enamel colours pass through strange mutations when red hot, and do not recover their original character of colour until cold.

It would be useless in an article of this kind, especially meant for laymen, to be too technical, or to go into questions of the manufacture of enamels. But I must slightly touch this side of the subject in order to explain a most important difference between the enamels, properly so called, and the vitrified paints used for what was formerly termed "miniature enamel" painting.

Leonard Limousin, the most renowned enameller of the sixteenth century, was already in possession of a few of these vitrified paints. He made some important experiments, on a rather large scale, of painting with these colours on a white ground of enamel, resulting only in the appearance of pottery painting. Nobody followed on his experiments until, in 1632, Jean Toutin invented a most extensive palette of these colours, which started miniature enamel painting. Offering no more difficulties in manipulation than water-colours on ivory or parchment, it soon killed the older and more difficult manipulation with enamels.

I wish to emphasize the difference between the two kinds of enamel, because, even in the limited modern revival, Leonard's bad habit of stippling up the faces of his portraits with such "paints," applying pure enamel only to the broad tones of background and clothes, has been carried to such a length, with the greater number of vitrified colours at one's disposal, that all chance of further development of the greater and nobler material, the use of which almost ceased in the seventeenth century, is hopelessly at a standstill. The result in quality is only, as it were, a combination of *enamel* and *china* painting. For the highest evolution of enamelling, it is the "substantial" enamel that must be experimented with; and primarily, to succeed in the realisation of flesh-colour, the criterion of all painting. But in true flesh painting (as the artist understands it) both the old and the new workers have signally failed. Vitrified paints, with their "china-painting" character, will not give it, and the old masters failed with enamels. But I emphatically declare it *can* be obtained with transparent or substantial enamels, and *that* must be the first triumph of the new renaissance in painting in enamel. What painter in oils or water-colours, for instance, would not wish to produce in these mediums a nude figure that was at once high in key and low in tone? This desirable effect can be obtained in enamels, and I go so far as to say *only* in enamels, but there must be no mixing up of this china-painting. Should a vitrified paint render service for what we painters call "under-painting," well and good (providing it stands the firing), but there its use should end.

It must be clearly understood that I only use the word "china-painting" disparagingly when its peculiar quality appears in the art

of enamel painting; on the art of painting on earthenware I have nothing to say.

But now, to differentiate between the vitrified paint and the enamel so highly praised. A potent charm, in addition to purity and brilliancy of colour, in what I have called "substantial" enamel, is the mysterious absence of palpable surface—surface, so often distressing, and always troublesome, in all other colour pigments. In these enamels we are aware only of colour, and that because it floats, so to speak, in a body of glass placed on the plate sometimes to the thickness of a twentieth of an inch. This peculiarity is, no doubt, owing to the colour, due to the oxide having been fused into the body of glass. Not so the "vitrified paints"; for in these the flux or glass is crushed in water with the oxide, and *not fused beforehand*. These vitrified paints, if placed upon a piece of metal and subjected to fire, would come out without a glaze; therefore, in order to produce such a glaze, they require to be placed upon a coating of enamel; and being excessively fine and thin of body—as well as of invariable opacity, requiring but little firing—they always remain on the surface. This excessive fineness and thinness of body no doubt enables the artist to obtain a minute finish. But it has necessarily neither depth nor transparency, and is garish in colour. This kind of painting, which ripened into its full capacity almost instantly, and nearly as rapidly declined, is eminently, in the present day, a commercial commodity, as exemplified in any jeweller's shop, where pretty faces of the "plum-box" ideality can be seen on brooches, watches, &c., made by the thousand abroad.

The tendency to imitate the old work in enamel painting is another stoppage to development. To begin with, the enamellers of the sixteenth century rarely did their own designs, and made, so far as drawing is concerned, a wretched failure of even the Raphael engravings so freely circulated amongst them. The artist should look to the possibilities of the undeveloped material; should put his identity into his work, and so lift this glorious medium for artistic expression out of its undeserved oblivion. But to base his style on the limitations of the early workmen in the material—who *were* workmen, and *not* artists—is illogical, and, as we see, unnecessary.

As for appreciation, the collectors of old work are few in number, and the general public know nothing about enamels—either modern or ancient. Indeed, one friend asked me if it was the same as "Aspinall's enamel!" Therefore, a new public must be created, and a new public *will* be, when the right work appears. As for the exhibition of such work, at present there is no gallery in which it can be exhibited in a worthy manner. The subterfuge of the Sculpture room in our Academy, or a gangway in the Paris Salon is not adequate.

HUBERT HERKOMER.

HAVANA AND THE HAVANESE.¹

NOTWITHSTANDING the mosquito nuisance and bad drainage, the traveller's first impression of Havana is distinctly agreeable, and the pleasing illusion is never completely destroyed. The harbour is wonderfully picturesque. Opposite the entrance stands the Moro Castle, almost a *facsimile* of that curious little castellated Moorish fortress which faces the beautiful monastery and Church of Belem, at Lisbon. To the left are two rather sharp promontories, crested by several fine churches, one "Los Angeles," fully two hundred years old—an age in the New World, corresponding to hoar antiquity in the Old,—beyond these, upon a number of low-lying hills, rises the city, an irregular mass of one-storeyed dwellings, painted a vivid ochre, and interspersed with church domes and towers—with here and there tall, lank cocoa palms, or a tuft of banana leaves waving over some garden wall. Vessels from every part of the world, feluccas, with their swallow-shaped sails, some dazzling white, others a deep-red brown, fill up the foreground—whilst canoe-like market boats laden with tropical fruits, fish, vegetables and flowers, and rowed by

(1) According to the best authorities, Diego Valasquez, the Conqueror of Cuba, founded the famous city of San Christobal de la Habana, in 1508, and being immensely impressed by the width and depth of the harbour, and its generally favourable position for trade purposes, he called it *la Have del Nuevo Mondo*, the key to the New World. So far he was right, and until quite recently Havana stood forth among the richest cities in Southern America. The early history of Cuba, like that of all the West Indian Islands, consists of a series of attacks by Spanish, English, French, and Dutch buccaneers and privateers. In 1528, these adventurers burnt the new city to the ground, but, Phoenix-like, it soon rose above its ashes, and was eventually protected by a chain of fortifications of sufficient importance to resist a siege by the Dutch in 1628. From 1762 until February, 1763, the English, under Sir George Pickcock, held the place. It was finally restored to the Spaniards; and the evacuation, on July 10th of the same year, was celebrated with great rejoicing; Britain being, at that date, distinctly unpopular in Cuba. In 1768, France having ceded Louisiana to Spain, Don Antonio Alloua sailed for New Orleans, to take possession in the name of Their Catholic Majesties. He was so ill received as to be obliged to return forthwith to Havana, where Marshal O'Reilly, an Irish exile, organized an expedition to Louisiana, and seized the capital, which was not held for very long. In 1802, Havana was partly burnt to the ground, and some ten thousand persons were left homeless. Under the governorship of the celebrated Tacon, Havana soon resumed its foremost position, and was almost entirely rebuilt in stone and masonry, whereas, hitherto, most of the houses had been of wood, thatched with straw. If you ask, "Who built that fine edifice?" the answer is invariably, "Tacon." "Yon theatre?" "Tacon." It is literally a case of *Tacon qui, Tacon, su e Tacon gūd*. He is the benevolent Figaro of the place. The wonders which he performed in a short time prove clearly that when the island is energetically governed, it flourishes marvellously. The present century has been one of intermittent revolt, culminating in disaster, and in the singularly unsatisfactory condition of affairs which at present occupies the attention of Europe and America.

negroes naked to the waist, sould in all directions over the deep-blue waters.

Arriving, as I did, from New York, which I had left deep in snow, this summer scene was most exhilarating, and the exceeding transparency of the Cuban atmosphere added considerably to its beauty. Everything seemed unusual, novel, and, above all, utterly unlike what I expected. The impress of the mother-country, Spain, is felt and seen everywhere, and modern American influences are barely perceptible, as yet. From the sea, Havana might be Malaga or Cadiz, but when you land, memories of Pompeii immediately crowd upon you. What we should call the city proper, the commercial quarter of the Cuban capital, consists of a labyrinth of narrow lanes, traversed by one or two broadish streets, the principal of which, known all over Southern America and the West Indies as Calle O'Reilly, runs from the Governor's Palace, right out to the walls of the city: Few of the houses which line these lanes and alleys are more than one storey high, but that one storey so exceedingly lofty, that it would make three in an average London dwelling. The lower half of every house is painted either a deep darkish blue, a deep Egyptian red, or a vivid yellow ochre; the upper part is always a dazzling white. As in Pompeii, you notice rows of stucco columns, painted half one colour half another. Peeping through the ever-open doorways, you may, as you pass along, obtain something more than a mere casual glimpse of the interior of the dwellings. If you are early enough, you may behold the family at its toilet, for there is very little privacy anywhere in Cuba, every act, from entry into life to its final exit, from baptism to burial, being serenely performed in the utmost publicity. The lower windows, overlooking the street, are protected by heavy iron bars, and behind these you may, in certain quarters of the town, see lively groups of Havanese Geishas, their faces thickly powdered with rice flour, their long black hair plaited, and their opulent charms displayed to liberal advantage—"sono donn che fano all'amore!" These same curious overhanging windows, with their iron bars, would give the place a prison-like appearance, were they not painted in the most brilliant colours—orange, scarlet, and pea-green. More frequently than not, the fragrance of the family dinner falls pleasantly on your olfactory nerve, and you may even catch a glimpse of the cook, a negress, invariably, presiding over the charcoal stove in the kitchen, turban on head, a long calico skirt streaming behind her, and in her mouth the inevitable cigarette, without which no Cuban coloured lady can be happy. In spite of the wretched system of drainage, you rarely come across a foul smell, except in that hot-bed of yellow fever, the market-place, which occupies the site of the old Inquisition, and was once the scene of an unusual number of *Autos da fé*—a favourite form of religious entertainment in South America;

it would appear, for in a curious old book, dated 1683, which I picked up in Havana for a few pence, the author complains of the dull times, "nobody, not even a nigger, having been burnt alive, for nearly six months." A Havanese *Auto da fé*, in the palmy days of Spanish supremacy, must have been quite a pretty sight, including, as it did, an allegorical procession to the place of execution, with children dressed in white as angels, and little nigger boys as devils, tails and horns complete, dancing before the condemned, who, of course, wore the traditional *san benito*, a sort of high mitre and shirt, embellished with demoniacal representations of Satan and his imps, capering amid flames and forked lightning.¹ Then came the Governor and his court, the civil and military officials, the clergy, the monks, and the friars singing the seven penitential psalms—in a word, everything "*muy grandioso y espectacular*."

There is no West End, so to speak, in Havana, the mansions of the wealthy being scattered through every part of the city. Some of the finer houses are exceedingly handsome, but they are all built on one plan, in the classical style, with an inner courtyard, surrounded by handsome marble or stucco columns. I imagine them to be designed much on the same plan as the villas of ancient Rome. In the centre of the Pateo, there is generally a garden, rich in tropical vegetation, shading either a fountain or a large gilded aviary full of brilliant parrots and parrakeets. In some houses there is a picture or statue of the Virgin, or some Saint, with a silver lamp burning before it day and night. In the Pateo, the family assembles of an evening, the ladies in full dress—and as it is generally brilliantly illuminated, the pleasant domestic scene adds greatly to the gay appearance of the streets, which fill with loungers, in the cool of the evening.

The handsomest street in Havana is the Cerro, a long thoroughfare running up a hill, at the back of the town, bordered on either side by enormous old villas, in the midst of magnificent gardens. The finest of these mansions belongs to the very old Hernandez family, and is built of white marble, in the usual classical style. The adjacent villa, Santo Veneo, has a lovely garden, and used to be famous for its collection of orchids, the late Countess de Santo Veneo, a very wealthy lady, being a great collector. She was a clever, agreeable woman, well known in Paris, where she usually spent the summer and autumn. In the midst of a perfect forest of cocoa palms stands the former summer villa of the Bishops of Havana, now a private residence.

Then, one after the other, follow the handsome dwellings of the Havanese Sangre Azul, of the Marquese dos Hermanos, of the Conde Penalver, of the Marqueza de Rio Palma, &c. The cacti in these

(1) Such a procession is shown in a quaint engraving in the work above alluded to.

villa gardens are of amazing size and shape, some showing leaves thick and strong enough to bear the weight of a full-grown man. Unfortunately these Havana Edens are infested all the year round by swarms of mosquitos. The residents seem skin proof, and do not appear to suffer from the insects' attacks. But woe waits on the unwary new-comer who tempts fate by lingering in these lovely gardens!

The picturesque *volante*, once as essentially Cuban as the gondola is Venetian, has entirely disappeared, at all events from the streets of the capital. It is, or perhaps I should say it was, a very singular looking vehicle, with its wonderful spider-web-like wheels, its long shafts, and its horse or mule, upon whose back the driver should perch in a clumsily-made saddle. It had something of the litter on wheels, and was usually occupied, of an afternoon on feast days, by two or three ladies, magnificently dressed in full ball costume, and blazing with jewels, the fairest of the trio sitting on the knees of the other two. The *volante* was sometimes splendidly decorated with costly silver platings and rich stuffs. The negro driver wore a very smart dark blue and red cloth livery, covered with gold lace, high jack boots coming almost up to his waist, and carried a long silver-mounted whip in his hand; victorias and landaus have usurped the place of these old-world coaches, excepting in the country, where they are often to be met with on the high roads.

For its size (the population is about 230,000) Havana is exceptionally well supplied with public and private carriages. You can hire an excellent *victoria de plaza* for 1 fr. 50 the hour, and a custom which the London County Council might imitate and introduce with advantage, has long been in use in the Cuban capital. To avoid extortion from the cab-drivers, the lamp-posts are painted various colours, red for the central district, blue for the second circle, and green for the outer. Thus, in a trice, the fare becomes aware when he gets beyond the radius, and pays accordingly. Trouble with the Havanese hack coachman, usually a coloured man, and very civil, is of the rarest occurrence.

Although an eminently Catholic city, Havana cannot be said to be rich in churches. A goodly number have been destroyed during the various rebellions, especially those of the middle of the century, when the religious orders were suppressed. The largest church is the Mercede, a fine building in the *rococo* style, with handsome marble altars and some good pictures. It is crowded, on Sundays and holidays, by the fashionable world of the place, the young men forming up in rows outside the church as soon as Mass is over, to gaze at the *senoritas* and their chaperons. The Cathedral is the chief architectural monument of interest in Havana. It was erected for the Jesuits in 1704, and was converted into a cathedral in the

course of the present century. It is built in the usual Hispano-American style, with a big dome, and two stumpy towers on either side of the centre. Internally the effect is rather heavy, owing to the dark colour of the marbles which cover the walls, but compared with most churches in these latitudes, the edifice is in exceptionally good taste, with a remarkable absence of the tawdry images and wonderful collections of trumpery artificial flowers and glass shades, which, as a rule, disfigure South American churches. The choir would be considered handsome even in Rome, and the stalls are beautifully carved in mahogany. Almost all the columns in the church are also mahogany, highly polished, producing the effect of a deep red marble, most striking when relieved, as in this case, by gilt bronze capitals. In the choir is the tomb of Columbus. The great navigator died, as most of my readers will doubtless be aware, at Valladolid, in Spain, on Ascension Day, 1506, and his body was at first deposited, after the most pompous obsequies, in the church of San Francisco, in that city.

In 1513, the remains were conveyed to the Carthusian monastery of La Quabas, at Seville, where Ferdinand and Isabella erected a monument over them, bearing the simple but appropriate inscription:—

“A CASTILE Y LEON
NUEVO MUNDO DIO COLON.”

Twenty-three years later, the body of Columbus, with that of his son Diego, was removed to the island of San Domingo, or Hayti, and interred in the principal church of the capital; but when that island was ceded to the French, the Spaniards claimed the ashes of the Discoverer, and they were carried to Havana and solemnly interred in the Cathedral, on the 15th January, 1796. The remains, which, by this time, it seems, were scanty enough, were placed in a small urn, deposited in a niche in the left wall of the chancel, and sealed up with a marble slab, surmounted by an excellent bust of the bold explorer, wreathed with laurel. The inscription, a very poor one, excited considerable ridicule, and a pasquinade was circulated, lamenting the absence of the nine Muses on the occasion of its composition.

Of late years, however, the inhabitants of San Domingo have set up a protest in favour of certain bones which have been discovered in their own cathedral, and declare by their gods, or by their saints, that never a bone of Columbus left their island, and that the relics of the great Christopher in the Cathedral of Havana, unto which so many pilgrimages have been made, are as apocryphal as were those of certain saints mentioned by the learned Erasmus.

Of the other numerous Havaneese churches there is not much to be said, except that nearly all have remarkable ceilings, decorated in a

sort of mosaic work in rare woods, often very artistic in design. Columns of mahogany are frequently seen, and nearly all the churches are lined with very old Spanish or Dutch tiles. The Church of Santa Clara, attached to a very large nunnery, is a favourite place of devotion with the fashionable ladies, who squat on a piece of carpet in front of the Madonna, with their negro attendant kneeling a few feet behind them. When the lady has performed her devotions, the sable footman takes up her carpet, and follows her out of the church, walking solemnly a few feet behind her. In the Church of the Mercede there is a very curious picture representing a group of Indians being slaughtered by a number of Spaniards. In the centre is a wooden cross, upon the transverse portions of which Our Lady is seated, holding the infant Jesus in her arms. In the corner is a long inscription of some historical importance. It runs thus:—

"The Admiral, Don Christopher Columbus, and the Spanish Army, being possessed of the 'Cerro de la Vaga,' a place in the Spanish island, erected on it a cross, on whose right arm, the 2nd of May, 1492, in the night, there appeared, with her most precious Son, the Virgin, Our Lady of Mercy. The Indians, who occupied the island, as soon as they saw Her, drew their arrows and fired at Her, but, as the arrows could not pierce the sacred wood, the Spaniards took courage, and, falling upon the said Indians, killed a great number of them. And the person who saw this wonderful prodigy was the V. P. F. Juan."

The Jesuits have an important college for boys in Havana. Annexed to it is an observatory, said to be the best organised in South America. The church is handsome, and over the high altar hangs a famous holy family, by Ribeira. In connection with this college there is also a museum and library, especially rich in drawings and prints, illustrating Cuban life and scenery, from the sixteenth century down to our own times.

The wooden images of saints on the altars in the Havanese churches are most picturesque, and their costumes often very amusing. St. Michael, for instance, may appear in white kid dancing shoes and a short velvet frock, and the Madonna is usually attired in the cumbersome court dress of the sixteenth century; with farthingale and ruff complete. I have seen the sacred Bambino represented as quite a nice-looking English boy, with a sash and straw hat, and the neatest of shoes, or even as a Scotch laddie, in the smartest of kilts. These oddly attired images are doubtless dreams of heavenly beauty in the eyes of the average darkie.

The numerous charitable institutions in the capital, and throughout the island, are well managed, and generally clean. The Casa de Beneficencia, founded by the famous Las Casas, as an asylum for the extremes of life, the very young and very old, is especially interesting. It is managed by those admirable women, the Little Sisters of the

Poor. Nothing can exceed the exquisite comfort and cleanliness of the Lazar House, situated at some distance from the city, in which six nuns and two priests have banished themselves from the world in order to tend the many hapless lepers on the island.

But admirably managed, roomy, and well endowed though they undoubtedly are, the charitable establishments of Havana do not supply the demand, for the place swarms with beggars. Never, no, not even in Spain or Italy, have I seen such terrible beggars as those of Cuba. They haunt you everywhere, gathering round the church doors, whining for alms, insulting you if you refuse them, and pestering you as you go home at night, never leaving you till you either bestow money on them, or escape within your own or some friendly door.

Kingsley described Havana as "the Western Abomination," so low was his opinion of the moral tone of its inhabitants. Whether his judgment was right or wrong, I dare not say, but I know enough to convince me that the average Havanese drawing-room can provide quite as much ill-natured gossip as any in London. Here, as elsewhere in Southern America, religion has become a mere affair of ceremony and outward observance, with little or no moral influence. I am assured that of late years there has been a considerable reaction, and that numerous missions have been preached by priests and friars, imported from Europe in the hope of exciting the zeal of the native clergy, which has very possibly been affected by the enervating influence of the climate. Be this as it may, the churches in Cuba are a never-failing source of interest, by reason of the quaint and ever-changing scenes their interiors exhibit. In some of them the music is admirable in its way, although entirely of an operative character. At the Mercede there is a full orchestra, and the principal singers from the opera may often be heard at High Mass.

Church has always, in Latin countries, been the scene of a good deal of quiet flirtation, and I remember one Sunday morning, in the Cathedral of Havana, being initiated by a friend into the mysteries of fan language. We watched a young lady, and extremely good looking and richly apparelled, who, after she had said her preliminary devotions, looked round her as if seeking somebody. Presently she opened her fan very wide, which, as the Cuban who was with us at the time assured us, meant "I see you." Then she half closed it, this indicated "Come and see me." Four fingers were next placed upon the upper half of the closed fan, signifying, "At half-past four." The fan was next dropped upon the floor, which, we were told, signified the fact that the lady would be alone. A Havanese lady, who is expert in this system of signalling, can talk by the hour with the help of her fan, and of a bunch of variously coloured flowers, each of which has some special meaning.

The Havanese shops are plentifully supplied with European and native goods, but, as in almost all tropical countries, very few of them have windows, and the wares are exposed in the open, as in an Eastern bazaar. Only a few years ago, the jewellers' and goldsmiths' shops were renowned throughout the Western world, but now, unfortunately, they are entirely ruined. Even in 1878, when the shoe first began to pinch in Cuba, many fine jewels, and some beautiful specimens of old Spanish silver, Louis XV. fans, snuff boxes, and bric-à-brac of all kinds, were offered for sale. Often a negress would come to the hotel bearing a coffer full of things for inspection; the mistress who sent the good woman must have had implicit trust in her servant, for she frequently sold her wares for very considerable sums. Few of the Havanese nobility and rich planters have anything worth selling left them nowadays, but only a few years ago Havana was a happy hunting-ground for bargain seekers.

Amongst so pleasure-loving a people as the Cubans, public amusements hold a far more prominent place than they do in any of the United States, with, perhaps, the sole exception of New Orleans, and the carnival at Havana was at one time the most brilliant in the Americas. For many years, however, its glories have been declining, and during the last few decades the upper and middle classes have taken scant part in the festivities. I can remember, however, many years ago, seeing the famous ribbon dance, performed by people of quality, in the open streets. A gaily-dressed youth walked in front of the company, holding a pole, from which floated a number of coloured ribbons, which the various couples held in their hands, and threaded into a kind of plait as they moved gracefully round the leader of this *al fresco* cotillon. It was a very pretty sight to see hundreds of masqueraders parading the streets, engaged in this graceful pastime, and each band accompanied by a group of musicians. Throughout the carnival the negroes are allowed to mingle with the white population in all festivities, and even in the great gala procession of carriages, which passes round the gaily decorated city during three successive afternoons, the negroes' donkey tandems and brilliantly draped waggons are permitted to take their places among the equipages of their masters. The negroes formerly went about the streets masked and disguised, and as they formed one-third of the population, there was no lack of variety of costume, but neither bonbons nor flower throwing had any place in this somewhat formal pageant. The Cubans evidently do not appreciate cut blossoms, for you rarely, if ever, see a bouquet in their houses, although their gardens simply blaze with every sort of flowers.

After sunset the revel begins in earnest. The negroes come out in their thousands, carrying lighted Chinese lanterns hanging from the top of bamboo poles. They shout and leap, and at every open space

they dance to the sound of tom-toms and horns, their two chief musical instruments. All the theatres have a masked ball, that of the *Tacon*, which is the finest and largest theatre in the Southern Hemisphere, being exclusively devoted to the upper and middle classes. Here there is a great display of jewellery, the ladies, as in Italy, wearing the little loup mask and a domino, while all the gentlemen are in evening dress. Of recent years, the ball at the *Tacon* has greatly diminished in gaiety and local colour. The usual European dances fill the entire programme, and there is very little difference between this *veglione* and any in Nice, Rome, or Naples. At the "Payrete," an immense theatre opposite the *Tacon*, matters are quite otherwise, and the coloured element largely prevails. An outlandish orchestra, consisting of the usual horns and tom-toms, bangs a wild, savage melody, with a kind of irregular rhythm, marking time, but without the faintest vestige of tune. The couples stand and jig, facing each other,—occasionally in a manner which is better left undefined, but usually with a solemnity defying all description. Now and again the male dancers utter a piercing whoop, and the couples forthwith change sides. It is impossible to conceive that fun or amusement can be extracted from such a monotonous performance. But that these good people do find enjoyment in it cannot be questioned, since they frequently continue performing this dance, which is known as the "Cubana," for many hours at a stretch, without moving a yard from the spot where they began. Meanwhile the barbaric orchestra bangs ever, making noise enough to raise the dead—tom-tom whack, tom-tom wick, tom-tom whoop—*e da capo*. It ends by maddening the European ear, and the on-looker is forced to bolt or risk an epileptic seizure, or some such misfortune. This weird carnival ball, as seen from a box, is one of the most singular sights imaginable, but the spectator must make up his mind to evil smells as well as noise—all the perfumes of Araby would not sweeten the theatre. The scenes, in the brightly lighted streets outside, struck me as infinitely preferable. The crowded cafés, before which groups of smartly dressed young negro mandolinists play, and very creditably, selections from popular operas, in the confident hope of being treated to ices, or something stronger, have a distinct and original charm. Punctually at twelve o'clock on Shrove Tuesday, the cannon boomed from Moro Castle, announcing that King Carnival had just expired. On the morrow, the pious crowded the churches to receive the penitential ashes. Lent began in earnest, and was very rigorously kept, so far as the eating of flesh was concerned. An average Cuban negro would sooner take poison than a mouthful of meat on the abstinence days, although, I fear, his moral sense might easily be weighed and found wanting in other particulars.

The Cubans, notwithstanding their worship of the tom-tom and the

horn, and the popularity of noisy music, possibly imported from Africa by the Congo slaves who swarm on the big plantations, are a very musical race. The *Tacon* opera-house, which can accommodate 5,000 persons, is, in its way, a very fine theatre, built in Italian fashion, with tiers of boxes, one above another. They are separated by gilded lattices, so as to afford every possible means of ventilation. Round each tier of boxes is a sort of ambulatory or verandah, overlooking the great Square. The upper gallery is exclusively devoted to the coloured people, who, on a Sunday, fill it to suffocation. They are considered the most critical part of the audience, and their appreciation or disapproval is generally well founded, and liberally demonstrated. The first two rows of boxes belong to the aristocracy and wealthy merchants, and the display of jewellery on a gala night used to be quite amazing. The lower part of the house is divided into a pit and orchestra-stalls. When crowded, the *Tacon* presents a really fine appearance. The stage is, I should say, as large as that at Covent Garden, and the operas are perfectly mounted and staged. A great peculiarity of this theatre is the orchestra, which is of almost unrivalled excellence, although at least one half of its performers are coloured, and some of them full-blooded negroes. I think I am correct in saying that on several occasions the conductor himself has been a coloured gentleman. Two of the very best performances of *Lohengrin* and *Aida* (the latter with Christine Nilsson) I ever enjoyed, I saw at the *Tacon*, where some of the greatest vocalists of the present century have appeared. The Cubans do not care for the Spanish national drama. They prefer adaptations from the French and Italian; and Havana, unlike Mexico, has not produced a single dramatist of note. Spanish companies come every year from Madrid, but they are rarely well patronised. On the other hand, Ristóri, Salvini, Duse, and Sarah Bernhardt have received almost divine honours in the Cuban capital.

One night I dropped into the *Torricillas*, a little fourth-rate house, and on going to the box-office to pay for my seat, to my utter astonishment, I found the employé absent, although the theatre was open, and a crowd thronging in to attend a gratuitous rehearsal of a piece which was to be performed on the following evening for money. The house was dimly lighted. The orchestra consisted of a piano, and the back scene was formed of odds and ends of scenery jumbled together in the funniest confusion. A stoutish young fellow, a sort of Sancho Panza, was rehearsing the company, the ladies of which lounged about in various parts of the house, smoking incessant cigarettes. The play was one of the kind known in Spain as a "Zazuela," or farce. The plot was simple enough, dealing with the adventures of a runaway negro, who tried to become manager of a strolling troupe of players. The fun consisted in the admirable

delineation of each character, and the spirited acting. One scene, representing the appearance of the troupe at Mocha, a country village, was irresistibly droll. Some of the actors went down among the audience, pretending to be country spectators, and cracked excellent jokes at the expense of the troupe, on the topics of the day, and popular abuses in general. In the last scene the national "Garacha" was admirably danced. It is as objectionable, in itself, as the "Cubana," but it was quite transformed by the grace of the artistes.

The bull-ring and the cock-pit are still national institutions throughout Cuba. Each city has its ring and its cock-pit. I drove out one Sunday to the "Ring," or "Galleria" as it is called, at the corner of the Calle Manuel, in a rather low quarter of Havana. I found a motley assembly of beggars, cake-vendors, and negroes, hanging about the entry and the box-office, if so I may call it, which was neat and smart enough for a metropolitan theatre. The price of admission to the best seats was only two shillings. Passing a bar, before which a noisy crowd was drinking gin and *aqua ardente*, blaspheming and quarrelling, I found myself in the "Galleria," which is of circular form, built of open wood-work, exactly like two large round hen-coops, placed one on top of another. There were four galleries, with several rows of chairs, thronged by an excited betting crowd, which included the usual proportion of negroes, but no women. As I entered, a fight had just come to a close, and the noise was deafening. Everybody was shouting and gesticulating at once. In a few moments the bell rang, and comparative silence ensued. The ring was cleared, and two men appeared in the centre, each holding a beautiful bird in his hands. The Cuban breed of cocks, although small, is remarkably well-proportioned and elegant. I am no expert in cock-fighting, and will simply jot down my impressions of the combat. At first I found it interesting enough, but, by and bye, when the stronger bird crippled its antagonist, the poor, bleeding creature was artificially excited to continue the battle to the bitter end, by being "restored" with spoonfuls of Santa Cruz rum blown in a spray from the mouth of its owner over its head, and the sight grew simply disgusting. I was relieved when it was all over, and the poor, beautiful bird lay dead. The audience interested me far more than the fight. The people around me were so absorbed in the death struggle that some faces grew ashen pale, others flushed, their eyes rolled, they roared, they bellowed, and they pantomimed from the lower to the upper galleries. The scene baffled description. Doré alone could have done it justice, but, picturesque though it was, I felt it to be a degrading exhibition of cruelty and base passion. The upper classes, I am glad to say, have long ceased to frequent the "Galleria," and some of the best houses have even closed their doors

to young men known to be frequenters of these cock-pits. I did not see a bull-fight while I was in Havana. They were, I suppose, not in season, otherwise they are as frequent and as popular there as in Spain and the south of France.

The general appearance of Havana is a fair type of that of all the other cities of the island. Matanzas, although far smaller than the capital, is decidedly better built, the streets being much more regular; Santiago de Cuba, the old capital, is situated on one of the most lovely bays in the world, but it is nothing like as clean and prosperous-looking as Havana, although it has much handsomer public gardens. Puerto Principe has the advantage of a charming natural position, at the head of a lovely bay, and its Alameda, or public promenade, is marvellously beautiful, with its stately rows of peacock acacias, orange trees, and cocoa palms. Matanzas is, after Havana, by far the most agreeable place of residence in the island, and is situated in a delightfully fertile district. Independently of its famous crystal caves, which are of great extent, and formed of the purest and clearest of rock crystal, Matanzas is close to the valley of the Yumurri, has the good fortune to be the most Eden-like spot in the West Indies. It is impossible to describe the charm of this "Happy Valley," so rich in its vegetation, and so delightfully is it watered by the rivers Yumurri and tributary streams, so delicious, even on the hottest summer days, is its atmosphere tempered by the Atlantic breezes. If the environs of Matanzas are attractive, I cannot say much for those of Havana itself. The two principal suburban resorts, Marianao and Carmelo, are not particularly pretty. They boast of a number of wooden restaurants, and public gardens blazing with every sort of gorgeous creeper, the blue convolvulus major and the trumpet vine being the most prevalent. Here, of a Sunday afternoon, the European clerks, the Germans and their belongings, especially, foregather to dine and sup. Hitherto no governor has had sufficient enterprise to make a road by the sea, on either side of the port. This might be easily done, and would be of the greatest advantage to the city.

If Havana were ever to fall into the hands of a more enterprising nation than the Spanish, it could be easily converted into a first-class winter-station. From November to the beginning of April, the climate is most enjoyable, and the city has many resources, such as a magnificent opera-house, the *Tacon*, theatres, clubs, and several fairly good libraries, and scientific and literary institutions.

Although there has been considerable improvement in hotel accommodation, there is not, as yet, a first-class hotel on the European system, in the town, and, barring the fish, fruit, and vegetables, which are excellent, provisions all over the island are of very inferior quality. Nowhere on the face of the earth are such skinny fowls to be found as in a Cuban Hotel, and as most of the meat is imported,

it is never particularly palatable. The four great tropical fruits: the banana, the mango, the pineapple, and the orange, grow to perfection, and are very plentiful and cheap, and there are many high table-lands, on which cherries, peaches, apricots, and strawberries grow freely, but so great is the native lethargy that they are rarely brought to market. One very striking feature in the Havaneese hotels and houses is that where we have a frieze round the upper part of a room they have an open space—for better ventilation—in consequence of which you can hear every word and, unfortunately, every snore, to which your neighbours give utterance.

The population of Cuba, which numbers about 1,500,000, of whom a little more than a third are coloured, can be divided into five distinct categories—the Cubanos or Cubans, the Creoles, the Spaniards, the foreigners, and lastly the coloured folk, who vary in shape from ebony to the daintiest cream colour.

The Cubans are the descendants of Spaniards who have resided not less than three generations on the island, and even they are disdained by certain well-known families, who can boast their ascent to the early settlers of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. As a matter of fact, however, for certain reasons too lengthy to explain, it is only in our time that the distinction of Cubano has been given to anyone born outside the walls of the city of Santiago de Cuba. The Cubanos retain many of the characteristics of their ancestors, and are a lithe, active, handsome, and highly intelligent people. On the other hand, they possess most of the feline and cruel qualities of the Spaniards. With a better educational organization than they at present possess, they might develop their natural intelligence, and learn to curb their evil propensities. That they are brave is proved by the number of heroic leaders they have furnished the rebellion.

Of society, in our sense of the word, there is little or none in Havana, and one may count upon the fingers of one hand the houses where balls and parties are given. Conversation soon flags in a country where education is so backward, especially among the women, whose intellectual pabulum consists generally of the very worst French novels and their prayer books, a singular combination. The education of the males is a little better. The wealthier families send their sons either to the Jesuits at Havana, or to Europe, or the United States. So far so good; but when they come home for their holidays, or their education is finished, the home influence is disastrous. Waited on hand and foot by the negroes, and pampered by their parents, they soon fall victims to the relaxing climate and to every sort of vicious influence. Lack of energy is the result of this lamentable system which fosters most unhealthy love of ease and sensual indulgence.

The usual way of spending the evening in a Cuban house, is to place

a long double row of rocking-chairs opposite each other, and sit there chattering, everybody meanwhile smoking the inevitable cigarette. In some houses music of a high order may be heard, and some of the ladies sing charmingly—otherwise the place is socially dull.

A few Cubans have distinguished themselves in literature, science, and art. I may mention Heredia, Ramon, Zambeau, the famous medical scientist, Teresa Montes de Oca, an admirable poetess, and Gertrude Gomez de Avellanda, another delightful lyricist.

The Cuban lady is a very fascinating creature. She is elegant, walks gracefully, has pretty features, beautiful eyes, admirable teeth, and splendid hair, but spoils herself by her insane fashion of coating face, neck, shoulders, and arms with rice powder to such a thickness as to give her a most ghastly appearance, not unlike that of a Pierrette. Coquettish as a young girl, she is generally both devoted and blameless as a wife and mother. On the other hand, she is capable, on provocation, of displaying fiendishly vindictive and cruel traits, a fact only too well known by many a poor ex-slave. Religion occupies a great deal of the time of the Cubans of both sexes, but I am afraid it is considered rather a pastime than a moral factor. Among the men of the better class, who have been educated in Paris, it is never allowed to interfere with their passions, pleasures, or caprices. In the days of slavery, they considered their duty to their dependents ended with the wholesale administration of baptism, which was obligatory by law, but it never entered their head to teach them any duties beyond those of implicit obedience to their own will, even the rudiments of the catechism being absolutely neglected. That there are many admirable men among the Cubans cannot be gainsaid, but unfortunately, the mass of them is corrupt, as must ever be the case with a people whose slaves have for generations been only too eager to pander to their worst vices. Much more sincere than the Spaniards, they have always been distinguished for their hospitality, and for the grace and dignity of their manners. If they offer you a thing, they wish you to accept it, and do not say so for the mere form. They welcome you heartily, and regret your departure. In former times their treatment of their slaves was notoriously cruel, and I shall never forget the contrast between the splendid hospitality which I myself enjoyed on a Cuban plantation, and the horrid sights which I witnessed in its coffee-fields, where the negroes were whipped by the overseers for the most trivial offences. An appalling incident occurred, too, during my stay, which can never be effaced from my mind, and which I discovered by the merest chance, for I was to have been kept in total ignorance of its occurrence. A strikingly handsome young mulatto had escaped into the woods, and had been recaptured. For nearly a week he was tortured every day regularly for two hours, and in the presence of all the other hands, and, needless to say,

in that of his master. I chanced one afternoon to go for a walk, accompanied by one of the children of the family, a lad of twelve years, who thoughtlessly asked me to come and see what they were "doing to Pedro." They were flaying him alive with pincers, burning him with hot wires, and rubbing his wounds with saltpetre! The poor wretch, who was shrieking desperately and writhing in agony, was tied hand and foot to the stump of a tree. The strangest part of it all was that the niggers, for whose intimidation this diabolical torture, which eventually ended in slow death, had been devised, did not seem to be particularly impressed by its horror, for they were laughing and shouting like so many fiends. Needless to say I left that Hacienda somewhat hurriedly. The house slaves, however, were treated with extreme indulgence, petted and spoilt to their heart's content, and a more idle, vicious, happy-go-lucky lot I never came across in all my life. The house on this plantation was a very fair specimen of its class. It was enormous, built of stone with spacious verandahs, and although but one storey high, the rooms were so prodigiously lofty that the external appearance was quite majestic. Its wide, inner courtyard, numerous saloons, billiard-room, and corridors were luxuriously furnished in excellent taste, and were cool and delightful. The garden was a veritable paradise. I wish I had the space to describe the many pleasant days I passed there, marred alone by the dreadful incident above alluded to. The drives in the flower-laden woods, the turtle fishing in the lovely lake, whose deep, broad waters were surrounded by a forest of orange-trees, scarlet magnolias and peacock acacias, then graceful foliage, surmounted by towering groups of cocoa palms, and whose placid surface was white, yellow, and pink with water-lilies.

The Creole population consists of all the foreign colonists, French, Germans, Portuguese, and Italians, born and bred on the island. The French and Italian Creoles a few years ago supplied the plantations with overseers of the cruellest description. The more respectable were tradespeople in the large towns. The Germans are very numerous, industrious, and law-abiding. The Americans and the few English rarely mix with the Cubans.

The Spaniards, who are the mortal enemies of the Cubans, belong as a rule to the official world, and are generally sent out from Spain to fill certain positions in the pay of the Government, rarely, if ever, given to the Cubans. Needless to say, their appearance, manners, and customs are almost identical with those of their island-born "brothers."

The student of the history of the Spanish Colonies in South America will remember that in almost every instance the Spaniards began to colonise admirably and ended badly. At first they really seemed earnestly determined to create magnificent and flourishing colonies,

and the cities which they have built in Southern America, Mexico, and the West Indies, are generally distinguished by considerable architectural dignity. In less than a century, however, after their first appearance, they managed to grow detested. The fatal policy of exterminating the natives eventually led to a sort of habitual tyranny, from which they have never been able to free themselves. During the sixteenth, and the first half of the seventeenth, centuries, there appears to have been little or no ill-feeling between the Spanish settlers, and their rulers from the mother-country. But when Spain, in order to keep up her declining power at home, began to exploit her colonies, symptoms of revolt manifested themselves, especially in Cuba. Unfortunately, the Inquisition, which had been implanted everywhere with the object of compelling the aborigines and the imported slaves to embrace Catholicism, was used as a means of over-awing the refractory colonists, who were soon made aware that either open or covert disapprobation of the proceedings of their rulers was the most deadly of all heresies. From the middle of the seventeenth century, until the close of the eighteenth, the annals of the Havaneze Inquisition contain endless charges of heresy against native-born Spaniards—charges which were in reality merely expressions of political discontent, and had nothing whatever to do with religion. The influence of the French Revolution was felt throughout the West Indies, especially in those islands inhabited by members of the Latin race, and we may count the existence of a Separatist Party in Cuba from that date-making period. From 1800 to 1837 many attempts were made to induce the Spanish Government to diminish taxation, and to include the Cuban Deputies in the Cortes, but these reasonable proposals were invariably and contemptuously rejected. The year 1850 was rendered especially sinister by the ferocious rigour of the measures resorted to by the Spaniards to suppress all attempts at rebellion, which had already assumed formidable proportions. After a lengthy period of anarchy and horror, some concessions were made by the Government, and the island gradually settled down to a period of great prosperity, which was enjoyed until 1868, by which time the Government had once more become exacting. The taxation was insupportable and commerce languishing, when on a sudden the name of Prim was spoken of for the first time as that of a hero bent upon following in the steps of Garibaldi, who was successfully overthrowing the feeble Government of Queen Isabella II. Carlos Manuel Cespedes, a Cuban gentleman of great wealth, indomitable energy, and considerable ability, now placed himself at the head of the insurgents, and proclaimed Cuban independence. The Spaniards retaliated by burning his plantations. Cespedes had concentrated his forces within the walls of Beyamo, the heroic citizens of which town imitated the Russians of Moscow, and burnt it to the

ground, rather than it should fall into the hands of the Spaniards. After this event, for many months, the island, delivered up to anarchy, became the scene of every sort of horror, and it is but justice to the Spaniards to admit that the plucky rebels quite equalled them in cruel iniquity. The native volunteers, reinforced by adventurers from America and Europe, seemed at times possessed by devils, and were guilty of acts of the most barbaric cruelty, sparing neither man, woman, or child. On April 10th, 1869, the "Free and Independent Republic of Cuba" was proclaimed at Guaimaio, with Cespedes as its first President. The newly created Republic of Spain, in the meantime, was not idle, and Prim entered into negotiations with Hamilton Fish, then Secretary of State for the United States, "for the cession of the island of Cuba for the sum of 100,000,000 piastres." General Sickles proceeded at once to Madrid, as representative of the United States, with full powers to conclude the purchase. Suddenly an incident occurred—that of the *Virginus*—too lengthy to recapitulate here, which resulted in the capture by the Spaniards of that filibustering vessel, which was proceeding from the United States to assist the rebels with arms, ammunition, and men. The *Virginus* was taken to Havana, and sixty-one prisoners, including several Englishmen, and twenty-two Americans were shot. On November 5th the leaders of the adventure, Navaro Ryan, Jesus de Sol, and Pedro Cespedes, the President's brother, were put to death by the Spaniards, and their heads carried in triumph through the streets. All this is far-off history nowadays, but of interest, nevertheless, if only as a record. After much ado, Spain, which had, fortunately for herself, changed her form of Government from a Republic, under Prim, to a Monarchy under Alphonso XII. and Castelar, offered the United States the most abject apology, and the incident ended with the downfall of the Cuban Republic. But the old spirit of revolt was not yet crushed, nor the ardent desire for freedom and independence utterly extinct. Spain granted not a few reforms, amongst which, at the insistence of the United States, was the gradual abolition of slavery. From 1870 to 1878 Cuba enjoyed a fair measure of peace and prosperity, notwithstanding continued exorbitant taxation.

The mother country has shown herself neither wise nor provident, in her colonial policy, which has been proverbially foolish. She has nearly always sent out needy men to Cuba as Governors and officials, and they have generally feathered their nests by any means, honest or otherwise, in their power. The present sad condition of the island is, however, attributable to other causes than those of a purely political character. First and foremost is the depreciation in the commercial value of tropical produce, especially of sugar, mainly due to the popularity of beetroot sugar on the continent of Europe. Without

entering into details, I mean to say that Cuba in this respect is going through precisely the same financial and commercial crisis as the other and better-governed West Indian Islands. The tobacco trade, too, is nothing like as flourishing as it used to be. It has to contend with the prodigious development which has recently taken place in the tobacco markets of Asia Minor, Egypt, Europe, and the United States. In a word, Cuba has been doing very badly for now over twenty years, and families which were not very long ago amongst the richest of our times, are now paupers, eager to sell their few remaining jewels, bric-à-brac, and even their fans, lace, and brocades to the passing stranger. To add to the general distress came the completion of the abolition of slavery, with its usual result—the negroes refused to work. Coolies were imported, but the climate did not suit them. White labour has not been tried, for the simple reason that it is a foredoomed failure. Masters who have had to deal with negroes all their lives are never able to manage poor whites. Hundreds of plantations have gone out of cultivation, and thousands of half savages, coloured folk, have joined in the all-pervading anarchy which the Spanish Government is not strong enough to suppress.

Meanwhile, the English and the American press, or a certain section of it, have exaggerated matters, just as they did in the case of the Armenian horrors, two years ago. The Cubans are not all angels any more than the Spaniards are all fiends. Of this we may be sure. 400,000 people have not been killed or starved to death in Cuba—for the total population is only about 1,500,000. Taking the distressful state of the island into consideration, we cannot doubt that many thousands of people have died of want and fever, but certainly not more than 75,000. I do not believe that the United States wish to annex Cuba; if such an event did come to pass the Americans would soon be at loggerheads with the Cubans, by no means an easy people to manage at any time, and quite incapable, I am convinced, of an amicable understanding with the practical and pushing Yankees. Possibly by the time these pages are in print, this fact may possibly be verified. I am perfectly certain that when the war, now apparently imminent, is actually declared, this beautiful island will soon recall, only too forcibly, the famous story of the cats of Kilkenny—not even their tails will be left to tell the tale of anarchy, massacre, and woe.

RICHARD DAVEY.

THE INFLUENCE OF BALZAC.¹

I HEAR it stated that in foreign countries, and particularly in England, Balzac is little read at the present time. The reason is perhaps that, whatever some of his admirers here may say, he wrote very badly, and must be extremely difficult for foreigners to read. There may be other reasons, too, which do not occur to me. It is certain, however, that here in France he is now incontestably re-established in popular favour. In 1887 I wrote, at the end of a general study of Balzac: "The latest recruits to the ranks of French literature do not care much for Balzac, or even for his heirs. Our young men of letters are seeking out new fields wherein the energies of the creative faculty may find scope and use. Symbolic poetry captivates them; the mystery of myths and legends allures them . . ." The new generations which have declared themselves since then have given me the lie.

Symbolism had a very short life, and may be said to have miscarried. On the other hand the "heirs," as I called them, of Balzac (M. Zola and his school) have lost something of their ascendancy over men's minds. And Balzac, whose success I, in 1887, thought to have reached its term, has regained in public esteem all the ground which, if he had not actually lost, he at least seemed on the point of losing. In the following pages I shall attempt to investigate the reasons for this persistence of a great influence over the imaginations and the minds of a people.

I.

What Balzac was I have said elsewhere and will repeat here only very briefly.

1. Balzac was a *realist* in the good sense of the word, a pre-eminent, an incomparable realist. He had a marvellous power of creating living beings, beings who resemble us (one does not necessarily imply the other); and this, to my mind, constitutes his originality in his own day and his imperishable title to fame.

2. Balzac was more than a realist, he was (pardon the seeming pedantry of the word, for I cannot find another so apt)—he was a *demographer*. I mean by this that he not only portrayed individuals, but that, in his novels, he almost continually conjured up before our eyes the life of a society, a whole nation, our nation; that he under-

(1) Written for the *Fortnightly Review*, and translated by Richard Arthur.

stood this life as a whole, and that he showed it to us as it was. He depicted it as an immense concourse of millionaire candidates and functionary candidates; on the one side the ferocious rush for money, on the other the equally ferocious, but more skilfully conducted rush for billets. There is no need to explain or enlarge upon the first point. As to the second, Balzac saw very clearly what ambition was becoming in a country turned democratic and remaining centralized. It was becoming—it has now become—incessant and universal intrigue. Balzac reflects this state of things exactly. The importance of connections, the constant preoccupation with making and keeping up friendships, with influences to be brought to bear, with “machines to be set going,” as Molière has it, with recommendations to be extorted—all this is to be found on every page. He never names a registrar’s clerk without mentioning to what judge he is related, or with what minister he is distantly connected. In his marriages, inheritances, &c., there are always infinite complications of diplomatic manœuvring and labyrinths of covert negotiations. Money and intrigue, these are his demography.

3. Balzac was a *French classic*. I mean by this that, like Corneille, like Racine, like Molière, like La Bruyère, and *more than these*, he was a simplifier in the portrayal of character. With him a character is almost always a *single passion*, a colossal, dominating, tyrannical passion which invades the whole man, enslaves him body and soul, presses all his faculties into the service of its designs, and urges the being it so bestrides and spurs through all adventures, over all precipices even to madness and death. That is for Balzac very often, nearly always, a character.

4. Balzac was, with respect to a whole side of his work, a romanticist, or, to speak much more correctly, a *romanesque*. Realistic and real as he otherwise was, he loved to make abrupt swerves and sudden leaps into sheer fantasy and imagination. His personages are subject to sudden fortunes and unforeseen changes of destiny. Yesterday they were poor wretches on the bottom rung of the social ladder; to-day—we do not very well see why—they are at the head of society. They are, in themselves, heroes of romance quite as fantastic as the Knights of the Round Table. They perform miracles of will and energy (*Peau de Chagrin*, *Illusions perdues*) in comparison with which the exploits of the knights of olden time are mere child’s play. They do exactly what they wish, and they wish all they dream. Nothing is beyond their desire, and they fulfil the whole of their desire with a will-power as inexhaustible as the art of a magician. There is a good deal of the *Thousand and one Nights* in Balzac. Only the *Thousand and one Nights* are the dream of an indolent people who would fain happen on diamond mines while out for a stroll; and the works of Balzac are the dream of an energetic people who would attain to

fortune and glory at the expense of a short but stupendous and unheard-of effort of which they believe themselves capable. That is what I call the *romanesque* of Balzac.

II.

There are then four Balzacs. The first had only a very feeble influence and has now none at all. The other three have had a very great influence and have a greater to-day than ever before. The first, the realist, had an influence entirely literary, that is to say, he was imitated by the *littérateurs*. He created the "realist school." He inspired the drama of Emile Augier and of the younger Dumas; he put Gustave Flaubert on the right track; he kindled the genius of the incomparable Guy de Maupassant. That, it will be contended, is an immense influence. Yes; but it is an influence altogether literary, that is, lateral; and, moreover, it is one of those influences which exhaust in exercising themselves. Because Balzac inspired Augier, the younger Dumas, Flaubert, Maupassant, and M. Zola, it would follow that we should read these writers and not that we should re-read Balzac—quite the reverse. Writers who have only a literary influence disappear and perish almost in their triumph. We read their disciples who, being more modern, attract all attention; we no longer resort to the master; we admire the sons, but we do not think of admiring the sons in their father, we are content to admire the father in his sons. If Balzac had been nothing but a realist he would now be read only by literary curiosos. The realist art is an essentially contemporary art; it is of universal interest to one generation only; in the next, nobody but *raffinés*, investigators, and diletantes are attracted by it—except in the case of a man who wrote very well, like Le Sage; and Balzac wrote very badly.

It may therefore be said that Balzac the realist has very little influence over the present generation as a whole. For us, men of letters, he is the greatest: we study him very closely and often with delight; we take a keen pleasure in comparing him with Flaubert, with Daudet, with Maupassant; for us he is the artist to be scrutinised, analysed, understood, explained. For the world at large he would be only a very negligible quantity were he not accompanied by the other three. He would be nothing but a considerable statue, a glorious name, something like Le Sage or Mérimée, a national celebrity whom people salute, but with whom they do not enter into conversation. The other three Balzacs are, on the contrary, in full actuality: they live in contemporary life: they mix in the everyday passions, desires, appetites, and thoughts of the youngest, most energetic, most ardent part of the nation. And this, I think, is why.

III.

The Balzac, whom I have called a demographer, was not only an exact historian of his own time, but was also prophetic. It so falls out when a writer makes no mistake about the foundation of things, when he chooses for treatment not the very striking and conspicuous, though ephemeral things of his own time, but deeply-rooted things, things which are still half-hidden, and are destined to develop, to grow, and to become formidable. In order to portray the last pretensions of the nobility and the contemptible and ridiculous ambitions of the *bourgeoisie* of about the middle of the century, a French novelist of 1845 produces *Soies et Parchemins*, from which is evolved *le Gendre de M. Poirier*; and this is true and pleasant work, but destined to grow old and look somewhat superannuated when the nobility has nearly disappeared and become an almost imperceptible factor in social life. In order to demonstrate the influence of romantic literature on the soul of a feeble and frivolous woman, a novelist, a greater one moreover, writes *Madame Bovary*, and *Madame Bovary* will survive because it contains much more general, much more permanent, much more eternal things than what I have just mentioned. But those parts of *Madame Bovary* in which are set forth the ravages made in the lady's soul by romantic literature can only be of indifferent interest to any other generation than that in which they were written. And it is precisely on that account that *l'Education Sentimentale* by the same author, which almost exclusively describes the soul of a French *bourgeois* of 1848, has little interest for anyone except the curious. But Balzac, the demographer Balzac, the Balzac who formed for himself a conception of French society as a whole, and not only of French society but of the French nation of about 1840, bethought himself (1) of the enormous power of money, (2) of the fact that social life is a vast intrigue, and that people in a society of functionaries constitute a mellay of intriguers.

There was certainly something besides this in the France of 1840, and there is something else in ours. I know it, believe me. But those were grave and important and essential things, and they were destined to grow and develop and become graver still. Under Louis Philippe plutocracy began its career; it made a trial of its strength. To-day it is all-powerful and is breaking all bounds. It has become a social *gène*. The French have come to see that it is changing the very essence of the race; that it is imposing on it faults, freaks, and vices which it did not have before, or had in only a very slight measure; that it is, in fact, changing the whole aspect of the nation. In a word, it is a matter of grave concern for all thinking Frenchmen and one which touches all their instincts. We find this plutocracy described, powerfully painted and characterised in Balzac; and

herein, in spite of his many literary defects, he stands out the possessor of a quality which compensates for all defects and outvalues all qualities. He is alive; he is intensely alive. And all the more so because he is an extremist, because he exaggerates everything. He depicted this plutocracy, nascent only in his day, as something enormous, gigantic, colossal, formidable. He heaped millions upon millions, and represented the mysterious beings on whom he heaped them as invincible and fearful forces, as monsters and leviathans. Thus, fantastic in his own generation, he happens to be true in ours. He was even with the future; he is equal to the present. Perhaps he will be truer still in twenty years. His fame and his influence over men's minds grow with the growing truth of things, things which, seeing, he foresaw, and saying, predicted.

The same may be said of his representation of universal intrigue. Of the many evils France is suffering under, this is one of the gravest, and—what is more important for our present purpose—it is the most conspicuous; it lies, so to speak, under everybody's nose. With our love of word-play we are wont to say that France is a protectorate country. Everybody, or very nearly everybody, in France is a functionary. Most appointments go by favour; a small number are made in accordance with diverse and complicated processes in which favour is still a factor. It follows that from one end of the country to the other an infernal chase goes on, the chase after preferment. To be recommended, or, since all are recommended, to be so more than somebody else, to be so in an overwhelming way, to be so for the sake of people who have an interest in what you may get; therefore, to know everyone's interests and point them out to him, exaggerate them to him, invent and create new ones, and keep on dinning them into his ears; since men's passions are as powerful agents as their interests, to know, if possible, the passions of a multitude of people, their predilections, their sympathies, their friendships, and, above all, their antipathies: to turn all this to account with skill and promptitude and discernment and eloquence, with all the qualities of the orator, of the diplomatist, of the confessor, and of the bicyclist; this is the business of about nine-tenths of the upper, middle, and lower French *bourgeoisie*; thus do they spend their energies. And the system extends to the confines, beyond the confines even, of the lower classes.

Under these conditions the faculties of the psychologist, of the moralist, of the speaker, of the talker, of the novelist, and of the dramatic author are highly developed. The result is an exceedingly alert, skilful, intelligent, imaginative, hard-shinned people; and this training would be an excellent thing in every way if it could, for a single day, be directed to any other object than that for which it was instituted. Now this race, so magnificent, too, and one of the finest spectacles the eye of an artist may dwell on, is precisely what

Balzac described so masterfully in all his works, with the exception of a few mystical romances. Judge then whether we find him our contemporary; judge whether we appreciate him, not only for depicting us, but for confessing us; judge whether we do not, in reading him, feel the inquisitive pleasure, bitter sometimes but always keen, of contemplating ourselves in a mirror. And here it must again be said, as above, that he is much truer to-day than he was in his own time. For the number of functionaries has more than doubled, has nearly tripled, since he wrote; the vice that he described so well has made its way down four or five rungs in the nation, and as the aristocracy have at the same time disappeared, it has gone up a degree on the social ladder. What was characteristic of only one section, an important one it is true, has become characteristic of almost the entire nation. In his own day Balzac might have seemed exaggerated; now he seems true; to-morrow he will appear reserved. Even those things in his work which are farthest from verisimilitude, are little by little approaching the truth as the progress of events favours them. Contemporary history has laid itself out to prove him right in everything. It seems to me that in this lies one reason of the influence he exercises. The only way to keep in fashion is to be a prophet; and if to govern is to foresee, to reign is to have foreseen.

IV.

Has the Balzac whom I have called "a classic," a classic in the French sense of the word, "a French classic," an equally strong or analogous influence at the present time? Incontestably. I have said that he was a simplifier, that he put a whole character into a single passion, and that out of a single passion he made a whole character. Nothing is false than this idea, nothing is more convenient than this process, nothing is more sterile than this method. Nothing is false than this idea—our Molière and your Shakespeare knew this well, and knew it equally well; and if both of them sometimes restricted a character to a single passion on account of the necessities of their craft, what they loved most, what they constantly tended to, was to create complex characters having manifold and even contradictory passions, because above all they love truth, and because such characters live and move. Nothing is more convenient than this process, because it does away with the necessity of being versatile and inventive, capable of light and shade and of maintaining a certain unity between the very diverse traits of a character, and because it only requires strength—which, by itself, is really a weakness. Nothing is more sterile than this method because, though it may serve to produce well-knit romances, it does not help to afford any real information about humanity. It leaves out of account too many things which would be quite as interesting, quite as true, and almost as important as those it embraces.

But whatever it be as a general idea, method, and process, this habit is very seductive. It suits our taste for simplicity, unity, and clearness, and accords with our love of abstraction, our ideology. It seduced us in our great classics (however able they may have been I know it and am bent on demonstrating the fact from the very opposite method and proceeding); it seduced us in Balzac. So much so, in fact, that, to begin at the beginning, the following curious thing happened. A very great thinker, who held the English in high esteem, continually reproached the French with their intemperate love of abstraction. He reproached them with reducing life to short, dry formulas in which it expired, or rather outside of which it always remained; he complained that they saw nothing in a character but a passion, and nothing in a passion but an idea, the idea of its definition, and that, imbued with this idea, they reasoned on it logically, imperturbably, indefinitely, without ever heeding the surging and swelling murmur of life, which they seemed to have left resolutely aside. Well, it may be so. But when he himself analysed a man—statesman, soldier, poet—he did the very thing he reproached the French with doing. He brought him together and reduced him to a *faculté mattresse*, imperturbably isolating him from all the rest. And from this *faculté mattresse* he extracted everything that it could, in accordance with reason and logic, contain. In short, he applied first abstraction, then logic to the portrayal of life. Why? First, because he was constituted that way—and this is always the first reason to be stated; next, because Balzac, whom he worshipped and glorified, had a very great sway over his mind. He did in criticism just what Balzac did in romantic literature. Balzac saw nothing in a man but a *faculté mattresse* subordinating to itself all the other faculties of that man. Taine saw nothing in a man but a *faculté mattresse* served by a brain and organs. Balzac stood a passion on end, gave it a proper name, and, imparting to it a terrible impetus, sent it flying across the world. Taine set up a *faculté mattresse*, gave it the name of Shakespeare or Racine, and reduced all Shakespeare or all Racine to the logical development of this faculty. They were both admirable simplifiers, classic poet, classic critic, abstract thinkers, pure logicians, pure and vigorous painters of the idea they conceived, and outside of which they refused to see anything. Both, too, were most consequent and consistent and exact in the execution of the clear and fixed design they once for all got into their mind's eye and never lost sight of. The fact that the metaphors of the one were often sadly incoherent and those of the other mercilessly correct in their terrible protraction is only a detail.

Taine himself had a very considerable influence in France which, indeed, his fine genius amply justified. He imprinted himself on many minds and left on them an ineffaceable mark. For a long time he was at the head of our leaders of thought, above Renan even, and

this position he held by reason of his settled convictions and the exclusive, systematic, and imperious nature of his mind. In France, the France of only a few years ago, young men were very much struck with one theory, among others, and many became infatuated with it—the theory of *self-culture* (*culture du moi*) and of self-exaltation. Obviously this theory and the fervour with which it was embraced by a large section of the young generation were not the result of a single influence but of manifold influences. Among others Darwin, perhaps, contributed: Nietzsche certainly did. But in France—the influences which act on a country must always be more particularly looked for in that country itself—Balzac, both directly and through the medium of Taine, was mainly responsible.

What do we mean by *self* (*le moi*) when we talk of cultivating it intensively, of developing it vigorously, of displaying it in all its force, and exalting it? Certainly not the philosophic entity, the central *ego* which is supposed to be the substance of all our being and the substratum of all our faculties, not that elusive part of us which is only an abstraction and which we could not cultivate because we cannot grasp it. Nor do we mean that more seizable something, the self, which goes by another name—conscience. Conscience does not develop, does not display itself, is not to be trained. It is an eye and not a muscle; it is a witness and not really a faculty. No: when a man tells you that he is cultivating and developing himself (*son moi*), you may be sure he means that he is cultivating and developing his active faculties. But which of them? All? No: the man who would do that would not be a zealot and a fighter; he would be a sage; he would be a Goethe. It was Goethe's purpose (he almost accomplished it) to develop himself on all sides, in every sense, to cultivate and display all his diverse faculties, and he did not consider that he had faculties enough; he would fain have had more to diversify and multiply his nature and afford it repose in the harmonious equilibrium of manifold and diverse attributes and powers. No: the man who is bent on cultivating and developing himself (*son moi*) is, at least in most cases, a man who is desirous of giving its full expansion to his *faculté mattresse*, to that force in him which he feels to be most powerful or steadfast or importunate. It is in that that he knows himself and feels his personality and prides himself; by that he would attain to name and fame; that is what he calls himself. It is the rights (supposed) of this dominant faculty that he proclaims: its right to be and to grow, to exercise itself and to prevail, is what he demands.

Thus disposed he reads Balzac. And what does he find? The very heroes of the *moi*. There is something else in Balzac; but these are there, and, naturally, he sees nothing but them, magnified types of himself, men who have a *faculté mattresse*, or a prodigious passion

mattresse, and who sacrifice all to it, demand the right to exercise it, and would like to see the whole world submit to it, cultivating it, meanwhile, developing it, strengthening it with an immense effort, and worshipping it idolatrously. These characters give infinite satisfaction to the ego-culture theorists, who recognise themselves in them, cherish themselves in them, work themselves up to their pitch, and train themselves on their model. They would not mind resembling them in all points. At the bottom of every follower of the ego-culture theory there is a man who has dreamt of being a Balzac hero. Here, then, is another contingent of admirers for the great romancer, and another partial explanation of his strong influence over contemporary generations.

V.

And, as may readily be expected, the romanesque Balzac has had the most considerable influence over the generations of this end of the century. This is natural enough when we remember that youth is always romanesque, always inclined to consider life as a romance full of marvellous adventures, and more particularly when we remember that every young man considers *his* life, the life he has not lived but which he intends to live, as a heroic or magnificent romance. But there are more special reasons why contemporary youth should give its allegiance to Balzac, when there are so many other claimants, and maintain for him a constant and sometimes astonishing affection.

Since 1870 several currents of ideas and sentiments have manifested themselves in our country. The first was quite national and patriotic. It consisted in the desire and the will to lift the nation up again after the downfall which events had brought about. Then for five or six years people were almost exclusively taken up with national defence and political matters. With regard to defence all were of one opinion and from the general agreement sprang universal armament and compulsory, universal, and prolonged military service. In politics, opinions were divided; all were equally patriotic, but each saw in his pet political solution the one instrument which could possibly lift up and save the country. And contention was rife until the day when the republican solution was imposed, without possible opposition, by the majority of the people.

From this time politics were no longer of absorbing interest, and mental energy was turned to ethical and philosophical ideas. Taine's influence waned, because, in his history of the revolution, he had shown himself very anti-revolutionary, which did not please everybody, and especially because he had ceased to concern himself with philosophy and morals. The influence of Renan, on the other hand, increased, and for a decade quite a new and somewhat un-

looked-for current of ideas, proceeding from him and from those who imitated him more or less happily, came into favour. If these ideas had had any real force they would, I believe, have been very dangerous. Dilettantism prevailed and men became *raffiné*, playing with ideas like children with rattles and never attempting to hide the vanity of such doings; in a word, rather big, perhaps, but correct, people were, or affected to be, sceptics. France was full of empty-headed though sometimes pleasant-tongued little Montaignes who, however, had neither Montaigne's two or three serious ideas, the two or three convictions to which the pretended sceptic clung very strongly, nor Renan's robust moral sentiment, the profound sense of duty which ever remained firm and indestructible under the spiritual eye of his capricious imagination. They had, in fact, hardly anything of either except "*le pédantisme à la cavalière*." It was, nevertheless, a very perceptible "current," prolonged enough too, and it gave rise to a certain amount of anxiety and uneasiness. But it was very superficial and one day it vanished almost instantaneously while many were still seeking it, and thereafter it was like an evening on the morrow, something which looked very antiquated, very much effaced, and very much forgotten.

A third state of mind, fairly general, then revealed itself. The young people who had come into the world since 1870, or who had entered the intellectual life since 1870—not all, but a very large proportion—were enamoured of will and energy. Their state of mind was in absolute contrast to that which preceded it. And herein may be verified the only law of literary history, or rather of intellectual history, in which I believe, the law of eternal action and reaction, the law of the constant reaction of a new generation against that which preceded it. The ideal heroes of this new brigade, to speak like Ronsard, were men of will-power and energy, Cæsar, Richelieu, Napoleon. Napoleonism (which is by no means Buonapartism, and in which there is no political element) was in vogue, you know to what degree, and is so still. These young people were also very devoted admirers of Stendhal. In this I think they were under an illusion, but one which is easily explained and was natural enough. Stendhal talks of nothing but will and energy. He exalts these two faculties, or rather this single faculty, with a sort of idolatry. True, he is so mistaken about it, that he does not seem to know what it is, or what he is talking about. The men he puts forward as prodigious examples of human energy are creatures of impulse, that is to say the very men who lack energy. They are assassins, nay, they are murderers without premeditation whom passion suddenly aims and thrusts armed upon the being they detest or of whom they are jealous. A greater mistake could not be made in taking black for white, and, indeed, Stendhal was really colour-blind. To

put things plainly, brutally, as I am fond of doing, he was endowed with a very great literary talent but was, at bottom, a madman. Such a combination of talent and madness is not infrequent. Still he talked of will and energy, which was enough to fascinate and infatuate the young men of 1885; and the latter cannot be blamed for being so fascinated.

But how much more must they have been struck with, moved by, delighted with Balzac! He made no mistake about this question of energy. The men he portrays—and with a singular rigour of design and colour—were men of real energy. In his capacity of romancer he frequently depicts, too, men dominated by an enervating and ruining passion which wrecks and dismantles them—the Baron Hulot for instance. He shows us either men of utter moral vileness like M. Marneffe, or men like le Père Goriot, in whom a wholesome and tender sentiment, degenerating into strange weakness, becomes a sort of shameful passion. But with his dominant predilection, which was a predilection for strong passions, he likes to show us, though not without a certain indifference, energy, either for good or for bad, moving in such grandeur and power and magnificence as to constantly recall the epic poem.

And here, be it noted, it is a question of real energy. His heroes are consistently and obstinately and determinedly energetic. Theirs is not that energy which exhausts itself at a single stroke, like a caprice, and which proves by that, that it is not energy at all. Theirs is not a will-power which signalises itself for one instant, for a day, by an audacious act, and which on the morrow seems to no longer remember itself, showing thereby that it is not will-power. They have no pusillanimous wishes and desires; they are not wilful; they have real will. Phillip Brideau (*Un Ménage de Garçon*), Grandet (*Eugénie Grandet*), Savarus (*Albert Savarus*), de Marsay (*Les Nucingen*), are beings admirably organized for the struggle of life, for work, for continued effort, for the indefatigable tension of the will. Balzac is a painter of beasts of prey. He referred very little to Napoleon, perhaps on account of his political opinions, because he was, or believed he was, a legitimist. But Napoleon's thought dominates all Balzac's work, and twenty of his characters have on them, as it were, the more or less distant reflection of the great emperor. One is the Napoleon of finance, another of politics, and a third of journalism. Above all, each of them *wills* to be a Napoleon; each of them pursues this *ignus fatuus*; each of them is hypnotised by this great figure. And all are, like Napoleon, violent egoists, active and agitated, men *who do not sleep*, and who strain with all their might towards one goal, radiant, afar, inaccessible, which they do not and cannot despair of attaining.

These are the people whom our young men find, amongst others, in Balzac; these they distinguish from all the others; these they embrace

and love. And all the more when they are a little false, which does not at all perturb the youthful mind—the reverse perhaps. Thus for many young Frenchmen Balzac is a master of energy, that master of energy whom they seek with a passion which is a little ingenuous; for energy is not to be taught, but must be possessed. As to the *methods* of energy, which is quite another thing, it is not the great men of energy who can impart them, but rather observers and patient tranquil-minded men, like Marcus Aurelius, or, in a much lower degree, Franklin.

VI.

And, without yet quitting the point of view of the romanesque Balzac, where I linger because it is the most important relatively to the influence that Balzac exercises at the present time, there is nothing in his work, not even the purely romanesque and imaginative part of it, not even those rapid and inexplicable fortunes with which it abounds, and which are what his imagination pure and simple, abandoning every other method of the observer, put in it, there is nothing that does not accommodate itself very well to contemporary imaginations excited by contemporary history. What have we witnessed during the last twenty-five years? A great heroic history? No: only a very honourable one, one in which our qualities of courage and moral resilience have once more shone out. But note the incidents.

As happens in a democracy, fortunes have been made and lost with unheard-of rapidity. A great man sets his name to one of those great works which mankind at large holds in eternal memory, since they modify the very aspect of the planet, and change for ever the roads by which men pass. Then he founders in a fatal, sinister, and grandiose venture which leaves France covered with ruins.¹ A soldier of no fame, light-headed, without mental perception, without intellectual worth, attracts and holds for a while, it is hard to say why, the eyes and hearts of the multitude; he soars into space like a rocket; he is about to become master in the style of a Roman emperor. No one has any doubt about it, except, perhaps, those who know him. All at once—nothing. He has stumbled over a stone on the road. He breaks down and disappears in a lamentable love affair. He had the glitter of glass—and the fragility. But the fiery passage of this meteor leaves in romanesque minds, in all minds perhaps, a lasting trace.² An intelligent and honourable man, sprung from almost the lowest rung of the social hierarchy, active, serviceable, and of engaging mien, before yesterday unknown, yesterday hardly known, becomes in a day the head of the State, a figure not without dignity, not without charm in this unexpected situation, becomes the personal

(1) Ferdinand de Lesseps.

(2) General Boulanger.

friend of an absolute sovereign, of the representative of one of the oldest dynasties of Europe.¹

These are so many real examples of those rapid fortunes which in Balzac appeared romanesque, so many turns of the wheel, perfectly historical, analogous to those which in him seemed entirely imaginative; and these are stranger, more unexpected, more fantastic than all those invented by his imagination. On many sides, in many aspects, our history is a romance. And no doubt this is a kind of superficial history: underneath passes the true history in which nothing is hazard and chance, which is exactly determined by the necessary connection of cause and effect, and over which contingencies slide like the light folds of the breeze-wrinkled wave on the surface of the ocean. But this superficial history is the history that people see, the history that strikes the eye, excites the mind, and agitates the imagination. It is this that the new generations watch closely, and when they come to consider, in reading Balzac, that his work in many aspects singularly resembles the true history being unfolded before their eyes, how can they help being fascinated by a romancer who, while writing, in the most serious part of his work, the history of his own time, did not fail to partially write the history of the future?

VII.

Thus, as M. Ferdinand Brunetière has said, "to use the expression of the naturalist, Louis Agassiz, Balzac's personages were *prophetic types*"; and not only were his personages prophetic types but his imaginings were prophetic events. And herein is verified the law on which I have so much insisted, the law that, far from writers being, as has so often been said, the expression of their time, it is frequently the time that follows them which is the expression of their mind; so that they must not be explained by their time nor their time by them, but rather, more often, the time that follows them should be explained by them and they by it. They are contemporaries of the future. However this may be, Balzac's influence to-day is great, or rather—not to exaggerate—the curiosity of our time with respect to him is very considerable and very keen, and no man exhibits curiosity with respect to another without being to a certain extent susceptible to his influence.

Is this influence a salutary one? I do not think it is, for three reasons, to which I may add a fourth, as La Bruyère says. The first is that Balzac, intelligent as he was as a *demographer*, intelligent as he was in viewing society as a whole, is yet only half of a superior man. When he tries to think, or to be a sociologist, or a philosopher, his mind is extremely confused and embarrassed. People are tempted

(1) President Faure.

to adopt as a philosopher a man whom they admire as a painter, and when that man's philosophy is of the most turbid and hollow nature his influence must be pernicious. The second reason is that, except occasionally, he wrote badly; and to write badly is a most effective way of teaching people to think crookedly and to take phraseology for ideas. Your bombastic author makes a deplorable mental guide. The third reason is that he is vulgar and likes what is low. He is far from dwelling in it always, but he delights in it. Voltaire said of Molière, somewhat flippantly, that he was "a legislator of decency." If it is doubtful whether this can be affirmed of Molière, it is certain that nobody would ever dream of saying it of Balzac; and there is a low realism, "naturalism," as it is termed, in the unwholesome parts of his writings, for which we can neither thank nor compliment him.

The moralist, in fact, is really absent from Balzac's work. Having painted men like animals, as he would have painted animals, he does not in the least care—it is only too obvious—whether they are good or bad, and when both come together under his brush, he has no preference for the good. His indifference in this respect is conspicuously absolute. Master of will, yes; master of morality, in no wise. Then it cannot be said that will is a good thing. It is neuter. It is a force. It is good in some, bad in others. It is only good when in the service of a great and good cause. Balzac imparts nothing, and can impart nothing, but a love of will. In this his influence, if not bad, is not good and may be dangerous. An artist should never be reproached for being indifferent to morality; it is not his office to preach it; his business is with the true and the beautiful. But here I am speaking of the *influence* of Balzac, and from this point of view it is undoubtedly necessary to inquire whether that influence is good or bad, and the question of morality reappears and demands an answer.

Thus, while feeling very much interested in the prolongation and, as it were, renaissance of a great literary reputation, I am not without uneasiness concerning the influence that Balzac has regained over a large section of the French people, and the state of mind of which this phenomenon is the sign.

EMILE FAGUET.

THE IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

THE Second Reading of the Local Government (Ireland) Bill has passed the House of Commons, with general assent, after a short and not very instructive debate. I must glance at the antecedents of this measure, for, to a considerable extent, it depends upon them. In order to alleviate, in some degree, the depression in agriculture from which they have long suffered, Parliament consented, in 1896, to relieve the English and the Scottish farmer from half the charge of their local rates, by a subvention from the funds of the State. There was no reason that a similar boon should not have been extended to the Irish farmer, and, through him, to the Irish landlord; but the Government refused a just concession because they repudiated the Report of the Childers Commission, which had proved that Ireland is greatly over-taxed, and has a large claim on the Imperial Exchequer. The two questions, however, had little in common; and when this decision was loudly condemned, even by politicians and public writers, who would not admit the financial rights of Ireland, the Ministry saw they had made a mistake. In these circumstances Mr. Arthur Balfour announced that Irish agriculture was to obtain relief corresponding to that given to England and Scotland; but the grant to be made in this respect was to be associated with, and to form a part of, a large measure of Irish Local Government, which not only the old Liberal Party, but the Conservative Party had long had in view. The present Bill is the offspring of this conception; it is a far-reaching and comprehensive measure; but the reform of Local Government it seeks to accomplish is inseparably bound up with its financial projects; and this conjunction, naturally out of place, makes it extremely complicated and difficult to understand. I have seldom read so perplexing a Bill. I am not confident that, after attentive study, I have thoroughly mastered its principles and details. I offer, however, a brief comment. I have some claim, perhaps, to consider the subject. I have been an Irish Grand Juror for more than fifty years, an Irish County Court Judge for more than twenty-five; I was born and bred an Irish landlord; in these capacities I have had a large experience of Irish Local Government in its different branches.

The Bill does not put new wine into old bottles; it rather proclaims that, within its province, old things have passed away and all has become new; it changes the structure of Irish Local Government, and, in fact, transforms it from top to bottom. In order to understand it, some words must be said on Irish Local Government, as it now exists, so far as this measure relates to it. The Grand Juries, for two

centuries at least, have been the principal agency and the main instrument of the local government and administration of the Irish counties. This civil jurisdiction was originally conferred on them, in addition to the jurisdiction as regards crime, which they possess in common with their fellows in England, as the representatives of a race of conquerors ruling a conquered race in local affairs; the Grand Jury system, in fact, was part and parcel of the Protestant Ascendancy, which, until modern times, was the distinctive feature of all Irish government. The Grand Juries were long confined to the Protestant caste; they were nominated, not elected, bodies composed of the leading landed gentry; they had almost absolute control over the administration of their respective counties, and had a power to raise a local rate to defray the charge, a mode of taxation imposed on the occupiers of the soil, in four-fifths of Ireland, at least, the peasantry of the subject Catholic people. How these petty oligarchies conducted their county affairs has been graphically described in Maria Edgeworth's novels. There was much jobbing, corruption, and mismanagement; but the Irish Protestant squirearchy knew how to rule, and every Grand Jury had good men of business; the police they appointed kept Whiteboyism down; the roads they constructed were the admiration of Arthur Young. After the Union, and during the years that followed, the bureaucratic rule of the Castle invaded this province, as it invaded others; the powers of the Grand Juries were greatly curtailed; they were brought more and more under the control of the encroaching Central Government. Their authority and influence was thus diminished; at the same time, as the wants of the community increased, and civilisation made progress, they were gradually compelled, by a series of Statutes, to vote considerable sums for public works and similar objects, local taxation being, of course, augmented by these means, but being still raised, as it had been before, from classes which had no power to control it, and, in fact, had scarcely any voice in the matter. The Grand Juries, I should add, were, from an early period, enabled to delegate their powers, in some respects, to subordinate bodies chosen by themselves; the duty of these was to consider the minor public works required in different parts of the counties, and to vote the sums they would probably cost. But these bodies were not representative in any sense; they were mere instruments of the main body, which controlled all that they did and voted; and the Grand Juries always retained in their hands the management of the chief public works of the counties, with the right to levy charges in respect of them. The Grand Juries were, to a certain extent, under the check of the Judges of Assize, as regards sums voted for local affairs; and the ratepayers gradually acquired a kind of right of protest.

The Irish Grand Jury system has undergone few changes of

importance in the last sixty years; but it retains throughout the marks of its origin. The Grand Juries are still assemblies of county magnates; though they have been thrown open to Catholics since 1793, they are still, for the most part, composed of Protestants. They are selected by the sheriffs of their counties, that is, virtually, by officials of the Central Government; they are subject to no kind of popular choice. In theory, and to a great extent in fact, they administer the local affairs of the counties, including those of the smaller towns and villages of these; they make presentments, as they are called—that is, vote monies for the chief public buildings, the main roads, and other public works, within the counties, and generally their towns; they impose a rate, known as the County Cess, to defray the charges of these and other expenses. They are, however, ruled at many points by the Central Government; this appoints several of their chief officers; it subjects their expenditure to a strict audit; it has long ago replaced their local police by the great constabulary force of the State; and, for many years, they have been obliged by law to make “imperative presentments,” as they are called, for public works of different kinds, such as hospitals, lunatic asylums, and court houses, and to repay advances made to them by the Treasury. From this point of view the Grand Juries have, to some extent, become mere Boards of the Castle; but they have acquired additional powers of their own—for example, a right to vote sums in compensation for criminal injuries, and for extra police in counties where there is much crime; and, while the taxation they impose has immensely increased, its incidence is still nearly what it has always been, that is, it falls upon the occupiers of the soil, including, of course, gentlemen who farm their demesnes, and tenant farmers of all kinds, the large majority of these being Catholic peasants, as of old, all these classes having to bear a burden in the imposition of which they have really no discretion. The Grand Juries have been long ago obliged to appoint bodies of justices and rate-payers of substance to make presentments at “baronial” sessions for the construction of the lesser public works in the “baronies” of which the counties are composed, and other bodies, different in some respects, to make presentments for public works chargeable to the counties as a whole. But these bodies are only agencies of the Grand Juries; these retain a general control over presentments of this kind, and are answerable for them in the last instance; and the Grand Juries, besides, must make presentments, that is, must vote monies in respect of public works themselves, especially for public works they are compelled to pay for, and for public works, as we have seen, of much cost and importance. Grand Jury presentments of several kinds are “fiated” by a Judge of Assize, and may be questioned, but not annulled by him; and they may be challenged or “traversed,” as a rule, by

"cesspayers," this being, in some measure, a popular check, not commonly, however, put in force.

This system, therefore, regarded as a whole, forms a scheme of county government administered by an oligarchic class, itself subject to the dominant Castle; it rests on a basis narrow in the extreme; it is absolutely without a popular element; it violates the Constitutional maxim that taxation and representation ought to go together. I pass on to the cities and towns of Ireland as these are brought within the scope of the Bill. Ireland abounded in municipalities in ancient times; the principal towns enjoyed corporate rights, under charters sometimes as old as the first Norman Conquest; the Stuarts gave corporate rights to a number of petty towns, many of them being little better than villages in decay. These corporations, however, became, without exception, close boroughs of the conquering colonial caste; and they were seats and strongholds of the ascendancy of sect, which was finally established in the eighteenth century; nests of maladministration, waste, and corruption. All except ten were abolished in 1840; but these ten corporations, which formed the municipal government of the capital, and often of the chief towns, were not placed on a popular basis, and were not controlled by the great body of townsmen, who had but little part in administering their affairs. The municipal franchise in them was high and restricted, and was confined to a weak minority only. They were, to a great extent, ruled by the Central Government; they were deprived of privileges they had once possessed; and they were, in fact, made subject to the Grand Juries as regards certain classes of public works and buildings. In 1854, and succeeding years, municipal rights were extended, in some measure, to many of the lesser towns of Ireland; these were placed under the superintendence of Town Commissioners, and these were elected by a part of the townsmen. But here, too, the boon was grudgingly given; the system was narrow and not popular; the mass of the townsmen had no municipal rights. These towns, moreover, were controlled by the Central Government, and were, in part, taxed by the Grand Juries; and the great majority of them had not even power to make sanitary arrangements within their precincts. The Governing Bodies of the corporate and lesser municipal towns have, of course, a right to impose and levy rates within the limits of the powers they possess; the authority over them of the Central Government is vested in the Local Government Board.

The Municipal Government of Ireland, like her County Government, is thus oligarchic, restricted, in no sense popular. The last branch of local administration to which the Bill extends, is that which relates to the Poor Law and the Poor Law system. It is a striking proof of the misgovernment of Ireland in the past, that the country had no Poor Law, until sixty years ago, to compel Property to sup-

port Poverty ; this was a main cause of the aggregation of wretched masses on the land, which led to the appalling famine of 1845-7. The Irish Poor Law came into force in 1838 ; it was almost a counterpart of the New English Poor Law. Ireland was divided into a number of Unions—at present there are 159 of these ; and these were subdivided into lesser parts—Electoral Divisions and Wards are their name—both forming areas for the administration of the law. The Unions, as in England, were placed under Boards of Guardians. These Boards are, to some extent, controlled by the Poor Law Commissioners, a superior body, and also by the Local Government Board. Every electoral division in rural districts returns a Guardian, elected by the ratepayers on the spot, but by a cumulative, not a single, vote, a safeguard, it is assumed, for property. The Guardians so elected form half the Union Boards. As an additional security for property a body of local magistrates, equal in number to the elected Guardians, is entitled to sit on the Board as *ex officio* Guardians. But the attendance of *ex officio* Guardians is usually small ; the work of the Unions is generally done by the elected Guardians—traders and farmers of substance, in most cases. The chief duties of the Guardians, whether in town or country, are to carry out the Poor Law and to relieve poverty ; but many other duties have been given them by various Acts of Parliament. They are, for example, the sanitary authorities for all rural, and many urban, areas, including, as we have said, even towns with municipal rights. The charges of the Unions are defrayed by the poor rate, a tax assessed and levied by the Boards of Guardians ; part of this falls on the Unions, as a whole, the greater part on the Electoral Divisions and Wards ; the charge as to these being often very unequal. In the case of lands and tenements of more than £4 in value, the poor rate is paid by the occupier, like the county cess, that is, by the person in possession, whether he is a landlord, a farmer, or a peasant not of the lowest grade. But, in the case of occupiers of these classes, who pay rent, the occupier has a right to deduct half the poor rate from his rent ; and, in respect of occupiers rated at £4 or less, the landlord is bound to pay the entire poor rate. There is nothing like this in the case of the county cess, the whole of which the occupier pays as a rule ; under this arrangement nearly half the poor rate, it is calculated, is chargeable to the Irish landlords.

The Irish Poor Law system is not democratic ; but practically it is the most popular part of the government of local affairs in Ireland. Let us now briefly consider how, as a whole, the scheme of administration we have reviewed works in the interests of the Irish community. Some of the great public works constructed by the Grand Juries may perhaps be too costly and pretentious compared to corresponding works in England. The Grand Juries, for many reasons,

are not fitting tribunals to pronounce on the questions relating to criminal injuries. But, in an immense majority of instances, the public works of the Grand Juries are well-planned and excellent. The county bridges and roads are usually very good; and these bodies have been absolutely free, for at least half a century, from even the suspicion of corruption or fiscal misconduct. County administration under the Grand Juries has been efficient and economical; but the system has, unquestionably, had its day. It cannot be justified in a democratic age; and though sympathy must be felt for many a country gentleman, whose occupation in this respect will be gone, this mode of administration should have been reformed many years ago, as Isaac Butt and others persistently urged. As to Municipal Government in Ireland, it is seldom wasteful; but the towns, in many instances, are not well administered. We see the results in an excessive death rate, in bad sanitary arrangements, in squalor, in ruins—above all, in the absence of the free municipal spirit, an inevitable consequence of the exclusion of popular elements from town government. Municipal life in Ireland, no doubt, cannot be as active as in England, with her flourishing and magnificent cities; but it can be more active than it is at present; and this Bill may do much in this direction. Poor Law administration in Ireland has been tolerably good, though not always wise or judicious; but, on the whole, it cannot be said to have been a failure. One remark, however, must here be made in a candid inquiry upon the subject. The Grand Juries—the flower of the Irish landed gentry—are, of course, loyal to the order of things around them; but of late years the governing bodies of some corporate and municipal towns, and especially not a few of the elected Guardians on the Boards, have fallen under the influence of the Land and the National Leagues, and have taken an attitude hostile to British rule, and notably to the just rights of the Irish landlords. They have avowed revolutionary and socialistic doctrines, particularly directed against property in land.

I now address myself to the provisions of the Bill, as these transform the system of Irish Local Government, and make the old order give place to the new. The criminal jurisdiction of the Grand Juries, as may be supposed, is not taken from them; in this respect they will have the same powers as their fellows in England, but in the Irish counties—the boundaries of these may be slightly altered by this measure, a change that has been generally condemned—the civil jurisdiction of the Grand Juries will be nearly all transferred to newly-formed assemblies, called County Councils after the English name, the chief exception being the cognisance of criminal injuries, which has been rightly given to the County Court Judges, this being essentially a judicial inquiry. The composition and character of the

County Councils will be altogether different from that of the Grand Juries. No clergyman is to have a place on them—a restriction probably, in the main, wise—but otherwise they are thrown open to all who possess the Parliamentary franchise in their counties; that is, speaking generally, to the whole mass of householders, from the owner of a princely mansion to the humblest cottier. Besides women and peers, who may be electors—the County Councillors may be elected—their numbers are not fixed by the Bill—by the Parliamentary voters of each county; illiterate voters may be electors; the voting is to be single, not cumulative, a safeguard for property being here set at nought. Unlike the Grand Juries, therefore, the County Councils will not be oligarchic bodies free from popular control; they will be democratic bodies chosen by a vote democratic in every sense of the word; they will stand on a completely democratic basis. The County Councils will possess all the fiscal powers of the Grand Juries, within the counties, and will be subject to the same obligations; they will vote directly the chief public works in each county; they will govern the subordinate bodies, which will represent the old “baronial” Sessions; they will be responsible for the acts of these, and, like the Grand Juries, they will be compelled to vote monies for the different kinds of public works imperatively required to be made, and also for the repayment of advances made by the Treasury. The administration of the counties, in a word, is committed to them, embracing that of many towns and of all villages; and, of course, like the Grand Juries, they will have to levy rates to defray the charges. The County Councils, however, are to have further powers, which have never belonged to the Grand Juries. The most important of these may be noticed; they are to assess and levy the Poor Rate in each county,¹ a duty hitherto of the Board of Guardians; they are to have almost the whole direction of the arrangements made for the lunatic poor, a class lamentably on the increase in Ireland; and in cases of exceptional distress they may, on the representation of the Boards of Guardians, apply to the Local Government Board to make provision, through the Guardians, for exceptional relief.

The county proper is the sphere of the County Council, but six of the principal towns of Ireland—Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Londonderry, Waterford—are made counties for the purposes of the Bill. These towns, therefore, will have County Councils of their own; these will correspond to the other County Councils. They will be composed of members drawn from the same classes, and will be chosen by the same kind of electorate. They will thus be democracies elected by a democratic vote; they will have the powers and

(1) The Poor Rate will henceforward be a Union, not an Electoral Division Rate, that is, will be charged on a large, not a small, area, a change probably inevitable, not certainly expedient.

duties of the Grand Juries; and under the Bill they will possess the rights of the governing bodies of their respective towns. This ought to make a great change in Irish Municipal Government, and will place it, in these areas, on a democratic footing; it may here be added that the few other places called counties of cities and counties of towns in Ireland will be merged in the counties of which they form a part, and will be under the jurisdiction of the County Councils. I pass on to subordinate bodies, to be agencies, in some respects, of the County Councils. These are given the name of District Councils; they will be formed and elected on the same principles as the larger Councils, on which they are to depend; they are, therefore, to be assemblies of a strictly democratic type. The area of the jurisdiction of the rural District Councils is to be, as I understand the Bill, the Union; there will thus be one hundred and fifty-nine of these, and the rural District Councils may have at least one member upon the County Councils, establishing this link between the two assemblies. The duties of the rural District Councils are to be those of the authorities of the "baronial" Sessions; that is, they are to vote the lesser public works in the different counties, but in this respect, as in the case of the "baronial" Sessions, they are to be under the control of the bodies superior to them, that is, through this measure, the County Councils. The rural District Councils, too, are to be Guardians of the Poor, *ex officio* Guardians being abolished; and they are to have the rights of the existing Boards of Guardians, except the right to impose and to raise the Poor Rate. Towns which possess sanitary powers of their own are also to have urban District Councils, analogous to those I have just described. At present there are only some forty towns of this class; but the Bill enables the number to be increased, and probably this increase will take place. The urban District Councils will also be pure democracies; they are to have the power to vote the lesser public works in their towns, if these are under the Grand Juries, as in the case of the "baronial" Sessions, but subject to the authority of the County Councils, and they are to send representatives to the Boards of Guardians. These Councils may retain the titles of Corporations and of Town Commissioners, if they are entitled to these; in other respects they will be the governing bodies of their towns.

This far-reaching reform, it is necessary to repeat, will shift the whole system of Irish Local Government from an oligarchic to a democratic basis; no similar change, to such an extent at least, has been made in England and Scotland. Apart from special circumstances in Ireland, sufficiently known, it was not to be expected that a revolution like this might not be attended with some mischief, whatever might be the resulting benefits; the Bill accordingly provides certain kinds of restraints on maladministration, waste, and mismanagement. The most effectual of these is the indirect restraint

that will be secured through the finance of the measure; I shall briefly consider the subject afterwards. Direct restraints, however, are not wanting, though the character of these is not stringent. The checks on the Grand Juries supplied by the judges' "flats," and by "traverses," are removed from the County Councils; these, indeed, could not well be applied to them. But all the assemblies created by the Bill will be subject to the jurisdiction of the Superior Courts of Ireland in respect of misconduct of different kinds; a remedy, however, like this being very imperfect; and some machinery is provided to effect this object; this, I think, is of not much value. The Local Government Board, too, will have a certain amount of control over the Councils for the counties and other districts, especially as regards expenditure on roads; and it will have a voice in the appointment of some of their chief officers. The transition from the old to the new order of things will be facilitated, also, and perhaps made more safe by arrangements which may have a restraining tendency. Each Grand Jury may appoint three of its members to sit on the first County Councils under this measure; and three of the abolished *ex officio* Guardians may hold a similar position on the rural District Councils. It should be added, what is, perhaps, more important, that existing county officers will generally retain their posts.

The next subject is the finance of the Bill, a peculiar and essential feature of it. The double object of the Ministry, I have said, was to provide relief for Irish agriculture, analogous to that provided in England and Scotland, and to associate this with Irish Local Government; and it is through the finance of the measure that they believe they will make it reasonably safe and efficient, and will find securities against mismanagement. As a relief to agriculture, the Bill proposes that the State shall contribute a sum equal to a half of the County Cess and the Poor Rate, in respect of agricultural land only, but not in respect of cities or towns, or of land included within these areas; it has been estimated that this subvention would amount to a sum of £700,000 and upwards, to be distributed between the rural landlords and farmers. The subvention will, also, be increased by other sums; but these do not require special notice; they will be little more than the equivalents of grants hereafter to cease. The £700,000, or whatever the sum may be, is, to that extent, to discharge the County Cess and Poor Rate; but the relief is not to apply—beside other exclusions with respect to which there is much to be said—to rates imposed on account of criminal injuries, or of charges for extra police; this, obviously, is a wise provision; districts where crime is rife ought to be made to pay for it. But as regards agricultural land, the only area, it will be borne in mind, to receive aid, a great and important change is to be made, with reference to the County Cess and the Poor Rate, and to the present incidence of these charges. The County

Cess and Poor Rate, as I interpret the Bill, are to be, if not consolidated, brought under one head; and these reduced, it will be remembered, by a half, are to be chargeable to occupiers of the land only, and not to landlords as such, unless occupiers—landlords at present pay nearly half the Poor Rate—with a saving nevertheless, as to existing tenancies, which will modify this arrangement to a great extent. The tenant farmers of Ireland, therefore, will have to pay only half the County Cess and half the Poor Rate, of which at present they have to pay the whole; but those rated above £4 in value will have no right to deduct half the Poor Rate from their landlords when they pay their rents, as they are entitled to do under present conditions. The rural Irish landlords, on the other hand, will, as occupiers, pay half the County Cess and Poor Rate; but they will not be obliged, as they now are, to make the allowance of half the Poor Rate to tenants over £4 in value; they will be completely freed from this burden; and, of course, as landlords, they will not have to pay any County Cess in respect of their tenants, this being a provision of the existing law. As regards tenants valued at £4 or less, the landlord, I think, in the case of existing tenancies, will have to pay all the reduced Poor Rate, but possibly he may add this sum to his rent; in the case of future tenancies, these small holders will have to pay the Poor Rate as reduced.

The relief afforded to agriculture by the Bill will be distributed very unequally, I believe, among the classes interested in Irish land. Take the case of a tenant farmer occupying 1,000 acres, and paying, say, £60 County Cess and Poor Rate; he will henceforward have to pay £30 only. A landlord whose lands are all under tenancies exceeding the value of £4, and who does not occupy any part of his estate, will not have to allow his tenants half of the Poor Rate; he will, therefore, be wholly exempt from Poor Rate and from the County Cess, as he is at present. But a landlord whose lands are under existing tenancies of £4 in value or less, will not, indeed, have to pay any County Cess, as he has not as the law now stands, but I believe he will have to pay all the reduced Poor Rate, subject to a right to add part of this to his rent, or not improbably even the whole, a right practically of very little value, for the dealing would be with wretchedly poor tenants. Inequalities like these might, perhaps, be diminished, but they are inevitable to a certain extent; the matter is one for the Committees on the Bill in the Lords and Commons. It is characteristic of the conduct of the Radical Party and of their Irish allies to the Irish landed gentry that they object to relief being given to a deeply-wronged class; but I deny that this order of men are eager for "doles"; what they want is justice, refused them during the last seventeen years under the Land Acts, and through the doings of the Land Commission, at last exposed by the damning Report of the

Fry Commission. Passing from this subject, I have next to point out how the finance of the Bill is made a means, in the judgment of the Government, to make it work well, and to provide that it shall not lead to misconduct or attacks on property. The relief to be given to agriculture is to be on the charge for County Cess and Poor Rate in what is called "the standard financial year," that is, the year before the Bill becomes law; it is not to vary with the expenditure, under these heads, in the new system of Local Government; it is to be a fixed amount not to be increased or lessened. Obviously this ought to operate strongly as a restraint on extravagance or wrong on the part of the County Councils, and also as a stimulus to economy; the plan is ingenious, and may be effectual. But, as the relief extends to agricultural land only, and does not apply to cities or towns, this check cannot affect expenditure in the case of urban districts; these will not be subjected to the proposed restraints.

I have described the provisions of the Bill in outline, and have avoided, as much as possible, intricate details. As a scheme of remedial legislation the measure, I think, falls short of the requirements of the case in Ireland, where Local Government has been starved, so to speak, for years. It is modelled too closely on the English pattern, in many respects not adapted to it. I have long been of opinion that a considerable part of the Private Bill legislation Ireland stands in need of could be conducted through local assemblies analogous to those created by this Bill; and if their decisions were approved by the Irish Privy Council, they might then be ratified by Parliament and become law, at a saving of immense trouble and expense. This would get rid of an undoubted grievance, and dispose of an argument for Home Rule, if it would not please Parliamentary agents in London, whose charges Irishmen justly complain of. In the numerous instances, too, in which County Councils of different counties had common interests, they ought to be empowered to deliberate on them in common, through committees selected from their members; for example, when various kinds of public works might affect a succession of distinct counties. The County Councils, moreover, ought to be enabled to entertain applications on the part of the ratepayers of their districts in certain cases, and, if these obtained their sanction, to impose rates. If the ratepayers of a county chose to prefer a denominational system of education to that which now exists, and were willing to pay a part of the cost, this change might be effected through the County Councils. I think, in addition, that the County Councils ought to have some representation on the Local Government Board, and on the boards at present nominated by the Central Government; this would infuse a popular element into the Castle bureaucracy, which probably would have a beneficial effect. But the demand is preposterous and out of place that the County

Councils ought to control the constabulary force; the executive must retain this in its hands if law and order are to prevail in Ireland; and, besides, as the constabulary are not supported from local funds, the claim is opposed to reason and justice.

On the other hand, the means adopted by the Bill to make it a safe and a prudent measure, and to prevent it doing, perhaps, the gravest mischief, appear to me to be very inadequate. The ingenious limitation of the subvention of the State to the expenditure of "the standard financial year" ought to discourage extravagance and promote economy. But this check affects agricultural land alone; it has no application to cities or towns. It is, at best, a partial restraint; and, besides, restraints of this kind, though they appeal to interest, have often proved useless against popular follies and passions. The general powers which the Superior Courts of Ireland would have over the County and District Councils would practically be of little avail, owing to the cost and the cumbrousness of the procedure. The general, and even the special, powers which the Local Government Board would possess in this province would, in my judgment, be far from sufficient. As the Bill stands I could enumerate many instances in which its provisions could be disobeyed or evaded; in which its proposed safeguards could be broken through; in which property could be assailed and destroyed, and flagrant misconduct might occur, yet no effectual remedy would exist; and these, unfortunately, might not improbably happen. The coercive power of the State over the County Councils, and their subordinates, is, in a word, very weak; this is remarkable, because in the Bill of 1892 it was teasing, meddlesome, even offensive. The change is, doubtless, due to the fact that Ireland is, for the present, quiescent; this is striking proof of the thoughtless optimism which has so often assumed that Irish troubles have been set at rest for all time, because they have ceased for a passing moment. The Bill, I am convinced, ought to be strengthened in this respect; jurisdiction should be given, within certain limits, to the County Courts of Ireland to take cognisance of wrongs done by the County and other Councils; and the jurisdiction of the Superior Courts, in this respect, ought to be made far more summary and less costly than it is in order to apply remedies that would have real effect. Recollecting, however, what a revolution this Bill accomplishes in Irish Local Government, that it completely changes its basis, and transforms an oligarchic into a democratic system, I would certainly introduce a Conservative and a steadying element into the composition of the County and other Councils, as a security against mismanagement, and, above all, extravagance. I would have the members elected by a cumulative, not a single, vote; I would not allow illiterate votes; and I would place on every Council a certain number of men of substance elected by ratepayers of a high class, who should

possess a veto, at least for a time on decisions and acts they would think unjust or unwise. By these means security would be obtained for the rights of property, and for the minority to whom it belongs; a real check would be placed on misconduct and wrong, and the very objection made against the present system that taxation and representation are not correlative, and which probably could be made, with more truth, against the system, which, if left as it is, this Bill, I fear, would establish, would be to a certain extent removed.

The argument is entitled to no weight that precautions like these have not been taken in the case of English and Scottish Local Government. The circumstances of Ireland are altogether different; and circumstances are often the truest test of a policy. No such sweeping reform as this was made when the present system of Local Government became law in England and Scotland; these countries had long been accustomed to self-government. Ireland does not possess a strong middle-class, the saving health of the English and Scottish peoples. The electorate of the English and Scottish local Councils is composed of law-abiding men with Conservative instincts, especially in their local affairs. The immense majority of the Irish electorate would be masses of poor peasants and petty traders, with little to lose, without habits of business, easily led by lay and sacerdotal demagogues. Nor can we shut our eyes to what has taken place in Irish local bodies of late years. The Corporation of Cork was the head of a "rebel city"; the Corporation of Limerick refused to pay a tax; many Boards of Guardians and Town Commissioners were pervaded by Parnellism and all that the name implies. There is valid reason to apprehend that, if not subjected to very different restraints from those found in this Bill, and if not balanced by a judicious counterpoise giving property its legitimate weight and influence, the local assemblies to be formed by this measure would be, in many instances, lawless and wasteful, enemies of the powers that be, and of the landed gentry, and that the phenomena would reappear, described by Burke and Tocqueville, when Local Government was suddenly decentralised, in all its parts, in France, and when Jacobinism, anarchy, and bankruptcy were the results, until the strong amending hand was applied by Napoleon, and centralisation was restored even beyond its just limits.

The present system, however, of Irish Local Government is out of harmony with the spirit of the age; it should be placed on foundations broad but enduring; and if this Bill be amended on sound principles, it may be made an instrument to give effect to a remedial policy, which Ireland has required for a considerable time. A measure of this character would not do wonders; but probably it would be attended with many good results. County Government, under any popular system, would not, I believe, be as efficient and cheap as it

has been under the Grand Juries. The government of urban centres, through a democratic Council, even giving property its due weight and influence, would, I fear, be extravagant, at least for some time. But Local Government, carefully and well reformed, would, I hope, cause a great improvement in the cities and towns of Ireland; it ought to raise them out of their state of stagnation; it ought to breathe into them the municipal spirit, of which they are at present almost wholly devoid. It would probably, too, place on the County Councils a considerable number of the Irish landed gentry, whose experience in the work of the Grand Juries, and whose intelligence, would command respect; and the general advantage of this would be not doubtful. The landed gentry would, by these means, be drawn out of the isolation which has been their lot for years, partly owing to the bureaucratic rule of the Castle, which has gradually sapped their authority away, and partly to recent unhappy events. A real opportunity, in a word, would be afforded to them. There is no doubt they would turn it to account; at any rate, they would make the attempt manfully and earnestly to do their local duties. Mr. Gerald Balfour might have spared them an appeal, which has the sound of a cynical taunt. It came with a bad grace from the lips of one who is an abettor of an evil and insensate policy, which would drive the whole order from their lands and their homes, especially when he was speaking in his own interests. Might I remind him how the Egyptian tyrant said to the Hebrews, "Ye are idle," when he tried to compel them to make bricks after taking away the straw?

This Bill ought to be amended with forethought and skill, in the interest of order, property, and law; in its present shape it causes very grave misgivings. It is not probable that it will be hustled through Parliament to save the credit of a Minister and of a half-lost Session, as was the unhappy Land Act of 1896; Parliament is probably ashamed of that ill-starred measure, which, however, has had one good result: it has brought the Land Commission into conflict with an independent judge, and has simply proved that tribunal to be a government broker to sell land cheap and incidentally to cut down rent—its duties and its interests being directly opposed. This Bill is essentially one for Committee; the Committee of the House of Commons will perhaps do much to make it a safe and efficient scheme; but a Committee of the House of Lords on a subject of this kind is infinitely superior; and it is to be hoped it will take care that the Bill shall not pass into law without being transformed in many respects, so that it shall not become a leverage for revolutionary and socialistic ends, to be accomplished in Ireland by designing men. I would add a word on the finance of the Bill which Irishmen ought jealously to watch and to test. The relief for agriculture ought to go back to the dates of the English and

Scottish measures ; the subvention of the State ought to be paid from 1896, subject to any just deductions to be made from it. But this grant is a mere special grant for a special purpose ; it ought not to be accepted under any pretence as even a partial satisfaction of the financial claims of Ireland based on history and the Treaty of Union. The two questions are completely distinct ; they should not, in any way, be confused ; a compromise should be repudiated which would be an unfair surrender. There is little in the Report of the Childers Commission which was not known to well-informed Irishmen ; but when a tribunal, mainly composed of British experts, has declared that Ireland has been grossly over-taxed for more than forty years, and that for the sake of British interests, the rights of Ireland should not be sold for a mess of pottage. The Ministry has not yet fulfilled its pledge to appoint a second Commission to examine the subject ; this is curious because the Childers Commission did not enter the whole field of enquiry, and because there may be a counterclaim in this matter against Ireland. It can hardly be supposed this pledge will be broken ; but be this as it may, let Irishmen not abandon their claim ; it will gather strength and become more apparent in spite of the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbals of partisan sciolists. The Alabama claims were scorned and ridiculed thirty years ago ; no Englishman will now deny their general justice.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

Anima naturaliter pagana, Aubrey Beardsley ended a long career, at the age of twenty-six, in the arms of the Church. No artist of our time, none certainly whose work has been in black and white, has reached a more universal, or a more contested fame; none has formed for himself, out of such alien elements, a more personal originality of manner; none has had so wide an influence on contemporary art. He had the fatal speed of those who are to die young; that disquieting completeness and extent of knowledge, that absorption of a lifetime in an hour, which we find in those who hasten to have done their work before noon, knowing that they will not see the evening. He had played the piano in drawing-rooms as an infant prodigy, before, I suppose, he had ever drawn a line; famous at twenty as a draughtsman, he found time, in those incredibly busy years which remained to him, to deliberately train himself into a writer of prose which was, in its way, as original as his draughtsmanship, and into a writer of verse which had at least ingenious and original moments. He seemed to have read everything, and had his preferences as adroitly in order, as wittily in evidence, as almost any man of letters; indeed, he seemed to know more, and was a sounder critic, of books than of pictures; with perhaps a deeper feeling for music than for either. His conversation had a peculiar kind of brilliance, different in order but scarcely inferior in quality to that of any other contemporary master of that art; a salt, whimsical dogmatism, equally full of convinced egoism and of imperturbable keen-sightedness. Generally choosing to be paradoxical, and vehement on behalf of any enthusiasm of the mind, he was the dupe of none of his own statements, or indeed of his own enthusiasms, and, really, very coldly impartial. I scarcely except even his own judgment of himself, in spite of his petulant, amusing self-assertion, so full of the childishness of genius. He thought, and was right in thinking, very highly of himself; he admired himself enormously; but his intellect would never allow itself to be deceived even about his own accomplishments.

This clear, unemotional intellect, emotional only in the perhaps highest sense, where emotion almost ceases to be recognisable, in the abstract, for ideas, for lines, left him, with all his interests in life, with all his sociability, of a sort, essentially very lonely. Many people were devoted to him, but he had, I think, scarcely a friend in the fullest sense of the word; and I doubt if there were more than one or two people for whom he felt any real affection. In spite of constant ill-health, he had an astonishing tranquillity of nerves; and it

was doubtless that rare quality which kept him, after all, alive so long. How far he had deliberately acquired command over his nerves and his emotions, as he deliberately acquired command over his brain and hand, I do not know. But there it certainly was, one of the bewildering characteristics of so contradictory a temperament.

One of his poses, as people say, one of those things, that is, in which he was most sincere, was his care in outwardly conforming to the conventions which make for elegance and restraint; his necessity of dressing well, of showing no sign of the professional artist. He had a great contempt for, what seemed to inferior craftsmen, inspiration, for what I have elsewhere called the plenary inspiration of first thoughts; and he hated the outward and visible signs of an inward yeastiness and incoherency. It amused him to denounce everything, certainly, which Baudelaire would have denounced; and, along with some mere *gaminerie*, there was a very serious and adequate theory of art at the back of all his destructive criticisms. It was a profound thing which he said to a friend of mine who asked him whether he ever saw visions: "No," he replied, "I do not allow myself to see them except on paper." All his art is in that phrase.

And he attained, to the full, one certainly of his many desires, and that one, perhaps, of which he was most keenly or most continuously conscious: contemporary fame, the fame of a popular singer or a professional beauty, the fame of Yvette Guilbert or of Cléo de Mérode. And there was logic in his insistence on this point, in his eagerness after immediate and clamorous success. Others might have waited; he knew that he had not the time to wait. After all, posthumous fame is not a very cheering prospect to look forward to, on the part of those who have worked without recompense, if the pleasure or the relief of work is not enough in itself. Every artist has his own secret, beyond the obvious one, of why he works. So far as it is not the mere need of earning one's living, it is generally some unhappiness, some dissatisfaction with the things about one, some too desperate or too contemptuous sense of the meaning of existence. At one period of his life a man works at his art to please a woman; then he works because he has not pleased the woman; and then because he is tired of pleasing her. Work for the work's sake it always must be, in a profound sense; and with Beardsley, not less certainly than with Blake or with Rossetti. But that other, that accidental, insidious, significant motive, was, with Beardsley, the desire to fill his few working years with the immediate echo of a great notoriety.

Like most artists who have thought much of popularity, he had an immense contempt for the public; and the desire to kick that public into admiration, and then to kick it for admiring the wrong thing or not knowing why it was admiring, led him into many of his most outrageous practical jokes of the pen. He was partly right and partly

wrong, for he was indiscriminate; and to be indiscriminate is always to be partly right and partly wrong. The wish to "*épater le bourgeois*" is a natural one, and, though a little beside the question, does not necessarily lead one astray. The general public, of course, does not in the least know why it admires the right thing to-day though it admired the wrong thing yesterday. But there is such a thing as denying your Master while you are rebuking a servant-girl. Beardsley was without the very sense of respect; it was one of his limitations.

And this limitation was an unfortunate one, for it limited his ambition. With the power of creating beauty, which should be pure beauty, he turned aside, only too often, to that lower kind of beauty which is the mere beauty of technique, in a composition otherwise meaningless, trivial, or grotesque. Saying to himself, "I can do what I like; there is nothing I could not do if I chose to, if I chose to take the trouble; but why should I offer hard gold when an I.O.U. will be just the same? I can pay up whenever the money is really wanted," he allowed himself to be content with what he knew would startle, doing it with infinite pains, to his own mind conscientiously, but doing it with that lack of reverence for great work which is one of the most sterilising characteristics of the present day.

The epithet "*fin de siècle*" has been given, somewhat loosely, to a great deal of modern French art, and to art which, in one way or another, seems to attach itself to contemporary France. Out of the great art of Manet, the serious art of Degas, the exquisite art of Whistler, all, in such different ways, so modern, there has come into existence a new, very modern, very far from great or serious or really exquisite kind of art, which has expressed itself largely in the "*Courrier Français*," the "*Gil Blas illustré*," and the posters. All this art may be said to be, what the quite new art of the poster certainly is, art meant for the street, for people who are walking fast. It comes into competition with the newspapers, with the music-halls; half contemptuously, it popularises itself; and, with real qualities and a real measure of good intention, finds itself forced to seek for sharp, sudden, arresting means of expression. Instead of seeking pure beauty, the seriousness and self-absorption of great art, it takes, wilfully and for effect, that beauty which is least evident, indeed, least genuine; nearest to ugliness in the grotesque, nearest to triviality in a certain elegant daintiness, nearest also to brutality and the spectacular vices. Art is not sought for its own sake, but the manual craftsman perfects himself to express a fanciful, ingenious, elaborate, somewhat tricky way of seeing things, which he has deliberately adopted. It finds its own in the eighteenth century, so that Willette becomes a kind of petty, witty Watteau of Montmartre; it parodies the art of stained glass, with Grasset and his followers; it juggles

with iron bars and masses of shadow, like Lautrec. And, in its direct assault on the nerves, it pushes naughtiness to obscenity, deforms observation into caricature, dexterity of line and handling being cultivated as one cultivates a particular, deadly "botte" in fencing.

And this art, this art of the day and hour, competes not merely with the appeal and the popularity of the theatrical spectacle, but directly with theatrical methods, the methods of stage illusion. The art of the ballet counts for much, in the evolution of many favourite effects of contemporary drawing, and not merely because Degas has drawn dancers, with his reserved, essentially classical mastery of form. By its rapidity of flight within bounds, by its bird-like and flower-like caprices of colour and motion, by that appeal to the imagination which comes from its silence (to which music is but like an accompanying shadow, so closely, so discreetly, does it follow the feet of the dancers), by its appeal to the eyes and to the senses, its adorable artificiality, the ballet has tempted almost every draughtsman, as the interiors of music-halls have also been singularly tempting, with their extraordinary tricks of light, their suddenness of gesture, their triumphant tinsel, their fantastic humanity. And pantomime, too, in the French and correct, rather than in the English and incorrect, sense of that word, has had its significant influence. In those pathetic gaieties of Willette, in the windy laughter of the frivolities of Chéret, it is the masquerade, the English clown or acrobat seen at the Folies-Bergère, painted people mimicking puppets, who have begotten this masquerading humanity of posters and illustrated papers. And the point of view is the point of view of Pierrot—

"le subtil génie
De sa malice infinie
De poète-grimacier"—

Verlaine's "Pierrot gamin."

Pierrot! is one of the types of our century, of the moment in which we live, or of the moment, perhaps, out of which we are just passing. Pierrot is passionate; but he does not believe in great passions. He feels himself to be sickening with a fever, or else perilously convalescent; for love is a disease, which he is too weak to resist or endure. He has worn his heart on his sleeve so long, that it has hardened in the cold air. He knows that his face is powdered, and if he sobs, it is without tears; and it is hard to distinguish, under the chalk, if the grimace which twists his mouth awry is mere laughter or mockery. He knows that he is condemned to be always in public, that emotion would be supremely out of keeping with his costume, that he must remember to be fantastic if he would not be merely ridiculous. And so he becomes exquisitely false, dreading above all

things that "one touch of nature" which would ruffle his disguise, and leave him defenceless. Simplicity, in him, being the most laughable thing in the world, he becomes learned, perverse, intellectualising his pleasures, brutalising his intellect; his mournful contemplation of things becoming a kind of grotesque joy, which he expresses in the only symbols at his command, tracing his Giotto's O with the elegance of his pirouette.

And Beardsley, with almost more than the Parisian's deference to Paris, and to the moment, was, more than any Parisian, this "Pierrot gamin." He was more than that, but he was that: to be that was part of what he learnt from France. It helped him to the pose which helped him to reveal himself; as Burne Jones had helped him when he did the illustrations to the "Morte d'Arthur," as Japanese art helped him to free himself from that influence, as Eisen and Saint-Aubin showed him the way to the "Rape of the Lock." He had that originality which surrenders to every influence, yet surrenders to absorb, not to be absorbed; that originality which, constantly shifting, is true always to its centre. Whether he learnt from M. Grasset or from Mr. Ricketts, from an 1830 fashion-plate, or from an engraved plate by Hogarth, whether the scenery of Arques-la-Bataille composed itself into a pattern in his mind, or, in the Casino at Dieppe, he made a note of the design of a looped-up window-blind, he was always drawing to himself, out of the order of art or the confusion of natural things, the thing he wanted, the thing he could make his own. And he found, in the French art of the moment, a joyous sadness, the serving of God or Mephistopheles, which his own temperament and circumstances were waiting to suggest to him.

"In more ways than one do men sacrifice to the rebellious angels," says St. Augustine; and Beardsley's sacrifice, together with that of all great decadent art, the art of Rops or the art of Baudelaire, is really a sacrifice to the eternal beauty, and only seemingly to the powers of evil. And here let me say that I have no concern with what neither he nor I could have had absolute knowledge of, his own intention in his work. A man's intention, it must be remembered, from the very fact that it is conscious, is much less intimately himself than the sentiment which his work conveys to me. So large is the sub-conscious element in all artistic creation, that I should have doubted whether Beardsley himself knew what he intended to do, in this or that really significant drawing. Admitting that he could tell exactly what he had intended, I should be quite prepared to show that he had really done the very contrary. Thus when I say he was a profoundly spiritual artist, though seeming to care chiefly for the manual part of his work; that he expresses evil with an intensity which lifted it into a region almost of asceticism, though attempting,

not seldom, little more than a joke or a caprice in line ; and that he was above all, though almost against his own will, a satirist, a satirist who has seen the ideal ; I am putting forward no paradox, nothing really contradictory, but a simple analysis of the work as it exists.

At times he attains pure beauty, has the unimpaired vision ; in the best of the "Salome" designs, here and there afterwards. From the first it is a diabolic beauty, but it is not yet divided against itself. The consciousness of sin is always there, but it is sin first transfigured by beauty, and then disclosed by beauty ; sin, conscious of itself, of its inability to escape itself, and showing in its ugliness the law it has broken. His world is a world of phantoms, in whom the desire of the perfecting of mortal sensations, a desire of infinity, has overpassed mortal limits, and poised them, so faint, so quivering, so passionate for flight, in a hopeless and strenuous immobility. They have the sensitiveness of the spirit, and that bodily sensitiveness which wastes their veins and imprisons them in the attitude of their luxurious meditation. They are too thoughtful to be ever really simple, or really absorbed by either flesh or spirit. They have nothing of what is "healthy" or merely "animal" in their downward course towards repentance ; no overwhelming passion hurries them beyond themselves ; they do not capitulate to an open assault of the enemy of souls. It is the soul in them that sins, sorrowfully, without reluctance, inevitably. Their bodies are faint and eager with wantonness ; they desire more pleasure than there is in the world, fiercer and more exquisite pains, a more intolerable suspense. They have put off the common burdens of humanity and put on that loneliness which is the rest of saints and the unrest of those who have sinned with the intellect. They are a little lower than the angels, and they walk between these and the fallen angels, without part or lot in the world.

Here, then, we have a sort of abstract spiritual corruption, revealed in beautiful form ; sin transfigured by beauty. And here, even if we go no further, is an art intensely spiritual, an art in which evil purifies itself by its own intensity, and by the beauty which transfigures it. The one thing in the world which is without hope is that mediocrity which is the sluggish content of inert matter. Better be vividly awake to evil than, in mere somnolence, close the very issues and approaches of good and evil. For evil itself, carried to the point of a perverse ecstasy, becomes a kind of good, by means of that energy which, otherwise directed, is virtue ; and which can never, no matter how its course may be changed, fail to retain something of its original efficacy. The devil is nearer to God, by the whole height from which he fell, than the average man who has not recognised his own need to rejoice or to repent. And so a profound spiritual corruption, instead of being a more "immoral" thing than

the gross and pestiferous humanity of Hogarth or of Rowlandson, is more nearly, in the final and abstract sense, moral, for it is the triumph of the spirit over the flesh, to no matter what end. It is a form of divine possession, by which the inactive and materialising soul is set in fiery motion, lured from the ground, into at least a certain high liberty. And so we find evil justified of itself, and an art consecrated to the revelation of evil equally justified; its final justification being that declared by Plotinus, in his treatise "On the Nature of Good and Evil": "But evil is permitted to remain by itself alone on account of the superior power and nature of good; because it appears from necessity everywhere comprehended and bound, in beautiful bands, like men fettered with golden chains, lest it should be produced openly to the view of divinity, or lest mankind should always behold its horrid shape when perfectly naked; and such is the supervening power of good, that whenever a glimpse of perfect evil is obtained we are immediately recalled to the memory of good by the image of the beautiful with which evil is invested."

In those drawings of Beardsley which are grotesque rather than beautiful, in which lines begin to grow deformed, the pattern, in which now all the beauty takes refuge, is itself a moral judgment. Look at that drawing called "The Scarlet Pastoral." In front a bloated harlequin struts close to the footlights, outside the play, on which he turns his back; beyond, sacramental candles have been lighted, and are guttering down in solitude, under an unseen wind. And between, on the sheer darkness of the stage, a bald and plumed Pierrot, holding in his vast, collapsing paunch with a mere rope of roses, shows the cloven foot, while Pierrette points at him in screaming horror, and the fat dancer turns on her toes indifferently. Need we go further to show how much more than Gautier's meaning lies in the old paradox of "Mademoiselle de Maupin," that "perfection of line is virtue"? That line which rounds the deformity of the cloven-footed sin, the line itself, is at once the revelation and the condemnation of vice, for it is part of that artistic logic which is morality.

Beardsley is the satirist of an age without convictions, and he can but paint hell as Baudelaire did, without pointing for contrast to any contemporary paradise. He employs the same rhetoric as Baudelaire, a method of emphasis which it is uncritical to think insincere. In that terrible annunciation of evil which he called "The Mysterious Rose-Garden," the lantern-bearing angel with winged sandals whispers, from among the falling roses, tidings of more than "pleasant sins." The leering dwarfs, the "monkeys," by which the mystics symbolised the earthlier vices; those immense bodies swollen with the lees of pleasure, and those cloaked and masked desires shuddering in gardens and smiling ambiguously at inter-

minable toilets; are part of a symbolism which loses nothing by lack of emphasis. And the peculiar efficacy of this satire is that it is so much the satire of desire returning upon itself, the mockery of desire enjoyed, the mockery of desire denied. It is because he loves beauty that beauty's degradation obsesses him; it is because he is supremely conscious of virtue that vice has power to lay hold upon him. And, unlike those other, acceptable satirists of our day, with whom satire exhausts itself in the rebuke of a drunkard leaning against a lamp-post, or a lady paying the wrong compliment in a drawing-room, he is the satirist of essential things; it is always the soul, and not the body's discontent only, which cries out of these insatiable eyes, that have looked on all their lusts, and out of these bitter mouths, that have eaten the dust of all their sweetnesses, and out of these hands, that have laboured delicately for nothing, and out of these feet, that have run after vanities. They are so sorrowful because they have seen beauty, and because they have departed from the line of beauty.

And after all, the secret of Beardsley is there: in the line itself rather than in anything, intellectually realised, which the line is intended to express. With Beardsley everything was a question of form: his interest in his work began when the paper was before him and the pen in his hand. And so, in one sense, he may be said never to have known what he wanted to do, while, in another, he knew very precisely indeed. He was ready to do, within certain limits, almost anything you suggested to him; as, when left to himself, he was content to follow the caprice of the moment. What he was sure of, was his power of doing exactly what he proposed to himself to do; the thing itself might be "Salome" or "Belinda," "Ali Baba" or "Réjane," the "Morte d'Arthur" or the "Rhinegold," or the "Liaisons Dangereuses"; the design might be for an edition of a classic or for the cover of a catalogue of second-hand books. And the design might seem to have no relation with the title of its subject, and indeed, might have none: its relation was of line to line within the limits of its own border, and to nothing else in the world. Thus he could change his whole manner of working five or six times over in the course of as many years, seem to employ himself much of the time on trivial subjects, and yet retain, almost unimpaired, an originality which consisted in the extreme beauty and the absolute certainty of design.

It was a common error, at one time, to say that Beardsley could not draw. He certainly did not draw the human body with any attempt at rendering its own lines, taken by themselves; indeed, one of his latest drawings, an initial letter to "Volpone," is almost the first in which he has drawn a nude figure realistically. But he could draw, with extraordinary skill, in what is after all the essential way: he could make a line do what he wanted it to do, express the conception

of form which it was his intention to express; and this is what the conventional draughtsman, Bouguereau, for instance, cannot do. The conventional draughtsman, any Academy student, will draw a line which shows quite accurately the curve of a human body, but all his science of drawing will not make you feel that line, will not make that line pathetic, as in the little, drooping body which a satyr and a Pierrot are laying in a puff-powder coffin, in the tailpiece to "Salome."

And then, it must never be forgotten, Beardsley was a decorative artist, and not anything else. From almost the very first he accepted convention, he set himself to see things as pattern. Taking freely all that the Japanese could give him, that release from the bondage of what we call real things, which comes to one man from an intense spirituality, to another from a consciousness of material form so intense that it becomes abstract, he made the world over again in his head, as if it existed only when it was thus re-made, and not even then, until it had been set down in black line on a white surface, in white line on a black surface. Working, as the decorative artist must work, in symbols almost as arbitrary, almost as fixed, as the squares of a chess-board, he swept together into his pattern all the incongruous things in the world, weaving them into congruity by his pattern. Using the puff-box, the toilet-table, the ostrich-feather hat, with a full consciousness of their suggestive quality in a drawing of archaic times, a drawing purposely fantastic, he put these things to beautiful uses, because he liked their forms, and because his space of white or black seemed to require some such arrangement of lines. They were the minims and crotchets by which he wrote down his music: they made the music, but they were not the music.

In the "Salome" drawings, in most of the "Yellow Book" drawings, we see Beardsley under this mainly Japanese influence; with, now and later, in his less serious work, the but half admitted influence of what was most actual, perhaps most temporary, in the French art of the day. "Pierrot gamin," in "Salome" itself, alternates, in such irreverences as the design of "The Black Cape," with the creator of noble line, in the austere and terrible design of "The Dancer's Reward," the ornate and vehement design of "The Peacock Skirt." Here we get pure outline, as in the frontispiece; a mysterious intricacy, as in the border of the title-page and of the table of contents; a paradoxical beauty of mere wilfulness, but a wilfulness which has its meaning, its excuse, its pictorial justification, as in "The Toilette." "The Yellow Book" embroiders upon the same manner; but in the interval between the last drawings for the "Yellow Book" and the first drawings for the "Savoy," a new influence has come into the work, the influence of the French eighteenth century. This influence, artificial as it is, draws him nearer, though somewhat unquietly

nearer, to nature. Drawings like the "Fruit Bearers," in the first number of the "Savoy," with its solid and elaborate richness of ornament, or the "Coiffing," in the third number, with its delicate and elaborate grace, its witty concentration of line; drawings like the illustrations to the "Rape of the Lock," have, with less extravagance, and also a less strenuous intellectual effort, a new mastery of elegant form, not too far removed from nature while still subordinated to the effect of decoration, to the instinct of line. In the illustrations to Mr. Ernest Dowson's "Pierrot of the Minute," we have a more deliberate surrender, for the moment, to Eisen and Saint-Aubin, as yet another manner is seen working itself out. The illustrations, as yet unpublished, to "Mademoiselle de Maupin," seemed to me, when I first saw them, with the exception of one extremely beautiful design in colour, to show a certain falling off in power, an actual weakness in the handling of the pen. But, in their not quite successful feeling after natural form, they did but represent, as I afterwards found, the moment of transition to what must now remain for us, and may well remain, Beardsley's latest manner. The four initial letters to "Volpone," the last of which was finished not more than three weeks before his death, have a new quality both of hand and of mind. They are done in pencil, and they lose, as such drawings are bound to lose, very greatly in the reduced reproduction. But, in the original, they are certainly, in sheer technical skill, equal to anything he had ever done, and they bring, at the last, and with complete success, nature itself into the pattern. And here, under some solemn influence, the broken line of beauty has reunited; "the care is over," and the trouble has gone out of this no less fantastic world, in which Pan still smiles from his terminal column among the trees, but without the old malice. Human and animal form reassert themselves, with a new dignity, under this new respect for their capabilities. Beardsley has accepted the convention of nature itself, turning it to his own uses, extracting from it his own symbols, but no longer rejecting it for a convention entirely of his own making. And thus in his last work, done under the very shadow of death, we find new possibilities for an art, conceived as pure line, conducted through mere pattern, which, after many hesitations, has resolved finally upon the great compromise, that compromise which the greatest artists have made, between the mind's outline and the outline of visible things.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

A CURE FOR INDOLENCE.¹

THE category of feeble minds that one calls "indolent" has always appeared to me as most worthy of attention, doubtless because the fear of being amongst the number has often tormented me. But, self apart, are not the nonchalant, listless, tardy, lukewarm minds sufficiently numerous, not only amongst men of letters, but amongst all professions and trades? Does not one see daily amongst all ranks, from the student to public ministers, attractive men of quick intelligence, who gave promise of great things, and raised high hopes, suddenly stop short or only partially succeed, not having known how to make full use of their talents, not having been able to carry out their ideas to the end? Men, indifferent to the miseries of others, say, when they hear of a man of great promise not succeeding in his career, "What a pity!" by way of funeral oration before burying him under the disagreeable head of "failure." And we then ask ourselves, in speaking of him whom we see floundering and sinking, "Should we not have been able to save him? Might not a firm friend, or a master, in default of himself, have been able to guide him to the end? How can so gifted a man come to such an end; and can no one invent a remedy for the exhaustion of moral strength, a treatment for this indolence, which is a form of fatigue, an antidote against this powerlessness to work?"

It is to this question of general interest that I should like to attempt to indicate a solution. It is indeed to be hoped that the specialists for the nervous system will not be content with having set forth a modern psychology, but will undertake, some day or other, to treat diseases of the mind in the same way as an ordinary doctor treats the diseases of the heart or of the lungs. What belongs to them, I believe, to teach man, is the point at which the physical is able to restrain the moral; to live without too much suffering, and to work without too much exhaustion. A good doctor of nervous affections will treat, at the same time, both the moral and the exterior evil, nervous affections being, at bottom, merely bad habits of the activity of the brain. Unknown, perhaps, to themselves, have not ordinary practitioners—without counting those who are clever psychologists—already accomplished many moral cures? For my own very humble part, and it is that which urges me to write, I have cured several cases of indolence. It is needless to say that the patients came to ask my advice without it being necessary for me to engrave on my

(1) By Doctor Maurice de Fleury, ex-interne des Hôpitaux. Translated by Isabel Wilson Hunter.

door, above my name: "Cures indolent wills and minds; at home from 1 to 3 P.M., visits during the morning."

It is rare that indolence is an isolated phenomenon. This weakness is prone to accompany other symptoms for which one consults a doctor. The greater number of adult indolents, those that one might place under the category of "relaxers of the will," are at the same time the dyspeptics or the neuropaths, the "ralentis of nutrition," to use the classical expression of Professor Bouchard. And coming to the doctor to have their dyspepsia or their neurasthenia cured, they should leave him at the end of three months' appropriate treatment, cured at the same time of the debility of their will power.

As to those who are well and are enchanted by their indolence, and whose one pleasure is to be idle, let us not try to come to their aid. It would be cruel to wish to draw them out of their much-loved apathy, for if all became equally energetic the struggle for life would no longer be possible, since every one would arrive first at the goal. Moreover, believe me, this form of indolence is incurable, it is a kind which does not give rise to remorse; those who do not suffer, do not feel ill, and would never know how to wish to be cured. But how many others are tormented by this wound caused by their weakness, and how many are haunted by the fear, the cruel fear of slipping aside? One such, who has been cured since, wrote me the following complaint:—

"... I begin and do not finish; when I conceive a work, a feverish impatience seizes me to reach the desired aim; I should like to attain it at once. But to accomplish something, patient and continuous efforts are required; I never accomplish anything. . . . One dull day, in one of the suburbs, I saw a large piece of waste land, more covered with fragments of earthenware than with grass. Three or four houses had been commenced, charming little dwellings of red brick and white stone; the walls had been there for two or three years, but the floors and ceilings were lacking, the roofs had never been tiled, and one could see across the ever wide open windows. My mind is in a similar condition—a rough plain with several pretty houses, the roof of which will never be finished!"

Such cases excite our sympathy, and it is such that one may save; because their sensibility shows them their ill, and because the grief that they feel in consequence is keen enough to give them the desire to be cured, and their humility sincere enough to enable them to ask for help.

But one objection suggests itself that I do not wish to elude. Bourget defined it in a word, when he unjustly said that the doctors' dream had always been to supersede the "Gospel by a box of pills."

It must be confessed, I foresee clearly that this superior treatment which I propose will never be efficiently exercised but by means of private conversations held in the consulting-room of a specialist; that it is simply a confession to a layman, without prestige and without romance, in the confessional of a priest who takes twenty francs for

each consultation, who has no imposing dress, who does not pretend to represent God, and who has not received the sublime mission of absolving! I feel that these are redoubtable arguments. For the first time, perhaps, in thinking it over, I have understood the great usefulness, the grandeur of the sacrament of penitence.

However, one may reply, that everybody has not faith, and there must be a *morale* for those who no longer believe in the flames of hell, or in the remunerative happiness of heaven. To hear a text quoted is not always sufficient to change a soul. Perhaps even the spiritual director of the most fervent Christians might be glad to know to whom to entrust his penitents, who would stimulate their brain and increase their vitality by disturbing the torpor of their mind.

Moreover the Catholic priest is much more alarmed by sins of pride, etc., than by faults through indolence. He advises humility, and only remotely understands individual ambition; he has taken the vow of poverty, his Fatherland is elsewhere, and the present exile always seems good enough to him.

If any moral teaching has the good fortune to answer the needs of the eclectic times through which we are passing, is it not that which, without disturbing the Christian teaching, completes it by coming to the aid of those who have lost their faith or the strength to make use of it?

I.—CAN THE INDOLENT BE CURED?

Whenever I have ventured to express the hope of a new moral teaching capable of toning debilitated wills, and of struggling victoriously against human indolence, I have always received the following reply: "But indolence is, by definition, the most incurable of ills, the sole remedy that one can advise being 'work,' and work is precisely what the indolent are incapable of accomplishing." Paradox not too easy to refute, but which can assume the aspect of a more serious argument. Taine thought, and a great many physiologists are still of the same opinion, that the cerebral cell, including the temperament which incarnates itself in it, that the soul, in other words, is an immutable and fatal thing, which no human force can make either better or worse. But that is only, I firmly believe, a doctrine frequently contradicted by the reality; a doctrine that is reduced to nothing by the incontestable fact that the greater number of indolents are not always lazy, and that the will of many of us is subject to oscillations quite comparable with those of the mercury in a manometer. Take the indolent for what they nearly always are: neuropaths; and neurosis for what it constantly is, bad habits of cerebral activity.

Let us admit, once for all, that there is a large category of indifferent

and unfeeling beings who are touched by nothing; such are condemned, and their fate does not concern us, as they do not suffer. But the remorseful indolents, especially the intermittently indolent, are open to cure, or at least to great amelioration. One may compare them with the vagabonds in large towns, whose trade is to run after cabs and carry our trunks when we return from a journey. They wait idle and weary round the station all day; a cab passes laden with luggage, when they suddenly realise the possibility of gaining a few pence. Without delay, and immediately, they set to work to run, sometimes long distances, breathless, perspiring and expending great strength in following the horse's trot, exaggerating as much as possible their tired appearance, seeking to inspire a great deal of pity, and finishing by pitying themselves, hoping that one will think: "This poor man must indeed be miserable and courageous to accomplish such a feat of strength." A real feat of strength, indeed much more trying than a whole day's regular work.

The indolent of liberal professions very often act in the same way; they are capable of great momentary efforts, separated by long intervals of cerebral inactivity. They remain idle, forming projects so long as the inspiration does not come to them, or so long as the need of money does not push them to act. But from time to time they put the shoulder to the wheel, as they express it, and make a short effort. This is the point at which one can cure them. One's aim is not to induce those to work who have never done so, but to change these sudden fits of industry, which exhaust the brain energy and only give partial results, into regular moderated work without fatigue. It is a perfectly feasible thing, the transformation of human force obeying the same laws as those which govern the transformation of physical force.

It is said that many great men like to lessen the importance of the gifts bestowed on them by nature, in order to enhance the merit they deserve for having triumphed over their original weakness.

In studying them closely, I am inclined to believe that they do not exaggerate a great deal. Judge from the following group of names.

Alfieri, the Italian dramatist, was so indolent that he had himself tied to his table so as to force himself to work, to realise, in definite written words, the conceptions of his mind, quick at imagining, but singularly weak before the task of accomplishing.

J. J. Rousseau relates, in his confessions, that during many years he was only able to think and dictate whilst lying down. Directly he got up his brain ceased to work, his memory forsook him, it was impossible for him to fix his attention and to follow the chain of his thoughts. Although his life was not a model of moral dignity such as we conceive at the end of this present century, one cannot

fail to recognise that this neurasthenic held an important place in the history of the human mind.

Goethe, the Olympian, whose image and name occur to us at once when we try to evoke the man of most perfect self-control who ever existed, whose brain appears to us incapable of fatigue, was only able to work a few hours daily; he only wrote during the morning. "I consecrate the rest of the day to worldly affairs," as he tells us in his "Life."

But the example of the great Darwin is still more convincing; what he has written concerning himself and what his son has told us about him, are worth relating in detail.

This philosopher, who changed the aspect of science, and who proposed to man one of the finest and most probable conceptions of uniformity in the universe, had a slow mind, a confused memory; so much so, "that it was always impossible for him to retain a verse or a proper name longer than a day or two." Devoid of imagination, he avowed, in his incomparable and sincere modesty, that he had not sufficient critical powers to venture to judge the work of another. Suffering without ceasing, always weary, he lived, winter as well as summer, in the country, and fatigue so quickly knocked him up that he was forbidden by his medical advisers to receive his friends. He only worked with vigour one hour daily, from 8 to 9 A.M.; then he joined his family, and had the papers or a few pages of a novel read to him; at half-past ten he returned to his study, and remained there till noon, when he was at the extreme limits of his strength.

Few men so delicate as he was have been able to accomplish such a large amount of work. The indolent complain, and justly, of becoming very quickly tired, and of not being able to fix their attention for any length of time on the same subject. Darwin suffered more than most people from this exhaustion of will, this paralysis of attention. But he had realised, by instinct, how much happiness one may draw out of one's misfortunes. He realised that such as he—weakly, domestic people, full of manias, slaves to their habits—may change these defects into virtues, change their moroseness into salutary meditation, substitute involuntary attention, the pursuing of a single idea—a hobby, in fact, for willing attention, of which they are incapable.

All those who have known Balzac, Théophile Gautier, amongst others, have related that very often he liked to proclaim his original taste for indolence, and the trouble he had to overcome this enemy.

This is another instructive example for us. Contemplate the shelves of your library which are filled with the twenty volumes of the Lévy Collection; test the weight of each volume, count the number of lines to a page, and remember that Balzac revised his original copy three or four times; think of the number of personages

he created, and of the important influence this work had on the style of the nineteenth century. This gigantic work required twenty-three years' constant labour, and was accomplished by a man who liked everything except work. When he incarnates himself in Raphaël de Valentin, here is what he says of himself :—

"This daily sacrifice, this silk-worm work, unknown to the world, and whose only reward is perhaps in the work itself.

"Since the age of reason until the day when I had finished my task, I observed, read, wrote without ceasing, and my life was like a long imposition ; an effeminate lover of oriental indolence, enamoured of my dreams, sensual, I have always worked, refusing to allow myself to taste the joys of Parisian life ; gourmand, I have been temperate, enjoying movement and sea voyages, longing to visit other countries, still finding pleasure, like a child, in making ducks and drakes on the water, I remained constantly seated, a pen in hand ; I slept on a solitary pallet like a monk of the Order of St. Benedict, and woman was, however, my sole idea, a cherished ideal which always fled away from me."

Of all the great workers of to-day no one has furnished me with documents so precious as Emile Zola. I have been able to study him closely and at leisure, being one of his friends, and he was the example which led me to think about indolence and to seek a remedy for this evil. Whatever may be the dose of sympathy that his works inspire, no one will contradict us if we consider Zola, not as the most perfect, but simply as the most powerful, as the least *raté* of the workers of the day. Has he not great influence ? and his creative energy has not failed him during his twenty-five years of work.

Well, this great worker likes nothing better than rest, and longs for the blissful moment when, the task finished, he may give himself up without remorse to the delights of doing nothing. He is only partially gifted by nature. His power of attention is mediocre. Unless it be indispensable to the work he is preparing, he is not able to support the reading of an abstruse work, and he only retains from the books he consults that which he can utilise. He does not instruct himself for the pleasure of instruction, and his learning powers are quickly exhausted.

As to his will, he has always suspected it to be on the verge of failing, and in such a precarious state that he has invented, by instinct, the best ruses to supply its place.

Do you remember "Lazare," in the *Joie de Vivre*, who conceives the most magnificent projects, not one of which is carried out ? who begins a hundred and one things and never finishes one ; this admirable hero of psychological romance, where the pessimism of the powerless incarnates itself with such a striking intensity ? One day, when I complimented Zola upon having created this type, he told me that he had always dreaded becoming like this "Lazare" himself, that he had always trembled with fear of failing. It is from one's self that one draws similar creations.

Zola is only able to work three hours out of the twenty-four; he has never been able to constrain himself to a longer effort. 'I am ill enough to go to bed when I exceed this limit,' he has often told me. It is better to work these three hours daily, although he is not able to work during three successive hours; he works an hour on rising, an hour of excellent work, when the mind is lucid and fresh, when the prompt and definite phrase runs under the pen. But Zola is already tired; he must breakfast in order to repair his strength, and read the papers for a diversion. From ten o'clock till noon Zola continues to write, less easily and not so well as during the first hour, and then his work is done for the whole day—he is only fit for letter writing.

Therein lies the power of one of the most powerful brains in the literary world at the end of this century. At this modest pace, three hours daily, this man, whose powers of concentration are small, whose will power is not extraordinary, whose thinking powers are quickly exhausted, finds the means of giving us, every ten months, one of those books not lacking in solidity nor in the number of personages, nor in the working out of its characters, nor in style—lacking in nothing, in fact, which constitutes creative force.

If I have said a great deal about this example, it is because it appears to me exceptionally instructive and interesting; because one has never realised that a practical moral may be drawn from this method that the reporters have so many times described as a truly curious phenomenon, this hygiene for working that Zola created instinctively, without being aware that more than one great mind—notably Darwin—have been obliged to force similar rules on themselves.

II.—HOW TO CURE INDOLENCE.

Without doubt these examples of great men, who, from a mediocre brain, have known how to produce a gigantic work, are of great importance. Courage is contagious; it is strengthening to know that Balzac and Zola had naturally a strong taste for repose; that Jean Jacques Rousseau's brain was such that he was obliged to lie down to dictate, and that Darwin ranks among the men very easily exhausted. But let us be on our guard against deceiving ourselves concerning the number of indolents who are cured spontaneously; they are almost as rare, almost as "phenomenal," as those great heroes of history, who, without a professor, invented an alphabet, learnt to draw, or invented geometry, such as Pascal, when a child.

But when it concerns you or me, who are not heroic, I imagine that, for intellectual fatigue as well as for a sluggish digestion, one must put one's self into the hands of a competent doctor, apt at giving good advice, and capable of closely overlooking the execution of it. As a

rule one is a bad doctor for one's self, and even the most perfect self-analyst often leads himself the wrong way.

Many men have so pale and anæmic a conscience that they constantly require a witness; some one always near them to induce them to work regularly. The year when I was working for my "final," three of us from the same town decided to work together, and we worked studiously when all were present, but if by chance one remained alone for several hours, his native indolence overtook him; he studied listlessly, going to the window, doing a hundred and one useless things, or perhaps nothing at all, but having a tedious time of it. Dawdling is the real word for describing this inactivity that one so often prefers—in spite of the cruel dulness that it produces, and the blues that it brings with it—to a full occupation which makes the hours pass so quickly and leaves a feeling of well-being to the nervous system, as satisfactory as a good meal when one is hungry.

I have always, and in spite of everything, followed with a curiosity mixed with sympathy, the life of one of the most charming and unfortunate young men that I have ever happened to meet. He was, during six or seven years, the right hand of a business man; his honesty, his intelligence, and his activity were so highly esteemed that everyone agreed in predicting a very successful future for him the day when he set up for himself. He was, besides, a man of quite exceptional literary and philosophical learning. When he became his own master, and there was no one there to control his acts, my unfortunate friend managed his enterprise so badly that in less than four years justice had to interfere. As many admirable plants depend solely on their prop, so many intelligent minds require to feel that they have a prop, and I have already stated why I consider it is better to choose a doctor for this purpose. The fact that an indolent, closely studied, nearly always proves to be a neuropath, leads us to institute a bodily treatment, a hygiene, in order to double and apply the hygiene of the mind.

1.—CORPORAL HYGIENE.

One of the cardinal symptoms of neurasthenia is the inability to work for any length of time, either at the manual or intellectual work that the daily routine demands. This fashionable malady, as one likes to call it, is an exhaustion of the cerebral cell, with a fatigue of the whole organ, debility of the powers of attention and of the will. It is, then, logical to apply the rational treatment of neurasthenia for the cure of indolence. I have already attempted to state the conditions of this treatment in a previous work.

In order to cure a neurasthenic susceptible to cure, I think it is necessary—

1st, To regulate, as the monks do, the employment of the twenty-four hours; therein lies the condition of intellectual peace, and we shall see later what advantages the mind gains from discipline.

2nd, To impose an alimentary regimen, in order to suppress the sluggishness and congestion of the stomach, somnolency after food—those alternatives of exaltation and depression of the brain, produced by difficult digestion. People with a weak will very often have a tardy digestion; and from another point of view, our mind is so poor, so hazy, when we rise from table with flushed face and short-breath, in spite of the loosened waistband, whilst a burning sensation, the “hot coppers,” as it is called, rises and falls within our chest.

3rd, One must try to restore to the nervous, often suffering from insomnia, regular sleep, free from night-mares, a sleep which repairs.

4th, Finally, one must procure tonics for them which do not excite, which restore gradually and without a sudden jerk, not only a temporary vigour, but the tonic condition and the constant tension of their muscles; free vigour, always at the command of the will.

Besides, drugs injure the stomach; elixirs, wines, coated pills, etc., are rarely good tonics for the nervous system. It is nearly always better to replace them by mechanical means—massage, douches, physical exercise (bicycling in moderation), the spark of the static-machine, air cure, hypodermic injections of neutral salts, friction with a horse-hair glove.

Let us be practical; the indolent who come and ask advice have not the time at their disposal to follow out the air cure on some high plateau; one must treat them in the place where their activity ought to exercise itself; and these are the patients that it is better to have near one in order to overlook their daily progress.

Under these conditions the transfusion of serum appears to me the most simple, the most active, and the most workable of all the tonics for the nervous system. To use the present philosophical expression, I should say that the crack of the whip thus given to the cerebral circulation, accelerates the nutrition and easily facilitates the process of cellular integration and disintegration, to which the activity of the mind is finally reduced. Do you not immediately recall, directly we come to the action of a remedy, the incorrigible doctor of Molière, who raises himself on big words as a dwarf does on high heels, instead of stating simply that a little salt water injected under the skin stimulates the human frame, and permits the debilitated brain to struggle against sleep, to resist fatigue, to understand more clearly, and to forget less quickly! But to leave the vague and uncertain, let us suppose that an indolent neurasthenic has come to consult one of my *confrères*—who gives him a detailed consultation—let us run through his prescriptions.

Rise at seven o'clock, intellectual work (for about an hour and a-

half), breakfast at half-past eight, read the papers and letters. Work again at ten o'clock for about an hour and a-half. Rest at half-past eleven. Lunch at mid-day; then rest for half an hour, followed by a walk of thirty to forty-five minutes. The afternoon is to be consecrated to ordinary occupations. Dine at seven o'clock, rest for half an hour, then take a short walk, go to bed at a fixed hour (as nearly as possible). If the patient is exceptionally weak and thin, or subject to obstinate insomnia, it is better to advise him to go to bed directly after the evening meal. The insomnia of a neuropath is a bad habit, and should be treated in the same way as a moral phenomenon; the indolent often suffer from it, because their brain, not sufficiently tired during the day, remains excited during the night; it is also a *bête-noire* of those who write at night, the excited brain continues to work even at the hour when they seek sleep. This weakness is more easily overcome by the aid of a strict regimen than by the use of hypnotic drugs, all of which have their inconveniences.

Without doubt, one will judge these precautions juvenile even to the burlesque, tyrannical even to the absurd! Whoever reads this chapter will doubtless have difficulty in preventing himself from shrugging his shoulders. But I consider that one must know, at times, how to brave ridicule. I know, besides, that a diseased mind is very difficult to cure. In theory, a few lines suffice; in reality, one does not succeed by dictating a few vague directions, but one must take the trouble to regulate the duties of each hour even to the smallest details.

I go even further; the doctor moralist must resign himself to act the unenviable part of overseer—I was going to write the word "spy." He ought not to fear from time to time, during the morning, to pay an unexpected visit to such of his patients as are particularly refractory, to see if they are at work as they promised. No sort of sacrifice is unbecoming in this case. However, it generally suffices to have the aid of a companion, of a mother, or of a friend, whose presence constrains the indolent patient to keep his promise. Nearly all patients are finally touched by the trouble one takes for them, especially when one reasons kindly with them; none of them thus treated will bear malice for the severity and inconvenient zeal one shows towards them.

Now we will study the advice concerning the corporal hygiene, the treatment to be given to the sluggish digestion. Let us take as a model a severe regimen; this is only applicable to patients whose organs have been in a shattered condition for some time, whose digestion is slow, and who suffer from headaches of gastric origin. Most of the following prescriptions are only temporary, from which the patient may deviate when the general health is restored.

Remove from the regimen all alcoholic preparations, all that ferments easily. The patient should eat in preference grilled and roast meats, rather underdone than otherwise (white meats in preference), nearly all green vegetables, dry vegetables (mashed), eggs, lean of ham, light fish, broiled or grilled, and very few sweets. Food should be prepared with a small quantity of good butter; salt should be used, but not pepper.

Many doctors forbid coffee; I think, for my part, that neurasthenics are rather toned by a small cup of black coffee after lunch. On the other hand, the suppression of alcohol seems to me of critical importance; it only revives for the moment, and the immediate cerebral excitement that it produces is always followed by a lowering of the strength. Exercise, dry friction, transfusion of serum, are more than sufficient tonics, perfectly harmless, and their action is more durable than a glass of Burgundy. Very few drugs, a spoonful of *valérianate d'ammoniaque* in cases of nervous excitement, little or no bromide, a few pancreatic pills to aid digestion, a few naphthol powders—in fact, the fewest remedies possible.

This physical treatment, this hygiene, variable according to whether the patient be thin or stout, anæmic or the reverse, old or young, has not for its aim, let it be well understood, the curing of indolence, but it aims rather at alleviating and regulating the working of the central nervous apparatus. It is the treatment of the nervous disorder preceding that of the mind. A psychological treatment, a sowing of useful ideas, is only possible on a freshly ploughed field, cleared of its useless herbs. The day when our patient has a good appetite and digests easily, sleeps a sleep which repairs, when we have procured him a strength to dispose of at will, then there only remains to teach him how to use it. He must be quite convinced that strength does not accumulate with impunity in the brain of man; that he must know how to expend it, to utilise it regularly, under penalty of inflicting an overdose of exertion, so to speak, on the nervous system, which is quite as serious as overstrain brought on by excessive work. Nervous energy, which one is apt to forget, makes itself felt under the form of excitement, attacks of anger or tears, and nothing appeases it like work.

2.—PSYCHOLOGICAL HYGIENE.

If one wished to sum up in a phrase what modern psychology—and notably the fine researches of M. Pierre Janet—has taught us about the mental state of neuropaths, misled by their nervous system, one would say, "These are men of absent mind, absorbed by a fixed idea, spoilt by inveterate, unconscious habits, which place them (so to speak) beyond the pale of the ordinary routine of life.

It is through absence of mind, which has passed into a habit, that an hysteric remains insensible, or with half the body paralysed during many months. The neurasthenics, the melancholic, are frequently tormented by cruel fixed ideas, and one knows with what great facility they become subject to morphia, alcohol, and ether.

Let us try, by way of comparison, to find the psychological definition of a great man, and we shall be led to conclude that this hero — nearly always somewhat nervous — is also an absent-minded person, absorbed by a good fixed idea, and sustained by inveterate habits which raise him above the common life. Absorbed by the fixed idea of the origin of species, Darwin, who was certainly a neurasthenic, owed to his habits, the power of accomplishing a colossal work; and so it is with the greater number of our celebrated men.

The same elements are, then, to be found in a great man as well as in those who promise well, but accomplish nothing. That is the reason why so many great minds are always haunted by the fear of slipping, they are constantly followed by the phantom of an indolent, who resembles them like a brother.

Well, let it be known that it is often possible in the practice of life to replace an absurd idea by a good fixed one, and to form excellent habits in the place of deplorable manias. It is precisely in doing this that the psychological treatment of indolence consists; it is this patient work that the doctor of misguided minds ought to undertake.

To induce a weak brain to become possessed of a good fixed idea, is not a superhuman work for those who know how to set about it. In fact, the means to be employed remind one of a woman who wishes to make herself loved.

Let us consider for a moment the means dictated to her by her infallible instinct concerning love affairs. First of all, she dresses herself with care so as to show off her charms to the full; then she finds opportunities for constantly being seen, increases the number of meetings; her presence must become habitual—in fact, necessary; he must suffer when she is no longer near. She kindles the flame of jealousy, to make it understood that she is an incomparable treasure, and that another will grasp her if he does not stretch forth his arm in time.

Imitate her, you who wish to learn the marvellous art of reclaiming the indolent. Help your patient to choose a work really suited to his abilities; embellish the idea with all the hope that it is possible to raise; self-content, worldly importance, glory, and fortune to be conquered. Talk about it without ceasing; like a Wagnerian motive, repeat it again and again, and soon you will find that the brain seizes the idea, and can no longer exist without this good obsession. Finally, when the idea becomes cherished, when the brain loves it, as one loves

and desires a woman, make it to be understood that it belongs to all, that it is in the air, that another, braver and more manly, may step in and carry it off to utilise first.

What a resource for the indolent and weak! Obsession is simply an idea which comes to us without effort and in spite of ourselves; it is involuntary attention, instinctive, and consequently without fatigue, substituted for voluntary attention, of which so few men are capable. For I know no higher and rarer faculty than that of being able to suddenly fix one's attention, without delay, without evasion, on a certain subject; to bend one's thoughts, and maintain them at will on the chosen subject.

It is the ideal, very rarely reached, of the working of the mind. Goethe acquired it late in life, thanks to the severe and tenacious exercises his brain went through during his daily interviews with Eckermann. But what an exceptional brain! The great majority of intelligent men only think of the subjects which impose themselves. We very rarely choose our ideas, they hold and haunt us; we follow them as a somnambulist does the glittering object which has attracted his regard. Is it not much better, by means of an eminently moral device, to render the predominating idea so irresistible, that it should make us act usefully and save us from being unproductive?

Naturally, it is necessary to vary one's advice according to the character and profession of each patient. I have had the opportunity of treating—for nervous affections and at the same time for indolence—men occupying the most varied social positions: students, composers, military officers, men of letters, lawyers, financiers, politicians, poor workmen, and idle, rich people. For each one of them it was necessary to choose a ruling idea, suited to his occupation and in proportion to his strength.

When the moralist doctor endeavours to impress his patient with a good fixed idea, he must be on his guard against suggesting an aim too far away, an ambition only capable of being realised at a long date. The indolent neuropaths are nearly always affected with a form of short-sightedness of the mind, which only permits them to see the result when it is quite near. Think of students, who only become aware of the difficulty of an examination, of the importance of succeeding, and of the smallness of their knowledge, a few days before the trial. Just at the last they are remorseful for all their wasted hours, and they make, when too late, a violent effort. I know many who never employ a better method through life. But this evil is not without a remedy. The practical method used by candidates for the position of house-surgeon to keep themselves from these faults, is to form groups, consisting of ten or twelve members, and to place themselves under the direction of two or three former surgeons charged to drill and prepare them for the examination.

These "directors of lectures" prepare a long programme, in which may be found all the questions likely to be set, then they mark out the work to be accomplished each week. Every Saturday there is a conference and a trial examination. The students read a written thesis, answer oral questions, which are criticised by their chiefs and comrades; as they are few in number their turn often comes round to be on the platform, and their stimulated *amour-propre* urges on their courage during the length of a week. Many are impressed with the idea of cutting a poor figure at the end of a few days, whom the pale image of the great examination some ten months distant would not affect.

When the vocation is chosen, a plan of work made, and each step of the ladder to be climbed precisely indicated, it still remains to induce the indolent patient to be no longer lazy, but to work patiently, steadily to the end of the task, in order to attain the promised land. It is the culminating point of our treatment of the mind, but not the most difficult moment of the moral treatment. If we refer to facts already observed, the most difficult point is to prevent the patient from frequently changing the fixed idea. To suppress indolence is, after all, less heroic than one might be led to think. One is able to arrive at this point by adding to the psychological device, "the fixed idea," the utility of which we have discussed, another device of the same order, habit, custom. We know that neuropaths and those whose nervous system is exhausted have a particular tendency to subject themselves to routine, to obey manias, to act from habit. Let us, then, try to understand this word.

The human mechanism has two ways of working. One consists in voluntarily concentrating all our personality on a desire in order to realise it, and to say, "I will!" in the interior language. This is what we call a voluntary effort; and nothing is more fatiguing, nothing demands a greater expenditure of nervous force. The other method consists in abandoning ourselves to impulses which present themselves, in acting automatically, and the automatic action only requires an insignificant minimum of brain fatigue.

All who learn to ride a bicycle will easily grasp this truth, from the fact that the starting of the bicycle is a difficult act; that during the first few days all one's attention and energy are concentrated on the desire to keep one's equilibrium; whilst, after a few trials, one rides the machine thinking about different things, enjoying the movement without fatigue or pain; simply because one has acquired the habit. The culture of the mind is comparable with this impulse of the muscles. The starting—there is the really difficult point—the one painful moment; but the continuing of work brings, instead of exhaustion, the joys of action, legitimately expended strength, recognised equilibrium. The encouragement consists in the

possibility of acting without lassitude, and the intense satisfaction of accomplishing many fine actions of which many others are incapable.

Then, whether it be for muscular or brain work, form a habit, substitute namely an automatic act, accomplishing itself without fatigue, or worry, for a voluntary act, for a difficult and painful start. The psychological treatment that we are there led to adopt consists in avoiding a fresh beginning as much as possible, and in acquiring—even to the point of mania, or “second nature”—the habit of daily work. I know some active men who on Sundays are uneasy, have a head-ache, because their energies are not employed; the work for which they are prepared fails them. Habit has become so necessary to them that if they are not able to follow it they suffer.

The indolent once cured—I know some such—are quite disconcerted and upset, less happy, less calm, when a circumstance independent of their will for once deprives them of their daily bread—for such has work become for them. I do not lay claim to have invented this great remedy—habit. No; it is the greatest minds—in science, philosophy, letters—who as they were not able to support work by jerks, nor to make a constantly fresh start, modestly subjected themselves to a rule suggested by instinct.

In a former work, I grouped a few documents showing that the most powerful brains of the literature of the nineteenth century, the great creators of long works—such as Balzac, Hugo, Michelet, Dumas père—worked as the monks pray, every day at the same hour, and for a definite number of hours. Just as our brain, accustomed to awake at a fixed hour, spontaneously abandons sleep and orders the eyes to open every morning at the same minute, so their mind, accustomed to get up steam at a certain hour of the day, called for work imperiously when the moment arrived. Work became for them a regular appetite, a hunger of the mind. Each of these great workers had thus only one starting-point for each work. Only the first pages caused fatigue, or demanded an effort, the rest followed at a peaceful rate; and the monotony of the work did not deteriorate from the inspiration; nor hinder sublime discoveries.

Madame Sand even surpassed them. In order to suppress the painful effort of beginning afresh, she made no interval between the end of one novel and the commencement of another. If she finished writing a novel at eleven o'clock at night, she only allowed herself the time to light a cigarette, and then began to work out another plot. It shows great ease—one might almost say scorn for the dignity of her art—not to stop to regain breath after an accomplished work. This painful starting, thanks to which we work so badly during the first hour, this disagreeable moment of departure, a

woman suppressed by not allowing her inventive thoughts the time to grow cold, just as one does not allow the flames of a furnace the time to die out.

Do not imagine that the masters of to-day are less methodical, more fantastical than the workers of 1830 and 1850. In his very clever novel on the Cosmopolitan world, M. Bourget wrote the following phrase: "As to the dramatic authors and novelists who pride themselves on living for writing, and who seek inspiration elsewhere than in the regularity of habits and at their work-table, their work is doomed to sterility in advance."

It is, I believe, from Zola, that Bourget learned the benefits of habitual and regular work. Here we refer once more to the author of *Rougon-Macquart*. His psychological case, closely studied from nature, served as a starting-point for this study, and it is still his case that will enable us to solve several complementary questions which suggest themselves. Is it better to work during the morning or at night? Which is the best hour to begin work? How long should one work at a time? I attach great importance to these questions of detail. Whoever treats a feeble-minded patient and wishes to induce him to contract a good habit, will soon perceive that it is not sufficient to command his patient to work every day, and at a stated hour. No; one must take a little more trouble; it is the small details that give deep roots to the habit, and on which its solidity depends. In order that it may be really valuable, especially to a nervous patient, a good habit must border upon a mania.

III.—THE CONDITIONS OF WORK.

In defining the rules of hygiene which appear to us likely to make up in part for the lack of moral energy of an indolent patient, we have had to leave two or three points in the shade which deserve to be examined a little. I think a doctor of the mind must make himself understood by his patients, whose quick and uneasy intellects are always, more or less, on the brink of mistrust and discouragement. A neuropath of the higher class does not contribute to his own cure if he has not a clear idea of the means employed and of the reason for them. With the greater number of indolent patients that I have had to treat, it would have been fatal to have remained arbitrary and to have dictated unintelligible prescriptions.

Induce a patient to work at a fixed hour and for a definite time, but tell him the reason. Explain your tyranny; one has far more chance of curing a patient, whom one has interested first of all; and it is also a good way of inspiring confidence to talk logically and to prove what one says.

At what hour should one begin work? "Oh! I prefer the evening; ideas only come to me between ten o'clock and midnight."

How many times has one heard this argument, when one recommends—in such a peremptory tone—the work of the morning as being fresher and the work at night as the more ardent. Many men suppose themselves to have been marked out by an unchangeable vocation for either night or morning work. For a long time, I thought night was my appointed time. I no longer think that destiny has condemned us for ever to prefer the hours of lamp-light to those of the sun. I know very well that the greater number of neurasthenics are only brilliant and animated after dinner; but I do not ignore the fact that they are more quickly cured when they retire to rest early, and utilise the faculties of their mind during the morning. But, in reality, the most important detail for our treatment is that the time for work should be constantly the same for the same brain; and that the same time should always be reserved each day for cerebral activity.

In practice, one must consider the organisation of modern society in large cities such as London or Paris. One cannot debar a civilised member of society from going to the theatre, etc., for ever; it is thus impossible to consecrate once and for all one's evenings to work, so that evening work will never have the automatic regularity which suppresses the constant effort, gives energy to the feeble and courage to the indolent. We are really only able to dispose of our will in the early morning, the few hours which follow our awakening, and we can nearly always awake at the same hour; free to rest twenty minutes during the day after retiring late. To this motive of daily convenience, add this psychological reason, that the brain congests automatically, and prepares itself for work with a much greater spontaneity and ease just after the night's repose. Consider that all the great workers whose example we have quoted so often—Goethe, Darwin, Hugo, Michelet, Dumas père, Zola—worked every morning on rising, and you will be led to adopt a general rule with very few exceptions.

This rule might be thus briefly formulated: "In order to ensure the very least amount of nervous expenditure and fatigue, intellectual production ought to be daily, at a fixed hour and matinal." It is certainly better to write during the morning; whosoever is possessed with an interesting subject, or with a good fixed idea, meditates all day, and prepares himself incessantly for work. One might, with very great advantage, imitate Michelet, who, each evening before retiring to rest, read his notes as a child prepares his lesson, classified them, impregnated his brain with the chapter to be written the following morning, and left his ideas to germinate during the peace of night.

One does not know what mysterious nocturnal work of ripening is accomplished whilst we sleep thus, and we find ourselves on awakening much better prepared for the following out of our ideas.

One of the greatest workers of to-day said to me one day—and at first I could hardly believe him—that the whole day's work was spoilt, unwelcome and tedious, when a circumstance hindered him from immediately setting to work on leaving his bedroom; if he only strolled or loitered about for a few minutes, opened a book, or wrote a letter, his mind was no longer able entirely to absorb itself in the daily task.

I have since observed similar defects in many other patients. The faculty of attention is, at the best, so fragile that one must coax it, catch it before it is thoroughly awake; it then obeys passively, without being entreated, the first injunction, and willingly rests attached to the object on which one wishes to see it hypnotised. At no other moment of the day does one find it so docile.

Then, if you will believe me, after a short toilet—only that which is necessary to have the eyes clear and the hands clean—go quickly to work as soon as you are awake; you will at once find yourself disposed for work, and in a trice the brain will give forth the best of its mental secretion. It is a piece of advice of real practical importance. Nearly all neurasthenics who obey this prescription strictly improve rapidly, and there are none who do not speak of the feeling of great calm which a morning's work gives them for the rest of the day. Do not forget that the greater number of our indolent patients belong to the category of neuropaths; that neuropaths have the characteristic of attaching great importance to futile questions; one must take them as one finds them, and combat them with their own weapons.

How long should one work at a time? A very short time; in reality, a very little time well employed—as the proverb says. It is easily seen that one can only give individual advice on this point, in proportion to the demands of the profession and to the degree of resistance of the human machine. Test the strength of each patient gradually—the neurasthenic and the indolent are not long-winded people—and regulate the habit of so many hours a day, according to what each is able to do. When work is daily it is not necessary to work long hours at a stretch in order to produce results.

Think of the writers, I always quote them, not because our means are only applicable to them, but simply for this motive, that their accomplished work is more easily measured. It is at the modest speed of from four to five hours a day of written or copied work—a poet conceives always, even whilst sleeping—that Victor Hugo gave light to the fifty volumes (without counting those that are not yet published)

of the *Ne Varietur* edition. Balzac died at the age of fifty-one, because he went beyond the limits of his strength, and did not take sufficient sleep. He died worn out from overwork, never having known other debauches; he was chaste and temperate. The great Darwin only remained assiduous during three hours every morning, to which he added a few stolen quarters of an hour. And it is with days of three hours' work that M. Emile Zola has given us, at the age of fifty-four, about fifty volumes, rich in style and matter. Three hours' work a day! Are you not struck with the moderation of the effort, and do you know anything more encouraging than such results with similar means?

Beware of overtiring an indolent but willing patient. Only ask him to work one hour daily, increase the time progressively, but never condemn him to too long application; teach him to break his work by a small comforting repast, a short walk, or, on the contrary, by a few minutes' rest on a bed if the brain is easily tired. Let the ruling idea be to have a clear knowledge of the aim, that will spare us very long sittings at our work-table. "The continuity of the thought on a single subject singularly multiplies the value of time," said Mosso, the Italian physiologist. That is the wisest motto; it is there that one must seek force. And, furthermore, do you not find that one works more quickly when one has limited one's time? Who can tell if the miner would not accomplish as much in eight hours of willing work as he does now in nine or ten hours, with the hatred of the rule which the master has imposed on him.

MAURICE DE FLEURY.

PRISON REFORM.

I.—PRISONS AND PRISONERS

WHEN I was connected with one of the largest of our London prisons I was struck with the remark which was once made to me by a prisoner of considerable intellectual gifts. This unfortunate man had suddenly fallen from a somewhat notable position in the world, and had been sentenced to a rather prolonged period of imprisonment. For a time he bore the change with remarkable fortitude: accepting with apparent resignation the plank bed, the coarse fare, the ill-fitting garments, the rigid silence, the oakum picking, the monotonous isolation, and all the daily humiliations of a prisoner's lot. But at the end of a few weeks it was easy for the experienced eye to see that this man would break down long before his sentence came to an end. He was losing flesh, he was refusing food, his face was assuming a deathly pallor; he was presenting all the physical symptoms of an approaching crisis. The great silent machine into whose clutches he had fallen was slowly but inevitably undermining his reserves of strength, and complete exhaustion was merely a question of time. One of the most painful experiences of prison life is to watch this process of exhaustion in operation; to know that it can be stopped, and yet to be quite unable to interfere with it, until the fatal collapse is close at hand. In this particular case, when it did occur, I remember in the course of conversation using the word patience. "I could be patient," said the miserable man, "for patience is a virtue. It is not patience, it is apathy you want here, and apathy is a vice."

I have ventured to mention the remark of this prisoner on the effect of prison discipline on his mind and character, because it exactly coincides with the conclusions arrived at by Lord Kimberly's Convict Prison Commission in 1879, and by Mr. Herbert Gladstone's Prison Committee in 1894. Exactly four years ago, in the pages of this Review, I asked the question, "Are our Prisons a Failure?" In the following year an answer came from the Committee appointed by the Home Secretary of the day to inquire into the conditions of English prison life. This answer was, that imprisonment "not only fails to reform offenders, but, in the case of the less hardened criminals, and especially of first offenders, it produces a deteriorating effect." This indictment of prison administration has been twice repeated. It was first made by the Kimberly Commission, in 1879; it was reiterated by the Gladstone Committee, in 1895. It is a terrible indictment of any system for which the nation is responsible, to say that it is a source of harm instead of good. Unfortunately, my experience of prisons teaches me that this indictment is true.

What is the result of this deteriorating process on the prison population? The first and most pernicious result is, that it turns the casual offender into an habitual criminal. If prisoners are for the most part bad when they go into prison and, as an effect of imprisonment, are still worse when they come out, imprisonment so far from serving the purpose of protecting society adds considerably to its dangers. The casual offender is the person to whom crime is merely an isolated incident in an otherwise law-abiding life. The habitual criminal is a person to whom crime has become a trade; he is a person who makes his living by preying on the community. The prison is the breeding ground of the habitual criminal. The habitual criminal is the casual offender to begin with. But the prison deteriorates him, debases him mentally and morally, reduces him to a condition of apathy, unfits and indisposes him for the tasks and duties of life; and when liberated he is infinitely more dangerous to society than when he entered it. It is not sufficiently recognised that punishment may be of a character which defeats the ends of justice. The chief end of justice is the protection of society, but this end is defeated if the ultimate outcome of punishment is to make the person punished a more formidable enemy of society than he was before. Imprisonment, as at present conducted, is one of those forms of punishment in which the ends of justice are, in the majority of cases, ultimately defeated. At the present moment there are about 18,000 people in the prisons of England and Wales. Of these 18,000, considerably more than one half will go back to prison again. Imprisonment will do them no good. It will not make them good citizens. It will not protect society against them when they are once more at liberty. It will make them more likely than ever to prey upon society. It would be some satisfaction if the proportion of prisoners which imprisonment fails to deter was diminishing; unfortunately the proportion of re-convicted prisoners, or old offenders, is steadily increasing. We have the usual lame apologies for this damaging fact from the officials, whose duty it is to make the best of a bad business. But some of us who have had occasion to come in contact with the habitual criminal population, can estimate these excuses at their proper worth.

Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, in their report to the Home Secretary, attribute the break down of the prison administration to excessive centralisation, and to the machine-like methods of dealing with human beings which excessive centralisation always produces. This report, it is true, was issued a year or two ago, and it might be supposed that matters have mended since then. But this is not the case. The deterrent effect of imprisonment is now less than it ever was in any period of English history. According to the latest returns, the prison population contains a higher proportion of criminals who will return to a life of crime than ever it did before. It is on this

account that the Home Secretary has just placed before the House of Commons a new Prisons Bill, and a new set of regulations affecting the internal management of prisons. In connection with this Bill the question immediately arises how far it is likely to remove the defects in the existing system which were pointed out by the Gladstone Committee. In other words, how far are the Home Secretary's proposals calculated to decentralise the prison administration, and to decrease the proportions of recidivism.

As far as the Home Secretary's Prisons Bill deals with the subject of Convict Prisons it has a decentralising tendency, inasmuch as it provides for the establishment of Boards of Visitors for these institutions. Convict Prisons, it may be as well to remark, are at present five in number, and contain a population of rather more than 3,000 male and female prisoners, sentenced to periods of detention ranging from three years' penal servitude to penal servitude for life. The entire control of these prisons has hitherto been in the hands of a bureaucracy concentrated at the Home Office. A few selected persons, under the name of Prison Visitors, have been permitted to flit like shadows through these grim establishments. But the visitors have practically no powers, and, as was shown on Mr. Gladstone's Committee, no real knowledge of the facts of prison life. The Home Secretary, in his Bill, wisely proposes to dismiss these shadowy figures and to appoint Boards of Visitors in their stead, vested with certain definite duties and responsibilities. According to the Memorandum which accompanies the Prisons Bill, these new Boards of Visitors are to be somewhat similar in constitution and function to the existing Visiting Committees in local prisons. Now, if anything was made plain before the Gladstone Committee it was the inadequacy of the Visiting Committee system. There is no reason to believe that a similar system will be more successful in the Convict Prisons than it is in the local or short-sentence prisons. On the contrary, there is every reason to suppose that the proposed Convict Board of Visitors, if selected by the Home Secretary from persons living in the neighbourhood of Convict Prisons, will be of as little real utility as the existing Visiting Committees connected with the local prisons. If the Home Secretary wishes to carry out the spirit of Mr. Gladstone's recommendations, and to pass a real measure of decentralisation, he should constitute a single Board of Visitors for all the Convict Prisons. A Board of Visitors of this character would be infinitely preferable to the five petty local committees which the Home Secretary's Bill proposes to set up. It is to be recollected that the Convict Prison population differs essentially in composition from the local prison population, and therefore cannot be treated on exactly the same lines. It is not drawn, like the local prison population, from the locality in which the prison is situated. It is a population which is drawn from all parts of England and Wales, and it is absurd to make

prisoners, recruited from all parts of the country, subject to the jurisdiction or supervision of local justices of the peace, or local magnates who happen to reside near convict institutions. The Home Secretary would find a single Board of Visitors infinitely more useful to him in the practical administration of Convict Prisons than five petty local boards. A single board would be a more important, and, therefore, a more dignified body. It would have a wider range of vision, for its operations would not be confined to one prison, but would include them all. Its suggestions and recommendations would be based on a wider experience. Its inspection would be more efficient, because it would be compelled to compare and contrast differences of local practice in the various Convict Prisons. Finally, and perhaps most important of all, such a Board would enjoy a much greater measure of public confidence than a merely local board, because it would be likely to command the services of better men. If a Board of this kind is established, its powers and duties should not be made a mere matter of definition by prison rules. These powers and duties should be defined by Parliament itself.

I now come to that part of the Home Secretary's Bill which deals with local prisons. It may be useful to state that the local prisons are, in the main, the old county prisons, which were handed over to the central authorities by Act of Parliament in 1877. These local prisons are fifty-six in number, and about 150,000 prisoners are sent to them in the course of the year. The sentences of local prisoners range from a single day to two years. When these prisons were placed under the control of the Home Secretary, certain small powers were reserved for the county magistrates who used to control them. These powers are exercised by a body technically known as the Visiting Committee of Prisons, composed of county magistrates. In practice it has been found exceedingly difficult to get these Visiting Committees to take much interest in prison administration. It was felt that the Act of 1877 had shorn them of their powers and dignity, and, except in rare cases, local interest in prison administration unfortunately came to an end. Mr. Gladstone's Committee, faithful to its policy of decentralisation, made several suggestions with the object of improving the status of the Visiting Committees. Most of these suggestions are perfectly feasible, but they were, as a rule, objected to by the Prison Commissioners, with the result that the duties of the Visiting Committee, as set forth in the draft regulations accompanying the Prisons Bill, remain practically the same as before; and these committees will be more than human if they take a greater interest in prison affairs in the future than they have done in the past. So far, then, as the regulations attached to the Prisons Bill affect the local magistrates, the admitted evils of the present centralised system will remain as acute as ever.

Another step in the direction of decentralisation was proposed by the Gladstone Committee, which the Home Secretary also ignores in his Bill; that is to say, the appointment of an independent inspector. In a secret service such as the Prison Department, which has the lives and liberties of so many thousands of human beings practically at its mercy, it is obviously inadvisable that too much power should be concentrated in any one set of paid officials. One of the most conspicuous blots on the Centralising Act of 1877, was the destruction of the admirably balanced distribution of power which existed between the local and the central authorities in the conduct of prison administration. Before 1877 the local prisons were administered by the county magistrates. But as a check on the powers of the magistrates, these establishments were all subject to inspection by the Home Office, representing the country at large. The Act of 1877 completely revolutionised this arrangement. Administrative as well as inspectorial power was concentrated in the Home Secretary, to an extent which has no parallel in any other department of the State. To save appearances, as Sir Godfrey Lushington, the late Permanent Under-Secretary for the Home Department, pointed out in his evidence before the Departmental Committee, the county magistrates were given a sort of vague authority. But for all practical purposes, as I know from personal experience, administrative as well as inspectorial power was absolutely in the hands of a body of four officials at the Home Office, described in the Act as Prison Commissioners. If the inspectorate had been allowed to remain independent, the old healthy balance of power between inspection and administration would have been retained under new conditions. But when the county magistrates were destroyed, the independent inspectorate was destroyed along with them, and both were buried in the same dishonoured grave. The prison inspectors, under the existing system, are not independent inspectors at all; they are merely the subordinates and servants of the Commissioners. In many cases they owe their position to the Commissioners, and it is easy to understand all the obligations which such a debt entails. What has been the result of all these revolutionary proceedings in the sphere of prison administration? Mr. Chamberlain, in his speech in opposition to the Prisons Bill of 1877, predicted them with remarkable foresight. Inspection, which used to be a reality under the old system, became hollow and perfunctory under the new. In the very mild language of Mr. Gladstone's report, "inspection assumed a somewhat routine and formal character." The Home Secretary lost touch of the actual facts of prison administration. As the report says, the government of prisons practically fell into the hands of the Commissioners, and the Home Secretary only became acquainted with those matters which were specially referred to him by them.

It is not in accordance with the public interest that the Home

Secretary should be entirely dependent on the Prison Commissioners for all his information on prison affairs. It was shown before the Prisons Committee that the information which the Home Secretary placed before the House of Commons as to the condition of the London prisons was not to be trusted. It was stated in the House that there was ample accommodation in these establishments. But when the facts came out before the Committee it was seen that this statement was inaccurate from top to bottom, and that some of the London prisons were seriously overcrowded. Misstatements of this kind would be impossible if the administration was held in check and kept up to the mark by an independent inspectorate. This was what the Prison Committee felt, and they put their ideas into practical shape by proposing that the subordinate inspectorate should be abolished, and the independent inspectorate re-established. The adoption of this proposal would have restored that healthy balance of forces which was so effective under the old system, and which has been considered so essential by every political thinker where the welfare of human beings is at stake. It is probable that this fundamental reform is omitted by the Home Secretary in deference to the "Observations of the Prison Commissioners on the recommendations of Mr. Gladstone's Committee." If this is so, it must be pointed out that these observations are in many particulars extremely inaccurate. Here are a few instances. It is not accurate to say that prisoners were transferred from one prison to another without unnecessary delay. If this had been done there would have been no overcrowding of the London prisons. It is not accurate to say that prisoners did not lose marks when they were ill. It is not accurate to say that teaching prisoners in class was the rule. It is not accurate to say that it was, or is now, the practice to inform a prisoner that he will get library books if he asks for them. The Commissioners' rules for the education of prisoners assert distinctly "that no prisoner in the first stage will be allowed instruction or the use of library books." As a matter of fact, at the time the Observations of the Commissioners were placed before the Home Secretary, no prisoner was entitled to library books till he had entered the third stage; or, in other words, till he had begun his third month in prison. It will be seen from these facts that the Commissioners are, to a large extent, ignorant of the working of the system which they control, and their word is not to be accepted as final on such an important matter as an independent inspectorate. The object of this proposal is to decentralise an over-centralised system, to distribute responsibility, to establish a healthy balance of power within the administration, to make accurate information accessible to the Home Secretary, and through him to the public at large. Until a proposal of this character becomes part of the law of the land the administration of prisons will not enjoy public confidence, and will not deserve to enjoy it.

Thus far I have dealt with that portion of the Prisons Bill which is concerned with the higher branches of administration. I now propose to say something of the clauses in it, and the regulations attached to it, which affect the daily life of the prisoner. The Bill proposes two changes which will undoubtedly be beneficial, and it is strange that they have not been adopted long before. A very large proportion of the local prison population is composed of persons committed to prison in default of payment of a fine. Many of these people would be able to pay half the amount, or sometimes three-quarters of the amount, but because they cannot afford to pay to the uttermost farthing they must go to prison and serve the whole of their sentence. In the Prisons Bill it is proposed to shorten the offenders' stay in prison by one half if he can pay half his fine, and to make the duration of his sentence depend on the proportion of the fine he is able to pay. This excellent proposal comes from Sir Charles Cameron's Committee on the treatment of offenders. If it becomes law it will diminish the prison population, it will be a saving to the Treasury, and it will shorten the debilitating process which the prison population at present undergoes. The second change which the Bill proposes, consists in allowing prisoners sentenced to nine months and over to earn a remission of their sentence equal to one-fourth of its duration. This system is in operation among prisoners under sentence of penal servitude, but it does not as yet apply to persons sentenced to two years' imprisonment and under. If the remission system becomes part of the local prison code, it will tend to decrease illness in prisons, and to decrease the very high ratio of insanity which at present prevails among the local prison population. Offences against prison regulations are now very frequently punished by diminishing the amount of a prisoner's food. As Dr. Baer, the eminent authority on prison hygiene, points out, insanity often follows the infliction of these punishments. If the Home Secretary's Bill passes, offences against prison discipline will be dealt with, in many cases, by withholding remission of sentence, rather than by inflicting dietary punishment with all its pernicious results. The power to earn a remission of sentence is also a precious element of hope amid the general gloom and deadness of a prisoner's life. It seems a pity that the Home Secretary, while he is about it, does not extend the principle to a larger proportion of the prison population. Last year the total number of prisoners committed to local prisons amounted in round numbers to 148,000. Only 2,000 of these prisoners will be affected by the new remission scheme. If the scheme were extended so as to affect all prisoners with a six month's sentence, it would embrace a population of between five and six thousand prisoners. Even this, it will be seen, is a small number compared to the total annual admissions to prison.

The only remaining proposal in the Home Secretary's Bill which

opens out important considerations, is the classification of offenders. In local prisons classification is beset with many difficulties, and some of these difficulties cannot be altogether overcome. In large prisons the principle of classification can be made to some extent a reality; in small ones it must always more or less remain a classification in name. On the other hand, small prisons possess the inestimable advantage of admitting of individualisation, which, after all, is preferable to a mere mechanical system of classification. Classification, unless it is followed up by individualisation, loses most of its value; and with the existing staff, individualisation in large prisons is an impossibility. In the large prisons, as Mr. Gladstone's Committee pointed out, the whole staff is undermanned, and until this grave defect is remedied the classification proposals of the Prisons Bill will do no practical good. In fact, the whole position of the prison staff requires re-consideration. In too many cases the warders are themselves treated by the authorities on very much the same footing as the criminal prisoners. Secret reports can be made against them, which destroy their humble career. High ideals of conduct and duty are set before them in the new prison regulations, but until a warder's position is made safer and more honourable, his first object in the future, as in the past, will be to keep a clean sheet. In connection with the subject of classification, Mr. Gladstone's Committee directed attention to a class of prisoners which has increased considerably in recent years, namely, feeble-minded prisoners. One of the medical witnesses estimated the numbers of this class at from two to three per cent. of the prison population. In addition to this class the prison population also contains a considerable percentage of inmates who are not weak-minded, but may be described as in a condition of mental instability. One of the heads of the Prussian prison administration estimates that this class constitutes about ten per cent. of the prison population. Many of them are habitual criminals, although some have been convicted for the first time, and convicted as a rule for offences against the person. Cellular imprisonment has a baneful effect upon prisoners of this type. It is from their ranks that most of the prison lunatics proceed. Prisoners of this class, if subjected to cellular confinement, are addicted to uncontrollable outbursts of violence, when they do not go completely mad, or madness seizes them soon after their release. A man of this type, whom I knew very well, was liberated from one of the London prisons last May. After he had been at liberty for two or three weeks, he was arrested, and committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court, for the murder of two women at Deptford, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. At the trial this criminal was declared insane, as was evident from his whole demeanour, and he is now an inmate of Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum. It is most essential, in the interests of public

security, that prison discipline, in the shape of the cellular system, should not be applied to prisoners of this type. But I see no clear recognition of this type of prisoner in the Home Secretary's new regulations affecting the medical department. If this type of prisoner was clearly recognised, and certified as unsuitable for cellular confinement, the high rate of insanity which at present disfigures our prison returns would undoubtedly be diminished, and some of the atrocious crimes for which discharged prisoners are now responsible would never occur.

The remaining regulations accompanying the Prisons Bill contain nothing distinctively new, and will do nothing towards rationalising prison treatment, or reducing the dimensions of recidivism. In fact, these regulations are for the most part a literal reproduction of the rules already in existence. The general rules at present before the House of Commons are drawn up in order to enable the authorities at the Home Office to make special rules. It is on these special rules that a prisoner's lot for the most part depends. The general rule, for instance, enacts that provision shall be made for the instruction of prisoners; the special rule, among other things, provides that the amount of instruction shall consist of twenty minutes twice a week. In this case it is the special rule, and not the general rule, which is of importance. The general rule provides that each prison shall have a library; the special rule says that no prisoner shall be allowed a book from this library till he has been a month in prison. Here, again, it is the special rule which most intimately affects the conditions of prison life. All the general rules at present before Parliament might be subjected to a similar examination with similar results. But enough has been said to show that it is the special, and not the general rules, which afford an insight into the heart of prison life. In the House of Commons the other day the Home Secretary said he does not see his way to make these special rules public. But they are far too important to be kept secret, and they are not kept secret in any community except our own. Only a few weeks ago the eminent head of the Italian prison administration sent me a copy of all the rules relating to the treatment of prisoners in the Italian prisons. The whole of the rules relating to Prussian prison administration are also public property, and can be purchased for a few shillings. It is somewhat remarkable that this should be the only country in which prison rules are shrouded in secrecy and mystery. Prison treatment, like every other department of life in this country, must ultimately derive its sanction from public opinion, and it is contrary to all the traditions of English justice that any section of the population, however degraded, should be governed by regulations which the public are not permitted to see.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS MORRISON.

II.—OUR FEMALE CRIMINALS.

Among the recommendations of Mr. Asquith's Prison Committee, made in their Report in April, 1895, were several which had special reference to female prisoners. A few have been carried out by the authorities, and I believe others are under consideration, but the most important and far-reaching have been quietly ignored. The small number of women in our prisons as compared with the number of men partly accounts for this neglect, since it is difficult to try experiments unless there is sufficient material to experiment upon. Taking the Report of the Commissioners of Prisons and the Directors of Convict Prisons for the year ended 31st March, 1897, we find the daily average population of the local prisons was 11,570 males and 2,417 females, or nearly five times as many men as women. In the convict prisons the numbers were 3,089 males and 202 females, or more than fifteen times as many men as women. In ten local prisons the average daily population of females does not exceed five, and there are only four, namely, Holloway, Liverpool, Manchester, and Wormwood Scrubs, where it exceeds 100. But although this may account for neglect, it does not justify it. If there were a real desire to reform the system of prison treatment for women, we should find something being done at the large centres, and approved methods being gradually extended to the smaller prisons. In cases of lengthened imprisonment it might be worth while to transfer women to prisons specially adapted for their reformatory treatment; and much good might also be secured by training female warders in large prisons, and letting them spread the light by being appointed to superior positions in small prisons. The fact is that our prison administration is entirely in the hands of men, and partly from ignorance of the wants and characteristics of women, and partly from fear of doing more harm than good, the Commissioners turn a deaf ear to suggestions of radical reform. The matrons are often clever, experienced women, but, like most salaried officials, they know it is their wisest policy to obey orders without making suggestions. A few ladies have been invited to act as visitors, and no doubt their aid in finding employment for discharged prisoners may be useful. But there is no arrangement whereby the experience of trained and efficient women can be brought to bear upon and modify the policy of the Commissioners. An occasional conference or committee of prison matrons, at which certain questions could be submitted for their consideration, and the appointment of a lady as assistant medical officer in each of the four large prisons already mentioned,

would be useful. There should also be appointed female inspectors or visitors—not volunteers, but responsible servants of the Home Office, whose duty it should be to visit all the prisons used for females or juvenile prisoners, and report to the Commissioners at frequent and regular intervals. The suggestions of such women would very soon open the eyes of the Commissioners to the pressing need of change, and I believe the decrease of the female prison population would be the almost immediate result. It is not that the Commissioners do not intend to do the best that is possible for female criminals; it is that they are entirely ignorant of what is wanted. Their chief attention is claimed by the 15,000 men in their keeping, and the 3,000 women are managed on the principle of "let well alone." The inspectors report that the arrangements for food, clothing, prison occupations, and other routine matters are correctly carried out, and that is considered enough. In the meantime, the statistics prove that, out of every three women who came into prison under sentence during the year ended March 31st, 1897, nearly two had been in prison before. About one-half of the men convicted during the same period had been in prison before; but these figures do not sufficiently indicate the difference. Women, more than men, receive numerous short sentences, and sometimes come into prison several times in the course of one year. The real fact is, that women, instead of being reformed by prison treatment, are dragged down by it, and that our system, planned carefully, with the best intentions, is really calculated to manufacture habitual criminals and drunkards.

The most pressing need is to remove habitual drunkards from the local prisons. Some measure for the treatment of inebriates has been promised more than once, but none has been introduced. There are essential differences between the problems of treating male and female inebriates, and they should be included in separate Bills. The female habitual drunkard is not a wage-earner, and is of no manner of use in her home. She degrades the life of our cities, and is the cause of law-breaking in others. She should be locked up in a hospital, not for a fixed term, but until the medical superintendent considers she is cured of the disease of drunkenness. During treatment she should work for her maintenance, and when discharged, trouble and even expense should be incurred to guard her from the first temptation of finding herself free from control. At present we fill our cells with the poor creatures who are diseased, and often insane, and who refuse the prison fare during the few days of their sentence, being generally sick from the effects of alcohol. We discharge them after this practical starvation, and they are met at the prison gate by old associates. One old offender said to me that when she left Holloway she seldom got past "Holloway Castle" (the public-house), and never beyond the "Angel." Could a more clever plan be

devised for confirming a habit of drinking spirits than locking a person up in a dull cell for three days, with unsuitable food, and then letting her loose into a city of gin-palaces? The Prison Commissioners are not to blame for this blunder. It is the fault of the legislature.

The change which ranks next in importance to the clearing out of inebriates from ordinary prisons is that which is sorely needed in prison occupations. Female prisoners are employed in what may be called the domestic work of the prison, and in certain industries such as laundry work and needlework. The nature of the employment, as far as I can find out, is quite haphazard. Various circumstances determine it independently of any rational principle whatever. It is quite certain the choice is not made with a view to punishment. Oakum-picking has been discarded, and Colonel Garsia, in his evidence before the Departmental Committee, seemed to think that within certain limits a prisoner chose her own employment (*Minutes of Evidence*, p. 219). Again, the statistics show that there is no consistent plan of choosing the most paying industries, with a view to lessening the cost of maintenance. The laundry at Strangeways Prison, in Manchester, is the most profitable of all the female industries, but for years it has been left alone in its glory, whilst the convicts at Woking were wasting their time in comparatively valueless twine-spinning; and in numerous local prisons unskilled needlework was allowed to hold the field. Is it, then, a pure reformatory system that the Commissioners have in view? In this case they might either employ the prisoners with the purpose of improving their physical and moral condition during the sentence, or they might train them for respectable employment in the future. But neither plan is discernible. As for improving their physical condition, nothing is done beyond the regularity of diet, and the ventilation and cleanliness demanded by public opinion in every institution. There is no exercise except the dreary round in the prison-yard. Gardening is a brilliant exception, and such industries as laundry work necessitate a very heated atmosphere during working hours. As an example of the hideous mistakes which may be made by kindly-disposed men if they turn a deaf ear to female criticism, I may mention that female prisoners with infants are denied the change of air and scene afforded to their fellow prisoners in the associated work-rooms, and are confined all day in their cells, with a little needlework and the baby. The results of such an arrangement as regards the treatment of the infant will be obvious to any experienced woman. The irritability of mother and child, the dirty state of the cell, the irregular feeding, and the effect on the health of a nursing mother in such close confinement, are so undesirable that it is astonishing that medical officers have not long ago reported upon the point. When

the baby is nine months old it is taken from its mother, and sent to the father, or, failing him, to the workhouse. If the prisoner loves her child, this separation is a torture outside the sentence of the Court, and ought not to be tolerated in a country which boasts of the abolition of slavery. The Commissioners say they are considering this matter, but without delay the rules should be modified so as to ensure adequate change and exercise for a mother and infant.

* Our prison system in regard to the moral improvement of female prisoners is even more unsatisfactory than in regard to their physical health. The visits of the chaplain are made in the presence of a warder, who stands at the door, keys in hand. If any good is to be done by visiting, female Scripture-readers should be appointed, and they should be selected with a tolerant appreciation of the fact that a large proportion of our prison population have their early associations rooted in Nonconformity. The Commissioners at present recognise only the Church of England and Roman Catholicism. A little while ago a Departmental Committee was appointed by the present Home Secretary to inquire into the education and moral training of prisoners, and no Protestant Nonconformist was put upon it. Prisoners who recollect Nonconformist influences during their early youth and happiest years might be deeply touched by religious teaching of the sort to awaken those old recollections. The formal service and often incomprehensible sermon offered them in chapel only arouse ridicule, and actually injure them by adding irreverence to carelessness. I venture to think the Nonconformist churches are greatly to blame for the apathy they have shown in asserting their rights of entrance within our prison walls. If they had demanded entrance the public would certainly have supported them, and the hands of the Commissioners would have been forced. The education given in our prisons is quite elementary, and is not calculated to have much effect in awakening the intellect or widening the sympathies of a prisoner. On the whole, there is nothing to lead us to suppose for a moment that the daily routine of prison life has been sketched out with the idea of moral reform.

Lastly, can we find any logical intention of fitting the prisoners for a future respectable career? Without hesitation anyone who looks through the *Blue Books* will answer No. Of all employments domestic service is least suited to a woman who has lost her character. Yet numbers of female prisoners learn nothing in prison that will be useful to them, unless they are housekeepers on their own account or enter domestic service. Laundry work, except of a specially skilled kind, brings young women into the companionship of a very low class. Yet this is the industry which seems particularly favoured at the present moment for prisons and rescue homes. In some prisons women are employed in industries which after their release must be

utterly useless to them, such as twine-spinning and whitewashing. The fact is there is no plan whatever in the choice of female industries. The Commissioners have never worked out the subject or brought their reason to bear upon it. In the first place the wants of the prison are considered. It is thought economical for the prisoners to do all that is required instead of paying for free work. This is carried to such an extreme that prisoners on strict diet are told off to cook meals for the warders. A woman who has not tasted tea for six months has to pour the boiling water on the fragrant leaf, and is punished when a few tea leaves are found concealed in her pocket. She is living on brown bread and the prison broth, and she is expected to fry sausages without pilfering. Such a policy of penny wise and pound foolish should be abandoned for good and all. Nor is it even penny wise, for if warders were trained as they should be, the young ones could easily be employed for service at the warders' mess. Rough washing of prison clothes and prison floors, whitewashing, and other work of a similar kind, are of no use whatever in fitting a woman to earn her living when she comes out of prison. What she requires to learn is a skilled trade carefully chosen with a knowledge of her antecedents and her natural capabilities. By such means many prisoners would leave the gates never to return, and the extra cost would be quickly balanced by a decrease of prison population.

The last point I want to write about is of great and pressing importance, and I fear it is one which the authorities will be very slow to take up. The female prison staff needs radical reform. It is astonishing how efficient the matrons and warders are, considering the conditions under which they work. In the first place, their hours are too long and their rest is insufficient. The day beginning at 6 A.M., with certain intervals of rest and meals, seems well enough on paper, but it is cruelly extended when a batch of prisoners comes in late—an occurrence very frequent in city prisons. The men have much better arrangements than the women for night service, for I only know of one case where there is the equivalent of a night watchman on the female side. Hence a warder after the long day's work is liable to be awakened by the bell of a fractious prisoner. Then, again, the opportunities for complete mental change are totally inadequate for women working under a great strain. When a matron leaves her prison for her short annual holiday, there is no deputy matron to take her place even in a large prison. The plan of having a few experienced chief female warders to travel from one prison to another to relieve the staff in holiday time is well worth consideration. In such prisons as are situated at a distance from a large town the warders have very little opportunity of real change from week to week, and the want of family life makes this much more injurious

to the female staff than to the male. A warder living with his wife and family, and hearing of the children's progress at school, and entertaining a friend or two, spends a very different sort of evening from the matron in her lonely little home, when the prison-help has gone back to her cell and the door and shutters are closed; or than the warders in the female quarters, talking prison gossip and prison grievances over the fire in their common sitting-room. The answer of the authorities is, of course, that numberless applications are made for every vacancy, and that the service is most popular. Every paid service is popular in these days, especially for women. But it is not enough to show that candidates abound and that warders cling to the service. The more important question is whether the women appointed are really suited to the work required of them, namely, the improvement of the criminals in their charge. If the warders are tired in body and mind they cannot exercise a good influence on the prisoners. Short hours, comfortable feeding and housing, and plenty of wholesome recreation, are the conditions most likely to attract and keep warders of the right sort with sunny tempers, bright hopeful spirits, and bubbling over with originality. Here and there a matron is found with these characteristics, and then her prison becomes a brilliant example, and one feels that all the other matrons should be brought to study it. Generally speaking, the warders are good, trustworthy, punctual workers, with the curse of overwork and monotony stamped on their features and in their very gait.

The selection of female warders has hitherto been made with absolute disregard to any industrial training. Except in one or two exceptional cases no demand has been made for technical knowledge in any shape. A matron requiring a warder to superintend the workroom has one sent to her with an excellent character from the local clergyman and so forth, but no knowledge whatever of cutting out or any of the skilled requirements of a forewoman. The results are that the matron has to train the new warder as well as she can, and when she has done it with infinite pains the work is still of very poor quality. Nearly everything done in our prisons by the female prisoners is amateur work, and the consequence is that the workers cannot earn good wages when they come out. They are already handicapped by loss of character, and it is no wonder if they go on slipping downwards into the miserable class of habitual criminals.

To sum up: I say, without fear of exaggeration, that the whole of our system of prison administration, so far as it affects female criminals, requires overhauling, and the statistics published by the Commissioners prove it beyond doubt. The system of the future will be something of this kind. There will be hospitals in healthy districts for inebriates. They will be managed by doctors, and facilities will exist for plenty of open-air exercise. As far as their

health will permit the inmates will maintain themselves by industrial work. Our prisons will be much smaller than at present, chiefly because of the absence of inebriates, but also because we shall no longer manufacture habitual criminals as we are now doing. These smaller prisons will be staffed by competent trained women, who will not have their vitality sapped by overwork, nor their tempers spoiled by dull monotony. The prisoners will be treated as individuals, and not as mere items in a huge crowd. The best that is in them will be carefully cultivated by moral and by industrial teaching, and they will be launched into the world with the caution that is necessary for those who have been accustomed to strict discipline. They will also be equipped with the knowledge of some handicraft which will ensure them at least a chance of living respectably. The handicrafts taught will not be the result of mere chance, but will be selected after consultation with the Prisoners' Aid Society of the district, or other persons likely to be helpful. Instead of aiming at saving a halfpenny here and a halfpenny there, the much larger economy will be kept in sight of permanently lessening the supply of female criminals. Legislation is needed for the proper treatment of the inebriates, but for other reforms all we want is a sufficiently strong public opinion to force the Prison Commissioners to consider the question as a whole, and to act in accordance with the dictates of common sense. If the prisons Bill, now before Parliament, becomes law, they will have increased power to introduce reform, and the interest aroused by the debates on the measure will enable them to dip into the national pocket for such necessary expenses as cheerful nurseries for the babies in jail, and an efficient staff of female warders.

ELIZA ORME.

THE INSOLVENT POOR.

THE average man—the “man in the street,” as the journalist of to-day calls him—has no clear notion of the affairs of the County Court. He reads occasional paragraphs in the evening papers of some amusing incident, in which the humour of the Plaintiff or Defendant is capped by the humour of the playful and learned Judge, and the humour of the reporter, displayed in his dramatic character sketch of the litigants, is the chief motive for the record of the case. I have often been told that my work must be very amusing, that I must see a great deal of life, and that County Court cases seem very entertaining, and I have come to the conclusion that those of the public who never enter a County Court, or read any sane record of its everyday work, which is too often dull, wearisome, and painful, and no fit material for paragraphs and head-lines, live in the belief that the occupation of a Judge of a County Court is a legal form of small beer and skittles, at which the Judge's part is to preside with free and easy good humour, and settle disputes with as much wit and readiness as he happens to possess. No one who has any experience of the actual proceedings of the Courts would recognise such a picture as in any way portraying the facts of the case. Here in Manchester and Salford we are able to divide the work of the Courts into two classes, and to keep them distinct from each other. One containing a not important number of Bankruptcy, High Court, and other cases, in which the litigants are of the same class and have the same legal assistance as in the High Court. The main differences between the High Court and the County Court in the conduct of such actions, being the simplicity of the procedure, and the rapidity and punctuality of trial in the inferior Court. The second, and to my mind the more important, if less interesting class of cases, being the large mass of debt collecting cases under £20, which were the original work of Courts created by the legislature for the “better securing the payment of small debts.” The first class of work is a somewhat onerous compliment to the ability with which the County Courts of the country are worked, but the second class ought always, it seems to me, to be the chief interest and care of County Court Officials. And in the work connected with this smaller class of cases, the chief result of my experience has been a dull sense of the enormous mass of misery and wretchedness it is one's duty to cause, and the despondent feeling that of necessity oppresses one in the presence of misfortune, that one can sympathize with, but not to any material extent alleviate. I should like, therefore, if it be possible to bring home to the average citizen, the hopeless and almost de-

grading position of the insolvent poor, and to suggest for his consideration some of the lines upon which their position might be improved, and some of the reforms which, with or without legislation, might assist in bringing about that improvement.

To begin with, one may state that there are over a million cases entered every year in County Courts, to recover debts under £20, and it will give some idea of how few cases are seriously disputed when I state, that there are only between eleven and twelve thousand cases in which the Plaintiff fails to succeed, and these latter figures refer to all cases up to and above the £50 limit. Many cases get settled, some complaints never get served, but I have no doubt that one is well within the mark in stating that 98 per cent. of cases under £20 result in judgment for the Plaintiff. It is clear, therefore, that the Court is to this extent a collecting agency rather than a Court for the determination of disputes, and it is, in this respect, that its machinery should be examined. Few who do not know by personal experience, something of the life of the poorer class of working men and women, recognise the enormous extent to which they live and have their being on credit. The extent to which credit is given, and recklessly given, to men, women, and children, by the competing tradesmen who supply the working classes, would be an absurdity if it did not lead to so much misery. As Judge Chalmers put it in an epigram born of his wide experience of the insolvent poor: "They marry on credit to repent on Judgment Summonses."

Now the two main causes of this reckless system of credit are :— (1) the keen competition among tradesmen; (2) the existence of imprisonment for debt. It is not advisable here to say much of trade competition. If it were a competition to sell the best goods at the most reasonable price it would perhaps be healthy enough, but it seems to be rather a competition to give the longest credit for the most inferior article. The largest classes of competitors are the money lenders, the credit drapers, or "Scotchmen," the travelling jewellers, the furniture hirer, and all those firms who tout their goods round the streets for sale by small weekly instalments. These of necessity give reckless credit, and, equally of necessity, collect their monies with much suffering to their poorer class of customers. It seems fairly clear that to a working man on small weekly wages, no credit can be given in any commercial sense. A tradesman if he gives credit at all to such a man, ought to give it upon the ground that he has reason to believe that he is an honest man who can and will pay his debts. As a matter of fact, the two chief reasons, or rather, excuses, for giving credit are both somewhat weak. Tradesmen will tell you that they have given a man credit either because he was in receipt of good wages or because he was out of work. In the first case they ought clearly to insist upon

cash, and the workman ought to get the advantage of a cash price, and in the second case they should only give credit if they know the character of the man, unless, of course, they choose to call it charity, with which the County Court has nothing to do. But in truth, credit is given without enquiry, recklessly and equally to those in work and out of work, for necessities, luxuries, and inutilities, and given at a price which includes the profit of the credit giver, his costs of making weekly collections, the costs of his debt collector or solicitor, and ultimately a considerable tribute towards the maintenance of the County Court.

Now all this is only possible because of the second factor in our treatment of the insolvent poor, namely, imprisonment for debt. The insolvent rich—if we may use such a phrase—do not nowadays fear imprisonment for debt. At the expense of a few pounds borrowed from a friend, they file their petition in bankruptcy and shake themselves free of all their creditors as if by magic; for not being traders their discharge is of little importance to them, and they go absolutely unpunished. I set down a few cases from the Annual Report of the Board of Trade for comparison with some other cases, which I propose to set out later—

“Bristol. No. 64, of 1896.

Liabilities expected to rank	£36,631
Probable value of assets on realisation	100 ”

Debtor, younger son of a duke. Creditors, mostly money-lenders and tradesmen. His expenditure, which included losses by betting, largely exceeded his income, and knowledge of his insolvent position for some considerable period was admitted.

“Kingston. No. 21, of 1896.

Liabilities expected to rank	£21,741
Probable value of assets on realisation	667 ”

Debtor, formerly in the army, lived on his wife's income, lost money in Stock Exchange speculations and betting. No income except £135 derived under marriage settlement.

“No. 471, of 1896.

Liabilities expected to rank	£298,166
Probable value of assets on realisation	1,700 ”

Debtor, a peer At the time of his succeeding to estates in 1864 his liabilities were £30,000, and have apparently continued to increase in consequence of his expenditure being larger than his income. His discharge was suspended three years on account of unjustifiable extravagance in living.

These are samples of the glorious achievements of the insolvent rich. Now let us turn to the shorter and simpler annals of the

insolvent poor. For them the maxim, "*Si non habet in aere luat in corpore*," is still a living truth, only they hear it as quoted to me once by a poor woman in the words of some Scotch draper: "If I canna 'ave yer brass I'll tak yer body." The law is not the same for the speculator who lives extravagantly above his income to the injury of his creditors and the working man on five-and-twenty shillings a week who fails to live within his means. The latter is only in a very limited sense the creature of bankruptcy. The luxury of legal insolvency is almost denied to him. He is ordered to pay his creditor, and the costs his creditor has incurred in obtaining judgment, and the fees of the County Court, at so many shillings a month, and if he fails to pay his instalments his creditor proceeds, at further cost to the debtor, to collect them by means of a judgment summons. Then, upon proof that he has or has had the means to pay the instalments due, he is committed to prison for default. Few citizens, I think, recognise the number of persons who are thus committed to prison. In 1895¹ no less than 275,423 summonses were issued, 166,875 heard, 93,041 warrants issued, and 8,375 debtors actually imprisoned. Nor can it be granted that of those who pay between the issue of the summonses and the day of imprisonment, all, or nearly all, are in a position to pay, in the sense of possessing surplus money sufficient to discharge the debt. Friends and relatives come to the rescue, fresh credit is obtained to pay off the old debt, and thus the result of a committal order is too often to thrust the unfortunate debtor one step deeper into the slough of insolvency in which he is already sinking beyond recovery. At the same time it is of no use railing at the system. The Select Committee of 1893 reported generally in favour of it, mainly, I think, because the working class themselves uphold it. They uphold it for one reason—and a powerful one—because without imprisonment for debt there would be no reckless credit, and without reckless credit there would be no possibility of prolonging a strike after their own accumulated funds began to give way. All that any individual Judge can do is to administer the system with as much sympathy and mercy as is compatible with its honest working, without prejudice to his right of private protest as a citizen against its social iniquity.

Having now pointed out the position of the small debtor in the County Court I want to draw attention to an existing system of small Bankruptcies known as Administration Orders which are very little used or appreciated by either the Courts or by debtors, but which with some improvements might do much to mitigate the evils of the existing system of imprisonment and check the recklessness with which credit is given to the poor.

(1) The figures of 1895 are given because on Jan. 1, 1898, when this was revised, no other figures were then published.

This Administration Order was the creation of the Bankruptcy Act of 1883, and in a few words the system may be thus described: Where a debtor has judgment against him in a County Court and is unable to satisfy it forthwith, and alleges that his whole indebtedness does not exceed £50, he may file a request for an Administration Order. In this request he gives a full list of all his creditors with particulars of their debts and states whether or not he proposes to pay them in full and by what monthly or other instalments. Notice is given to creditors of the date of hearing, and on that day the Judge either makes or refuses the order or makes a modified order at his discretion. If a majority in number and value of the creditors dissent, no order less than 20s. in the £ can be made, and in no case may payments extend over a period of six years. As soon as the order is made all proceedings against the debtor, in respect of the debts scheduled, are suspended and the creditors individually cannot attack him. He can, however, if he does not pay his instalments, be committed for default or the order can be rescinded. The fund created by his payments is appropriated—(1), for the Plaintiff's costs in the action; (2), for the Treasury fees which are 2s. in the £ on the total amount of the debts; and (3), for the debts in accordance with the order.

This is the system which Mr. Chamberlain, on the second reading of his Bill, March 19th, 1883, described as a system whereby the "small debtor would be in exactly the same position as a large debtor who had succeeded in making a composition with his creditors or in arranging a scheme of liquidation. Although he had not abolished in all cases imprisonment for debt, yet, if these provisions became law, it could be no longer said that any inequality existed in the law as between rich and poor. The resort to imprisonment¹ to secure payment would be much rarer, and a large discretion would be vested in the Judges to arrange for the relief of the small debtor by a reasonable compensation."

These were brave and wise words, interesting to-day as showing the then intentions of the author of the system, hopeful to-day as suggestive of what may be expected from those in authority when they recognise the failure of the system in achieving the objects for which it was invented.

The advantage of the Administration Order over the individual collection of debts is manifest, but the imperfections in the system are equally manifest. The limit of £50, the veto of the creditors, and the exorbitant Treasury fees to be paid in priority to the dividend to creditors, are of themselves sufficient to account for the failure of the system. Thus it is not surprising to find that in many

(1) In 1883, 43,344 warrants of commitment were issued; and, in 1895, 93,041 warrants of commitment were issued.

of the Courts this section of the Act is a dead letter and the Administration Order is unknown. There is, and I think rightly, a wide discretion given to Judges of the County Courts who are supposed to study the needs and wants of their particular localities, and minister to these wants in a quasi-pastoral spirit. Without the active assistance of Judges and Registrars such a system as this could not be either known to—or understood by—the insolvent poor. Many Judges probably think the system worthless, and in consequence it is not used. Thus on two circuits, 5 and 8, Bolton and Manchester, 1,122 orders were made, while on five large London circuits, 40-44 inclusive, only 50 orders were made. I have myself found a considerable increase in applications for Administration Orders since I have encouraged debtors, whose affairs were in a hopeless state, to make their application, and taken occasion to explain to debtors appearing on Judgment Summonses the provisions of the section enabling them to apply. How hopeless is the condition of many of the insolvent poor, and what they are reduced to by reckless credit given to them by some classes of tradesmen may be seen from some of the following cases extracted from the Administration Order Ledgers of Manchester and Salford :—

“M. No. 358.—Labourer ; wife ; 9 children ; 18s. per week ; 12 creditors ; 7 judgments ; debts £40 9s. 8d. Has nearly finished paying these at 5s. in the £ by instalments of 6s. a month. The Treasury got £3 4s. Court fees on the 7 judgments, and £4 fees on the Administration Order.

“M. No. 399.—Labourer ; 22s. a week ; wife ; 11 children, two earning 5s. a week ; 14 creditors ; 10 judgments ; debts, £44 16s. 1d. Was paying 10s. in the £ at 10s. per month. Paid £6 ; order then rescinded. Treasury taking £4 8s. fees ; creditors, £1 12s. The Treasury had previously had £3 17s. Court fees on the 10 judgments.

“S. No. 429.—Railway Porter ; 16s. 10d. a week ; wife and 1 child, aged three ; 19 creditors ; 9 judgments ; 13 of the creditors travelling drapers ; debts, £33 10s. Order, 10s. in the £ at 5s. 6d. a month.

“Before the Order was made he was, under the 9 judgments, bound to pay 39s. 6d. a month, and liable to committal if he failed. The Treasury has already had £3 4s. 9d. Court fees on the judgments, and will get a further £3 6s. fees on the Administration Order.

“S. No. 551.—Labourer ; wife and 6 children, two earning jointly 10s. per week ; wages, 18s. a week ; 18 creditors, of whom 11 were travelling drapers ; 16 judgments ; debts, £20 10s. 2d. Already liable to pay 35s. a week to different judgment creditors. Order made, 10s. in the £ at 4s. a month. Court fees already paid to Treasury, £4 14s. 3d. Under the Order they will take another £2. In this case the State has added more than 30 per cent. to the original indebtedness of the man in the vain endeavour to make him do what he was unable to do, *i.e.*, pay his debts without the means to pay them.

“S. No. 460.—Ostler ; wife ; no children ; 21s. a week ; 25 creditors ; 9 judgments ; debts, £32 7s. 6d. ; 14 of the creditors travelling drapers. Order, 10s. in the £ at 6s. per month.

“Apart from the Order he was bound under the judgments to pay 22s. a month. Here the Treasury have had £2 8s. 6d. Court fees, and will get a further £3 4s. fees on the Order.”

In the three last cases the insolvency was chiefly due to a careless wife. The porter's wife was quite young and an easy prey for the travelling draper.

From these cases it is at least clear that if such debtors are to be left to their various creditors, a large portion of their time will be spent in evading the service of Judgment Summonses or appearing in court, either by themselves, or more usually by wife and baby, to show cause why they should not go to gaol. Without the assistance of some form of bankruptcy and discharge their case is hopeless and their future must be one of chronic insolvency.

One of the chief objections to the present system raised by creditors is the exorbitant fees charged by the Treasury. Parliament enacted that these fees should "not exceed" 2s. in the £ on the total amount of the debt. The Treasury interpreted this to mean that there should always be 2s. in the £, whatever composition was paid, and ordered it accordingly. So, if a man's total debts be £50, the Treasury draw £2 10s., whether the debtor pays 20s. in the £ or 2s. in the £, and draws this in priority to creditors and whether the Order is fully carried out or not. As we have seen, the Treasury have often, before the Order is made, drawn considerable sums on judgments forming part of the Order, and creditors contend, and I think rightly, that these fees are excessive.

Some time ago I collected the views of the Judges on these fees and forwarded them to the Treasury. Speaking generally, they were adverse to the fees, but the Treasury, although they have the power to mitigate the fees, cannot see their way to do it. I put this matter in the forefront of possible reforms, because it can be done by a stroke of the departmental pen without legislation, and if done would do much to render these orders more useful to—and therefore less unpopular with—creditors. I have often pointed out to grumbling creditors that these fees were probably not intended by Parliament to be exacted, for I have never thought it part of my duty to apologise for the rapacity of a government department. And when the figures for 1895 were recently quoted to me by an aggrieved creditor, "Treasury income from fees on Administration Orders £6,929, money paid to creditors £15,168," I could only concur in the view that it was little short of a scandal that such an income should be drawn by any department out of so miserable and helpless a class as the insolvent poor, especially when it is done at the expense of those to whom they owed money.

The Treasury, of course, have a departmental view perfectly sane and satisfactory after its sort. If I understand the view aright it is this:—These Orders do not pay their way according to our calculations. There is an income of £7,000 a year coming to us under an Act of Parliament, and our duty is to take what is provided, asking no questions for conscience sake. If one could get beyond the

department to the individuals composing it, and make them realise in the midst of their great affairs that this sum of £7,000 a year, trumpery but acceptable, at Whitehall, is a grievous tax in the cottages of the insolvent poor, some reform would perhaps be made. Indeed, I cannot but think that the departmental view of the small work of the County Court is altogether wrong in principle, and that the time is at hand when Parliament should enforce a more modern view of its duties on the department. The constant cry is that the Courts do not pay. The answer is that they ought not to be asked to do so. The toll-bar principle ought to be gradually abolished, and the Courts of the country ought to be as free to Her Majesty's poorer subjects as the high roads. Nowhere is this more true than in the County Court, where the fees throughout are exorbitant and excessive, pressing with the greatest harshness on those who are already over-burdened with debts.

These and other matters have, however, been reported upon by commissioners and mentioned in Parliament. The only immediate reform that can be made is the reduction in Treasury fees. That can be done forthwith and without legislation if Parliament desires it, and ought to be done without delay. After that it will be time to put forward a more satisfactory scheme of small bankruptcies, open to all weekly wage-earners, whatever the amount of their debts, with an official receiver responsible to the creditors and the Court. Parliament ought at least to find time to carry out the recommendations of the Select Committee of the House of Lords in their report on the working of the Debtors' Act, printed in 1893. The most important suggestion there made was: "That the question of costs in respect of Judgment Summonses and Orders of Commitment is one deserving serious consideration, and that it would be advisable that a Departmental Committee of the Treasury should carefully consider the matter as early as possible." This question of costs and fees in all small proceedings is one that wants an immediate and searching investigation and reform of a not wholly departmental character.

Meanwhile faith, which will remove mountains, enables me to believe that the Departmental Committee of the Treasury are giving it a wise and most deliberate consideration. Hope also buoys me up to look forward to a time when Parliament will amend the Statutes of Limitations in regard to small debts, curtail imprisonment for debt, and enact at least as favourable laws for the insolvent poor as exist for the insolvent rich. Charity, meanwhile, compels me to grieve that so little is done to stop the reckless credit which is offered to the poorer classes, and to urge the consideration of such measures as may assist the insolvent poor, who of all our fellow citizens seem to me to demand pity and sympathy, in place of punishment, rigour, and harsh laws.

EDWARD A. PARRY.

THE POSITION AND POLICY OF MR. RHODES.

A LITTLE more than two years ago, Mr. Rhodes returned to England, his political power gone, his life-work at the Cape wrecked, the instrument which he had forged for Imperial expansion—the Chartered Company—threatened with destruction. After a career of unparalleled success in everything that he touched from mining and finance, to politics and Empire-expansion, fortune failed him. The mistake of the Raid was an earthquake shock, which in a moment brought to the ground the whole edifice of political power that it had taken more than a decade to put together. Over the Cape Dutchmen, who had accepted Mr. Rhodes' policy of racial equality and union, a wave of race-feeling swept. Mr. Hofmeyr used the opportunity to regain his ascendancy, and President Kruger and his Boers once more had the support of the Afrikaner Bond. The Federation of South Africa, to which a few months before the attitude of the Transvaal was the only obstacle, seemed further off than ever. The idea of Dutch supremacy re-asserted itself; and the abrogation of the Charter was vigorously urged, not only by advocates of that idea in South Africa, but by Little Englanders in London. He would have been a bold man who, in the face of such a downfall, would have predicted the return to power of the much-misunderstood ex-Premier in a short two years' time.

Mr. Rhodes, however, met this great reverse with characteristic courage. Though nothing could be done at the Cape, he could still find work in developing Rhodesia, where the colonists had not lost faith in their chief. By the time he reached Mashonaland, the rebellion of the Matabele and the rinderpest had completely stopped all plans of development. He found the young community struggling for bare existence with the Matabele hordes. To a strong man the shock of adverse circumstances is invigorating, and Mr. Rhodes, with that indomitable self-reliance and untiring energy which characterise him, threw himself into the struggle with the rebels, and found in that struggle opportunities for great action, which a continuance of unbroken prosperity at the Cape could never have offered.

The great statesman insisted on sharing with his fellow-colonists the dangers and hardships of their doubtful and difficult campaign. He took his full share of the actual fighting; inspired confidence in others by his own unwavering confidence in the event of the struggle; and at last found an opportunity by his own personal influence and at his own personal risk of effecting the complete pacification of Matabeleland. The genius that perceived the right thing to

do and the right moment for doing it, is a rarer possession than the cool daring with which the desperate enterprise was carried out. One is inclined to think that the long strain of lying for weeks in an unguarded camp within easy striking distance of the Matabele rebels, who might have killed or captured him at any time without the slightest difficulty, was a harder test of courage than the dangers of the historic Indaba itself. Everyone knows how Mr. Rhodes trusted himself at that Indaba, unarmed and unguarded in the rebel fastness in the Matoppos, how by his sagacious and humane statesmanship and patient and sympathetic diplomacy he established a permanent peace, which saved much bloodshed to the rebels and the Imperial troops, and ended the war when Carrington's army had endeavoured in vain to bring it to a conclusion. This striking achievement will not easily be forgotten in England, while in the records of Rhodesia it will remain one of those golden deeds which form the tone and temper of a young community. It was also a valuable example to the Rhodesians that the humane and considerate method of dealing with natives is the right method, while to the natives themselves it was a revelation to know that the great white Chief looked on them, as his children, to be ruled kindly if firmly; and that they might bring all their troubles to him as their father and friend. Mr. Rhodes has the gift of imagination, without which a man cannot understand men; but his sympathy with the black man is almost a natural instinct, and wins from the natives a response of simple trust and willing obedience.

From the pacification of Matabeleland Mr. Rhodes came back to England early in 1897, proved by trial to be a better man and a greater than even his admirers had supposed. At the Parliamentary Enquiry his frank and fearless attitude and full avowal of his own part in the Transvaal trouble, made a favourable impression, but the fullness of his avowal disclosed a devotion to the British flag, which was generally held to have prejudiced, if not destroyed, the prospects of a return to political power at the Cape. Mr. Rhodes himself thought differently. From the first his conviction, which he did not hesitate to express, was that so far from his political life being over, it had only just begun. A year ago he went back to South Africa, and, returning to Rhodesia, set himself to work energetically at the development of the country he had won for the Empire. His work of 1897—8 in Rhodesia, which saw the arrival of the Cape railway at Buluwayo, and the Beira railway at Umtali, was ended by a return to the Cape, where, somewhat reluctantly, for he had found the life of developing Rhodesia an interesting and a happy one, he consented to put himself at the head of the more enlightened and progressive of the Cape colonists, and test the strength of his party against Mr. Hofmeyr and the Afrikaner Bond at the election for the Upper

Chamber. The most unfriendly critic to-day looking at the result of that election would not venture to say that Mr. Rhodes' political life was over. Before the election the extreme Dutch party at the Cape, and their Little Englander allies in London, were confident that the Cape Dutchmen would never trust Mr. Rhodes again. The Kruger party at Pretoria, with its secret service fund, exerted itself to the utmost to maintain the Transvaal dominance at the Cape; but the struggle ends in a victory for Mr. Rhodes and his progressive policy in the strongholds of Dutch conservatism, which exceeds the most sanguine expectations. Where the Progressives numbered five out of a total of twenty-three in the old Upper Chamber, they now number fourteen.

The significance of this victory in South Africa is enhanced by the fact that Mr. Rhodes fought the election on lines little calculated to conciliate the advocates of the idea of Dutch supremacy. His programme openly aimed at the downfall of Dutch supremacy at the Cape; for it included a redistribution of seats in accordance with changes of population, which would give to the towns, where the English element is predominant, a great deal of the representation at present possessed by scantily populated country districts where the electorate is mainly Dutch. If, as is very probable, a Redistribution Bill, about which there has already been a fairly amicable conference between both sides of the House, should be passed at the coming Session of the Legislative Assembly, the Progressives would have even a larger majority than they feel assured of without it. The Bill has only to pass the Assembly; it has already a majority in the Council.

The victory at the polls has been followed by the first signs of the break-up of Mr. Hofmeyr's powerful organization. The Paarl is a centre of Dutch population and of extreme Dutch sentiment, and the Paarl branch of the Afrikaner Bond has now seceded from the Bond, under the leadership of Mr. Du Toit, himself a father of the Bond, and sometime a staunch advocate and upholder of Transvaal Independence. Experience of the narrow and impracticable nature of Krugerism has had something to do with this secession; but the main cause is that Mr. Du Toit, in common with a steadily increasing body of educated Dutch Afrikaners, sees that there is only one man big enough to lead the progress and carry out the union of South Africa; and that man is the Englishman, Cecil Rhodes.

It is not, they feel, a question of race, but a question how long the narrow parochialism of Mr. Kruger is to stop the progress and union of South Africa, and intelligent Cape Dutchmen are quite as well aware as Englishmen that the Rhodes idea of racial equality and South African Union must conquer the Kruger idea of inequality and disunion, and the sooner it conquers the better for all concerned. "We must have Rhodes," say the Dutchmen who favour progress "to

stand up to Kruger." The support given to Mr. Rhodes by a large section of the Dutch electorate is the more surprising when one considers the details of his Progressive Programme. There is nothing to conciliate the strong Dutch farming interest; for the old concessions to the agricultural and pastoral industries are abandoned in the interest of the whole community. The duty on meat is to be abolished, the duty on wheat reduced, the brandy farmers are to be reached by an excise tax on brandy and by restraints to hinder the sale of alcohol to natives, while compulsory education will be little to the taste of that section of the electorate which opposed the operation of the Scab Act.

It is to education that Mr. Rhodes looks to remove what remains of racial feeling, and he is so sure of his strength that he would make it compulsory, which compulsion is quite sufficient to condemn it in the eyes of so staunch an individualist as the Dutch farmer. Then the larger aims of the Progressive leader were not left undefined. He clearly stated that he would work for the union of the Cape, Natal, and Rhodesia, with a view to the ultimate union of the remaining states of South Africa, all under the British hegemony. Only a fool, he said frankly, could indulge in thoughts of an Independent South Africa. Nor did he hesitate further to define his attitude towards the present Government of the Transvaal. He did not desire any policy that would lead to bloodshed; but he asked the Progressives not to sympathise with the barbarous policy of the Transvaal, where the denial of equal rights was the cause of all the trouble. He strongly condemned Mr. Kruger's tyrannous interference with the independence of the High Court, and pointed out very happily that even Mr. Kotzé, who had been less than two years before active in his Krugerism, asking for the punishment of Rhodes and the abrogation of the Charter, could no longer stand the depravity of the dictatorship at Pretoria. The fact is that the recent election was fought by Mr. Rhodes on the one side and Mr. Hofmeyr and the Bond on the other on the question of support to the Transvaal, as was fully perceived by the German press. The *Vossische Zeitung*, of March 16th, declared that "after the raid all respectable portions of the people in Cape Colony joined the Afrikaner Bond, whose objects were gradually to sever the connection with British tutelage and to erect an independent republic. Consequently the principle of British supremacy in South Africa is at stake at to-day's elections." The result is a victory for that principle; which shows that Mr. Rhodes has converted a large section of Dutch Afrikaners to his broad and liberal conceptions of progress in South Africa, or, in other words, proves that the statesman who represents the Imperial idea has shown himself more than a match for Mr. Hofmeyr and Mr. Kruger in combination.

Since the election a significant change has taken place in the tone

of the German press, which now advises Mr. Kruger to take note of the changed attitude of the Cape, and amend his ways. In this we see the first effect of Mr. Rhodes's victory in the direction of bringing pressure to bear on the Transvaal with a view to some alleviation of the wrongs of the Uitlanders and their industry.

Looked at from a comprehensive point of view, the recent election at the Cape is simply the latest trial of strength in the duel that has been going on since 1884, between Mr. Rhodes, as the champion of British supremacy, and the British idea of self-government, justice, and racial equality, and Mr. Kruger, as the champion of Dutch supremacy, and the idea of racial inequality and injustice, expressing itself in race-legislation and in the denial of self-government.

In 1884 the duel began, when Mr. Rhodes, a tiro in politics, stopped President Kruger's bold attempt to secure the trade route to the north by means of the republics of Goshen and Stellaland. In 1888, by the Rudd Concession, he secured the Northern territories, having defeated Mr. Kruger's efforts to make terms with Lobengula. Then, after the successful occupation of the territories of the Chartered Company, it took all the skilled diplomacy of Dr. Jameson backed up by men and Maxims to turn back Colonel Ferreira and the Boer trek at the Limpopo. Another encounter took place when President Kruger acquired a preponderating influence in Swaziland, and was on the point of securing in Amatongiland the coveted seaboard, when his watchful adversary stepped in and stopped him.

At last, after being completely worsted, when he closed the Drifts of the Vaal River, in 1895, President Kruger's turn came. After the Raid, with the lesser men, who live by politics, in office at the Cape, with Mr. Rhodes absent in Rhodesia, Mr. Kruger had the field to himself. How has he used the opening? Admittedly he has spent huge sums in arming his Boers, and has made as close an alliance as he could with his kinsmen in the Free State. But his failure to secure material backing in Europe—even from Germany—is evident to all; and his customs and railway policy has not endeared him to the people of the Cape Colony; though he has made what use he could of the Afrikaner Bond, and stirred up racial feeling to the best of his power.

But what has he done to satisfy the majority of the people of the State of which he is virtually dictator? Has he been gracious from the vantage ground of victory and redressed some, at least, of their grievances? This would have shown a claim to statesmanship. He has taken the contrary course. If unjust laws chastised the Uitlanders before the Raid, President Kruger has since changed whips for scorpions. Curiously forgetful of the deterrent consequences, he has been enamoured of Rehoboam's rash policy. The new Press Law, the Aliens Expulsion Law, and the Aliens Admission

Law, are specimens of this persistent policy of race-legislation. The coping-stone to the edifice of oppression and corruption was deliberately added, when, on February 16th, 1898, President Kruger, without trial, illegally dismissed Chief Justice Kotzé, without an offer of compensation after above twenty years' faithful service; and that, simply because he would not be a party to President Kruger's efforts to intimidate and control the High Court of Justice, and make that Court a mere tool of the Volksraad, which, everyone knows, is President Kruger writ large. This dismissal (followed by the resignation of Judges Ameshoff and Jorissen) has removed the last bulwark that stood firm against Mr. Kruger's dictatorial will. Property and life, as well as everything else in the Transvaal, are, it appears, to be subject to every whim of an irresponsible and absolute despot.

For the time being Mr. Kruger has his own way; but it is plain that, with Mr. Rhodes in power at the Cape, the fall of the *ancien régime* in the Transvaal cannot be long delayed. The condition of distrust and depression that exists in a land which owns the richest and most scientifically managed gold mines in the world, is a sufficient comment upon its present government; and when the Boer's slow, bucolic mind discovers the fact that while he is struggling to exist on his lean and mortgaged acres the Pretoria ring is waxing fat, Mr. Kruger's reign will be over.

In considering the long struggle between the champions of the rival ideas of British and Dutch supremacy, between Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Kruger, one finds nothing more remarkable than that extraordinary insight into the future, which enabled Mr. Rhodes from the first, when he entered on political life, to perceive on what the possession of South Africa would one day depend. Mr. Rhodes is a man of imagination, a man of ideas, as well as a man of action; and from the first, long before he entered the Legislative Assembly, early in the eighties, he had mapped out the policy he has since developed. Northern expansion was to be the keynote of that policy—territorial expansion, out of which was to grow South African Union. The remarkable continuity of his policy will be manifest to any one who will study his earlier and later speeches. As long ago as 1884, he declared that policy to be the occupation of the northern territories and the subsequent federation of the States of South Africa.

This has practically been his aim throughout. To carry it out he had to work through the Dutch electorate which then held political power in the Cape Colony. He was willing to work with Mr. Hofmeyr, but he never joined the Bond and refused to be their nominee. He was in favour of giving the Dutchmen their rights; and he liked them personally, as they liked him; but he always intended the governing race in South Africa to be the British, and

the supreme flag to be the British flag. The occupation of the northern *hinterland* was always with him an expansion of the British Empire, and from the first he had in view the supreme importance of new territory in which Englishmen could settle and thrive, and thus provide fresh markets for the manufactures of the old country and occupation for the industry of the teeming millions in her workshops. The policy of expansion which Mr. Rhodes framed, he has carried out in detail himself; the imagination that conceived the idea of Rhodesia has been supported by the remarkable enterprise and business ability which have made the effective occupation of that territory successful.

When Mr. Rhodes entered the Cape Parliament in order to use political power to obtain the unclaimed country to the north, he found that neither the Cape nor the Imperial Government believed in the value or would face the expense of carrying out his scheme of expansion; and thus he was obliged to invent a private enterprise—the Chartered Company—to carry out his idea. And now the probability of the success of Rhodesia and the increasing value of its trade have evidently been of very material service in bringing Mr. Rhodes back to power at the Cape.

Again it is on the value of Rhodesia that the immediate progress of South African Federation hinges in the opinion of Mr. Rhodes himself; that is to say the Northern territories are still in 1898 as they were sixteen years ago, the chief plank in Mr. Rhodes's platform. If Rhodesia proves valuable as a gold-producer, it will more than counterbalance the disuniting influence of the Transvaal, in virtue of Rhodesia's vast extent, agricultural and pastoral possibilities and fitness for colonisation by white men. Already the Transvaal trade *via* the Cape for the March quarter of this year has fallen £478,368 in value, while that of Rhodesia has increased £108,570.

Mr. Rhodes has placed on record in his recent speeches at the Cape his conviction that "this Union" (*i.e.* of the Cape, Natal, and Rhodesia) "is perfectly possible in the next five years. On what does it depend? It simply depends on the North proving itself a gold-producing power," and "we have only to wait and the Central States will go with us too," and, again, "If you have a Progressive majority in the Council, followed by a Progressive majority in the other House, during the next five years probably that question will be put." The Progressive majority has been returned for the Council and will, almost to a certainty, be returned for the Assembly, and thus the condition on which the union of South Africa depends is this, whether Rhodesia's gold reefs will pay. If the gold reefs prove valuable, a white population will pour in, cities will spring up and the agricultural industry and the pastoral industry will at once leap into importance.

The success of Rhodesia, then, will be the keystone of the arch of South African union. Of course, the development of the mining wealth of Rhodesia is spoken of by the critics who assail the Company as suspiciously slow. A critic would be laughed at, who complained that a child had not reached maturity in seven years. The life of a new community or a new country is of as slow development as the life of an individual, yet a Blake or a Labouchere croaks failure because Rhodesia has not yet reached maturity. Considering that Matabeleland was not occupied till the latter part of 1893, that is to say four and a-half years ago, the fact that Bulawayo has a population of about five thousand, and is connected by railway with the Cape, cannot be said to argue slowness of development. But when it is remembered that since the beginning of 1896, Rhodesia has suffered from the native rebellion, and the universal devastation caused by the rinderpest, the progress that has been made is really remarkable. Matabeleland had not had much over two years in which to develop from the savagery of Lo-Ben's Kraal to the civilisation of modern Bulawayo, before the rinderpest destroyed all means of carriage, and the rebellion threw back the country into much the same state it had occupied at the beginning of 1894.

Yet hostile criticism declares that the claim-owning companies have been careful not to bring the value of their reefs to the test of the stamping mill; and there is no doubt a rather widespread feeling that the faith of the Rhodesians in their gold reefs is at least half-hearted. The fact that crushing is only now about to begin seems to give substance to these doubts and suspicions. But a little consideration shows the weakness of the criticism. In the first place, it must be remembered that even on the Rand years of development preceded that regular output which people have come to regard as a matter of course. In the early days of the Rand there was a great deal of the same scepticism we find with regard to Rhodesia. Indeed, hostile criticism went further: Mr. Gardner Williams, the chosen Rothschild expert, led the chorus of condemnation by the experts of the formation of the Rand. Then the banket-reefs of the Rand differ from quartz-reefs in this specially—the known regularity of the banket-reef. Mining on a quartz-reef is therefore altogether different. The development work is much slower and more uncertain. First one must locate and trace out the rich chutes, in order that unprofitable development work may be avoided. Much time and labour is necessary before one can get the mine in such condition as to be ready to crush. Yet quartz-reef mining in South Africa—for instance, at the Sheba mine—is not only very profitable, but of great permanence. Long before the best mines of the Rand were producing, the Sheba was giving splendid results, and it is doing so still.

There is no reason why in the spacious goldfields of Rhodesia (400

miles long by 200 wide) there should not be many mines like the Sheba. It is entirely due to exceptional adverse circumstances that regular crushings did not begin in Rhodesia two years ago. At the beginning of 1896 every preparation had been made for continuous crushing on a large scale. Willoughby's, to take a leading company, had ordered 60 stamps, and expected to begin crushing in June or July, 1896. In February, 1896, the contract to bring the stamps up to the mines was signed with Mr. Weil. Then came the rinderpest, and immediately destroyed the means of transport. Twenty of the stamps which had already started were stranded in the Veldt, and the projected crushings on the Bonsor, Dunraven, and Queen's had to be postponed indefinitely. The rinderpest raged through the herds, the Matabele rebellion occupied the energies of the settlers, and crushing and mining development were forgotten in the struggle with savagery.

When the rebellion was quelled, there remained the results of the rinderpest. The rates for carriage were prohibitive, and, as a consequence the price of food was enormous. For instance, in 1895, 800 natives were employed in development work on the Bonsor and Dunraven. Mealies, on which they are fed, cost about 25s. a bag. Two natives eat about one bag a month. So that the month's keep of each native cost 12s. to 15s. After the rinderpest mealies were £9 to £10 a bag, so that the keep of a native cost close on £5 a month. Now that the railroad has reached Bulawayo, the cost is about £2 a bag, and a further reduction in price is expected from an abundant mealie crop.

This was the great operative cause that stopped mining development in 1896 and 1897—the cost of carriage which would have made a loss inevitable in the working of otherwise payable reefs. The railway has changed all that so far as Bulawayo is concerned. But even now road transport is high.

For a journey of 110 miles, from Bulawayo to Selukwe, the transport riders charge £7 a ton, where the charge was £2 10s. before the rinderpest. From this it will be seen that the rinderpest has left more serious effects than the rebellion. Cattle are being obtained from M'pseni's in Angoniland, where, strange to say, the cattle have been unharmed by the disease; and, though the rinderpest has not yet left southern Rhodesia, the type is now a comparatively mild one.

Notwithstanding, a lot of development work has been done. For example, above two miles of underground work has been accomplished on the Bonsor and Dunraven, and the reefs on the Bonsor have been opened up, ready for stoping, to the depth of 300 feet. When the Bonsor tunnel is finished through the hill—say in eight or nine months, with the rock-drilling apparatus at work—it is estimated that there will be at least enough payable ore developed to keep the forty-stamp mill going for five years. What the big companies aim at is not phenomenal crushings at irregular intervals, but a steady monthly

output that can be relied upon. Sir John Willoughby expects to begin crushing on the Bonsor the end of August with 40 stamps. Heany may be expected to show excellent results on the Geelong from 20 stamps the end of June, a large amount of ore being ready for the mill. The richness of properties like the Nicholson Leases is astonishing.

The difficult question of native labour is in a fair way of solution. The Matabele, a people whose business in life was war and rapine, have not yet learned to work, and at present it is found more profitable to rely on Shangaans from the East Coast and boys from the Zambesi, who have, at any rate, learned to work during the centuries of Portuguese rule. Of course, it is merely a question how long it will be till the Matabele learn to work. The hut-tax has a good effect; and when Rhodesia is federated with Cape Colony, the Glen Grey Act will come into force, and no more admirable legislation to teach the dignity of labour, to educate and elevate the native races of Africa, has ever been designed, than this great work of Mr. Rhodes's far-seeing and philanthropic statesmanship. "The secret of a happy life," Mr. Rhodes has said, "is work." He has faith in that secret himself, and shows his faith by untiring energy in everything he undertakes; and he is at one with every intelligent traveller in considering that regular work for wages is the first effective means of civilizing the natives of Africa. The object of his paternal rule over the natives employed in the De Beers mine has been to render them hard-working and sober, but there he has been able, through the system of the Closed Compound, to enforce sobriety.

These Shangaans from Portuguese territory find Rhodesia nearer than the Rand, to which they have been in the habit of going for work, while they are far better treated than they are by the Kaffir-bullying Transvaal Boers. The question of obtaining natives who will work having been for the present partly solved by the supplies coming from Portuguese territory, will be further solved by the 10,000 Fingoes, who, knowing Rhodes, are eager to come to Rhodes's country. Then Mr. Coryndon, the Chartered Company's representative with Lewanika, is sending down Barote labourers, attracted by the wages obtainable in Matabeleland.

It is computed that at least a hundred stamps will be crushing regularly before the end of the year. The value of Rhodesia as a gold-producing country will thus be speedily brought to the test, and those who know the country best are most confident as to the result. The success of the gold-mines involves the success of other industries. With the development of the mining industry agriculture will develop in its turn; for the miners will supply a market for the farmers. There is plenty of excellent land to be got on reasonable terms, and much on which conditions have not been ful-

filled that will be in the market before long. In farming, too, Mr. Rhodes is giving a useful lead to his people. In Matabeleland he is solving, on his own property, the problem of irrigation. At Inyanga, in North Manicaland, he has started fruit-farming on a large scale under the supervision of an American, an expert from Florida. There is any amount of running water, and good results ought to be attainable. At Inyanga, too, Mr. Rhodes has started horse-breeding, and is introducing cattle from the Zambesi; and there is fortunately no rinderpest on the direct line from Tete to Inyanga.

Meanwhile the two great instruments of civilisation are not only a success, but already pay splendidly in Rhodesia. The railway to Bulawayo averaged £18,000 nett profit per month for the first two months of the year, which, as £6,000 covers charges, is more than encouraging. It is a mistake to regard these profits as temporary, for, by the time the accumulated goods traffic has gone over the line, Bulawayo will want more. The Beira line, which reached Umtali in February, is now in process of construction to Salisbury. The line is leased by the contractors at a rent that shows it to be a paying concern. The telegraph in Southern Rhodesia has been earning largely for a long time past.

Thus the prospects of the success of Rhodesia in the immediate future may be seen to be excellent; and from that success will follow the union of the states of South Africa, which has been an integral part of Mr. Rhodes's policy ever since he entered political life. Already Mr. Rhodes's Trans-continental Telegraph, built by his purse as well as conceived by his imagination, is being pushed northward through Nyasaland to Tanganyika; and that no time will be lost in effecting the realization of Mr. Rhodes's idea of a through telegraph service between the Cape and Cairo may be gathered from Mr. Rhodes's message to the Sirdar in reply to a wire reporting the battle of Atbara: "My personal skeleton in the cupboard is that you may get to Uganda before I do."

Mr. Rhodes contemplates the continuance of the Bulawayo railway northward to Tanganyika. This would be about 800 miles, roughly estimated to cost £2,000,000. Looking at the success of the lines to Southern Rhodesia, there ought to be no objection to his idea of a Government guarantee, which would enable the money to be obtained at 3 per cent. The difficulty of the Sudd, the weed-barrier in the Upper Nile, is not insoluble; and with 400 miles navigable waterway on Lake Tanganyika, and with the Victoria Nyanza, and the Nile beyond, Mr. Rhodes may fairly hope to travel, before he is an old man, by a through railway and steamboat service from Cape Town to Cairo.

IMPERIALIST.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

I.—THE UNITED STATES AND CUBAN INDEPENDENCE.

THIS article leaves New York for London on April 16th, 1898. In all human probability, the United States of America will be at war with Spain before this writing reaches its destination. Under such circumstances, it is more than well that English readers should understand, as fully as possible, the meaning of that strife and its causes. It is to this end that one who retains love and respect for his native land, while observing faithful allegiance to the country of his adoption, attempts to set before British readers the feelings and opinions of the people of these United States without prejudice, telling the truth as he sees it after careful study of the situation based on no mere superficial information, condoning nothing, apologising for nothing, and striving only to explain the wonderful and overwhelming public sentiment which has compelled the Government to one of the most grandly sentimental and quixotic belligerent undertakings ever known in the history of civilization.

There are certain brief statements, to be enlarged upon hereafter, which it is well to put tersely at the forefront of this article.

The fundamental impulse to this war is the sentiment of the people of the United States.

There is no appreciable desire for territorial aggrandizement in this sentiment.

There is no desire to fight for the sake of fighting or to satisfy ambition.

There is some desire to be avenged on Spain for what is popularly regarded as the foul murder of two hundred and sixty-four seamen and two officers of the *Maine* in Havana Harbour.

There is some self-interest, or rather self-defence, in the determination to rid the commerce of this country of the serious interference to which it has been subjected, not only by conditions in Cuba, but also by the threat of ultimate war for their removal ; to obviate the onerous duties of policing our coast in the interest of Spain, for the prevention of filibustering expeditions under the neutrality laws, and to insist that citizens of the United States resident in Cuba, shall receive proper protection for their lives, liberty and property.

There is much of chivalric sympathy with a brave people, battling for independence from a corrupt, extortionate and inhuman monarchical government, which has abundantly demonstrated that it lacks either the will or the ability to develop the island even for the

advantage of Spain, under an equitable and orderly administration, without which real progress is impossible.

The fundamental principle of the war now impending, however, is that of humanity. It is intolerable to a people of generous instincts and Christian faith, that at its very doors there should exist official barbarity on a par with that which, at the hands of Turkey, stirred the heart of European Christendom to action.

The testimony of unimpeachable witnesses to horrors perpetrated by Spain to end the insurrection with which it has been confronted for more than three years, has compelled the interference of this government to put a stop to conditions which have become insufferable. When incontrovertible evidence was brought of the terrible sufferings involved by a callously deliberate intention on the part of Spain's representatives to wreak vengeance on the Cuban revolutionists by enforcing starvation on non-combatants in a futile pretence of extirpating the recalcitrant race which prefers death to anything short of independence, at least three-fourths of the citizens of the United States said "this must cease."

Sensational descriptions of the horrors to which men, women, and children had been subjected, as given in hysterical newspapers, were, to some extent, discounted in the public mind. When it was learned from the personal investigations of calm-minded men, enjoying national and unquestionable reputations, that these atrocities beggared description and defied exaggeration, the public demand for the cessation of such conditions grew in force. As it became realised beyond dispute that at least two hundred thousand men, women, and children had suffered abominable deaths, for no worse crime than that by living they would have supported themselves by raising food which might be seized by combatants whom Spanish officers have signally failed to subjugate in legitimate warfare, the voice of this people rose from an angry murmur to a deep-toned demand to end the fearful state of affairs. The awful details of methods by which at least four hundred thousand peaceful peasants had been driven from the fertile fields, from which they won their daily bread, had been deprived of every means of sustenance, developed overwhelming public indignation. When it was brought home to the minds of this people that these subjects of Spanish tyranny had been herded within a hedge of bayonets, and left to die of starvation, or rot to death in loathsome surroundings of dirt-bred disease, the pressure brought to bear on Congress became irresistible.

The seeds of this sentiment are of no recent sowing. With an instinct which in national affairs at times is a superior guide to reason, many of the people long ago learned that in this matter the purveyors of sensation were dealing in truth, because nothing more sensational was to be had. Official cognizance of Cuban conditions was taken

under the administration of President Cleveland. When the present insurrection, dating from the Cuban declaration of independence, on February 24, 1895, was barely a year old, a resolution recognising the belligerency of the insurgents was adopted by the Senate as a compromise for several similar confused and somewhat contradictory measures previously introduced. This was the resolution passed by sixty-four votes to six in the United States Senate, on February 28, 1896, in which the House concurred on April 6, 1896, by a vote of two hundred and forty-five to twenty-seven :—

“Resolved that, in the opinion of Congress, a condition of public war exists between the Government of Spain and the Government proclaimed, and for some time maintained by force of arms by the people of Cuba, and that the United States of America should maintain a strict neutrality between the contending Powers, according to each all the rights of belligerents in the ports and territory of the United States.

“Resolved further, that the friendly offices of the United States should be offered by the President to the Spanish Government for the recognition of the independence of Cuba.”

It failed to go into effect because it was not a “concurrent” resolution, and the President ignored it, thereby precipitating a heated discussion over the respective rights of the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government in the matter. When the subject was first agitated, President Cleveland foresaw its possibilities for serious embarrassment, and shirked it vigorously. He spared no effort to keep the question below the surface, bending his influence to that end with all such newspapers and leaders of opinion as were amenable to his desires. There is no better index to the trend of popular opinion than the planks in the platforms of the two great political parties on the eve of a Presidential campaign. Though the object of those platforms is not so much to outline a programme of action as to catch votes, they are none the less reliable barometers of popular feeling. The Republican party in National Convention, having seen the popular disapproval of Cleveland’s attitude in regard to Cuba, adopted this as one of its planks at St. Louis, on June 18th, 1896 :—

“From the hour of achieving their own independence, the people of the United States have regarded with sympathy the struggles of other American peoples to free themselves from European domination. We watch with deep and abiding interest the heroic battle of the Cuban patriots against cruelty and oppression, and our best hopes go out for the full success of their determined contest for liberty. The Government of Spain, having lost control of Cuba, and being unable to protect the property or lives of resident American citizens, or to comply with its treaty obligations, we believe that the Government of the United States should actively use its influence and good offices to restore peace and give independence to the island.”

This was the plank adopted at Chicago by the Democratic National

Convention, July 9th, 1896: "We extend our sympathy to the people of Cuba in their heroic struggle for liberty and independence."

The embarrassment which President Cleveland feared from any agitation which might bring the Cuban question to an acute phase was based on far-sighted knowledge that it might involve the United States in a policy antagonistic to some of its most cherished precedents based on "The Monroe Doctrine." It must not be overlooked that there are two sides to the Monroe doctrine—one for export and one for home consumption. The export article, which declares that no European encroachments are to be tolerated in the Western hemisphere, often is tricked out in all the high-coloured gauds of spread-eagleism. That for home consumption always is soberly clad in thoughtful garb, an unregarded part of the household at ordinary times, but never without influence which becomes strong when a warning against foreign entanglements is necessary. The blessings which have accrued to the States by abstention from interference in foreign affairs may be seldom the subject of public speech, but are always with us in the most thorough appreciation.

Despite the fear of risking a step which might lead to a departure from cherished national policy by interfering with a European nation, in the absence of any possibility for winning compensating glory, perhaps partly because his term of office was drawing to a close, and the matter was little likely to come to a head before its end, President Cleveland so far succumbed to the pressure of public opinion as to address a warning to Spain in a message to Congress on December 7, 1896. He therein said:—

"Whatever circumstances may arise, our policy and our interests would constrain us to object to the acquisition of the island, or an interference with its control by any other Power.

"It should be added, that it cannot be reasonably assumed that the hitherto expectant attitude of the United States will be indefinitely maintained. While we are anxious to accord all due respect to the sovereignty of Spain, we cannot view the pending conflict in all its features, and properly apprehend our inevitably close relations to it and its possible results, without considering that by the course of events we may be drawn into such an unusual and unprecedented condition as will fix a limit to our patient waiting for Spain to end the contest either alone and in her way, or with our friendly co-operation.

"When the inability of Spain to deal successfully with the insurrection has become manifest, and it is demonstrated that her sovereignty is extinct in Cuba, for all purposes of its rightful existence, and when a hopeless struggle for its re-establishment has degenerated into a strife which means nothing more than the useless sacrifice of human life and the utter destruction of the very subject matter of the conflict, a situation will be presented in which our obligations to the sovereignty of Spain will be superseded by higher obligations, which we can hardly hesitate to recognise and discharge.

"Deferring the choice of ways and methods until the time for action arrives, we should make them depend upon the precise conditions then existing; and they should not be determined upon without giving careful heed to every con-

sideration involving our honour and interest, or the international duty we owe to Spain. Until we face the contingencies suggested, or the situation is by other incidents imperatively changed, we should continue in the line of conduct heretofore pursued, thus, in all circumstances, exhibiting our obedience to the requirements of public law and our regard for the duty enjoined upon us by the position we occupy in the family of nations.

"A contemplation of emergencies that may arise should plainly lead us to avoid their creation, either through a careless disregard of present duty, or even an undue stimulation and ill-timed expression of feeling. But I have deemed it not amiss to remind Congress that a time may arrive when a correct policy and care for our interests, as well as a regard for the interests of other nations and their citizens, joined by considerations of humanity and a desire to see a rich and fertile country, intimately related to us, saved from complete devastation, will constrain our Government to such action as will subserve the interests thus involved, and at the same time promise to Cuba and its inhabitants an opportunity to enjoy the blessings of peace."

Before leaving this message, emphasis should be laid on the avowal of objection to the annexation of Cuba. That expression is just as true to-day as it was then, and, so far as the acquisition of the island in any form is concerned, it may be fearlessly stated, with no possibility of truthful contradiction, that the action of this country is entirely disinterested.

President McKinley was elected on the Republican platform, the plank of which, in reference to Cuba, has been quoted. But that plank was utterly overshadowed in the campaign by the financial issue. He was elected rather through the concerted action of the "business interests" under the extremely able generalship of M. A. Hanna, than by any overwhelming demand on the part of what Lincoln proudly called "the common people." The circumstances under which he reached the White House, and the nature of the man, combined to make McKinley dread the Cuban issue as Cleveland had done, but from somewhat different reasons. Kindly in nature, chosen for office as "the advance-agent of prosperity," ambitious above all to make a record and establish a reputation as the Chief Magistrate in an era of commercial and industrial revival, thoroughly familiar as a soldier with the horrors of war, all McKinley's inclinations were toward such a policy as would preserve the peace at any price. Hardly his own master when he entered the Executive Mansion, McKinley allowed Hanna, as a recompense for campaign obligations, to make a place for himself in the Senate by installing as Secretary of State, Senator Sherman, whose waning powers utterly unfitted him for so important a position in such a critical season. The truth of this illustration of Hanna's influence is beyond cavil, and shown in the fact that negotiations with Spain have been conducted altogether through the Assistant Secretary of State, with not the slightest guidance from Sherman, and hardly the courtesy of formal reference to him.

Under these circumstances anything which might by any chance lead to war was especially repugnant to a President peculiarly susceptible to enormous pressure from the few men who represent those great aggregations of capital, which are the most serious menace to the free institutions under which the parasitic growth of their vast corporate power has become possible. Hanna is the very incarnation of that influence, and from the outset McKinley found himself pulled in the direction of do-nothing conservatism, in accordance with his own wishes on the one hand, and, on the other, pushed in the direction of firm protest against Spain by the insistent demands of the people. The situation has been more embarrassing because, aside from his susceptibility to any strong force, the man is conscientious and desirous of doing the nation's will.

When McKinley took office, matters had gone from bad to worse in Cuba. Soon after his inauguration in March, 1897, the President sent to the island a specially appointed commissioner to investigate the brutalities of the Weyler *régime*, which already had been brought to public notice here through the press, and to official knowledge by the reports of American Consuls, which were suppressed as far as possible with systematic care. As the result of that investigation, McKinley addressed a mild warning to the Madrid Government that its warfare in Cuba must be conducted more in consonance with civilisation than it had been, and that proper protection for the lives and property of American residents in Cuba must be provided.

On April 20, 1897, the Queen Regent in response to these representations from Washington decreed certain reforms for the government of Cuba, which were purely superficial and of no moment to men with abundant historic evidence of the utter worthlessness of Spain's promises to her subjects in the island. At about the same time Weyler reported to his home government that the four Western provinces of Cuba were "pacified," an expression which subsequent events have shown to be meaningless in so far as desolation means peace, and that Spaniards held such towns as could be actually occupied by troops, though they were by no means free from the incursions of rebel detachments.

On May 17, McKinley suggested to Congress the advisability of an appropriation for the relief of American citizens reduced to abject poverty under Weyler's barbarous rule, and a week later Congress placed 50,000 dollars at the Government's disposal, which were duly distributed by American Consuls.

On July 14, 1897, the National League of Republican Clubs, which feels the pulse of the people as carefully as the regular platform-making party organization by which it is recognised, adopted the following resolution :—

"The Republican Party proclaimed, in 1896, its active interest in and sympathy with the Cuban patriots in their long and heroic struggle against foreign misrule and oppression, as well as the fact that Spain has lost control of Cuba. The first and practical evidence of the sincerity of these declarations is the great and unmistakeable lessening of Spanish atrocities and butcheries in Cuba at the demand of this nation since March 4th, 1897. The verdict of the American people and the voice of humanity are that the useless and inhuman efforts of Spain to govern Cuba have lasted long enough, and we believe that President McKinley may be relied upon to interpose his good offices to end that struggle with the greatest promptitude consistent with wise administration."

Then came the assassination of Canovas and Sagasta's appointment to succeed him as Prime Minister of Spain, on October 2nd. The change was hailed as an omen of better times for Cuba by everyone in America, but with great reservations by those who realised the extent to which matters had gone and the drastic nature of the remedies which alone would avail.

Six days after Sagasta took office, Blanco was chosen to succeed Weyler. Blanco's reputation beside that of the man he succeeded, was as white to black, honesty to corruption, and humanity to brutality.

The new Captain General, who, save for the supreme authority in Madrid, was absolute in Cuba, reached Havana on October 30th. Matters had gone too far for him to do more than palliate them by not aggravating them. He repealed Weyler's concentration orders under certain conditions, hard to fulfil at the best, even had the repeal not been subject to the judgment of local military officers, little inclined to clemency or considerations of civilisation. On November 27th the Spanish Government, presumably through American intercession, granted a measure of autonomy, fair seeming on its face, to Cuba. The Spanish Parliament, or Cortes, was to be the Central executive power, while the local government of Cuba was to be conducted by a colonial parliament and the Governor-General, with a Council of Administration, comprising eighteen members elected in Cuba and eighteen appointed by the Spanish Government.

In his message to Congress of December 6th, 1897, McKinley said:—

"The instructions given to our new Minister to Spain before his departure for his post directed him to impress upon that Government the sincere wish of the United States to lend its aid toward the ending of the war in Cuba, by reaching a peaceful and lasting result, just and honourable alike to Spain and the Cuban people. These instructions recited the character and duration of the contest, the widespread losses it entails, the burdens and restraints it imposes upon us, with constant disturbance of national interests, and the injury resulting from an indefinite continuance of this state of things. It was stated that, at this juncture, our Government was constrained seriously to inquire if the time was not ripe when Spain, of her own volition, moved by her own interests and every sentiment of humanity, should put a stop to this destructive war, and make proposals of settlement, honourable to herself and just to her Cuban colony. It was urged that, as

a neighbouring nation, with large interests in Cuba, we could be required to wait only a reasonable time for the mother country to establish its authority and restore peace and order within the borders of the island ; that we could not contemplate an indefinite period for the accomplishment of this result.

"Sure of the right, keeping free from all offence ourselves, actuated only by upright and patriotic considerations, moved neither by passion nor selfishness, the government will continue its watchful care over the rights and property of American citizens, and will abate none of its efforts to bring about, by peaceful agencies, a peace which shall be honourable and enduring. If it shall hereafter appear to be a duty imposed by our obligations to ourselves, to civilisation and to humanity to intervene with force, it shall be without fault on our part and only because the necessity for such action will be so clear as to command the support and approval of the civilised world."

As an inducement to the insurgents to drop their arms and accept the plan of autonomy, the Spanish Government, on December 14th, issued a decree of amnesty for all who expressed a willingness to accept the proposition. But Cubans know that Spain is least to be trusted bearing gifts. Men who learned, in the bitterness of experience, that promises made to close the ten-year war were never intended as more than expedients to be set aside as soon as their object of disarming revolutionists was attained, were little likely to be caught again with such chaff. Men who had pledged themselves to die or achieve independence, who had borne arms for nearly three years in pursuit of that aim, who had seen their families robbed, starved, beaten, and butchered in the name of opposition to that cause, were little likely to accept such paltry half measures at so late a date.

Such autonomy as was proposed, if there had been any guarantee of its fulfilment, might have met with popular support and been welcomed before the insurrection was begun, but now it was merely a confession of weakness inspiring the rebels to renewed efforts. Those only accepted the proposition who were under the Spanish sway in Havana, who hungered for office or were desperate in a desire for peace at any price, and they were few. The Spaniards in the island who demand a maintenance of that supremacy to which they have become accustomed, fearing natural retaliation from the hated or despised Cubans for the ill-usage to which they have been subjected, were as little pleased by the plan as the Cubans. There were Spaniards among the very few men who accepted autonomy, but they were led into their acquiescence by the feelings noted previously, eked out with the belief that the whole thing was a sham, which would be managed for the benefit of Spaniards controlling the offices and electoral machinery, as they always had done.

Not one in Havana seriously believed that the autonomist plan had a chance of success as a means to peace. No one having intelligence and lacking prejudice can make any investigation of Cuban conditions without knowing that a practical achievement of autonomy

honestly following the lines laid out, is an utter impossibility under Spanish sovereignty. The leaders of the Cuban revolution refused to treat on the subject. They regarded as traitors those who did, and avowed with every semblance of truth, that should even the United States forget itself so far as to attempt to force the Spanish plan upon them, they would fight it out to the last ditch and welcome death rather than submission to Spanish autonomy.

Returning again to the development of public opinion here in regard to Cuba, the next notable incident was found in the insults to McKinley and the indications of Spanish duplicity discovered in a letter written by the Spanish Minister in Washington to a friend in Havana. There was no doubt of its authenticity, but instead of straightway demanding the Spanish Government's disavowal of the letter and its writer, the pacific administration first asked the Minister if he were the author of the objectionable document, allowing time for the triumph of Spanish diplomacy by the announcement from Madrid that the Minister had resigned before the trouble arose.

On the heels of that incident followed the visit of the *Maine* to Havana Harbour, and the dire tragedy by which two of her officers and two hundred and sixty-four seamen met death on February 15th. Again guided by instinct to a belief, which the fact itself made natural, in view of Spanish methods in Havana, a belief which subsequent investigations have done much to support if they have absolutely not established its truth, the nation was stirred to its very depths. The frenzied demand made at the moment for instant revenge was felt by no considerable portion of the people and was voiced only by the sensational press of New York, which too often is mistakenly regarded abroad as the criterion of feeling in the United States.

The bulk of the nation, after the first passionate outburst of sorrow, accepted the calm advice to suspend judgment contained in the first brief notice of the catastrophe sent by the commander of the *Maine* to the Navy Department in Washington. The national self-control exhibited was as admirable as remarkable under such circumstances. The repression of feeling was made the more difficult as evidence came to support the belief that the explosion was caused by some external agency. The bitterness was aggravated by the fact that while the Spanish Government was formally expressing its regret for "the accident" and its sympathy with the United States, Spanish officers were celebrating the occasion with mirth and revelry in Havana, promulgating lies about the absence of officers from the *Maine* and lax discipline on the ship. The feeling was not soothed by the welcome accorded to Minister Dupuy de Lôme, who was supposed to have left this country in disgrace after his covert attack upon President McKinley.

But, still, absolute judgment was suspended, according to Captain Sigsbee's advice, though the intensity of the popular excitement which awaited the report of the Board of Inquiry was none the less, in that it was to a great extent suppressed. There is not an American citizen worthy the name who does not believe that the officers comprising the Board which made the investigation are men of honour, who exerted all possible care and diligence in their work, sought all possible evidence, weighed it without bias, and reached the verdict without prejudice. That Board determined that the explosion was caused by a submarine mine, but did not assume to place the responsibility. The Board was a judicial body, the general impression being that if it erred in any direction it was toward conservatism. The people are not judicious, it is not the way of nations in bulk to exercise the calm discrimination characteristic of the ideal bench. While the Board of Inquiry based its verdict on what it believed to be proper legal evidence, the people have gone further afield, and, indulging in inference, an overwhelming majority of them are convinced that a Spanish official, probably one of the adherents of Weyler, who are almost fanatical in their hatred of America, fired the mine which sent the *Maine* to destruction.

The President disappointed the people when he sent the Board's report to Congress with a perfunctory statement that he trusted the Spanish Government to deal properly with the matter.

Meanwhile the *Maine* disaster had played a highly important rôle in the general Cuban question, of which it was not an intrinsic part, except as the crowning evidence of Spain's incapacity to preserve order within the limits of its nominal sovereignty over Cuba. The demand for Cuban independence, which had been widespread, but diffused and amorphous, was concentrated and crystallized by the destruction of the American battleship in Havana Harbour. The sacrifice of American lives served as a vast and appalling advertisement which drew all eyes to the deplorable conditions prevalent in Cuba. The situation was studied, investigations were set on foot which resulted in the production of more reliable testimony than any which had been heard before in the matter. The necessity for action to end such savagery within seventy miles of our border was recognised by many who previously had been callously careless. The country was thrilled by the very calmness which characterised the frigid recital in the Senate by Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, of the horrors from witnessing which he had just returned. The personality of the man, his unemotional nature, cool, calculating habits, his known intimacy with the President, added tremendous force to statements weighty enough in themselves to move any civilised people. Private relief already had been sent in great quantities to the soldier-herded sufferers from absolute want. But it was seen that the time was late

for that. It was realised that thousands of those still living were beyond the help of food or medicine, and that those who still could be saved must be fed and nursed to strength, fitting them to labour in the fields, from which they had been driven and were still excluded, and then supplied with the wherewithal to make a fresh start in their agricultural life. The evidence supplied by Senator Proctor and others, of almost equal standing, convinced the great mass of the American people beyond a shadow of doubt that, in the last three years in Cuba, Spain has perpetrated more frightful destruction than even her arms had wrought previously in all her blood-stained history.

Remember that besides all this, at the cost of some \$2,000,000 this Government has policed its coast in honest efforts to prevent the departure to Cuba of expeditions to aid the revolutionists, the landing of which Spain made no serious effort to prevent. In recognition of this the Washington authorities received no better token of gratitude from Spain than recurrent assertions that this Government was aiding and fostering the rebellion. Remember that during the progress of the revolution many American citizens have been illegally imprisoned and sentenced, some of them to death, in Cuba; our only redress being found in appeals to royal clemency, which, if at all, was generally vouchsafed grudgingly and after long delay. Remember that other American citizens suffered such loss of property by the Spanish Government's failure to afford proper protection in Cuba that claims, therefore, now on file in the State Department, aggregate some \$16,000,000.

The President's brief message, transmitting the *Maine* Report to Congress, was tolerated with comparative patience, on the understanding that it was to be followed quickly by another communication treating the Cuban question in general. Had there been a doubt as to the status of public opinion on the question it must have been set aside by the response made to a request for \$50,000,000, to be placed utterly at the President's disposal, for national defence. In this country of strong party feeling the appropriation was voted in both Houses with the utmost dispatch, and without a dissenting voice or vote. The performance was unprecedented, even contrary to precedent, endowing the President with an absolute power never enjoyed by any of his predecessors, and that in a legislature than which no similar body more jealously guards its prerogatives from trespass by any other branch of the Government. It was the method taken by the representatives of the people to show their determination to uphold the President to the utmost in preparing for the expulsion of Spain from Cuba, even though it meant war. In the light of subsequent events, it is feared in many quarters, not without reason, that this marvellous display of unanimity was mistaken by the President for a personal

tribute to the confidence reposed in him as an individual. Nothing could be further from the truth. While the vote would have been impossible in the case of a President whose material integrity was subject to the least suspicion, it would have been no less so in the case of William McKinley if any doubt had been entertained that he was prepared to evict Spain from Cuba by force if diplomacy failed.

Meanwhile all the potent influences which could be brought to bear on the President by the few but strong advocates of peace at any price were set in motion. The patience of Congress and the people was taxed to the uttermost in the two weeks which elapsed before the next message appeared, indications being not lacking that up to almost the last moment, the President was in doubt as to what exactly he would do, and prepared to act only under the irresistible mandate of the people. The nation as a whole was sorely disappointed with the message, which was aptly described as a "masterly understatement." It lacked force, and had the air of believing that strength would be derogatory to dignity. Only by indirection and implication did it suggest that, whatever form intervention for the restoration of peace in Cuba might take, no settlement of the question could be reached unless Spain abandoned her sovereignty over the island. This message is of such recent date that it seems needless to quote from it.

But the people were thankful that the President at least placed the matter in the hands of Congress, and that body lost little time in making clear anything that was not clean-cut in the message, and in adding its directions to the power for which the President asked.

Pending the arrival of the message, while the peace at any price advocates were crying peace, when there was no peace, the President was busy negotiating with the Spanish Government in the forlorn hope of satisfying the people without recourse to arms, or at least postponing the inevitable day of reckoning. The American Minister in Madrid, it is believed, early in the proceedings, warned the President that the withdrawal of the Spanish flag from Cuba was a diplomatic impossibility, and it is extremely doubtful whether any proposition for the relinquishment of Spanish sovereignty over Cuba, had been made to the Spanish Government, when President McKinley told Congress that he had "exhausted every effort to relieve the intolerable condition of affairs which is at our doors."

The Senate, in the popular opinion, improved on the message by unequivocally resolving, as the President conspicuously had failed to do, "that the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent." But Congress threatens to fall far short of the popular desire, out of consideration for the wishes of the President, in failing to recognise formally the Republic of Cuba as established by the revolutionists. In his message the President said: "To commit this country now to the recognition of any particular

government in Cuba might subject us to embarrassing conditions of international obligations toward the organization so recognised. In case of intervention our conduct would be subject to the approval or disapproval of such government. We would be required to submit to its direction and to assume to it the mere relation of a friendly ally." The apparent inconsistency involved by implied recognition of independence without recognition of the independent government was defended in Congress on similar grounds of expediency.

The people demanded the expulsion of Spain from Cuba. They successfully forced that demand upon the administration. With almost equal insistence they craved the recognition of the Government which the revolutionists established at the outset of their movement, and have maintained on constitutional lines for three years. More than a year ago the printed records of the proceedings of Congress contained a copy of the Cuban constitution. With that appeared an account of the insurgent government's legislation, looking to the establishment of public schools and the printing of books for them, the taking of a census, the levying of taxes, which largely have sustained the revolution in opposition to nearly 200,000 Spanish soldiers, and other regular functions of an established government.

Trained to regard their own Declaration of Independence almost as something sacred and inspired, the people of the United States feel that the time is more than ripe for recognition of patriots who consistently, with heroic self-sacrifice, have contended against far graver wrongs than any which incited this nation to the overthrow of British Government, and are stronger in arms to-day than at any previous time in their struggle, while the Spanish forces have lost strength.

"Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light or transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security."

Such words as these, held in reverence as a part of the national creed of the United States, instilled into the people as children in the public schools, account for the fullest sympathy for the revolutionists in Cuba. The people are not satisfied to evade recognition of those revolutionists for any consideration of mere expediency, but failing to achieve all, perforce will take what they can get at the hands of an administration which they regard as carrying prudence almost to excess.

Those who know them best are most inclined to believe that the

Cubans, comprising about four-fifths of the 1,500,000 population of the island, as compared to 300,000 Spaniards, are well qualified for self-government. Under equitable laws they would make excellent subjects. Their leaders have been educated in the States or Europe. Those who have settled abroad have shown law-abiding and industrious dispositions, and in many cases have become leaders in the liberal professions in lands where the standard of competition is far higher than in Cuba. Nothing but outrage after outrage, taxation pushed beyond the limit of endurance, abuses insupportable by self-respecting manhood, have urged these people to renew their struggles for liberty time and again. They are not turbulent by nature. Their happiest time was the brief era in which they prospered under British rule. But, subjected to extortion for the benefit of "carpet-baggers" assigned to their government that they might enrich themselves, shut off from all public means of education, destitute of freedom in speech, press or religion, harassed and hoodwinked on every possible occasion, they relinquished the spade for the machete and bestial patience for human protest.

Early in the history of the ten years' war they gave a remarkable exhibition of their respect for law. The hero of that movement, the man who raised the standard of revolt, while serving as the first president of the embryo republic, usurped powers exceeding those to which the constitution entitled him. He was impeached, offered no resistance, and was deposed, and a striking precedent was established of the Cuban patriots' devotion to the laws of their own creation. There probably is no offshoot of the Latin race better qualified than the Cuban for satisfactory self-government. Americans have no intrinsic love or admiration for the Cubans as a people. But Cubans are seen to be striving to free themselves from a thralldom compared to which British rule in America was an equitable partnership. Spain's futile attempts to maintain her corrupt supremacy, make what was regarded as British injustice seem like a trifling error of judgment, and are accompanied by atrocities which ill assort with modern ideas of civilization or christianity. These things, and the brave stand made by the revolutionists, more than compensate for that contempt which Americans, as Anglo-Saxons, feel for the Latin race, and arouse a consideration for Cubans in their struggle on a par with that usually reserved for men of better breed.

In the last moments Spain made sundry concessions with a view rather to place herself more favourably in the eyes of the Powers than from any sincere desire to remove the cause of the complaints made by the United States. She appropriated funds nominally for the relief of her starving subjects, none of which could get to them past her hungry soldiers and rapacious officers. She nominally repealed the cruel order of concentration which caused the starvation,

leaving the execution of the repeal to district military officers who would heed it no more than they had heeded the suffering which the original order had caused. She nominally proclaimed a suspension of hostilities, which meant nothing with her knowledge that the revolutionists whom she had failed to recognise would not pay the slightest heed to any such proclamation unaccompanied by a guarantee that it was to be followed by the absolute independence of the island. But she curtly suggested arbitration of the *Maine* issue after flaunting in opposition to the verdict of the American Board the finding of her own Court of Inquiry that the explosion was due to internal causes. The Spanish investigation was notoriously superficial, and the slight evidence obtained was furnished to order in consonance with a preconceived decision. Spain's early, frequent, and persistent denials that the harbour of Havana was mined have no weight here, where her habitual mendacity is known, except as an indication that with the admission that the harbour contained submarine explosives would come conviction of responsibility for, if not actual official complicity in, the *Maine* disaster.

To understand fully the attitude assumed toward Spain by the United States it is necessary to understand the people of this country, and that is almost impossible except by living with them for some time, and then possible only when they are regarded without any sort of preconceived notions or prejudice as to their character. Given to flamboyance of speech, passionate outbursts of emotion, and apparently sudden reversals of opinion, Americans have come to be the Wild Man of the West in the eyes of Europe. It were better and more near the truth to regard them as the child among nations with the virtues of childhood, no less than the ignorance and faults of youth. Rejoicing in their growing strength they strut and shout at times in a fashion distasteful and disturbing to their reposeful elders. But it would be hard to cite a case in which that strength has been used, as is often the strength of the child, to bully some weaker creature. Quick to speech, and given to bluster, the louder voices of the nation are naturally farthest heard. But they carry least weight at home. The few strange beings which would have the country swagger at large, with a ship on either shoulder, aching for a fight, are far more remarkable for their noisiness than their influence. They have been loudest in their calls for increase in the country's armament, and the little heed paid to their cries may be well estimated by the amount of preparation which was found necessary to meet the stress of the present emergency.

Riotous in speech as few are, this people is peculiarly sober in action. It knows when to pause, and always pauses for a breathing space before setting in motion deeds which are irretrievable. With supreme distaste and distrust for the chicanery of diplomacy, this

people dabbles therein as little as may be, and then with a nervous fear that in what it regards as a contest in mendacity and treachery it cannot compete successfully with experts trained by centuries of usage. Once given the conviction that its rights are at stake or its honour in jeopardy, it plants its feet with a clumsiness which may excite ridicule, but a firmness certain to command respect in the long run. Outspoken to a fault, the States find the polished smoothness of Spain merely the cover for duplicity. To a people believing in quick action, the eternal "manana" of the Spaniards, the to-morrow which never comes, the road of by-and-by, leading to the City of Forgetfulness, have been a frequent source of irritation. Space forbids a rehearsal of a long series of the acts of Spain dating from the earliest days of American independence to to-day, which have been the cause of recurrent friction between the two countries. The wonder is not that Spain is told to go now, but that her notice to quit has been delayed as long. A journalist of repute in London recently said with force that had England been in the place of the United States, Spain would have been driven out of Cuba bag and baggage long ago.

Picture Bulgaria with its sufferings at the hands of Turkey placed near any one of the European Powers, and so isolated from the others that there could be no talk of interference on its behalf upsetting the balance of power on the Continent. Imagine the Turk to have shown lack of power to rule Bulgaria as conspicuously as lack of humanity. There is, under such circumstances, no one of the "Christian nations" but would have interfered with a strong hand to oust the oppressor and comfort the oppressed in far less time and with far less ceremony than have been used by the United States in telling Spain that it is time for its *régime* of rapine and starvation in Cuba to cease. If there be a doubt as to the action of any "Christian nation" of Europe under these hypothetical conditions, that government which gave rise to such doubt would most surely become an object for the unanswerable and derisive scorn of its fellows so soon as the conditions became matter of common knowledge. This is a "nation of shopkeepers," a people of hard, practical, commercial reasoning almost to the extent that England ever was. But honour never was dearer to any people than to this, and the realisation that honour is imperilled by the continuance of Spanish atrocities in Cuba has been brought home in force. While there is probably no people in the world more ardently devoted to the pursuit of material wealth, there certainly is none less sordid. It is the spirit of the generous gambler, rather than any miserly meanness, which urges it to its tremendous pace in the pursuit of money. It has reckoned the cost of expelling Spain from Cuba as the wise man estimates the expense of a tower before setting about its building. But when it has no thought of gain, this people

would relinquish a course, when once convinced of its rectitude, for any financial or material consideration, no sooner than it would set about the deliberate sale of its birthright.

The people of the United States believe that they have duties as well as rights in regarding themselves as the paramount Power in the Western hemisphere. They believe that they are the divinely appointed guardians of all such as are oppressed within the limits of their sway. They have become convinced that on their threshold is such a case of oppression as the civilized world seldom, if ever, witnessed. They know, incidentally, that the oppressor of the weak has been a serious nuisance to them, the strong. They propose that the oppressor shall relinquish a possession which for four centuries he has consistently abused, and at the same time shall rid them of a nuisance. If the oppressor cares to fight for his possession, his blood be on his head.

Such is the attitude of the United States. If Europe calls it jingoism or aggression, this people is content to be known as a jingo and aggressor.

FRED. J. MATHESON.

II.—THE MOURNFUL CASE OF CUBA.

IN order to understand thoroughly the situation in Cuba, and the causes of the strained relations between Spain and the United States, it is necessary to have some knowledge of the social, political, commercial, and religious conditions of the country. The war which has been raging in Cuba, was, like all previous wars, waged against the Government of Spain and the officials and monopolists, who, under Spain's oppressive and iniquitous rule, live and fatten upon the substance of the Cubans. A revolutionary spirit has always been smouldering in the hearts of this oppressed people, on account of their extortionate taxation and the tyrannous *espionnage* and cruelty exercised towards suspected persons. The Cubans had 40,000 or 50,000 well-equipped men in the field, and if every one of them had fallen, 50,000 more were ready to take their places. Yet this revolution of the whole Cuban people against the Government of Spain has been persistently described by Spanish officials as the insurrection of a few bandits, filibusters, robbers and murderers, with the twofold object of misleading European public opinion and justifying, to a certain extent, the war of extermination waged against them.

It was essentially a national uprising—a revolution in which all classes of Cubans took an active part, and everybody with Cuban blood in his veins worked heart and soul against Spain in favour of the island's freedom. This shows the earnestness with which the Cubans regarded the struggle, and they will never give up. They will never abandon the fight until the Spaniards are driven from Cuba, and the island is practically destroyed and the Spaniards starved out.¹ Spain will ultimately be driven out of Cuba as she has been expelled from every country on American soil, and her black shadow will no longer darken the fields of free America.

In Cuba is still perpetuated the *régime* of the dark ages. The very name of Spain is the synonym for oppression, greed, rapacity

(1) On January 17th, 1897, Señor Gonzales de Quesada, of the Cuban Legation at Washington, received two letters, dated December 22nd and 31st, from General Maaso, Vice-President of the Cuban Republic, which entirely disprove the Spanish assertion that the insurgent leaders were willing to compromise and lay down their arms for autonomy or anything short of absolute independence. The following extract from the first of these letters shows this: "Spain will send to Cuba all her army; will spend all her national treasure; will make a devastating campaign without quarter this winter; but all her power and resources will be of no avail against the Cuban revolution, which waves its triumphant flag throughout the island from San Antonio to Maisi Gomez, has passed the Moron *trocha*, and is operating in Las Villas. Calixto Garcia has forced Gualainro to surrender, and the enemy to abandon Casorro, San Miguel de Nuevitas. He has crushed a column of 3,000 men, who were carrying a convoy to Bayamo, and intends to continue his offensive operations so as to completely free the interior of his military department. Cuba has enough strength to constitute herself into a free and independent nation, and she has men who will maintain her free and independent!"

and systematic robbery, and all native Cubans groan under the intolerable rule of an effete and corrupt monarchy. Politically, Cuba is styled the Captain-Generalcy of Havana, and is subject in everything to the authority of the Captain-General, who is the civil as well as the military ruler of the island, which is divided into five civil governorships, viz., La Habana, Matanzas, the Central or Puerto Principe, the Eastern or Santiago de Cuba, and the Western. It is, or rather was, divided again into three military departments—the Western, Central and Eastern—of which the respective capitals are Havana, Puerto Principe and Santiago de Cuba, on the south-east coast. Otherwise Cuba is divided into fiscal, judicial, revenue and ecclesiastical districts. All the offices, military and civil, are filled by men of Spanish birth. The creoles, or native white Cubans, have absolutely no representation in the Government; no redress against tyranny and injustice, and the organized plunder of tax-gatherers. Not one of them—far less a negro—is ever appointed to office, as in the United States: hence the large percentage of negroes in the rebel army. As in Mexico, the Spaniards by birth have always held the creoles in contempt, and allowed them no share in the administration. Every liberal aspiration is stifled at birth. The rebels, therefore, come largely from the population of mixed blood, and many of them are of the planter class, though there are many professional men—doctors and lawyers—besides merchants and students of good Cuban white families amongst them. The ruling class is a bureaucracy, and lives upon the taxes which the planters pay.

The highest Spanish authorities have been obliged to confess that the grievances of the Cubans are just, and their aspiration for liberty legitimate. Marshal Serrano, in his official report of May 10th, 1867, to the Spanish Government, said: “We are forced to acknowledge that in the last years the Treasury of Cuba has been used abusively, which is the cause of the crisis the island goes through now and of the exhaustion of its resources.” Six years later, in 1873, Señor Castelar, when President, endeavoured to convince Spain of the necessity of reforms demanded alike by humanity and civilization, and he deplored making Cuba a “transatlantic Poland.” In 1874, the United States Minister to Spain informed the United States Government “that the entire unwillingness of Spain to do anything towards the amelioration of Cuba was shown by the fact that all the Spanish Governments, since the breaking out of the revolution in 1868, had promised to reform the administration, but the situation of the island was then worse than ever.” And Secretary Fish informed the Spanish Government that most of the evils of which Cuba was the scene were the necessary results of harsh treatment and of the maladministration of the colonial government. Again, in 1875, Mr. Cushing, United States Minister to Madrid, communicated to the United States Govern-

ment a large amount of evidence *from Spanish sources*, showing the demoralisation existing in the administration in Cuba. The Spanish newspapers at that time openly informed the Spanish Government "that war in Cuba could never be ended until the vices of the administration were corrected and its moral tone improved." Spain was exhorted then to make one supreme effort for the pacification of Cuba and its moralisation.

Since the close of the ten years' war in 1878 to the beginning of the war in 1895, Spain had received from Cuba five hundred million pesetas; one of the largest appropriations being the sum set apart for military roads, because in all the revolutions the lack of good roads for artillery has been the greatest obstacle to the success of the Spanish troops. But of this enormous sum not a peseta has been devoted to the construction of new roads, and consequently the Spanish army has again been unable to transport its artillery, and has been deluded, hoodwinked, and outflanked by the Cubans at will, because, in accordance with their guerilla warfare, the narrower and more tortuous the passage, the better they can fight, and if defeated they can often take refuge in impenetrable morasses or woods. General Weyler's assurances of early pacification were ridiculed by foreigners and military men, as well as by the Cubans. General Lee, the U.S. Consul-General, has repeatedly expressed the opinion that the insurrection will never be subdued; but Weyler had no desire to terminate the war, being only anxious to make hay while the sun shines, and he is said to have amassed a princely fortune.

Cuba is now a barren waste! All the farms were burned to the ground long ago in the path through which the Cubans marched from one end of the island to the other up to within five miles of Havana. Every farm in Pinar del Rio was destroyed, and even the fences were burned as well as the houses, and the churches were also destroyed to prevent the Spaniards from utilising them for fortifications. Nearly all the other provinces were in the same condition; for when the insurgents reached small places of from 500 to 1,000 inhabitants, they took everything in the stores and private houses and then burned them, while the people fled to Havana and the other fortified cities. Such was the account given a year and a-half ago by Señor Angel La Madrid Cuesta, a wealthy Spanish merchant, who was compelled to abandon his business in Cuba on account of the devastation of the island, and this state of things has since been confirmed by scores of other eye-witnesses of this desolation. Since then, by order of Weyler, the Spaniards have followed suit, and laid waste the country in their turn, the object of each party being to starve the other out. Weyler's second campaign in Pinar del Rio was marked by one of the most shocking butcheries of the war.¹

(1) He fixed his headquarters at San Cristobal, and issued a proclamation ordering all the Cuban families in the neighbourhood to leave their homes and come into the city.

Weyler turned loose a rabble of volunteers, the dregs of the country, whose only object in joining the army was the commission of crime on defenceless people; but the reckless butchery of this rabble was rivalled by the atrocities of the Spanish regular troops, especially by those of the Pizarro regiment, appropriately named; and meanwhile the effusion of blood, the waste of the island by torch, pestilence and famine, and the wholesale destruction of property, including American property, proceed more briskly than ever, according to fifteenth-century methods at the close of the nineteenth century. The homes of the Cubans were burnt, their property destroyed, and these unoffending *pacíficos*—men, women, and children alike—relegated to the so-called “zones of protection,” in reality “zones of starvation.” A delegate from the United States Consulate visited the small town of Artemesia, which, before the war, had a population of 3,000, but which he found crowded by 12,000 *pacíficos* driven from their homes to starve to death. Within the Spanish lines in the so-called “pacified” districts, the military authorities refused to permit the starving people to go a few yards only beyond the lines to dig potatoes, and spared no pains to increase their misery. At Guanabacoa, opposite Havana, the Mayor ordered the soldiers to demolish the frail shelters of these unhappy people, leaving women and children dying of small-pox exposed to the rain. Along the line of the Western railway, in the Pinar del Rio district, there were miles of corpses, food for the vultures, and between Pinar del Rio city and Havana an Englishman—a correspondent of the *New York Journal*—counted 300 dead bodies on the embankments near the line, with flocks of vultures hovering over them; the pestilential odours from the putrefying corpses being intolerable. The scene was the abomination of desolation; the starving inhabitants pressing on until unable to proceed further, and then lying down to die. These horrors fully equal, if they do not surpass, any of the historical atrocities in Poland, Bulgaria, or Armenia. The war has already nearly ruined the trade of the United States with Cuba, and if it had been allowed to continue much longer, Cuba would have nothing left to sell and nothing wherewith to buy. Agriculture and mining are already ruined, and \$50,000,000 of American capital invested in the island are seriously imperilled, not to mention American security upon plantations, &c., for about \$40,000,000;

In obedience to the proclamation nearly two hundred men, women, and children left their homes and went to San Cristobal. Ere long food became scarce, and the ejected people appealed to Weyler to be permitted to return to their homes, where they could get something to eat. He finally consented, and the Cubans left. Two days afterwards Weyler ordered an officer to take a *bataillon* and raid the country around San Cristobal. The officer was ordered to “lay waste the country,” and to treat all persons in arms as enemies. The country was devastated, and a dozen Cuban families were exterminated! Many Cubans fled to the woods, or the butchery would have been greater. Among those slaughtered were Juan Garcia, his wife and son; José Calvo and two brothers; Señora Ybarra, her son and daughter; and the Sandoval family of five persons. All were *pacíficos*, i.e., neutrals, taking no part whatever in the rebellion.

while the trade of Cuba, about \$80,000,000 more, is virtually lost. If intervention by the United States was ever to come, it was bound to come soon, or there would have been no property left to be saved.

Spain is virtually bankrupt and can borrow no more money, while the rebellion is costing her a million pesetas daily, or nearly £15,000,000 sterling a year, and the deficit of the Cuban budget in 1885 was between six and eight millions of dollars. There is no extraordinary resource at Spain's command, except a further issue of paper money at heavy discount, which is a forced loan. As to her railways, constructed by foreign capital on a 99 years' lease, with certain guarantees from her Government, the time of these leases being only about half expired, it might have been possible to obtain a renewal for cash; but as the Spanish Government has failed in its guarantee, even this could now hardly be effected. She might obtain, it is true, a few millions from the Rothschilds on the Almaden silver mines; but that would not materially alter matters. Weyler's campaign in the Santa Clara province was a most ignominious failure. The Spaniards have been defeated over and over again. At Ceniza, under Weyler's command, they lost 500 killed and wounded, and were utterly routed. At Calabazas and Cabaiguan they were defeated with heavy loss by Gomez; and while the Spanish troops are becoming demoralised, the Cubans, flushed by victory, are energetically following up their successes. Up till quite recently the insurgents laboured under the serious disadvantage of being insufficiently supplied with arms and ammunition; there being in Gomez's army often only one rifle to three men; but they are now abundantly supplied with all the requisite *matériel de guerre*, owing to the successful landing of numerous filibustering expeditions from the United States. Another point in the insurgents' favour is that Spain has sent to Cuba young soldiers, unused to the climate and hardships, and unacquainted with the methods of warfare of the rebels. The rainy season brings fever in its train, which sweeps off the Spanish soldiers because of their ignorance of the conditions, for while the Cubans dress in wools and clothing suitable to the climate, the Spaniards wear the linen clothes of their home army, which are worse than useless in the swampy malarial grounds they are obliged to traverse. Menaced by Carlism and anarchy at home, Spain, alone and without an ally, is obviously in no condition to go to war with the United States.

A barbarous war of extermination has lately been waged on both sides. The Cubans, who have hitherto conducted the war in a civilised manner, and spared the lives of their Spanish prisoners, have now been driven to retaliation. At the end of December, 1896, Gomez stormed Cieba y Davila, a town on the old *trocha* between Jaruco and Moron, and took 145 prisoners, all of whom were shot, in accordance with a manifesto addressed to the Spanish authorities a

few days previously to the effect that as the Spaniards had refused to agree to conduct a humane war, it was now an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and he would treat Spanish prisoners just as Weyler had treated the *pacíficos*. For the Spanish nature has not changed since the days of Alva, Torquemada, and Cortes. It is as cruel and relentless as ever, and still imagines that the only way to suppress insurrection is to exterminate and destroy.¹ Weyler simply followed the example of Calleja in Mexico and Morillo in Columbia, so that the contest in Cuba has assumed a character peculiarly savage and horrible; the war being not only a war of death and vengeance but of desolation and destruction. The barbarous extermination of non-combatants by the Spaniards is as bad as the Armenian massacres; for scarcely a day passes without some report of brutal assassinations of innocent, defenceless people. On June 1st, 1896, Simon Yruri, a prominent citizen of Jaruco, in Havana province, was arrested merely on suspicion of being a rebel sympathizer, and publicly shot in the square of the town by order of General Melquizo. This execution aroused general indignation when it was known that Melquizo had ordered it on his own authority without consulting the Captain-General, who is the only official empowered to order such executions. On the following day a detachment of Spanish troops commanded by Colonel Ochoa, near Jaruco, captured a boy of fifteen named Juan Rodriguez, who was so ill that he could hardly move without assistance. The unhappy creature was dragged from his home near Castiguas and butchered on the Tapaste road *for the sole crime of being a cousin of a leader in the rebel army*. On June 4th Lorenzo Medina, a native of the Canary Islands, and Juan Toledo—both well known and esteemed at Jaruco—were arrested on unknown charges, and, although promised a prompt release, were brutally murdered. According to a special telegram from Key West, in the *New York Herald* of July 23rd, the Spaniards captured some rebel hospitals at Isabel and Magdalena, in the province of Matanzas. Two doctors named Roig and Izquierdo, surgeons of the Cuban army, in charge, were both put to the *machete*; while the helpless sick and wounded were murdered in their beds, and the building afterwards burned over their heads to conceal the barbarous butchery. In the third week in January, 1896, another Cuban hospital, in the Siguanea Mountains near Cienfuegos, was captured by Spanish troops. The Cuban soldiers defending the sick and wounded made a heroic fight as long as their ammunition lasted, but were finally massacred.

(1) Cortes died in Spain, but his remains were brought back to Mexico, where they remained while the Spanish tyranny continued; but as soon as Mexico had shaken off the yoke of Spain they were sent back again to that country to prevent them from being gibbeted or flung on a dunghill, and they now rest in the vault of his descendants, the Dukes of Monteleone, in Sicily. And now the Aztecs again sit on the throne of the Montezumas, and men with lank hair and tawny skins once more direct the destinies of Mexico.

THE MOURNFUL CASE OF CUBA.

Dr. Soler, the surgeon, came out, waving a white flag, and bearing the insignia of the Red Cross, to ask for mercy ; but was shot down and despatched by the *machete*. A sick American raised the Stars and Stripes ; but the work of Spanish bayonets was short and bloody. *Not a prisoner was taken, and not even women nurses were spared !* Then the Spaniards set fire to the hospital, which was burned down over the bodies of the victims.

On the 13th April, 1897, a Cuban hospital was surprised between the villages of Guanches and Jesus Maria, in the province of Havana, in which about 100 sick and wounded were being treated. All but three were butchered by the Spaniards, who did not even spare two old women nurses. In May twenty sick men in another hospital near Govea in the same province were bayoneted in their beds. A young Spanish soldier from Galicia, who refused to join in this assassination of defenceless people and protested against it, was shot dead by a lieutenant. Prior to those atrocities, in March, another Cuban hospital near Ojo del Agua, in the Province of Santa Clara, was raided by Colonel Segura. The thirteen inmates were put to the *machete*, and the building burned over them. Near Wamacas another hospital was captured, and twelve more Cubans macheted or bayoneted. Innocent women and little girls captured near Sigüarea were thrown into prison. In the same month, at Sancti Spiriti, six prominent Cuban merchants were shot in cold blood by Weyler's volunteers. Innumerable similar outrages have been reported and fully authenticated. But what has, perhaps, most shocked public opinion in the United States has been the systematic persecution of refined Cuban ladies of gentle birth, who have been subjected to nameless outrages and imprisoned for weeks along with *las recojidas*, or the lowest class of abandoned women, by Weyler, merely on the ground of their being distantly related to some of the insurgents—often for no reason whatever.

The times have changed, but not the priests nor the old time-honoured methods of the *Santa Hermandad* or *Santo Oficio*. It is the renewal of the Inquisition in Cuba that has produced so many heroines and a martyr-patriot-hero like Antonio Maceo—the most prominent figure in the ten years' war as in the actual revolution—who resembled the Lacedæmonians in being born not for himself but for his country. He had six brothers and four half-brothers. Of his brothers, Rafael, wounded several times, died in exile. Miguel and Julio were both killed in battle. Thomas lives, suffering from old wounds, and Marcos has been prominent in the Cuban cause. José, who was killed some time ago, was the last of the brothers able to share with the late-lamented Antonio the hardships and perils of a campaign. Of his half-brothers, Justo was killed ; Felipe permanently disabled by wounds ; Manuel and Fermin fought all through the war without serious hurt. General Antonio Maceo's father was killed in

the former war, fighting under his son's orders. "*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*" Since then, Antonio Maria Maceo, a nephew of the late General Antonio Maceo, who until recently had been serving on board the United States cruiser *Bennington*, applied to the Cuban Junta in New York for information as to the best way to get to Cuba to join the insurgent forces. Maceo landed in Cuba in March, 1895, and in September was proclaimed Lieutenant-General of the Cuban army. Some idea of his bravery may be formed from the fact that at the time of his exile, after the ten years' war, he bore the scars of twenty-four wounds—twenty the marks of bullets and four the scars of the sword and *machete*. He was the terror of the Spaniards, and his treacherous murder aroused the most intense indignation in the United States. His death may be said to have sounded the death-knell of Spanish rule in Cuba.¹

In the Italian Chamber of Deputies, Signor Imbriani said, "that in the name of the Italian Radicals he sent the Cubans a salutation to the noble memory of General Antonio Maceo, who had died for his country." "Rebellion," he declared, "is not only the right but the duty of the oppressed, and glory comes to those who die in such a cause," and his speech was received with prolonged applause.

Backed up so strongly as it was in the Senate, the public sentiment could be resisted only to a certain point, beyond which even the strongest opposition in Congress must ultimately yield. The cruel and inhuman butchery of the Spaniards, superadded to the persistent massacre of American citizens, and the destruction of their property, aroused intense indignation. Mr. Morgan, in a speech in the Senate, on December 15th, 1897, declared "that the people and property of the island were the prey of commissioned guerillas—robbers, cut-throats, assassins, ravishers and pirates—and that an end must be put to this saturnalia of blood and fire." President Cleveland long ago warned Spain that the time for decisive action was near at hand; yet Weyler paid no heed to the warning, and continued to butcher and torture Cubans and Americans as merrily as ever, notwithstanding President McKinley's subsequent official declaration of his policy, "that his Government was firmly resolved to protect American citizens in Cuba

(1) A Spanish editor, named Catañan, crossed over to Key West from Havana to fight a duel with a man there who had spoken strongly against the Spanish Government. He was applauded for his patriotism, and when he left Cuba the prayers and good wishes of her entire people were supposed to go with him. But "*l'homme propose mais Dieu dispose,*" for he came back a week afterwards in a coffin! The Spanish authorities allowed his remains to "*lie in state*" for some days, after which they were interred with due ceremony in a stone vault, in the door of which was placed a pane of glass. Some weeks afterwards five students from an academy were strolling past and peeped in, when one of them accidentally scratched the glass with a diamond worn upon his finger. The mark was detected the same day; the offenders were arrested, and, after a mock trial, *all five were placed up against a wall and shot.* A father stood by and offered a fortune for the life of his only son, but without avail! The history of Cuban martyrology has deeply stirred the heart of the American nation.

at all hazards," and his words on June 18th, 1896, prior to his election, which are well worth remembering: "We watch with deep and abiding interest the heroic battle of the Cuban patriots against cruelty and oppression, and our best hopes go out for the full success of their determined contest for liberty. The Government of Spain having lost control of Cuba, and being unable to protect the property or lives of resident American citizens, or to comply with its treaty obligations, we believe that the Government of the United States should actively use its influence and good offices to restore peace and give independence to the island."

It was felt that the people of the United States, having the power to terminate this war, were morally responsible for its prolongation. It should not be forgotten that a recognition of belligerency by the United States means also a recognition by Mexico and all the Republics of Central and South America, who will inevitably follow the lead of the United States in a recognition of Cuban independence; for the Latin-American Republics are in active sympathy with the rebellion. After the victory of Bayamo, in July, 1896, when the insurgents defeated and nearly captured the Captain-General, Martinez Campos, and gained possession of the whole eastern half of the island, the fact of their belligerency was established; and if further evidence was needed, it was furnished by the subsequent victory at Coliseo, on December 24th, when the insurgents drove the Captain-General back to Havana, and gained military control of the western provinces. The strongest evidence of the Cuban Republic's title to recognition is that Spain has been unable to crush the insurrection by warfare conducted on civilized lines. The Hispano-American Republics have not only made the United States Government aware of their attitude in preferring the United States to take the lead in the recognition of Cuban belligerency and independence, but in more than one case have expressed the wish to give more practical expression of their sympathy with the people of Cuba, who are only following the examples of all the descendants of Spanish colonizers from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn.

Two plausible arguments were urged against recognising the independence of Cuba: (1) that the insurgents had no fixed seat of government; (2) that Spain would declare war against the United States. The answer to the first is that the Cuban Republic is in the field fighting so far successfully, and has half-a-dozen good Generals—Calixto Garcia, Jesus Rabi, Carrillo, Rodriguez, Quintin Bandera, Aranguen, Castillo, Rosas, and Cerillo—besides Gomez to replace Maceo. For nearly three years it has withstood the whole military and naval strength of Spain. Diplomatic history shows that President Monroe recognised the Governments of Buenos Ayres, Colombia, and Chili, when they had no firmly established govern-

ment, and no place to which the United States could dispatch the Ministers who were accredited to these new sovereign States. In at least two cases it was several months before President Monroe could find a place in those countries to which he could send his Ministers. There are thus ample precedents for the recognition of Cuba; and intervention must follow recognition, if intervention be necessary to secure Cuba's freedom. The reply to the second was, that business interests, which, in certain exceptional cases, might be opposed to the recognition of Cuban independence, are hostile to the national honour. It is not, however, the outlook that stocks may go down, or even that United States' investors in Cuba will be impoverished or ruined, nor the consideration of greatly diminished exports and imports, that has so roused the people of the United States to demand the extension of a helping hand to the struggling patriots, as the barbarous cruelties of the Spanish Generals both to the Cubans and American citizens. Nor will the fact that business may be still further disturbed prevent that demand from becoming irresistible. It is true that the mere fact that Spain has placed an almost insuperable barrier in the way of American merchants, should they attempt to enter her ports with American products, in the form of a protective tariff, which resembles, in many respects, the policy once pursued by England against her American colonies, of which the "Boston tea party" was the direct result, has proved very detrimental to American interests. For while the United States purchases, at least, more than seventy per cent. of everything Cuba has to sell, Cuba in return buys from the United States less than twenty per cent. of the articles she imports—chiefly flour, petroleum, and other non-competitive articles, which Spain is unable to furnish; so that it is to the land of the Stars and Stripes that Cuba must look, since, as long as beets are grown in Europe, the product of the sugar cane will find no market on the European side of the Atlantic. Thus, the mother country pockets annually, through her antiquated institutions, the Yankee millions, which, under proper conditions of trade, would be returned to the people of the United States in payment for American coal, iron, and manufactured goods, which are often sent to Spain and then re-shipped to Cuba, as the only practical method of getting into the latter country. Owing to the backwardness of Spanish industries, and the inability of Spain to supply Cuba with the products she requires, the Cubans have to consume Spanish articles of inferior quality, or pay exorbitant prices for foreign goods, owing to the prohibitive duties imposed, which merely place large sums in the Spanish exchequer. Spanish merchants practise a novel fraud by nationalizing foreign products for importation into Cuba, and thus the senseless commercial policy of Spain is the cause of inextinguishable discontent.

It is true, also, that Cuba is within the economic orbit of the

United States, and that the commerce of the island is a strong factor in the Cuban problem, inasmuch as it is the active agent of civilisation everywhere; and sugar is omnipotent from the purely commercial American point of view. There are, it is true, certain fixed economic laws, which are as sure in their operation as gravitation, and must inevitably affect the ultimate destiny of Cuba. But there are higher motives for intervention by the United States than the important commercial relations which might be established under equitable trade conditions, though comparatively little attention until quite recently has been given to them, or to the claims which the struggling people of Cuba, in their efforts to shake off the heavy yoke of their Spanish taskmasters, have upon humanity. For the mere existence, almost under the shadow of the flag of the free institutions of the United States, of a government as despotic as that of the Czar, in the eyes of all patriotic Americans, is a monstrous anachronism. This is what touches the national conscience, and this is why the senators who have supported the resolution for the recognition of the independence of Cuba, spoke truly for the United States.

Congress acted under an irresistible pressure from the American people, who are determined that Cuba shall be free. A barbarous war has been waged by Spain against the people of an American island, who have again been driven to revolt to emancipate themselves from an oppression so intolerable that Cubans infinitely prefer death on the battle-field to its nameless horrors. The United States will never permit the pearl of the Antilles—a land that has the brightest possibilities for a people of intelligence and enterprise—to be a slave pen and the abiding place of slaughter and destruction. Geographically, Cuba, at the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico and about midway between the Florida Keys and Yucatan, is in American waters; and politically she is entitled to Statehood in the continent of American Republics. With an area of over 47,000 square miles and a coast line 2,200 miles in length, the "Queen of the Antilles" is manifestly destined either to be an independent republic or to be annexed to the United States and incorporated in the American union. From the American point of view, Cuba ought to belong to the United States, for the reason that Cuba is the key to the Gulf of Mexico and all the southern coasts of the United States. The islands of the Caribbean stand like outposts to the Gulf of Mexico, and almost every European power owns one or more of these islands. England, France, Germany, Spain, and Denmark—each has its outposts there—which, in the event of war, would form their coaling and victualling stations; but Cuba is the most valuable of all the islands, and is of vital strategic, as well as commercial, importance to the United States.

G. H. D. GOSSIP.

THE BREAKDOWN OF OUR CHINESE POLICY.

"C'est pour amuser les badauds," said a foreign diplomatist to me the other day, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders, when I asked him what he thought of the Chinese pledges to Great Britain, relative to the non-alienation of the Yangtze Valley. As a statement of fact, I am not disposed to quarrel with this remark. Had its author, however, been the servant of a democratic state, he would, probably, have put it in a less acid form. For nowadays, in the West at least, "les badauds" are masters of the situation. "The sound of their bewildered thousandfold voice," said Mr. Carlyle a generation ago, "is heard in all meetings and speakings, in all thinkings and modes and activities of men. The Gods have appointed it so; no Pitt, nor body of Pitts, or mortal creatures, can appoint it otherwise." Hence, "amuser les badauds" is often a very serious duty of the newest statesmanship. It is, in a measure, the safeguard of national prestige, and prestige signifies place and power for Ministers at home, while for our people abroad it means confidence and all the material advantages which that moral condition infallibly begets.

When, therefore, I am told that the action of the British Government in acquiring a lease of Wei-hai-wei from China is, for strategical reasons, unwise, I am not disposed to agree. It is, indeed, my conviction that, in the circumstances, it was eminently justifiable, and for the reason that it was calculated at a critical moment, when just that sort of action was required, to "amuser les badauds."

Consider the state of the public mind, at home and in China, when the news was received that Port Arthur, the Gibraltar of the Far East—one might almost say in the *badaud* vein, the Constantinople of Eastern Asia—had passed into the hands of the Power which Mr. Urquhart was so fond of calling the Colossus of the North. At home, the rising tide of popular dissatisfaction with the foreign policy of Ministers, had at last reached the very citadel of the Government's Parliamentary strength. What the grumblings of the less responsible Conservative papers had long indicated, and what the bye-elections had foreshadowed, had found expression in the ultra-Ministerial *Times* in this wise:—

"By vacillation in action, combined with a persistent adherence to a theory which it did little to realise, the Government of this country has simply, as the French say, assisted at the carrying out of changes vitally affecting not only our more immediate commercial interests, but our political position and prestige throughout the Far East. Her Majesty's Government is now awaiting the inevitable confirmation of an accomplished fact, which need not have been accomplished

at all had it shown an adequate grasp of the essential factors in the problem, or a capacity for foreseeing the action that would be taken by other Powers in furtherance of aims which were no secret."¹

This was mild in comparison with what some of the public journals were saying, and what a good many Unionists at St. Stephen's were whispering to one another. The public generally were, as the *Times* said, a prey to "exasperating doubt and perplexity." There was, as Lord Selborne admitted in an expostulatory speech a few days later, "a common notion that the country had been put upon,"² and this feeling grew, as Mr. Balfour subsequently observed, into "a condition of considerable irritable anxiety."³ In short, the Government had fallen on the evil days of a very pronounced unpopularity, not through any adroit tactics of the Opposition, or any passing whim of the constituencies, but because a widespread conviction had slowly and solidly formed itself that the Foreign Office was in weak hands.

It was, however, not alone "the bewildered thousandfold voice" at home that the Government had to consider. In the Foreign settlements at the Chinese Treaty ports, in the native mercantile communities, and especially in the Yamêns at Peking, there were other and less stable categories of *badauds* to be reckoned with. The worst that the dissatisfaction at home could do was to upset the Cabinet, and that was very remote; but an impression of British impotence in the Far East meant something much more serious. It meant an actual and immediate shrinkage of British trade, and the possible predominance at Peking of a hostile power whose counsels and efforts might, and no doubt would, be systematically employed to still further circumscribe our mercantile activities. Of the reality of this danger we have abundant evidence, but it will suffice to quote a couple of examples.

A valuable Report on the state of British trade in China, published by the Foreign Office last year, contains a communication from the Shanghai Committee of the China Association, in the course of which that body makes the following observation:—

"The Committee are impressed with the belief that, in former years, when British influence in China was potent, the affairs of commerce had much more consideration at Her Majesty's Legation than they receive at present; and that the tendency of the time is to make British commercial interests in China entirely subservient to the exigencies of the diplomatic situation in Europe."⁴

That this was really the *état d'esprit* of the British merchant in the Treaty ports can scarcely be doubted in view of the representative character of the body from which the statement emanates. Mr. Consul Brennan, however, in an earlier portion of the same Report,

(1) Leading article, March 26, 1898.

(2) Speech at Liberal Union Club, March 29.

(3) Debate, House of Commons, April 5.

(4) Consular Reports (1897), No. 1909, China, p. 36.

bears independent testimony to the existence of this pessimist feeling, and, at the same time, shows how paralysing was its influence on British trade. He is discussing the impediments placed by the Mandarins in the way of trade with internal markets, notwithstanding treaty rights giving our merchants access to them on reasonable conditions, and he asks why a stand is not made for their rights? Here is his answer :—

“ [One reason is] the misgivings which fill the minds of British merchants lest they should not receive adequate support and protection from their own authorities when they are in difficulties, an apprehension that they will be left to shift for themselves, and that the British authorities will allow them to suffer unjust losses. *It is this sense of insecurity which has discouraged our pioneers of the treaty ports*, and causes the British merchant to keep clear of any ventures except such as from his own experience or that of others he knows to be not only legitimate but also safe.”¹

So much for public feeling in the Treaty ports.

Among the Chinese themselves the prevalent opinion was not very different, and its effects were not less serious. The Celestial did not perhaps assert so positively the impotence of Great Britain, but he had long ceased to regard her as the predominant Power in the Far East. Whether she had undergone some decaying transformation or other he probably did not know and he certainly did not enquire. Sufficient for him that her power and her claim to a primary voice in Chinese affairs were no longer manifest. In his view, Russia had taken her place from the moment when, despite the dissent of England, the Tsar had demanded and obtained a revision of the Treaty of Shimonoseki in face of the victorious arms of Japan. All the statesmen of the Tsung-li Yamên had indeed made up their minds that the Empire was either at the mercy of Russia or dependent for its integrity on Russian friendship. Even the common people spoke of little else than the proximate removal of the court to Shansi and the intended cession of Peking to the Muscovite.² The degree in which this state of affairs threatened British interests is not to be questioned. Apart from our loss of prestige throughout Asia, where, for nearly half a century, every Bazaar had rung with the rivalry of Great Britain and Russia, there was the practical and concrete danger of a great protectionist Power becoming the arbiter of a volume of British trade worth, in round figures, £40,000,000 annually.

This then was the condition of the public mind at the moment when the Russian flag was hoisted over Port Arthur. That at home it became articulate in imprecations of the Government, that among British merchants in the Treaty ports it passed into a deeper and more enervating gloom, and that in Peking its Russophilism became

(1) *Consular Reports* (1897). No. 1909. China, p. 13.

(2) *North China Herald*, March 14, 1898, p. 401.

still more helpless and resigned, is not surprising. Apart altogether from considerations of naval bases and the balance of power, which the *badauds* may be excused from understanding, seeing that the experts themselves are hopelessly divided upon them, Port Arthur in Russian hands meant to the general public the crowning success of the Far-Eastern section of the anti-English policy of Russia. It was the visible symbol of Russian predominance and of the effacement of Great Britain, a notice to quit to the British merchant. Whether this impression was correct or not need not be discussed. That it appeared, as was believed, to be justified, and that it was pregnant with material disaster to British interests, are sufficient for the practical purposes of my argument. For the point I wish to make is that the problem before the Government was less the counter-balancing in a purely military and technical sense of the Russian move on Port Arthur than the demonstration to the *badauds*, both British and Chinese, that England was not afraid to act, that she had at length awoken, and that she was determined to uphold and extend her commercial position in China, and to contest the exclusive domination of any other foreign Power in Peking. It was a question of what the Germans call *Völkerpsychologie* rather than politics. What was required was something showy rather than something sound. If the showy and the sound could be combined, so much the better, but the showy came first.

For this purpose nothing could have been better than the leasing of Wei-hai-wei. It is true that we might have threatened war, which would have been still more impressive, but unfortunately we had already sacrificed at Kiao-Chau, if not in our earlier attitude towards the Treaty of Shimonoseki, the only policy by which so extreme a course could have been decently justified. Some other place might have been more suitable from the military point of view, and there is good expert reason for believing that no fresh naval base at all would have been quite as advantageous, if not actually preferable. But how win over our British and Chinese Mandarins to this view? What do they know of primary and secondary naval bases? They wanted some concrete action which in the light of their limited historical experience, and the facile illustration of school atlases, would visibly balance the Russian *coup*. Where better could they have it than at Wei-hai-wei?

That harbour is opposite Port Arthur, of which it is the corresponding leaf in the double gateway of the Gulf of Pechili. It is the second strong place in China, and, however inferior in that respect to Port Arthur, it certainly made a better stand against the Japanese in the last war. It may be true that its possession could not prevent the overland march of a Russian army on Peking, but that for the present is a remote contingency. Its general effect in British

hands appears to be to prevent a Russian monopoly of the Gulf of Pechili, which is a sort of aqueous courtyard of the Chinese capital. It is a visible symbol that henceforth Russia is not to have everything her own way in China, and hence it is calculated to infuse confidence into the Treaty ports, and to rescue the Tsung-li Yamên from exclusive dependence on one Power. It will be admitted, I think, that it has been successful in producing this effect, and since, under the lamentable circumstance, this was the essential thing to strive for, Downing Street deserves the credit of having so far succeeded.

Were the Government a sort of Cabinet of Rip Van Winkles, suddenly brought face to face with a crisis which had grown and matured while they had been blamelessly slumbering, the political student might rest satisfied with this justification of their action—putting aside, of course, the question of the real value of Wei-hai-wei, which is a matter of controversy. Unfortunately for them, however, this is not the case. Great Britain has had, for a good many years, a policy in China which the Government inherited, and of which they are the responsible custodians. The lease of Wei-hai-wei must consequently be considered in the light of that policy, and the present state of the policy must be examined in the light of Wei-hai-wei. Is Wei-hai-wei an application of, or a departure from, our traditional policy, and if perchance it be the latter, does it initiate a better policy or a worse?

Before answering this question it may be well to set forth briefly what has hitherto been understood to be our China policy. It may be summed up in the familiar phrase, "integrity and independence of the Chinese dominions." That its formulation in these definite terms is not of very considerable antiquity I am ready to admit, but this is only because, until very recent years, nothing had occurred in China proper to render its affirmation necessary, although it was always distinctly implied in the nature, growth and recognised possibilities of our mercantile interests. When, for example, in 1857, Lord Clarendon instructed Lord Elgin to endeavour to obtain the opening of the whole of China to foreign trade, in which all nations should participate on an equal footing,¹ the doctrine of territorial integrity and independence was clearly implied.² It has been ingeniously argued that Article IV. of the Bocca Tigris Convention, in which we engage to defend "Chusan and its dependencies" against foreign aggression, constitutes a guarantee of Chinese territorial integrity within the area of British interests. Chusan, it will be re-

(1) Blue Book: "Earl of Elgin's Special Missions, 1857-1859," pp. 4, 6.

(2) Mr. Balfour indicates this when he says in the recently published Blue Book: "Speaking generally, it may be said that the policy of this country is effectively to open China to the commerce of the world, and that our estimate of the action of other Powers in the Far East depends on the degree to which it promotes or hinders the attainment of this object." China. No. 1 (1898), p. 57.

membered, was seized as security for the fulfilment of the engagements made by China in the Treaty of Nanking with regard to the five southern Treaty ports, and hence, it is said, its dependencies, as referred to in the Bocca Tigris Convention, were not only the islands in its vicinity and the mouth of the Yangtze River, but also the whole coast south-westward to Canton. As since then our interests have multiplied on the Yangtze itself, and extended far north of that river, it is argued that the dependencies of Chusan should now include even such ports as Tientsin, Chefoo, and Newshang, and hence the whole of Shantung and Manchuria.¹ This latter contention is of course an exegetical fantasy, but there is reason to believe that, so far as the Yangtze and the southern coast is concerned, the theory of the Bocca Tigris Guarantee is perfectly accurate.

However that may be there can be no doubt that the necessity of preserving the substantial integrity of China has impressed itself on the minds of English statesmen with increasing force during the last twenty years owing in the first place to the enormous expansion of our mercantile interests in that Empire, in the second place to the growing colonial ambition of foreign powers and their desire to secure sole markets for their products and manufactures; and thirdly to a reluctance in this country to augment our already heavy territorial responsibilities in Asia. The idea was expressed with sufficient clearness and force by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach last January, when on behalf of the Government he told the Swansea Chamber of Commerce that—

“What we wanted in China was not territorial acquisition. . . . We did not regard China as a place for conquest or acquisition by any European or other Power. We looked upon it as the most hopeful place of the future for the commerce of our country and the commerce of the world at large, and the Government were absolutely determined, at whatever cost, even—and he wished to speak plainly—if necessary at the cost of war that that door should not be shut.”²

A modification of this Monroe policy has been advocated by Mr. Balfour. It is known as the policy of the “Open door” and, implicitly anticipating violations of the doctrine of territorial integrity, proposes that in such cases all changes in the commercial *status quo* adverse to British commerce shall be resisted.³ This, however, is a factitious alternative, for all our competitors in China are Protectionist powers, and their colonial policies are founded on Protectionist principles.

Besides these general principles there has been a specific side of our Far Eastern policy which must be noticed here as it has a direct

(1) *Japan Mail*, quoted in *Hong Kong Daily Press*, Dec. 30, 1897, and commented upon on Dec. 31.

(2) *Times*, Jan. 18, 1898.

(3) Speech at Manchester: *Times*, Jan. 11, 1898.

bearing on the question under discussion, although originally it was only distantly connected with it. For many years it has been a tradition of the Foreign Office and the Admiralty to prevent Russia at all costs from obtaining a port on the Pacific below the line of winter ice. Such a tradition would, of course, not be recorded in accessible documents but its existence will not be denied. Public indications of it are not wanting. In 1857 Lord Elgin was much exercised in his mind by a report that Count Poutiatine had demanded the cession of the Liao-tong peninsula to Russia,¹ and he afterwards expostulated with Count Ignatieff on the efforts of Russia to reach the open Pacific.² Lord Palmerston also watched the movement with considerable jealousy.³ In 1885, when there was reason to believe that Russia was meditating a descent on Northern Corea, the Government of Mr. Gladstone occupied Port Hamilton by way of security and refused to evacuate it until Russia had pledged herself "not to interfere with Korean territory under any circumstances."⁴ There can be little doubt that the "legend of Talienwan" belongs to the same line of policy and that the object of British diplomacy in that connection was to prevent Russia from establishing a sphere of influence on that part of the Chinese coast.

To sum up then: The British policy in China—apart, of course, from the defence of Treaty rights—was (1) to preserve the territorial *status quo*, and (2) to prevent Russia from establishing herself anywhere on the Korean or Chinese coast.

Now how does this policy look in the light of the Wei-hai-wei lease? The object of that lease, as Mr. Balfour explained in announcing it to the House of Commons,⁵ was "to balance the possession of Port Arthur by Russia." In other words, it is intended as a compensation for, and is an illustration of, the breakdown of that portion of our Far Eastern policy, which aimed at the exclusion of Russia from the ice-free coast of China. But this is not all. The possession of Port Arthur by Russia implies something else. What that is, the Duke of Devonshire has told us in the frankest terms, and I cannot do better than quote his words.

"The acquisition of Port Arthur by Russia has a strategic and political rather than a commercial importance. My lords, we do not entertain any illusions on this subject. . . . We regard this occupation, as we believe it will be considered throughout the whole of the East, as the commencement of the absorption or partition of the Chinese Empire."⁶

So with the acquisition of Port Arthur by Russia, the whole of our China policy falls to the ground. It is the second stage in a process

(1) Ravenstein: "Russians on the Amur," p. 140.

(2) Inagaki: "Japan and the Pacific," p. 27.

(3) Blue Book. China. No. 1 (1887).

(5) Times Parl. Rep., April 6, 1898.

(3) *Ibid.*, p. 23.

(6) *Ibid.*

of partition of which Kiao-chau was the first and Wei-hai-wei the third. Henceforth, instead of preserving the integrity of China, we are virtually pledged to a policy of progressive and uniform dismemberment, in which already Russia, France and Germany are participating, and Austria, Italy, and even Belgium¹ may one day claim to join. This is not by any means a strained interpretation to place on the Port Arthur-Wei-hai-wei transaction. Having ourselves laid down the principle that Russian encroachments can only be tolerated if we are allowed to balance them by similar encroachments, we cannot consistently propose to resist them in the future. Indeed, I happen to know that when the Wei-hai-wei lease became known to the much mortified Russian Government, the consolation urged upon it by one of its most distinguished statesmen, was that, at any rate, the doctrine of the territorial integrity of China was now finally got rid of.

There remains Mr. Balfour's alternative policy of the "Open Door" to be considered. How does that fare under the Wei-hai-wei system? From the moment when the Germans began the Chinese scramble with their descent on Kiao-Chau, we were assured by members of the Government that whatever else occurred, the "Open Door" should remain. Territorial integrity might be violated, but the commercial *status quo*, the "equality of opportunity," would be preserved, "even," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "at the cost of war." Happily we have had no war, but this is not because the commercial *status quo* has been maintained in the Chinese territories leased to Germany, Russia, and France. On the contrary, it has been abandoned, and has gone the way of the rest of our policy. Assurances have, it is true, been received from Russia and Germany, but they do not reproduce the old "Open Door." Russia, having taken her leases subject to Chinese Sovereign rights, does not propose to interfere with existing treaties. Talienwan, in her hands, will be on precisely the same level as a Chinese Treaty port, but Port Arthur will have the same close status as under its Chinese masters.² The result is that the equality of opportunity at Port Arthur is gone, and we have no guarantee that when the tenure of Talienwan is altered—as altered it certainly will be one day—the door will not be closed there too. At any rate we may rely upon it that the "Open Door" at Talienwan will remain open just as long as it suits Russian interests and no longer. This is far from the commercial *status quo* as guaranteed by the Treaty of Tientsin.

In Kiao-Chau we have not been more successful. There all sovereign

(1) For Austrian interests see *Noue Freie Presse*, March 11, 1898. An Italian concession is reported in the *Times*, April 16, 1898. The Belgians have already considerable interests at Hankow.

(2) China. No. 1 (1898), p. 64 (Despatch from Count Mouravieff to Sir N. O'Connor).

rights are said to have been transferred to the Germans with the leasehold, although, as Professor Westlake has pointed out,¹ it is difficult to understand how all sovereign rights could pass without including sovereignty itself. The ingenious object, however, seems to be to measure obligations by the leasehold and privileges by the sovereign rights. Consequently, under this tenure the "Open Door" of the Treaty of Tientsin disappears altogether, and in its place we have a door which is certainly open for the present, but, unlike the Talienwan door, may be closed at any moment without a change in the German tenure, or even an infraction of international pledges. All we have secured from Germany is the following vague assurance from Herr Von Bülow :

"I cannot at present bind myself with regard to our future attitude in the sphere of commercial policy in Kiao-Chau Bay. In any case our conduct towards other Powers will be guided by liberal principles in accordance with the maxim, 'Live and let live.'"²

No one will pretend that this is equivalent to the rights we enjoyed under the Treaty of Tientsin.

As for the French and their new leasehold in the South, we do not seem even to have broached the subject of the "Open Door" to them. At any rate there is nothing about it in the recently-published *Blue Book*.

Thus the whole of the old China policy has gone, and in its place we have a policy of partition with coast stations duly occupied, and spheres of influence marked, just as if we were dealing with some new territory in East Africa. It is scarcely necessary to point out that this is a very serious and damaging change. The main objects of the integrity policy were to secure the widest field for British trade with a minimum of cost and responsibility. The ultimate results of the partition policy must be to limit very considerably our trading area, and to involve us in the burdens and responsibilities of a fresh Asiatic dominion, which we shall have to garrison, and the land frontiers of which we shall have to defend. It is true that this *dénouement* is still far off, and it is possible that the future has surprises and quick-changes in store for us, which may defeat all our prophecies. One cannot, however, count on *l'imprévu*. So far as probabilities are concerned, our course in China will be such as I have indicated, unless we like to fight for the re-establishment of the old system or abandon the field altogether. Meanwhile, the step we have taken at Wei-hai-wei will be costly. A large sum of money will be required to render it an effective counterpoise to Port Arthur, and a very large

(1) "Status of Russia and Germany in China." *Times*, April 6, 1898.

(2) *Times* Berlin telegram, Jan. 25, 1898. According to the recently issued *Blue Book* ("China," No. 1, 1898), no specific assurances at all have been given to Great Britain by Germany (see *Despatches*, Nos. 60 and 74).

garrison will be necessary to hold it. Both the men and money could be much better employed.

Mischievous though this change of policy undoubtedly is it would be unfair to blame the Government if it could be shown that they were taken by surprise, or that the aggressive movement of the Powers was concerted and dangerous to oppose. When one considers the course of events, however, it is clear that, with a little foresight and firmness, the whole situation might have been saved. There was no concerted action among the Powers. On the contrary there was rivalry, and it was from this rivalry, which we might easily have turned to our own profit, that all the mischief arose.

It is now definitely known that but for the German *coup* at Kiao-Chau there would have been no Russian *coup* at Port Arthur. Anxious though the Russians were to get to the open Pacific, and resolved though they also probably were to settle themselves eventually at Port Arthur, they were not eager to begin the campaign yet awhile. Their hands were full with the Siberian railway, which has involved much more serious sacrifices than was anticipated, with the vast problem of Siberian colonization, with which little progress has been made, and with other colossal questions. Hence they were in no hurry for fresh external complications and anxieties. When Germany pounced on Kiao-Chau they were alarmed because, rightly or wrongly, they regarded it as a trespass on their own sphere of influence, and as a signal for partition; but they took no action beyond the purely precautionary measure of seeking the hospitality of a Chinese harbour for their fleet over the winter. For the rest they watched to see what England would do.

Now it would have been very easy for us to have induced the Germans to give up their designs on Kiao-Chau. We only needed to point out to them, as they had pointed out to us in regard to the Transvaal,¹ that we had interests in China, and that we objected to the territorial integrity of the Empire being further impaired through foreign aggression. Such a representation made with due timeliness, before the material guarantee had developed into the sovereign leasehold, or the leasehold sovereignty, would have settled the whole matter. Germany could not have resisted, and she would not have done so, as her dignity would have been in no way impaired by retiring from Kiao-Chau as soon as satisfaction had been given in Peking for the murdered missionaries, whose fate was the ostensible justification of the raid. Thus the partition movement would have been nipped in the bud, and at the end of the winter the Russians would have returned as usual to Vladivostock.

Unfortunately we did not take this course. Indeed we rather

(1) "Appendix to the Second Report from the Select Committee on British South Africa" (1897), p. 549.

aggravated matters by an ostentatious benevolence to the Germans and an equally ostentatious suspiciousness of the Russians. When finally Germany applied for her lease, not only did we do nothing to prevent her getting it, but we seem to have devoted ourselves at Peking to an anticipatory campaign against the permanent occupancy by the Russians of the winter quarters lent to them by China. This necessarily forced Russia's hand, and she applied in her turn for a lease of Port Arthur and Talienwan. I can scarcely blame her. Nearly every argument we have advanced in favour of our occupation of Wei-hai-wei, as against Port Arthur, might be used by Russia as a justification of her occupation of Port Arthur as against Kiao-Chau. It is true that Port Arthur is rather an exorbitant compensation, but Mr. Balfour himself would not have been sorry to have been enabled to say as much of Wei-hai-wei when he announced its acquisition to the House of Commons.

This, then, is the conclusion of the matter. Our old China policy has broken down, and a new and disastrous one has been substituted for it, and the Government has no one to blame but itself. That it has obtained some valuable concessions from China, calculated to promote an expansion of our trade—notably the opening of the inland waters—I do not deny; but none of them are incompatible with the partition policy upon which it has entered, and from which it will not easily extricate itself, and none of them offer advantages which seem likely to outweigh the perils of the new policy. It is possible that those perils are exaggerated, that China may yet shake herself together, may organise her vast resources and become once more a powerful Empire, in which case Port Arthur may remain a Far Eastern Gibraltar, and Kiao-Chau become a sort of Chinese Pondicherry. Possible, indeed! But it is not on such sporting chances that practical policies can be framed.

DIPLOMATICUS.

* * *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any Manuscripts. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written. The sending of a proof is no guarantee of the acceptance of an article.*

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CUBA AND HER STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

FROM PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES.

[My information about Cuba and the situation there to-day has been gathered while performing official duties, and of course belonged to the Government, and has been given to it from time to time in official reports. This article necessarily traverses some of the ground gone over in detail in these reports.

Nine months previous to the expiration of the presidential term of Mr. Cleveland, at his request I proceeded to Havana, Cuba, having been appointed United States Consul General. Resolutions recognising the belligerent rights of the insurrectionary forces in Cuba had passed both houses of Congress, and had reached and were lying upon the President's desk for his signature. Grave doubts existed in the mind of Mr. Cleveland whether the Cuban Government, then in arms against the Spanish authority on the island of Cuba, was properly entitled to such recognition. One of the principal objects, therefore, of my mission was to ascertain and report the exact political and military conditions existing at that time in Cuba. As the President expressed it at the time, he did not "want to go into the Cuban business 'bow on' without knowing where" he was "going."

A few weeks after my arrival in Havana, I made a report to the Secretary of State (in substance) that, in my opinion, there was no immediate prospect of the Spanish soldiers suppressing the insurrection in Cuba or of the insurrectionary troops driving the Spanish from the island, and that, therefore, without outside interference, war, with its attendant horrors, would continue for an indefinite time; that the island was being devastated and gradually being reduced to an ash pile; that property was being destroyed everywhere, fields burnt, and human life taken by both contestants under the most aggravating circumstances; and that commerce was being extinguished, entailing great loss to the United States and to the American citizens resident on the island.

A SWIFT INCREASE OF MISERY AND DESOLATION.

If I were to write a report to-day of the conditions now existing on the island I should not change, in its essential features, the report written two years ago, except to say that the destruction of property and the loss of life have suffered of course a large increase, and that misery, poverty, desolation, and devastation exist now in greater degree than at the former period. The United States, at this writing, has determined to intervene, and, with soldiers and sailors, compel the Spanish troops to depart from the island and the Spanish flag to be furled for ever upon the "Gem of the Antilles."

It is most difficult to comprehend the cruelties and enormities of Spanish rule on the island—more especially within the last few years. Spain has been repeating her past history by continuing that policy which has heretofore humbled her pride and reduced her territorial possessions, and will now lose Cuba, Porto Rico, and very possibly the Philippine Islands by that "barbarous persecution"—so atrocious that Motley says "it was beyond the power of man's ingenuity to add any fresh horrors to it."

Cuba, lying at the gate of the Gulf of Mexico, is, in some respects, the most fertile spot on the face of the globe. Its soil, in great part, is a rich chocolate loam, capable of producing everything that grows in tropical regions in the greatest abundance, while it stands, and will stand, unrivalled in the quality and quantity of its two great staple products—sugar and tobacco. It is true that, as in all tropical regions, the sun during the summer months casts heated rays upon all parts of the island; but during that period the rainy season begins, and three or four afternoons in each week, from July to October, there is a succession of rain showers followed by the sun again, a wise provision of nature, as it results in the continued growth of grass and all plants then in the ground. In consequence, the island is ever green; and, there being no winter, as fast as a crop is reaped, the ground is available for the next. As is well known, sugar-cane, when once planted, does not have to be replanted for seven or eight years; so that when it is annually cut down and ground into molasses and sugar, the planter thereafter has only to wait for a corresponding period in the next year to perform a similar operation. From Santiago de Cuba, the most eastern province, to Pinar del Rio, the most western, there is a range of mountains varying more or less in height (the highest portion being at the eastern end of the island) which constitutes a backbone, as it were, and to which upon each of its long sides the remainder of the island seems to be securely anchored. In these mountains are found many minerals, and upon their sides grow in profusion the most valuable hard woods, the railroads using in some instances mahogany for cross-ties.

The history of the Spanish people, so far as it refers to their colonial possessions, has never kept step to the music of the march of progress nor ever shown any development of interior natural resources. Here, on this favoured spot where Spanish feet were planted over four centuries ago, there are no public roads or highways or even country roads; no canals; no telegraphs, except along the line of some of the railroads; and the few railroads on the island were built by English enterprise and capital, and not by Spanish. It has ever been the policy of the Spaniards to occupy the edges of a country and remain in and closely around the cities and towns which constitute the seaports.

THE ENMITY BETWEEN SPANIARDS AND CUBANS.

Less than half a century ago the Cubans (or Insular Spaniards, as they were called) owned most of the property and wealth of the island; but it has been gradually passing away from them until to-day the Peninsular Spaniards (or the Spaniards born in Spain) have succeeded in securing possession of the commercial business, stores, and commission houses of the cities, so that they are now the wealthy class of Cuba. A very high tariff on all goods, except those coming from Spain, has driven the inhabitants of the island to trade with Spain to a great extent, and the Spanish merchants at Barcelona and other points, preferring to have commercial relations with the Spaniards rather than the Cubans, have done much to bring about this financial change in these two classes.

This change, combined with economic questions, has been greatly widening the dividing line between the Cubans and Spaniards until it has resulted in the present existing chasm. For a great hatred exists between the Spaniards and the Cubans, though, after all, the latter are descendants of Spaniards themselves; and it is a remarkable fact that nearly every person born on the island seems to be at once instilled with a dislike for the Spaniards and their methods, and I know of no instance where children born in Cuba of Spanish parents have not participated in this feeling. This fact has made it easier for the Spaniards to deprive the Cubans of all "Home Rule" or participation in the Government and its perquisites, until the last feather was added to the great pile which had been accumulating for a long number of years and has driven the Cubans to attempt once more to throw off the Spanish yoke and seize and hold the reins of their own Government.

THE SPANISH ARMY IN CUBA.

Spain, losing her power by gradual process, has seen for many years that Cuban independence is only a question of time, though

the political demands on the party in power in Madrid has made it necessary for the political life of that party to resist in every form every attempt upon the part of the Cubans to secure their liberties and to resist all attempts of other countries to intervene in the interest of peace, progress, and humanity. Whatever else may be said of Spain and her decadence, the fact stands bravely forth that she has made a magnificent struggle to preserve this rich colonial possession. Over 200,000 soldiers (larger in numbers than the combined armies of Generals Grant and Lee in the war of 1861-65 in America) have been transported at immense expense nearly 4,000 miles from her shores—the largest number of organized troops that has ever been transported so great a distance from their homes and firesides. These troops have been badly handled and therefore have not made much of a record in strategy and tactics or for efficient service on the island of Cuba. They were principally located in the coast cities and in the larger interior towns, while the insurrectionists have been holding to a great degree the rest of the island.

The inefficiency of the Spanish soldier arises not from a want of personal courage, but because he is not properly drilled, disciplined or organized into a fighting machine. In Cuba he has to struggle as best he can with but little or no pay—while badly clothed and fed—and is sent into the field to stand the sunshine and the storm without giving him proper protection from either. He then becomes an easy captive to climatic perils, and, instead of a robust soldier crammed with fire and fight, we find him a half-sick, listless man, to whom it is an effort to raise and aim a rifle.

Gomez, the leader of the rebels, whatever else may be said about him, has fought this war in the only way he could win it, and never for one moment during the three years of strife has he departed a hair's breadth from the policy first inaugurated. He proposed to combat Spain's purse more than her soldiers; to play a waiting game, and exhaust the failing financial resources of Spain. He did not propose to fight if it could be avoided, because he could not well afford to lose a man or a cartridge, being dependent for both upon the very uncertain and devious methods of filibusterism. His army, scattered over an island some 800 miles long by an average breadth of 60 miles, if all concentrated upon a single point, would number about 35,000 men; but being entirely devoid of bases of supplies and deficient in transportation and food for men or horses, to concentrate would be to starve, and to fight pitched battles against overwhelming numbers would result in the loss of the battle and the loss of his cause. He is a grim, resolute, honest, conscientious, grizzled old veteran, now seventy-five years old, who has thoroughly understood the necessary tactics in order to waste the resources

of his enemy, and to prolong the war until such time as Spain would abandon the struggle as hopeless, or until it should become manifest to the United States that the contest had degenerated into a hopeless conflict.

GENERAL WEYLER AND HIS POLICY.

General Weyler, the Spanish commander first charged with suppressing the insurrection, seemed to have had an idea that if he could build trochas or ditches across the island from north to south, and from sea to sea, at one or two points, and have these trochas strongly held by Spanish troops, the connection with the different bodies of insurgents on the island would be severed, and that he could then pen or corral them, and afterwards march his soldiers first into one of these pens, and then into another, until he had captured or killed all those within who were opposed to the Spanish flag. These trochas are curious in their construction. When the ditches are dug, the dirt is thrown up on one side, while on the other is a barbed wire fence, and every few hundred yards a block house is built, capable of holding a few soldiers, and generally with two storeys—the upper one being occupied by the vedette or sentinel, who is posted to report any advance of his enemy. It cannot be said that this method of warfare proved successful, though costing a great deal of money to construct it, and now it has been practically abandoned. One light battery of artillery could have opened the way for passage of troops. The insurgents always found many ways of crossing at night, or where these lines ran through swamps, or around by the water at either end of them. Maceo, it will be remembered, who was supposed to have been shut off in the western end of the province by what is known as the Mariel trocha, found no difficulty in crossing when he desired to go east, though, unfortunately for the Cuban cause, it resulted in his death afterwards.

Captain General Weyler, more active in Cuban campaign work than his successor, General Blanco, did but little to suppress the insurrection. He organized columns to move from the cities and operate against the bands of roving insurgents in their vicinity, but the Spaniards have so little idea of modern warfare, and of the necessary attributes to mobilize an army, that these columns, after having been out a very few days, and exchanged fire with the insurgents, would invariably return to the cities, because out of rations or burdened with a few wounded, while the insurgents who had assembled temporarily to check their march, would scatter out again and return to their various little camps with the result, probably, to each side, of only two or three men killed and a few wounded.

THE RECONCENTRADO ORDER AND ITS EFFECT.

It was evident, therefore, that this style of guerilla warfare, as practised by the insurgents, could be maintained for years, because a generous soil, tilled by the peasants who were in sympathy with the insurrection, produced the necessary food. It was then that General Weyler conceived the *brilliant* idea of destroying the peasant farmers to prevent their giving aid and comfort to the insurrectionists. This he hoped to effect by the issuing of his famous "reconcentrado order," whose terms compelled the old men, women, and children to leave their homes and come within the nearest Spanish fortified lines, pains being taken after they were driven from their little farms to burn their houses, tear up their plant beds, and drive off and confiscate the few cattle, hogs, and chickens that they were obliged to leave.

The United States was naturally shocked at the brutality of this order, and saw, with great indignation, some 400,000 of these poor, innocent war victims forced away from where they could subsist themselves, to the Spanish lines where they could obtain nothing and within which nothing was tendered. As a consequence, over 200,000 (principally women and children and non-combatants) died from starvation, and starvation alone. History presents nowhere such an appalling record; nor do the military annals anywhere furnish such a horrible spectacle, the result of a military order, based upon a supposed military necessity.

General Weyler, if anything, is a soldier, trained to no other career, and one who believes that everything is fair in war, and every means justifiable which will ultimately write success upon his standards. He did not propose to make war with velvet paws but to achieve his purpose of putting down the insurrection if he had to wade through, up to the visor of his helmet, the blood of every Cuban—man, woman, and child—on the island. And yet, I found him—in official intercourse—affable, pleasant, and agreeable. He was always polite and courteous to me, and told me more than once that he wished I would remain in my position there as Consul-General as long as he did as Governor and Captain-General. He was small in stature, with a long face and square chin, and wearing side-whiskers and a moustache; quick, nervous in his manner and gait; decided in his opinions, he was loved by some and hated and feared by others. Whatever may have been his military qualifications, his warfare in Cuba did not demonstrate soldierly ability, because with an army of effectives of at least 150,000 men, he failed to suppress an insurrection whose total fighting force did not number 40,000 men. He told me one day he would like to visit the United States; to which I replied that I thought he would enjoy seeing the new republic with its wonderful

history, but he shook his head, saying that he could never go, because the people of the United States would kill him, and that they were already calling him, in the newspapers, "The Butcher Weyler."

IMPRISONMENT OF AMERICAN CITIZENS IN CUBA.

When I first reached the island, citizens of the United States (principally naturalised Americans) were being constantly arrested and thrown into cells where they were kept "in comunicado," as the Spaniards term it. "The *Competitor* Prisoners," as they were called, were then in the cells of the Cabanas fort, having been captured before I reached Cuba. The *Competitor*, it will be remembered, was a small schooner which attempted to land a filibustering expedition west of Havana, and was captured after most of her passengers had landed, leaving the crew, about five in number, on the vessel. These prisoners were tried by a Naval Court Martial on the 8th of May, 1896, by a court organized to convict, the only testimony being that of the captain of the Spanish gunboat who had taken them prisoners. A sentence of death was promptly pronounced, and would have been quickly carried out, as was done with a portion of the *Virginius* prisoners ten years before, had not our Government interfered to prevent the murder of these men, just as the English gunboat *Niobe*, Captain Sir Lambton Lorraine, stopped the killing of the *Virginius* prisoners twenty-eight years ago, but unfortunately not until the courageous Fry and some fifty-three of his one hundred and fifty-five men had been shot.

I earnestly and vigorously protested against the arrest of these American citizens, telling General Weyler that it was in violation of the treaty and protocol between Spain and the United States, which, in my opinion, limited the confinement "in comunicado" to seventy-two hours. "In comunicado" is a Spanish term, meaning literally *without communication*. And these Americans, without any charges against them that I could ascertain, and without warning, and without the knowledge of their friends and relatives, were arrested and thrown into these little "in comunicado" cells, about eight by ten feet, stone floors and dark, and kept in these horrid little holes for days and days without being allowed to see and talk with anyone. I told Weyler that, in our country, the law presumed every man innocent until he was proved guilty; but by the Spanish process every man was guilty and they did not even give him an opportunity to prove his innocence. But he replied that he had published a proclamation establishing martial law, and that the terms of that proclamation superseded the stipulations of the treaty. To which I answered that the terms of treaties between two countries at peace could not be set aside, changed, or altered except by the action of one or both of the

contracting parties, and that his proclamation was therefore inoperative where its stipulations came in conflict with the treaty mandates.

The situation, however, remained unchanged until finally Dr. Ruiz, an American dentist who was practising his profession in a town called Guanabacoa, some four miles from Havana, was arrested. A railroad train between Havana and this town had been captured by the insurgents, and the next day the Spanish authorities arrested a large number of persons in Guanabacoa charging them with giving information which enabled the troops, under their enterprising young leader Aranguren, to make the capture; and among these persons arrested was this American. He was a strongly built, athletic man, who confined himself strictly to the practice of his profession and let politics severely alone. He had nothing to do with the train being captured, but that night was visiting a neighbour opposite, until nine or ten o'clock, when he returned to his house and went to bed. He was arrested by the police the next morning; thrown into an "in comunicado" cell; kept there some three hundred and fifty or sixty hours, and was finally (when half-crazed by this horrible imprisonment and calling for his wife and children) struck over the head with a "billy" in the hands of a brutal jailer and died from its effects. Ruiz went into that cell an unusually healthy and vigorous man and came out a corpse.

After this tragedy I determined no longer to submit to more violations of the treaty rights of American citizens and, therefore, after viewing this dead body, went to my office and, finding that there was an American named Scott who had been arrested and was already "in comunicado" a much longer time than the prescribed limit of seventy-two hours, I demanded that he be released from "in comunicado," and at the end of three days he was released, and since the hour I made the issue no American citizens have been thrown into "in comunicado" cells, and all Americans who were arrested afterwards for supposed offences or captured in the insurgent ranks were invariably turned over to me and I sent them to the United States.

THE FAILURE OF AUTONOMY.

During all this period the war, if the conflict going on in the island could be so dignified, was dragging its slow length along. So slow was the progress to suppress the insurrection, that at last the Spanish authorities in Madrid began to despair of terminating it successfully. For this reason, and in my opinion this reason alone, the Canovas Ministry decided upon a new Cuban policy, and decided that they would put into operation certain reforms which would give the

Cuban people more power to regulate their domestic concerns. After a great deal had been written and said on the subject, the proposed forms at last were sent to General Weyler, who was obliged to appear favourable to the action of the Spanish Ministry, though it was well known he was not in favour of terminating the war except at the sword's point. Early it became manifest that the Cubans, with or without arms, did not propose to accept such reforms. In the first place, they had no confidence that they would ever be put into practical operation after their firearms had been stacked, and in the next, they considered it too late to adopt any such measures. Six months ago the Canovas reforms were buried in the same grave with the murdered statesman. A new Ministry, under the leadership of Sagasta, was formed, who, finding that the reforms had not served the contemplated purpose, decided to go through the form of granting to the Cubans a still more liberal measure which they called "Autonomy." It was an elaborate system of "Home Rule" with a string to every sentence; so that I soon became satisfied that, if the insurrection against the Spanish throne on the island ceased, the condition of the Cubans would speedily be the same as it was at the commencement of the war. I gave the reasons therefore in a paper now on file in the State Department which clearly proved that the Spaniards could easily control one of the legislative chambers, and that behind any joint action on the part of both was the veto of the Governor-General, whose appointment was made from the throne in Madrid.

This system of autonomy, however, was gravely proceeded with. An Autonomistic Cabinet was seriously formed, composed in part of Cubans who, though at one time in favour of a government of the island free from Spanish control, had given satisfactory intimations that, if they were appointed to cabinet offices, their former opinions could be modified to suit existing circumstances. Blanco's Autonomistic Government was doomed to failure from its inception. The Spanish soldiers and officers scorned it, because they did not desire Cuban rule, which such autonomy, if genuine, would insure. The Spanish merchants and citizens were opposed to it, because they too were hostile to the Cubans having control of the island, and if the question could be narrowed down to Cuban control or annexation to the United States, they were all annexationists, believing that they could get a better government and one that would protect, in a greater measure, life and property under the United States flag than under the Cuban banner. On the other hand, the Cubans in arms would not touch it, because they were fighting for Free Cuba; and the Cuban citizens and sympathizers, or the non-arm-bearing population, were distinctly opposed to it also; while those in favour of it seemed to consist of the Autonomistic Cabinet, General Blanco, his Secretary-General and Staff, and a few followers elsewhere.

GENERAL BLANCO.

General Blanco I always found an amiable, kind-hearted gentleman, who I believe was really and thoroughly conscientious in the discharge of the duties confided to him. He must have been convinced that there was no chance for autonomy to succeed, though in his pronunciamientos he allowed himself to argue to the contrary. How could he do otherwise? He was instructed by the Madrid authorities to proclaim and maintain this autonomistic policy, and was therefore obliged to do everything in his power to promote the instructions of his superiors.

During the two or three days of the recent rioting in Havana the rallying cry of the rioters, even at the very door of the palace, was: "Death to Blanco and Death to Autonomy! Long live Spain and Long live Weyler!" After quiet had been restored, Blanco and the Autonomistic Cabinet continued to build their hopes upon autonomistic success. Partisans and friends of General Weyler were removed from the various positions they had held in the island, and friends of General Blanco, or supposed friends of autonomy, were substituted in their places. But these substitutes, appointed in many instances to please the Cubans and to show that an Autonomistic Government meant a Cuban Government, while professing their love for autonomy, were really for Free Cuba, and at the proper time, had matters gone on without the intervention of America, the Autonomistic Government would have fallen to pieces by desertions in its own ranks.

SPANISH PLAN TO BRIBE THE INSURGENTS.

The practical steps now being taken by the United States to compel peace in Cuba, by insisting that the Spanish flag shall be pulled down and the Spanish soldiers evacuate the island, alone prevented the certain failure of the autonomistic plan for so-called Home Government. The Spanish governmental authorities, as I have said, must have understood all this, in spite of public utterances on their part, because they originated and attempted to put in practice other plans for the pacification of the island. Large sums of money were to be offered to the leading chiefs of the insurrection as an inducement for them to abandon their colours, and in many cases their comrades, and leave the island. It was hoped that the purchase of their principal chieftains would so demoralise their followers that most of them would be induced to come within the Spanish lines and surrender. It seems, however, that the character, courage, fidelity and loyalty of these insurrectionary leaders had been misunderstood. With a few insignificant exceptions, they not only remained steadfast and true to their

cause and to their flag, but, under orders from their commander-in-chief, they put to death all Spanish messengers bearing such proposals.

Among these messengers was one whose character and qualities endeared him greatly to all those who knew him. Colonel Joaquin Ruiz was a gallant Spanish officer, a man of talent and ability, who at one time had in his charge the splendid system of works supplying the city of Havana with water. In his employ at the waterworks was the young insurgent chief Aranguren, who afterwards became very active and distinguished in the operations immediately around Havana. Owing to this personal acquaintance, Ruiz was induced (though at the time a staff officer of General Blanco) to go to Aranguren's camp to persuade him and as many of his followers as possible to accept autonomy and lay down their arms. Without telling more than two or three persons where he was going and what he intended to do, Colonel Ruiz left Havana early one morning for the insurgent camp, reaching it a few hours thereafter. It seems before taking that step, he had placed himself in communication with Aranguren and had stated his purpose of visiting him. But he was told by the latter officer that if he proposed to pay him a social visit or wanted to see him on any private matters he would be very glad to see him, but that if he desired to come to preach autonomy to him and his followers he must stay away. Notwithstanding this warning Ruiz paid the proposed visit; was met by Aranguren and a few of his men, to whom he at once began to preach the blessings of autonomistic rule, whereupon he was at once taken away and tried, I am told, by what we call a drum-head court-martial, and sentenced to death. A number of others in different parts of the island, bearers of similar propositions, met the same fate.

Reforms, autonomy, and the purchase of the insurrectionary chiefs all having failed, it was next decided to offer an indefinite armistice to the insurgents—a proposition of course very humiliating to Spain; but necessity knowing no law, Blanco, in obedience to such instructions, published a proclamation stating that he had received such instructions from the Queen, who had yielded to the request of His Holiness the Pope. In war a truce or armistice can only be made effective by the consent of both of the contending forces. The armistice granted by Blanco, therefore, not being accepted by the insurgents, has gone the way of all previous propositions looking towards the suppression of the insurrection in Cuba.

INTERVENTION A NECESSITY.

It may be stated, with perfect confidence, that at this time, when the United States has determined to tolerate no longer the horrible

condition of affairs in an island lying close to her shores, the period was selected when every plan or purpose upon the part of the Spanish authorities at Madrid and Havana had signally failed to secure the blessings of peace, and intervention on her part could alone achieve the purpose. It is difficult to see how America could refrain longer from taking action in this Cuban problem. The civilised world had been shocked by the misery and starvation of a race who were formerly living under the most favourable conditions of climate and soil; and by the nature of the warfare waged against them the country had been so stirred up by the harrowing stories and pictures of the "reconcentrados" that its citizens were lavishly and liberally contributing money for the purchase of provisions and clothing for these poor starving wretches. In great abundance this relief was finding its way, in spite of the many difficulties placed in its path by many of the Spanish authorities and citizens, who did not sympathise with, or desire to see any relief granted to, a race they considered as hostile; and the saddest feature in that dreadful famishing picture is the condition these poor people have to remain in until the Government of the United States can replace the present flag with the pure white banner of peace.

Seventy-five years ago Thomas Jefferson declared that the addition of Cuba "to our Confederacy is exactly what is wanted to bound our power as a nation to the point of its utmost interest." From that day to this the island has disturbed our statesmen and played an important part in our foreign policy.

The United States, always greatly interested in the government of and general welfare of this wonderful island, has reached that period when it is absolutely necessary to her that Cuba should have a progressive, legal, and peaceful administration. The ties of commerce have been so strengthened and the investments of her people there so increased, that she can no longer look on with indifference to the one or disregard the rights of the other. The geographical and strategical position of the island also appeals for a closer connection with the great American Republic. Anchored at the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, whose waters wash the shores of five American States; in position to protect the trade of the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio valleys, standing like a huge sentinel to watch over the proposed transit across Nicaragua; with shores indented with splendid harbours; with an ideal and unrivalled winter climate, and immense resources—Cuba, whether an Independent Republic or later Americanized and annexed to the United States, is destined at last to emerge from the dark shadows of the past, and stand side by side with those countries who have their place in the broad sunlight of peace, progress, and prosperity.

FITZHUGH LEE, MAJOR-GENERAL.

(Late Consul-General of the United States to Havana.)

WAGNER'S "RING" AND ITS PHILOSOPHY.

I.

THERE is every indication that this country will soon have its Wagner fever, just as Germany and France have had theirs. Some thirty years ago, indeed, English critics took their part in the great controversy then raging round Wagner and his theories; but the man's work as a whole, both in music and in prose, was far too little known here for the discussion of it to rise to the rank of a real literary phenomenon. He had then, as now, his frenzied worshippers and his equally frenzied detractors; but the public as a whole—even the opera-going public—knew too little of him to be able to discuss him as he was discussed in Germany. Now the conditions are becoming more favourable to general criticism. The London public, at any rate, has fairly frequent opportunities of hearing the great bulk of his work upon the stage; while in the provinces *Rienzi*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *The Meistersingers*, and *The Valkyrie*, have all been given in a more or less distressing way, and been received with an amount of enthusiasm worthy of much better performances. On the concert platform, again, both in London and the provinces, all the usual orchestral and vocal transcriptions have been rendered time without number; and, finally, the publication in English of the four volumes of his letters—to Liszt, to Uhlig and the other Dresden friends, and to Roeckel—and of Mr. Ashton Ellis's extremely careful and conscientious translation of the prose works, places not only the musical but the literary public in a position to know more than it ever knew of the extraordinary man whose name and work have loomed so large in Europe for the past fifty years. From all these concurrent circumstances there can come but one result—England is on the verge of a serious Wagner fever.

It is the peculiar misfortune of an operatic composer, however, that his work, depending as it does mainly upon expensive and therefore somewhat rare performances, cannot reach the general public so soon as work in poetry, in fiction, in general literature, or even in painting, can do. The result is that the bulk of the discussion of the Wagner question is carried on by a few enthusiasts on both sides, whose knowledge of the musician's works and his theories is so far beyond that of the average reading man as to make a good three-fourths of the controversy unintelligible to him. The inevitable outcome of it is that the discussion too often borders on the ludicrous. More especially does the fanatic admirer of Wagner, whose capacity for feeling

musical delight is—to put it mildly—considerably in excess of his capacity to think, get the opportunity of scribbling unlimited absurdity that would, in the case of a similar phenomenon in literature, be killed by laughter almost at the outset. The environment of the musical writer is at present so uncritical that no such play of natural selection goes on as can be seen to eliminate the weaker products in other spheres of thought. The enthusiast and the rhapsodist we have with us always; but when his dithyrambs come within the scope of all men's criticism, the wild absurdity of them is the first thing that malicious humour will point out. When, however, the bulk of the public knows practically nothing at first hand of the subject of the rhapsody, the unfortunate rhapsodist is denied the wholesome corrective of ironic laughter; and thus does he flourish apace in musical literature. No subject could be found so inviting to the satirist as the literature of the thoroughgoing Wagner panegyrists. A careful reading of these gentlemen upon the subject, say, of *The Ring of the Nibelung*, and a comparison of one with another, is productive of more hilarity than can be had from any similar phenomenon in literature; but the humour of a revelation of this kind would be thrown away upon the British public as yet, for lack of the necessary knowledge not only of the scores of Wagner's tetralogy, but of the passages in his prose works and his letters that throw light upon the philosophy of *The Ring*. If, then, the Wagner controversy in England has not yet reached the stage of wholesome laughter at the absurdities of some of his adorers, there seems to be all the more need of an explanation, not of the music of *The Ring of the Nibelung*, but of the philosophical problem which Wagner thought he was expounding in that work.

And here, as in many other instances, the best way to study Wagner's theories is in connection with the circumstances of his own life. It was characteristic of him throughout that he should try to elevate his own idiosyncrasies into forms of thought and action for the rest of the world. It was so with his ideas on the respective spheres of the arts; for the careful reader can detect in his prose works, along with those remarkable notions as to the functions of poetry, music, and the other arts, the cerebral abnormality that gave birth to these notions. Nothing was more characteristic of Wagner than his passion for holding up his own peculiar and *a priori* ideas as laws of life for others, in the most perfect unconsciousness that his ideas were born of an organism not only abnormal in many ways, but radically incapable of plain objective thinking. From first to last he presents a pathetic picture of the hopeless idealist in conflict with external forces too vast and too complex for him to understand. His writings on social subjects—particularly his early ones—are *a priori* to the verge of absurdity; scarcely another man could have been found in Europe to advocate so earnestly, with such sincere

conviction, a return to the social and artistic ideals of the Greeks. That vain dream, held to by Wagner with extraordinary tenacity, is typical of the unreal, fantastic cloud-land in which the great musician lived. He himself—the sincerest and most unselfish artist of his day—wanted only, as he used to tell Liszt and his other correspondents, a competency sufficient to free him from the ignobler cares of existence, and to enable him to compose for the benefit of his race and its culture; and upon this personal desire, and upon the fact of the dramatic representations of the Athenians being, in a sense, the work of the community, he built the strange philosophy of life and art that appears in *Art and Revolution* and *The Art-work of the Future*, and that has gone so far to reveal the incompetence of his mind to deal with questions of the positive and the actual. There can be no dispute as to the dependence of this social creed upon his own congenital ideas and his pecuniary circumstances; one has only to compare his letters of the period immediately following his flight from Dresden with the above-named treatises to realise this. One brings, of course, no charge against him of casuistry or deliberate self-seeking; the very *naïveté*, both of the theories themselves and of their correspondence with his own personal needs, is conclusive as to Wagner's sincerity in the matter. He was simply a brain of enormous musical power, filled with peculiar notions as to the importance of the musical drama in the development of culture, and with too little objective outlook upon the world and too little capacity for impersonal reason to allow of his seeing the utter unreality and apriorism of his theories for all other men. In later life he partly came to recognise some of his deficiencies in this respect, admitting to Roeckel, for example, that though he read and wrote so much of philosophy, he had little head for philosophic thinking; and on one notable occasion—when he had given birth to a more than usually preposterous theory as to our duties in relation to vegetarianism—he admitted that his suggestions belonged to the sphere of "phantasms." But taking his prose works and his letters on their face-value, the most cursory reading suffices to show how abnormal he was in many respects, how he dwelt with exaggerated emphasis upon theories and suggestions that appear to us hopelessly *a priori*, how he argued in the most sincere unconsciousness from the desires and needs of Richard Wagner to the supposed desires and needs of civilised mankind.

All this is of the utmost importance, not only in the diagnosis of his character, but in the attempt to comprehend his musical works. One has only to become acquainted with his correspondence during the twenty-three years he spent upon *The Ring*, to realise that he meant that work to be something more than a mere opera, a mere story of gods and men, of love and hate, and life and death; that he intended

it as a serious contribution to the philosophy of the universe. Hence the need of studying *The Ring* in connection with some of the theories expressed in his prose-works and elsewhere. We do not, of course, necessarily invalidate, *a priori*, the philosophy of the drama by showing its dependence upon Wagner's innate ideas and his outward circumstances; but we undoubtedly obtain a better standpoint from which to view the scheme of philosophy put forward, and to judge its objective value among the theories of mankind.

The biographies of Wagner contain so many accounts of *The Ring of the Nibelung*, that it is unnecessary to tell the story once more here. It is perhaps sufficient to remind readers and opera-goers of the main features of the drama: the attainment of the gold by Alberich by the denial of love; the curse that follows it and devolves upon each successive possessor of the ring; the contest, in the person of Wotan, between authority and moral right; the need for renunciation on his part; the means by which he effects this renunciation; the advent of Siegfried as the liberator, and of Brynhild as the incarnation of love the conqueror; the murder of Siegfried, the voluntary death of Brynhild, the restoration of the Ring to the Rhine-maidens, and the dissolution of the gods. The "problem" of the drama, as it has been stated by a recent writer, is the revolt of the "natural individual" against constituted authority as embodied in conventions and formulas. *The Ring*—

"and all Wagner's sayings and writings of this period maintain enthusiastically the inherent goodness of nature and man, and the glory of physical vitality. Law, imposed by the few on the many, first made sin possible. Man, to work his way out of the possibility of sinning, had to cast off the restraints of the law. The *Ring* is thus solely occupied with a conflict between the assumed right of traditional authority and the natural instinct in man to satisfy his desires."¹

One need not follow Mr. Irvine and his fellow-commentators into those jungle-depths of interpretation, where every character in the drama becomes a personified abstraction of some social or political or moral tendency.² One has no desire to multiply Gervinus-literature in England on musical subjects; that way Wagner-madness lies. But without out-Heroding Herod in the fashion of the modern Wagnerian "interpreter," without reading into the *Ring* more pseudo-philosophy than it has the misfortune to contain already, one can see

(1) See Mr. David Irvine's *Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung and the Conditions of Ideal Manhood*, Chap. I.

(2) Mr. Irvine tells us, for example, that Mime is "that spirit which superficially appears as the educator of mankind, and when intelligence begins to perceive that nature is its true educator and the other a mere charlatan, with which it has nothing in common, then craft and subterfuge are called into requisition in order to turn this step, leading to a truer knowledge of things, into the further service of self-interest. Mime is thus the craft which finds its best soil in the Church, impressing everyone in early youth, before judgment is ripe, with the belief that it is a spiritual father and mother."—*Ibid.*, pp. 66, 67.

clearly enough that in that drama Wagner was preaching a social evangel which, with characteristic seriousness, he held to be of prime importance to mankind.

Now one has only to go back to his prose-works and his correspondence to see the theories of the *Ring* in all their *naïveté*, free from the glamour in which they are enveloped, in the tetralogy itself, by the wonderful art of the musician. Hearing or studying the music, one almost feels inclined to subscribe to the theorems of Wagner, just as *Tristan* tempts to Nirvana and *Parsifal* to asceticism; one gets a clearer notion of the ideas and their objective value by contemplating them in their plain prose expression. And looking at the matter in this way, one sees at once that Wagner was a man of high spirit and generous sympathies, acutely sensitive both to his own miseries and those of others, but quite incapable of thinking any social problem out, or of doing anything more than offer the most *a priori* solutions of it. Thus in 1849, just after his flight from Dresden, when he was confronted with the problem of compromise between artistic desires and plans, and the earning of one's daily bread, he wrote to his correspondents in terms that show clearly the personal character of the philosophy and the portraiture of the *Ring*. In his correspondence with Uhlig, for example, he not only foreshadowed the theories of his *Art and Revolution* and *The Art-work of the Future*, but unconsciously sketched out, as it were, the problem of the *Ring* and some of the characters. Just as we can recognise much of Wagner himself in Walther of *The Meistersingers*, so one can see that Siegfried in the tetralogy is just a peg whereon to hang certain of the musician's theories as to the wholesome vitality of the "free individual."

"You see, dear friend," he wrote to Uhlig, "it is such trifles as conventional fame-seeking and anxiety for daily bread which threaten to exert—and in a decisive manner—their august modern sovereignty over the true, free sphere of man's art. But can there be a choice here? Certainly not; not even if persons like you begin to be prudent and practical. I will be happy, and a man can only be that if he is free; but that man only is free who is what he can and, therefore, must be. Whoever, therefore, satisfies the inner necessity of his being, is free; because he feels himself alone with himself; because everything which he does answers to his nature, to his true needs. Whoever follows a necessity, not from within, but from without, is subject to compulsion; he is not free, but an unfortunate slave. The free man laughs at oppression from without if only inner necessity be not sacrificed to it; it can cause only fly-stings, not heart-wounds."

That is a kind of philosophising that has gone sadly out of fashion, the day being past when vaporising about the free individual, and inner necessity, and man being that which he is by virtue of his inner essence, and the rest of the windy jargon of the dreamer, can do much more than make us yawn. The passage is only of interest for the light it throws upon the philosophical scheme of the *Ring*. At the

end of *A Communication to my Friends* (1851), when Wagner was relating the steps of his musical and intellectual development, he told how, in the drama as he had then worked it out, he had found expression for his inmost philosophy of life.

"With the conception of Siegfried," he wrote, "I had pressed forward to where I saw before me the human being in the most natural and blithest fulness of his physical life. No historic garment more confined his limbs; no outwardly-imposed relation hemmed his movements, which, springing from the inner fount of Joy-in-life, so bore themselves in face of all encounter, that error and bewilderment, though nurtured on the wildest play of passions, might heap themselves around until they threatened to destroy him, without the hero checking for a moment, even in the face of death, the welling outflow of that inner fount; or ever holding anything the rightful master of himself and his own movements, but alone the natural outstreaming of his restless fount of life. It was Elsa who had taught me to unearth this man; to me he was the male embodied spirit of perennial and sole creative instinct (*Unwillkür*), of the doer of true deeds of *Mankhood* in the utmost fulness of its inborn strength and proved loveworthiness. Here, in the promptings of this man, love's brooding wish had no more place; but bodily lived it there, swelled every vein and stirred each muscle of the glad-some being, to all-enthraling practice of its essence."¹

This was the type of man Wagner had held up for admiration in his writings and in his letters; it was the type to which he himself wished to conform. He was oppressed with a sense of the hardness of the world and the restraint our modern society, based on commerce and industrialism, imposes upon the artist; and he longed vaguely and nebulously for a condition of things more favourable to art. Thousands before and after him have felt the same weariness and cherished the same desires; but him they impelled to random philosophising, to weaving cloudy schemes of social and political and artistic improvement. There is from first to last in his works—outside the department of music—hardly one suggestion as to art and life that is worth attention—or at least any more attention than one usually renders to the earnest and sincere but unpractical prophet. It is a somewhat saddening spectacle, this of the artist quivering under the blows of the huge, unfriendly world; feeling dimly that in the evolution of mankind, he, whose business is with heart and soul alone, has become inextricably entangled with the limbs and the viscera of the race; but able to offer towards the diminishing of the grievous burden nothing more than petulant outcries, and sad looks upon the past, and vain hopes that the wheels of evolution will stand still, that the world may be reconstructed according to the plans of the idealist. He lived, we must always remember, in a time of social and political ferment, and in a country where the tendency has always been to philosophise *in abstracto*. Everything—his own nature, his training, his associates, his enemies—combined to make him a mere declaimer upon themes that require anything but declamation to elucidate them. He always

(1) Mr. Ashton Ellis's translation of the *Prose Works*, i., p. 375.

states just that half of any problem which serves the ends of his own artistic theories; anything like a sanely comprehensive view of the intermixture of good and evil in the world is impossible to him. "Our God is Gold," he cried; "our Religion the Pursuit of Wealth." "Our Modern Art is a mere product of Culture, and has not sprung from Life itself; therefore, being nothing but a hot-house plant, it cannot strike root in the natural soil, or flourish in the natural climate of the present." There is no meaning in talk of this kind; it is windy rhetoric, pure and simple—the mere sad declamation of a frustrated artist, in a world of dark complexities whose meaning and whose interconnection he cannot fathom.

The mood in which Wagner thought out the philosophy of the *Ring*, then, was one of emotional revolt against the resistance of modern life to the impulses of the artist—a revolt determined in its forms and theories by the musician's idealism and lack of objective vision and of impartial reason. The part played by the *Ring* itself in the tetralogy can be clearly seen to be an expression of Wagner's own passion for attributing most of the evils under which art now suffers to its dependence upon gold and commerce. "This is Art as it now fills the entire civilised world!" he cried in *Art and Revolution*. "Its true essence is industry; its ethical aim the gaining of gold; its æsthetic purpose, the entertainment of those whose time hangs heavily on their hands." In the famous *Vaterlandsverein* speech of 1848, misinspired no doubt by some of the economists of the time, whom he had read and only half understood, he fulminated against the evil wrought among men by gold.

"When all the classes hitherto at enmity, and parcelled off by envy, have been united in the one great class of the free folk, embracing all that on the dear German soil has received its human breath from God—think ye we then shall have reached our goal? No; then shall we first begin in earnest! For then must be taken firmly and deedfully in eye the question of the root of all the misery in our present social state—then must be decided whether Man, that crown of the creation, whether his lofty spiritual, his artistically stirring bodily powers and forces, were meant by God to serve in menial bondage to the stubbornest, the most lifeless product in all nature, to sallow metal?"¹

And finally, among his theories of this period was that of the necessity of the downfall of the State. In *Opera and Drama*, after a long "interpretation" of the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, in which the action of Antigone is taken to mean "the annulling of the State by her love-curse," he proceeds in a passage that shows how prone he was to read extraneous meanings into artistic products, and at the same time throws light upon the kind of subtle theorems he tried to incorporate in his own dramatic works.

"To-day," he writes, "we only need to faithfully expound the myth of *Œdipus* according to its inmost essence, and we in it win an intelligible picture

(1) See the *Prose Works*, iv., p. 138 (Mr. Ellis's translation).

of the whole history of mankind, from the beginnings of Society to the inevitable downfall of the State. The necessity of this downfall was foreboded in the Mythos. It is the part of actual history to accomplish it. . . . With this concrete State—whose substance Louis XIV. correctly designated as *himself*—we need not further occupy ourselves; its kernel, also, is bared us in the *Œdipus* sage; as the seed of all offences we recognise the rulership of *Laius*, since, for sake of its undiminished possession, he became an unnatural father. From this possession, grown into an *ownership*, which wondrously enough is looked on as the base of all good order, there issue all the crimes of myth and history. Let us keep our eye upon the abstract State alone. The thinkers of this State desired to plane down and equalise the imperfections of actual Society, according to a thought-out 'norm'; yet that they retained these very imperfections as a given thing—as the only thing to fit the 'sinfulness' of human nature, and never went back to the real man himself, who from his at first instinctive, but at last erroneous, views had called those inequalities into being, exactly as through experience and the consequent correction of his errors he must also bring about, quite of itself, the perfect Society, *i.e.*, one answering to the real needs of men,—this was the grand error through which the Political State evolved itself to the unnatural height whence it fain would guide our human nature far below; that nature which it did not understand at all, and understood the less the more it fain would guide it. The Political State lives solely on the *vices of Society*, whose *virtues* are derived solely from the human *individuality*. Faced with the vices of Society, which alone it can espy, the State cannot perceive the virtues which Society acquires from that individuality. . . . The essence of the Political State is *caprice*, whereas the essence of the free individuality is necessity. From out this individuality which we have recognised as in the right in its thousand-years' battle with the Political State—from this to *organize* Society is the conscious task imposed upon us for the future. But to bring the *unconscious part* of human nature to *consciousness within Society*, and in this consciousness to know nothing other than the necessity common to every member of Society, namely of the individual's own free self-determining—this is as good as to say, *annul the State*; for through Society has the State marched on to a denial of the free self-determining of the individual—upon the death of *that* has it lived."¹

It was in this misty way that Wagner dealt with the problems of the philosophy of history, launching forth a number of pseudo-propositions that explain simply nothing. It is a typically Teutonic manner, requiring for its most perfect exhibition nothing more than a half-comprehension of any question under the sun. It is somewhat strange that Wagner's panegyrists should have followed his lead so blindly in discussions of this kind, and have sung pæans in his praise as a great and original thinker. Nothing could more clearly prove Wagner's incompetence to handle a philosophical question than this *banal* rhetoric about the "annulling of the State," "the free self-determining individual," and the rest of it. There is, of course, the perennial problem of the respective spheres of activity of the individual and the State, how far the State is morally justified in restraining the impulses and desires of the individual, and how far these impulses and desires are morally right as against those conventions of the State which alone make individual existence possible,—these are problems that do indeed press for solu-

(1) *Prose Works*, ii., pp. 191—194.

tion. But no one with a grain of philosophical ability will set about the business in the manner of Wagner, retailing foolish platitudes instead of arguing, and maundering for pages together about those precious entities "the State," "Society," and "the individual." There is no special merit in multiplying darkness in this way in quarters where there is already too little light; and it is a hopeless absurdity for a musician, with no ratiocinative ability to begin with, no habits of cool, persistent, objective thought, and no training in the special subjects he is so fain to meddle with, to inflict his frothy rhetoric upon an unoffending world. One blames him and his thoroughgoing worshippers only in so far as they attempt to handle subjects with which they are quite incompetent to deal; and one's objection to their voluminous writings is not that they expound wrong or doubtful theories, but that their pseudo-demonstrations are mere shoddy, having as little relation to the subjects they are actually concerned with as a seventeenth-century divine's commentary on Genesis has with modern Darwinism. With the best will in the world, indeed, and with all one's admiration for Wagner's stupendous musical genius, it is sometimes hard to feel well-disposed towards him when reading his prose works. To say that the root of all our social misery is money, and that in "property" originate "all the crimes in myth and in history," is to place oneself almost outside the pale of serious discussion. Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain has recently told us that "with Wagner the faculty of negation went hand-in-hand with a rare faculty of affirmation." It did indeed. The trouble is that mere "affirmation" is not what we want from a musician who insists on importing his imagination into questions of philosophy and sociology and economics.

II.

It will be admitted, I think, on the basis of the above citations from the prose works and the letters, that in the *Ring* Wagner was simply preaching a scheme of philosophy purely personal to himself. All artists, of course, tend to express in their works their own congenital or acquired leanings towards this or that view of life. The difference between these and Wagner is, however, enormous. One does not urge it against any artist that he sings his own moods and desires, so long as these are capable of being bent towards and comprehended in an artistic effect. We read certain things of Baudelaire, for example, not because we admire the inverted eroticism of his temperament, but because he manages to make his faults of mood and impulse lyrical, emotional, artistic, beautiful in their form of presentation. With Wagner the case is precisely the opposite. A novel that is a tract is bad enough; a poem that is a tract is infinitely worse; but what shall be said of a musical drama that is a tract? The

thorough-going Wagner-worshipper may object to the term as being irreverent, and missing its mark by over-statement; he would prefer to speak of the "philosophy" of the *Ring*. "Philosophy," however, is a somewhat more dignified word than suits the occasion. Most artworks that set out to "prove" something are flawed at the commencement; if you take them as works of art, ignoring the argumentation, the latter seems somewhat superfluous; while if you ask yourself whether the premisses of the work really lead to the conclusion the author has aimed at, you are as likely to disagree as to agree with him. As Flaubert said, the objection to writing a novel to prove something is that anyone can sit down and write a novel to prove just the opposite; you have only to select and ignore the material at your discretion. But when the "philosophy" of the work is forced down your throat, and you are compelled to make some effort to digest it, and you find yourself disagreeing with it for reasons that are patent to anyone who will think, you are not inclined to be very "reverent" to the philosopher or to his admirers.

Now the scheme of the *Ring*, in so far as it leaves the broad currents of human passion, and affects to preach a social or philosophical evangel, is essentially a childish one. Wagner has shown considerable art in the way he has welded the various sagas together in his poem; it was not an easy task, and he has performed it for the most part with signal success. The music, again, in its best moments is unapproachable, and even in its lapses from that high standard is worthy of the admiration due to a triumph almost achieved. But Wagner would have been offended at the suggestion that the *Ring* was to be looked upon merely as a good dramatic poem, set to immortal music. If there was one point upon which he was more positive than any other, it was the stupidity of regarding his works as mere operas—a mere combination of music and poetry. They were *Dramas*; and not merely dramas in the ordinary sense of the word, but lights upon man and the universe, elucidations of problems of life and art and conduct. He was a born preacher; and if you did not care to pay attention to his sermon, he did not wish you to listen to his words as you would simply to an oratorical performance. All his life he fought the German theatres, the German performers, and the German public upon this point, insisting that he who only heard beautiful singing and expressive orchestration at a performance of one of his operas, had not even made an approach to understanding it. I have often wondered how much the public or the performers would have understood of his operas, in the sense he intended them to be understood, had he not given the key to his intentions in his prose-works. Let anyone, as an experiment, who is well acquainted with *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, sit down and write out his ideas as to the psychology of the characters in these two operas, and then compare his reading of them with the analyses Wagner has given in *The Per-*

forming of *Tannhäuser* and *A Communication to my Friends*, and he will, I venture to think, agree with me, that nine-tenths of the treatises upon the philosophy of Wagner's dramas are based not upon the dramas themselves, but upon the prose-works and the letters. Wagner's own delusion upon the point was really something abnormal; but one can pardon in him what one cannot pardon in his worshippers, for in him it was part of the very structure that made him so wonderful a musician. He saw things in music that no one else can see there; it aroused in him suggestions of concrete things; it spoke to him of definite thought and action where to us it is only beautiful and vague emotion. Hence the folly of his worshippers, who are by no means built upon his cerebral pattern, in attempting to make his philosophy of music theirs. This aspect of mind may be illustrated from his attitude towards *Tannhäuser*. For the benefit of all concerned with the performance of that work, he wrote a small treatise, giving the most valuable hints to all who took part in the performance, as well as an analysis of the character of *Tannhäuser* as he conceived it. Now it is quite safe to say, as a piece of æsthetic psychology, that no living man or woman can have the slightest notion of the philosophy of the opera *except from the words of the poem*. The music may enforce the emotions aroused by the words, and the leading motives may throw side-lights upon the utterances of the characters; but to no one whatever can the music give an insight into the psychology of the character further than that given by the poem. No one, I think, not under the sway of Wagner's theories, and not merely echoing, parrot-like, Wagner's ideas as to the psychological power of music,—ideas, be it remembered, that were perfectly natural to his abnormal brain—can dispute the truth of this. Now Wagner held that a piece of psychological portraiture that was impossible to the mere actor, dependent as he is upon mere words, was rendered possible to the singer by the expressive power of music.

"I declare," he writes, "that not even the most eminent actor, of our own or bygone times, could solve the task of a perfect portrayal of *Tannhäuser's* character on the lines laid down in the above analysis; and I meet the question: 'How could I hold it possible for an opera-singer to fulfil it?' by the simple answer that to *music* alone could the draft of such a task be offered, and only a *dramatic singer*, just through the aid of music, can be in the position to fulfil it. Where a player would seek in vain, among the means of recitation, for the expression wherewithal to give this character success, to the singer that expression is self-offered in the music."¹

And that this passage bears out the interpretation I have put upon it—that it correlates with a hundred other passages of unconscious self-revelation—may be seen from the fact that Wagner regarded *the music* of the *Ring* as affording the true key to the comprehension of its philosophy.

(1) *Prose Works*, iii., pp. 201, 202.

"I now realise myself," he wrote to Roeckel, "how much of the whole spirit and meaning of my poem is only made clear by the music; I cannot now, for my life, even look at the words without the musical accompaniment."

This does not mean merely that by the system of leading motives a light that would otherwise be lacking is thrown upon certain scenes and incidents. One has only to understand the peculiar psychology of Wagner, and the exaggerated stress he laid upon the power of music in the drama, to see that to *his* mind the philosophy of the *Ring* was not only revealed by the music, but made clearer, more convincing, more universal than could possibly have been done by words.

Upon this point Wagner certainly deceived himself. At the risk of repetition, let me say once more that from beginning to end of his career, he laid down for universal acceptance ideas and theories that were purely personal to himself, and that he was unable to conceive how the whole world, when it came to its senses, could think differently from him. He avowed to Uhlig his belief that the poem of the *Ring* was "the greatest ever written"; and to Roeckel he wrote that he was certain the hearer would see the philosophy of the drama as the composer had conceived it. His faith in his own philosophical ideas, his belief in their importance for the regeneration of the universe, would be grotesque if it were not so pathetic. His purely musical gift, which has never been equalled among men, he seemed to lay comparatively little stress upon; while he constantly troubled himself, his correspondents, his readers and his hearers, with speculations in philosophy and other subjects for which he had only the most mediocre capacity. One sometimes rises with a feeling of sadness from the study of the *Ring* and Wagner's writings connected with it—a feeling of pity that this man should have spent precious year after year of his life gnawing at his own heart to no purpose, embittering his days and nights with long meditation on questions that any clear-headed schoolboy could quickly have settled for him. For it must be reiterated that Wagner had no more capacity for philosophical speculation than the average curate. He hung upon the fringe of every great question, half understanding it and half perverting it, falling a victim to the most elementary of verbal fallacies, twisting everything into a kind of harmony with his own preconceived notions, but reaching no conclusion by dint of solid thinking, and in the long run adding nothing to the sum of human knowledge. He fell an easy victim, first to Feuerbach, then to Schopenhauer. In the case of the latter philosopher he was unable to detect the simplest of his errors by reason of his lack of real metaphysical training; and he maundered on in his terribly serious way about the will, and time, and space, and causality, and the rest of it, without ever a suspicion that he was following the lead of

Schopenhauer in the merest verbal absurdity. And he confesses withal that he cannot even understand Schopenhauer by real assimilation of the argument—evidently regarding one of the simplest and clearest of writers as a thinker almost too profound for the comprehension of ordinary minds.

"I cannot pretend," he writes to Roeckel, "that I am at all times able to follow the process of the solution of this mighty problem, still less to expound it clearly. The clear realisation of the subjective character of time, space, and causality, as mere forms of perception, *argues a mental process of so sublime a nature that, as Schopenhauer proves beyond dispute, it can only be possible to an abnormally organized brain, and under conditions of peculiar excitement.*"

The man who is capable of a performance of this kind had really better leave metaphysics alone; one begins to wonder whether he did not see something rather profound in the multiplication-table or Euclid's Elements. Yet this was the man, and this the mind, that preached in season and out of season upon questions of philosophy, and economics, and history, and æsthetics, and sociology; that really felt a mission to give to the world, not only in prose but in a drama, the true solution of the problem of human existence.

For that, finally, is what the *Ring* pretends to do. Enough has already been said, in the earlier part of this article, to show what were Wagner's views upon certain questions of human life during the years when he was thinking out the drama. He was living, as he always did, in a mental world of fog and mist, wherein everything took the strangest of forms. His essay on the *Nibelungen*, written at that time, is still worth reading as an example of the most approved Teutonic apriorism; a purely historical subject is treated from the point of view of the most abstract dialectics, and historical events, depending upon all kinds of economic, social, and military forces, are made to stand as "moments" in a development that follows its dialectical course like a piece of pre-arranged clock-work. He was not alone in this manner of writing history in Germany just then; other men were doing it almost as serenely and as absurdly as himself. The only things worth wondering about are, first, how a musician who could treat history and sociology in this, the easiest, the most primitive, the most *banal* of all possible methods, could ever have been held up to our adoring gaze as a great thinker; and, second, how it is that those who have shrugged their shoulders in quiet tolerance over Wagner's philosophy, as expressed in the *Nibelungen* and other prose works, should have failed to pass a similar criticism upon the philosophy of the *Ring*.

For surely one has only to read that poem with one's eyes open to be convinced that Wagner was labouring under the most pathetic delusion when he thought he was contributing anything of the slightest value to the intellectual store of the race. It is quite unnecessary for his disciples to take such infinite pains to prove that

Wagner was a Schopenhauerite before ever he read a line of Schopenhauer. That is just the trouble; he had already certain vague innate notions as to renunciation and redemption, and Schopenhauer, so far as Wagner could understand him, gave a support to these notions. He took the philosopher up, not because of his interest in philosophy, but because of his interest in his own ideas.

"In accepting unreservedly the profound truths of his teaching," he wrote, "I was able to follow my own inner bent; and although he has given my line of thought a direction somewhat different from its previous one, yet only this direction harmonised with the profoundly sorrowful conception I had already formed of the world."

The confession was quite unnecessary; the impression one gets from all his prose works is that of a man who could assimilate only so much of other men's ideas as happened to harmonise with his own—he being curiously like Schopenhauer in this respect. There was no correction or readjustment of view by the clash of other men's opinions. If he changed at all, it was in obedience to the changes in his health or in his relations to the world.

The programme of the *Ring*, in its final form, was not exactly what Wagner intended it to be in the beginning. At first the hero was Siegfried, the man of the future; in the drama, as we now have it, the real hero is Wotan. Wagner's curious explanation of this reversal of mood—optimism giving way to pessimism, or what looks very like pessimism—is that in the first sketch of the drama he was obeying his intellectual instead of his artistic nature. The latter, he assumed, was always correct in its intuitions; the former was liable to error.

"I made my most remarkable discovery in this respect," he wrote, "with my Nibelung drama. It had taken form at a time when, with my ideas, I had built up an optimistic world on Hellenic principles; believing that, in order to realise such a world, it was only necessary for man to wish it. I ingeniously set aside the problem, Why they did not wish it"; [which is as good a criticism as one could desire on *Art and Revolution* and *The Art-Work of the Future*]. "I remember that it was with this definite creative purpose that I conceived the personality of Siegfried, with the intention of representing an existence free from pain."

The drama was, in fact, simply a moral treatise on the wrongness of wrong and the rightness of right—not a particularly illuminative philosophy. As he went on, however, he discovered, according to his own account, that he was "unconsciously being guided by a wholly different, infinitely more profound intuition, and that instead of conceiving a phase in the development of the world, I had grasped the very meaning and essence of the world itself in all its possible phases and had realised its nothingness; the consequence of which was, that as I was true to my living intuitions and not to my abstract ideas in my completed work, something quite different saw the light from what I had originally intended." This "something quite different"

was the making of Wotan the centre of the whole drama, as the embodiment of the principle of renunciation. Wagner, in fact, was suffering from a very bad attack of Schopenhauerism, partly congenital, and partly induced. There is undoubtedly a touch of old-world grandeur even in the more metaphysical portions of the *Ring*; but that effect is produced mainly by the nobility of the music. On the purely philosophical side, upon which Wagner laid so much stress, the scheme is hopelessly mediocre in conception; it is just a very dull sermon on liberty and law. Fricka, as the representative of conventional law and order, is as hopeless a lay figure as one could meet; and all the other characters, in so far as they do not interest us on the purely human side, in so far as they merely pose as symbols of various parts of the social structure, are not only dull but foolish. For what is the great "tragedy of renunciation" which Wotan accomplishes of his own free will? As Mr. David Irvine has recently expressed it, Wagner, in the *Ring*, "held that man's salvation lay in recognising necessity in nature, and in yielding to it instead of opposing it."

Well, the comment upon that kind of thing is that it is painfully reminiscent of the dialectic of the young curate. What is necessity in nature? If there is "necessity," can it be opposed? and if it can be opposed, ought it to be called necessity? Wagner's doctrine was that "we must will the inevitable, and accomplish it spontaneously." But what conception could he have had of the inevitable? If you can will whatever you like, and get it, then necessity is not inevitable; and if you cannot get what you want by willing—if you can only get what inevitable necessity has predestined for you—then it is somewhat superfluous to talk of "accomplishing freely what necessity wills." Wagner, in fact, was not only trying to treat in music a subject for which music is quite unfitted, but he was setting about to preach a new philosophy of society with only the merest smattering of knowledge and only a mediocre capacity for thinking. Undoubtedly there is, and always has been, a conflict between the interests and desires of the individual and the laws of society. But who is going to treat with even average respect a theory that affects to settle the whole complex question by mere laudation of the "free individual," and the necessity of recognising the inevitable, and the rest of that airy jargon? If a musician must needs preach a social evangel in his operas, have we not a right to expect of him some little logical preparation for his task? Who cares for all this vaporising about "the individual," and "constituted authority," and the "immorality of convention"; who wants an opera to be a gallery peopled with dull abstractions drawn alternately from anarchistic and socialistic handbooks? To repeat once more, Wagner was not contributing one iota to the knowledge or the wisdom of mankind; he was simply throwing at our heads the crude and primitive ideas of

an organism radically incapable of patient and profitable thinking. He himself, in his confused and amateur way, rambled perpetually about the superiority of "instinct" to "abstract knowledge." One does not, in the year 1898, set oneself to correct psychological blunders of that kind; it is sufficient to note the phenomenon as being of importance in a diagnosis of Wagner's character. Holding these ideas, he argued, as he always did, from the particular to the general; because he could see no further than this himself, he failed to perceive that to other people his "philosophy" was only primeval nonsense. His Wotan was meant to typify a being "who has wished to drink at the fountain of wisdom, and to be guided by the counsels of sovereign reason"; while Siegfried, on the contrary, always "obeys the primordial law of instinct." Who takes any serious interest in these crude metaphysical antitheses, and who, above all, wants them embodied in music? Or take again his lay figure of Fricka, as the guardian of the conventional marriage-law, and his Brynhild, as the upholder of love against traditional morality. Even the most thorough-going revolutionary must draw back in amazement at this childlike mode of settling a huge social question. Has "traditional morality" no justification? Are we to have all our doubts allayed by this sentimental rhapsodizing about love, and by the assurance that if we were all actuated by no other motive than love we should all be very happy? No doubt; but that is not a particularly profound philosophy, nor does one need it preached at him in a four-barrelled opera.

That the so-called "philosophy" of the *Ring* is merely the mediocre sentiment of a man incapable of thinking out the great problems he was interested in, must, I think, be the verdict of every one who considers it on its merits, apart from the glamour of the music. It was only natural that a mind of this kind should be impervious to criticism; the ideas not being got at through solid thinking—being, in fact, nothing more than the irresponsible self-expression of the artist—were not likely to be affected by the views of other men. So that it is not surprising to find Wagner writing to Roeckel that:—

"It was not so much the obscurity of my version of the poem, as the point of view which you persistently adopted in opposition to mine, which was the cause of your failing to understand many important parts of it. Such mistakes (*sic*) are, of course, only possible in the case of a reader who substitutes his own ideas for those of the poet, while the simple-minded reader, perhaps, unconsciously to himself, takes in the matter more easily, just as it is."

In other words, you must not criticise the poem by bringing to bear upon its philosophical and social theories your own knowledge of philosophical and social problems. That is substituting your own ideas for those of the poet; what you have to do is to be a simple-minded reader, taking in the matter "just as it is." Well, Wagner has had followers enough of that order; but to the outside mind the

letter to Roeckel has its touch of pathos. From an intelligence of this kind no light could possibly come upon concrete matters of life and art; and we may surmise that Roeckel, who was the ablest of all Wagner's correspondents, had an intuition of this, and hinted as much to Wagner.

"You must not take it ill," the musician wrote, "if I only smile at the advice you give me to tear myself away from dreams and egoistic illusions, and to devote myself to what alone is real—to life itself and its aspirations. For I, on the contrary, believe that I am devoting myself to absolute reality, in the most effective, deliberate, and determinate way, by carrying out my own views, even those that entail the most suffering, and by dedicating every one of my faculties to this end."

The self-delusion was complete. The man with no notion of reality believed that he alone saw reality as it actually was; the man whose every conception was abstract and *a priori* lamented the tendency of other men to live in abstractions; the man whose powers failed whenever he came to touch a concrete question must needs attempt to deal with the most intricate of all concrete questions in the most unsuitable of all possible mediums.

It was probably some such reflection as this that was in Roeckel's mind at the time of his correspondence with Wagner. Knowing the man's enormous musical gift and the mediocrity of his talent in other directions, he must have regretted the one flaw in Wagner's mind, the one malign gift his natal fairies had bestowed on him—this desire to make his musical genius the mere mouthpiece of his crude philosophical notions. That is the regret that fills the minds of some of Wagner's admirers to-day, and that will probably be dominant in men's minds a century hence, when the metaphysics and sociology of Wagner and his era shall have become as utterly alien to the race as those of the last century are to us. In those days, when Wagner's prose works will be reprinted only in short extracts and summaries, and men will recall, as they listen to his music, vague traditions of certain pseudo-philosophical notions which the operas are supposed to embody, they will regret that he did not choose somewhat less grandiose subjects for his muse to work upon. That is what a great many of us feel to-day. We do not want a composer to give us tracts instead of operas, particularly when the tracts themselves are uninteresting to a degree. Fifty years ago, A. B. Marx, reviewing in a not unsympathetic spirit such of Wagner's works as had then seen the light, called attention to the fact that some of Wagner's ideas were so far off the ordinary line of human psychology as to be almost incomprehensible to the majority of men. In the case of *Lohengrin*, for example, he remarked that few people could take much interest in a man who leaves the woman who loves him simply because she asks his name. It is what a great many other auditors of *Lohengrin* have felt; but it

was an aspect of the question that had never presented itself to Wagner. He was concerned with Lohengrin as the representative of certain social ideas which were of profound interest to the composer, but of little interest to any one else; and he failed to perceive that other people, whose notions of life were not congenitally coloured by these prepossessions, would look at the tragedy of the drama in a very different way. Had Marx been acquainted with the *Ring* he would, I think, have had an even better text for his sermon. These musical dissertations on freedom, and convention, and the marriage laws, and necessity, and renunciation, and regeneration, have little interest for anyone but those constructed somewhat upon Wagner's pattern. To the vast majority of us they are merely dull. What does survive in our minds, over-riding all disrespectful feelings towards the philosophy of the *Ring*, is the marvellous music to which it is wedded, the stupendous expression of every emotion it is possible for music to express, the genius with which every part is welded together by the leading-motives, the vastness of mind, not met with in any musician before or since, that enables Wagner to handle, like a giant, that mass of intractable material, and bend everything to his own will. To regard him as the greatest of all musicians, but to write down his philosophical ideas as merely commonplace, will perhaps lay one open to the charge of being no admirer of Wagner. But one may answer that the truest form of admiration is to admire him not in virtue of his defects but in spite of them; and to many of us there is something infinitely touching in the sight of this titanic musical genius being incorporated in a brain quite mediocre in other respects, so that all the anxious care he expended upon the poetical part of a drama like the *Ring* leads only to a philosophy that the world will decline to take seriously. Had his musical faculty only been allied to a reflective faculty of even approximate power, what would the world then have seen in musical drama! All that will continue to interest men in the *Ring* is the purely human portions, the great pictures of love and hate, of pain and sorrow and death. To these mankind will always be responsive, even in the days when the philosophy of the drama has ceased to occupy the minds of more than a casual student here and there. But one regrets that this wonderful musical gift should not have been expended upon some great drama planned upon more universal lines, so that we might feel throughout it, as we feel here and there in the *Ring*, that the musical drama, as Wagner conceived it, is really a form of art worthy to stand beside the noblest productions of the other arts. The work as a whole—poem and philosophy considered as well as the music—is undoubtedly a failure, but a gigantic failure; and made by the music of it a failure infinitely grander than the successes of most other composers.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE AND RICHARD WAGNER.

AT a time when the posthumous popularity of Richard Wagner has increased with such leaps and bounds that he may be said to suffer from the adulation rather than the neglect of the concert-going British Philistine, it seems remarkable that so little should still generally be known here of the poet-philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche, who was in turn the enthusiastic champion and scurrilous antagonist of Wagnerian art, beyond the fact that he has become insane, and has served the superficial pathologists as a peg on which to hang their theories concerning the alliance of insanity with genius. Yet the intimacy between Nietzsche and Wagner belongs distinctly to that romantic category of great men's friendships in which the world takes a perennial interest. It was a friendship not dissolved by death it is true, but by a rupture which marked a crisis in the evolution of an extraordinary mind. It supplies an important key to Nietzsche's later doctrine of aristocratic anarchy, that much discussed aspect of *Zeitgeist* abroad, besides throwing light on what at first sight seems a bafflingly complex, and astoundingly contradictory personality.

To a perfect understanding of Nietzsche's relations with Wagner, it is necessary to follow the story of his career, previous to the memorable day when he came for the first time under the wand of the great magician of musical drama. This story, outwardly uneventful, is narrated very fully and sympathetically by Frau Förster-Nietzsche, the able editress of her distinguished brother's works, in *Das Leben Friedrich Nietzsches*, the second volume of which has recently appeared, bringing the life down to the year 1889; a point at which it practically ends, for in that year, Nietzsche was overtaken in Turin by a stroke of paralysis of the brain that darkened for ever one of the most brilliant intellects of the age.

It was in a small out-of-the-world Saxon village near Lutzen that Friedrich Nietzsche was born, in the year 1844. There was no taint of insanity in his blood, for the stock of loyal law-abiding Lutheran pastors from which he sprang were remarkable for their longevity and robustness of health. He himself enjoyed perfectly normal health, and was devoted to such athletic exercises as riding, fencing, and swimming, till the war of 1870, in which he took part as a volunteer in the ambulance corps. In the service of the Fatherland he often affected to despise he suffered untold hardships, and was only saved from dying of diphtheria and cholera by the administration of drastic drugs. This started a habit of taking morphia, bromide, and finally chloral, in alleviation of pain, which accelerated the break-down of an intellect

always kept at the highest tension, and on which Nietzsche wilfully imposed burdens that make the ordinary brain reel even to contemplate.

Nietzsche was proud of his supposed descent from an old Polish Protestant family who migrated into Germany to escape religious persecution. He believed that he preserved in his person strong Polish traits, in spite of the undiluted German blood, he inherited from his mother, and the belief was often curiously confirmed abroad. In Sorrento the whole population called him *Il Polacco*; and at Marienbad, Poles came up to him in the street and greeted him in their own language. He venerated Chopin for having "emancipated music from some of the clumsiest of German traditions," and one ingenious admirer has found strong points of resemblance between his own weird prose-poem, "Zarathustra," and Chopin's B minor Scherzo. That Nietzsche is the least Germanic of writers there can be no question. The brevity, verve and aroma of his style savour of the French moralists of the last century, and somewhere he boasts that he was such a master of the sentence that he could express in it more than most people could say in a book, or rather "could not say in a book." But it is in the destructive instinct, the instinct that led him to repudiate and trample under foot to-day opinions which yesterday he had passionately upheld, that he is pre-eminently the intellectual heir of the Slav, of those raven-haired nomad Huns so prone alike to illusion and disenchantment, whom an inscrutable destiny kept ever on the move, but who left nothing but ashes and ruins in their train.

The child Nietzsche, in his restless craving for knowledge, was the true father of the man. At the age of ten he was already an embryo poet, musician, and dramatic author. He tells us, in a journal he kept when he was thirteen, that he developed early a taste for solitude which caused him to hold aloof from other children and their amusements, and that he was subject to occasional outbursts of passion, followed by fits of unaccountable melancholy and depression. He describes the peaceful little village in which he was born, with its picturesque lichen-covered church tower nestling in its bower of foliage. His father, he adds, was endowed with all the most excellent Christian virtues; the ideal country clergyman, living a simple contented life, loved and revered by all who came in contact with him. A walk the little boy took with his father one spring day, from Lutzow to Rocken, impressed itself on his childish memory because, on the way, the Easter bells suddenly rang out a joyous peal across the Arcadian landscape.

"Those bells," writes the youthful autobiographist, "often echo in my heart, never without bringing back vividly to my mind the old home of my childhood."

In this *milieu* of rustic calm and simple piety the future firebrand, self-styled Immoralist, and author of *Antichrist*, gained his first

impressions of life. When he was six his father died, and the family moved to his grandfather's house in the old-fashioned town of Naumburg-on-the-Saale. His grandmother was an educational faddist, and it was owing to her that Fritz was sent to the common town school, where he was nick-named, with unconscious irony, "little parson." His hyper-sensitive temperament probably was put on the rack as much as Shelley's in similar circumstances, for his sister tells us that he flew from the coarse and uncongenial companionship of his school-fellows to sit by the hour dreamily contemplating in solitude the beauties of Nature. Two of his childish sayings recorded by Frau Förster exhibit him somewhat in the light of the precocious *enfant terrible*.

"Lisbeth," he said to her one day. "You mustn't expect me to believe those silly stories about the storks bringing babies. Man is a mammal, and it is absolutely necessary for him to procure his children for himself."

"Lisbeth, do you know why you and I learn everything so quickly?" he asked, on another occasion. "I am always thinking about it, and I believe it is because our papa in heaven asks God to send us happy ideas."

His first verses, impregnated with melancholy and reflection, were written before he was ten, and at about the same time he was inspired to make his virgin effort at musical composition by hearing the Hallelujah Chorus in church on Ascension Day. For some time afterwards music remained the dominant bent of his mind. He frequently composed, taking Beethoven and Schumann as his models, and was often heard improvising late at night by the passers-by, who stood still in the snowy street to listen, gazing up at the illuminated casement whence the strange sounds proceeded. At this period he thought he was destined to become a musician, to set his own words to his own melodies, and to body forth the slumbering mystery of his soul in divine music. But with Nietzsche it was to be a veritable battle of all the talents. One after the other they combated for the mastery. The classic world opened before his eyes in a perspective of enchanting vistas, and Hellas beckoned with irresistible allurements. The boy felt the need of subjecting the ferment within him to the discipline of a rigorous scholastic training, and went to pursue his studies at the celebrated gymnasium of Pforta, a model college, within whose gates only students of more than average ability are admitted. Here he began his autobiography; and the following entry in a journal religiously kept during his gymnasium days is interesting evidence of his extraordinary versatility:—

"School life, in spite of its apparent monotony, is a period of incessant development. There is a belief current that years passed at school are years of hardship. That may be, but they are years which bear important fruit in

after life. The hardship consists in the fact that when the mind is young and fresh it kicks against the restraint of discipline, and for many these years are not only irksome but without profit, because it is not easy to use them to the best possible advantage. The principal rule for guidance should be to develop oneself equally in all the arts and sciences, to cultivate each gift collaterally, and in such a way that the development of the body keeps pace with that of the mind. One should guard against consecrating oneself exclusively to the study of one subject, and the cultivation of one talent. All writers ought to be read for various motives, attention being paid in the same degree to style, grammar, syntax, and to the historical, intellectual, and moral significance of the subjects they treat. The study of the Grecian and Latin classics should be put in the first rank, and their point of view compared with that of the Germans. History should not be separated from geography, nor mathematics from physics and music. Only by this method will the tree of knowledge bear excellent fruit."

Carrying out this programme during the earlier years of his stay at Pforta, Friedrich Nietzsche proved an incomparable pupil. His journal teems with plans for self-improvement, embracing every department of serious study, the pursuit of which did not prevent his composing sonatas and symphonies, and trying his hand at lyrical and dramatic poetry. With two of his comrades he organized a literary society at Naumburg, and some of the subjects chosen for discussion were "The Infancy of Races," "Napoleon III.," "Dæmonic Elements in Music," "Fatalism in History." All this between the ages of fourteen and eighteen!

But it was at Pforta that the first of those changes so characteristic of Nietzsche's fatal plasticity manifested itself. Suddenly, and without any apparent reason, the brilliant and ardent student became desultory and bored, no longer appreciative of the instruction in which he had hitherto revelled, and critical of the very teachers on whose lips he had hung. And the change could not be attributed to any hankering after the pleasures that are generally supposed to appeal to youths of his age. The only mistress on whom Nietzsche longed to lavish passionate affection was his intellect. He not only never engaged in a vulgar intrigue, but he never knew what it was to be in love, and his inability to conceive any sort of tender passion caused him regret in later life. This seems all the more curious when one considers that Nietzsche was reared in an atmosphere of intellectual feminism, his grandmother, mother, and sister being highly accomplished and cultivated women, whose society no one appreciated more thoroughly than Nietzsche himself. For the sex, of which in his writings he has surpassed Schopenhauer in saying uncomplimentary things, he possessed all the fascinations of the professed misogynist. While travelling for his health during a grace term in Italy and the Riviera, he met more than one beautiful and talented woman, whom he admitted on sufferance to the privilege of a strictly platonic intimacy. The lady who made most of her opportunities was Frau Lou Andreas Salomé, an Austrian novelist of some repute, whose picturesque monograph *Friedrich*

Nietzsche in seinen Werken has been lately discredited, Frau Förster taking grave exception to it in the preface of the second volume of her brother's life, although it has hitherto held an honourable place in Nietzschean literature, and has been constantly commended by critics as a study remarkable for penetration and grasp of the subject.

From Pforta, Nietzsche went to the University of Bonn, whence he followed the celebrated philologist, Ritschl, to Leipzig. It was through the influence of Ritschl that he was offered the chair of philology at Basle in his twenty-fifth year, before he had taken his degree as doctor. He accepted this blue ribbon of the academic world, in spite of cavilling inwardly at the science he taught with amazing skill. At one time he had so doubted the efficacy of the study of philology ("the divine messenger from a distant azure enchanted land, the radiant sphere of the gods," as he called it in his inaugural lecture on Homer), that he had nearly abandoned it altogether, as he had abandoned his studies in theology. But his family was not too wealthy, and it was necessary for Nietzsche to earn a livelihood, and for this reason he probably strangled the temptation to quarrel with his bread and butter. The slumbering æsthetic element in his nature had received a strong stimulus, and was awakened into new and vigorous life by his coming across one day, by chance, a volume of Schopenhauer, which he devoured at a sitting. In *Schopenhauer als Erzieher*, one of his *Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen*, Nietzsche thus describes the revelation the author of *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* was to him.

"I belong to those of his readers who, after they have read one page of him, are certain they will not miss another, and that they will meditate on every word he ever wrote. I gave him my confidence then and there. It may sound absurd and presumptuous to say so, but I understood him as if he had written expressly for myself. I know one other writer only to compare with Schopenhauer in honesty, who even surpasses him in that quality, and that is Montaigne. . . . That such a man should have lived and written on this planet adds to the joy of existence, and I believed I had found in Schopenhauer the teacher and master I had so long sought; limited to a book, it is true, which is an infinite loss. But all the more strenuous were my efforts to see behind the book the living man whose great testament I was reading, who professed to make only those his inheritors who desired to be and were capable of being more than his mere readers, his sons and nurslings."

With regard to the other great figure who played so influential a rôle in the drama of Nietzsche's thought, there was no necessity to strain his imaginative vision in order to conceive a picture of the man behind the work. In this case the god of his idolatry was not dead, but incarnate in the flesh, and his fabulous synthetic personality destined to exercise an almost diabolical charm on his neophyte.

Nietzsche first met Wagner in 1868 in Leipzig, a year before he

was promoted to the Basle professorship. He had previously described the profound impression produced on him by hearing the prelude to *Tristan und Isolde* and the overture to *Die Meistersinger* at a concert.

"This marvellous music robbed me completely of my critical *sang froid*," he wrote to his sister, "it thrilled me in every nerve and fibre. Not for long have I been so completely carried out of myself."

A few days later the opportunity came of making Wagner's personal acquaintance. A fellow-student wrote to Nietzsche informing him that if he wished to know Wagner he was to repair at a certain hour on a certain afternoon to the Café du Théâtre. Nietzsche in great excitement rushed to the café at the appointed time, to find there not Wagner, but the friend who had written the note. He told him that Wagner was staying incognito at his married sister's house in Leipzig, that Madame Ritschl had mentioned her husband's brilliant pupil to him, and that the master had expressed a wish to see Nietzsche. Indeed, he had been invited for the following Sunday evening.

Till that Sunday he lived in a fever of expectant ecstasy. Wagner received him *en famille*, and what Nietzsche terms the "piquant delights" of the evening transcended even his rapturous anticipations. Wagner expressed with warmth his pleasure at meeting one who had such thorough knowledge and appreciation of his music. After and before supper he seated himself at the piano and played excerpts from his *Meistersinger*, imitating the various voices. "He is a man of fire and almost incredible vivacity. He talks at a great rate. . . . I had a long discussion with him on Schopenhauer, and you can imagine my delight when he agreed with me that he was the only philosopher who had penetrated to the core of music. . . . He read aloud portions of the autobiography he is writing. . . . He pressed my hand affectionately at parting, and asked me to come again soon and talk music and philosophy with him."

The years that followed were certainly the happiest of Nietzsche's life, in spite of his own famous declaration: "The greatest crisis of my life was a cure; Wagner belongs merely to my diseases." He sat at the master's feet and became his familiar confidant and intimate friend, the licensed interpreter of his art and work to the public. His first published work, *Die Geburt der Tragödie aus dem Geiste der Musik*, was dedicated to "Seinem erhabenen Vorkämpfer" (his sublime forerunner). In the preface he says that every line was conceived in communion with Wagner as if he were really present while he wrote, and that only something in proportion to the grandeur of that presence dared he commit to paper. This early book of Nietzsche's vibrates with a noble enthusiasm and restrained emotion.

One has only to open it to feel instantly the spell of the Bayreuth master. It abounds in novel points of view, but though it contains hardly a foreshadowing of those *outré* principles of individualism *in excelsis* with which its author's name is associated to-day, it raised a storm in the teacup of the academic society of Basle. That a professor of philology should transgress the limits of his legitimate province by coming before the public as the fanatical apostle of Wagnerism shocked the pedantic Dryasdusts, and was regarded as little short of an outrage on University traditions. The main idea Nietzsche works out in the *Geburt der Tragödie* is the development of Greek art through the agency of two opposing elements in Nature, symbolised respectively by the gods Dionysus and Apollo. The one typical of all transports and extremes, the mingling of pain and pleasure, of ecstasy and terror in the *abandon* of the sunny grape-god's festivals, the transcending the ordinary landmarks of existence, which is the source of music; the other representing form, the plastic and sculptural arts, beauty of the outer world, moderation, restraint, wisdom, individuality with limitations, in short, the golden mean in the Hellenic sense. In the reconciliation and union of these two intrinsically conflicting tendencies, Nietzsche recognises the cause and essence of Attic tragedy. The dithyrambic chorus originally recruited from singers and dancers palpitating with the Dionysiac rage was the womb from which the genuine drama sprang. Wagner is represented as the announcer and revealer of the ideals of ancient Greek life to a modern world. He had bridged the gulf separating the theatre of our day from the drama of antiquity, and therefore is the saviour of German culture. Strangely enough, in all the abrupt metamorphoses through which Nietzsche's thought passed, this Dionysiac-Apollonian antithesis crops up continually in his writings. Long after his revolt from Wagnerolatry and Schopenhauerian metaphysics, when he had given to the world that celebrated pamphlet, *Der Fall Wagner*, in which he speaks of Wagner as the Cagliostro of music, the Prince of Decadents, and says that to listen to him one needed *Pastilles Geraudels*, followed by twenty performances of *Carmen* as an antidote, we find him alluding to the *Geburt der Tragödie* as the first of his *Umwertung aller Werthe*, and quoting from it at length to show that he had returned to a point from which he had started, consistently with one of his pet later theories, "the eternal recurrence of things."

There can be no doubt that there is a certain freshness and *naïveté* about the works of Nietzsche produced during his Wagner discipleship, that renders them more inspiring and wholesome, if less piquant for the general reader than the querulous tiltings at existing institutions, the *bouleversement* of accepted verdicts which characterise those of his emancipated and final phase.

The publication of the *Geburt der Tragödie* was an event hailed with boundless delight by Wagner and Frau Cosima. It was recognised as the consummation of their friendship, and Nietzsche spent every hour he could spare from his routine as a Basle professor, at the Wagners' Tribschen Villa, on the shores of the Vierwald-stätter See. It is to be gathered from the innumerable letters in the biography referring to this period, that Wagner was often exigent, and exercised his prerogative of friendship so jealously, that at times it amounted to a species of terrorism. On one of his visits, Nietzsche once brought with him a copy of Brahms's *Triumph Lied*, which he had specially bound in scarlet for Wagner. This gift, innocently made, had the effect of a red rag on a bull, and brought down bitter reproaches on the giver's head. It was construed as a sign that Nietzsche had reared a rival god to Wagner in his affections, and he was forthwith accused of trying to serve two masters. Another time Nietzsche abandoned, without a murmur, a long-talked-of tour in Italy and Greece, which he had planned to take with Mendelssohn's son, the Freiburg professor, because Wagner refused to sanction the absence of his disciple for so long a time. In fact Nietzsche made a cheerful sacrifice of himself to every caprice of his master, yet all the time the irrepressible Slav instinct was crying aloud for satisfaction, and the undercurrent of restlessness and discontent was surging more fiercely within him, and sweeping him on, in spite of himself, to the inevitable parting of the ways. Even while his hero-worship was at its height, and he was preparing *Richard Wagner in Bayreuth* for the press, he could not resist, in secret, the temptation of turning the full glare of his iconoclastic criticism on his idol. A private commonplace book has come to light among his literary remains, in which he seems to have confided, under the guise of "objective reflections," such rank heresies as these:—

"How infinitely purer is the soul of a Bach or a Beethoven in comparison with the soul of a Wagner. In the same sense as Goethe was a painter strayed from his true vocation, and Schiller an orator, Wagner is an actor *manqué*. . . ."

"Who are the men who swell the ranks of his partisans? Singers who wish to appear more interesting by acting their parts as well as singing them to produce the maximum of effect with a minimum of voice; composers who hoodwink the public by a sort of glamour into a non-critical attitude; audiences who are bored by the old masters and find in Wagner a stimulant for their jaded nerves."

"In his eulogiums of great musicians Wagner invariably makes use of hyperbole. . . . Thus he calls Beethoven a *saint*. His praise as well as his criticisms provoke irritation. . . ."

Wagner, in complete ignorance, of course, of these unpublished heretical strictures, accorded to Nietzsche's second book, *Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen*, even more ecstatic commendation than to his first, as well he might, for it contains the clarion-voiced *Richard*

Wagner in Bayreuth, the most glowing tribute ever paid to Wagner's genius, and the noblest literary appreciation extant of the Bayreuth idea. If anti-Wagnerites of the type of Herr Max Nordau can quote Nietzsche (without acknowledging their indebtedness to him) in support of the charge that Wagner's music is decadent and neurotic in its tendency, Wagnerites can also quote Nietzsche to his advantage, and with infinitely more effect. For nowhere is there to be found a subtler analysis of the Wagnerian drama, a superb summing up of its "motives" than in this masterly essay. There are passages so impressive that they grip the imagination at first sight. Take, for instance, the one which refers to the founding of the Perfect Theatre in the environment of the little Bavarian Mecca.

"On that memorable May-day in the year 1872, when the foundation-stone was laid on the Bayreuth slopes in torrents of rain under a lowering sky, Wagner drove back with us to the town lost in silent meditation, a self-contemplation too deep for words. On that day he entered his sixtieth year. All that had been in the past was but a preparation for this moment. It is well known that in any hour of danger, or of any significant decision in men's lives, they see under one penetrating flash of intuition, standing out in distinct relief, all that is farthest and nearest in the perspective of their experience concentrated into one picture. Such a picture as Alexander the Great must have seen when he drank Asia and Europe in one draught. . . .

"The artist in whom the mimic art is born in a supreme degree will succumb to the many-sidedness of modern life as to a childish sickness. In boyhood and youth he will resemble his elders more than himself. That wonderfully robust type of youth, the Siegfried of the *Ring*, could only have been created by a man who had found his own youth late in life, and if Wagner's youth came to him late, so likewise did his adolescence."

Compared with his anti-Wagnerian philippics, how admirable and comprehensive, and wholly worthy of a great subject, is the following restrained rhapsody:—

"The figures which an artist creates, the procession of heroes and heroines to which his fancy clings with passionate affection, if not created in his own image, tell us something of their creator. If we let Rienzi, the Dutchman, Senta, Tannhäuser, Elizabeth Lohengrin, Elsa, Tristan, Marke, Hans Sachs, Wotan, and Brunnhilde file before our mental vision, we are conscious of a sublime connecting torrent of moral exaltation that flows ever swifter and purer, carrying us along with it, until we stand, half awed and half ashamed of intruding, in the presence of the inner growth of Wagner's own soul. In what other artist is the same process to be met with in equal grandeur? The ascent of Schiller's creations, from the *Robbers* to *Wallenstein* and *Tell*, express something of their creator's development, but with Wagner the ordeal is greater, the way longer. The most diverse elements take a share in this revelation; myth, as well as music. In the *Ring of the Nibelungen* I have come across the most moral music I know; where Brunnhilde, for example, is awakened by Siegfried, the interpretation reaches such glorious heights that involuntarily we think of glowing Alpine glaciers and snow-peaks. Nature here is so pure, solitary, and inaccessible, so transfigured by the lightning of love, that cloud and storm, yea, even sublimity itself seems lower. If we look back from this point on Tannhäuser and the Dutchman we

see and feel how the human Wagner grew, how he began in gloomy unrest, stormily sought peace and strove for power, trying to grasp the rush of pleasure, often recoiling in disgust as if he would cast the burden from him in an effort to forget, to deny, and renounce. The great tempest of his being raged first in this valley then in that, penetrating darkest ravines. In the gloom of night, in the thick of the struggle, he saw a lodestar rise above him, shining with a mild and melancholy radiance, and he called it, Constancy (*Treue*), selfless constancy. Why did this star guide him more clearly than others? What was the mysterious connection between it and his tempestuous soul? In everything that he composed the image and problem of *Treue* stands out in high relief. His works contain an almost complete galaxy of every description of *Treue* . . . *Treue* of brother to sister, friend to friend, servant to master—Elizabeth to Tannhäuser, Senta to the Dutchman, Isolde, Kurwenal, and Marke to Tristan, and Brunnhilde to Wotan."

And here is a definition of Wagner the musician :—

"With relentless discipline the music is made to subordinate itself to the drama, though its fiery soul pants to burst its bonds. Out of the vortex of melody and conflicting passions soars a distinctly intelligible symphonic harmony of matchless strength.

"Wagner is never more Wagner than when his difficulties increase tenfold, and he triumphs over them with all the legislative zeal of a victorious ruler, subduing rebellious elements, reducing them to simple rhythms, and imprinting the supreme power of his will on a vast multitude of contending emotions. . . . It can be said of him that he has endowed everything in nature with a language. He believed that nothing need be dumb. He cast his plummet into the mystery of sunrise, forest and mountain, mist and night-shadows, and learned that all these cherished intense longing for a voice."

The above extracts will suffice, we think, to justify Mr. Chamberlain, Wagner's latest and ablest biographer, in placing *Richard Wagner in Bayreuth* far above the mass of mediocre criticism and extravagant panegyric which has flowed and still flows from the Continental press on the subject of the great founder of musical drama. He thinks it is probable that it will be read when the bombshells of abuse Nietzsche afterwards hurled at the man whose genius he, more than any other, knew how to value at its true worth, have long been consigned to the limbo of forgotten things. Indeed Mr. Chamberlain sees in the bombshells only strong evidence of Nietzsche's approaching mental collapse; a view, of course, utterly repudiated by the fervid admirers of the later Nietzsche. They are of opinion that Nietzsche's devotion to Wagner was a temporary aberration, and that so long as he gave up to advertising Wagner what was meant for mankind, he was not Nietzsche. According to them, *Richard Wagner in Bayreuth* is unique among his writings, because in it he has swamped his own genius. He thinks another's thoughts, feels with another's sensibilities, speaks in another's language. The day was bound to come when the Wagner satellite was to rise in majesty above the horizon, himself a sun, if only to sink before long into eternal night.

Thus, the faithful say, Nietzsche was compelled to throw off the

yoke and to reclaim his own individuality with fury and violence. Fury and violence directed more against himself than against Wagner. But others have assigned many and varying reasons for Nietzsche's *volte-face*. One, that he wrote an opera and resented the master criticising it adversely, is certainly too contemptible for serious refutation. Nietzsche never wrote or tried to write an opera. There is more ground for supposing that his *amour-propre* suffered from Wagner's neglect of him during the first Bayreuth festival, that greatest æsthetic miracle of modern times, which, nevertheless, fell far short of Nietzsche's anticipations. The dream he had cherished of founding a school of philosophy, a kind of latter-day Parnassus, of which the dead Schopenhauer should be the moving spirit, Wagner the artistic ornament, but Nietzsche the supreme prophet, vanished for ever in the dizzy whirl of Bayreuth. The author of the *Geburt der Tragödie*, like everyone else, was swallowed up in the apotheosis of Wagnerism. Naturally elated at having at last launched a colossal enterprise, held by the rest of the world to be impossible, Wagner is said to have comported himself like an impetuous young Wotan, for all his sixty-three summers. He was the presiding genius who "rode in the whirlwind and directed the storm," surrounded by a heterogeneous army of gods and goddesses, giants and Valkyries. It is not surprising that he found little time to spare from the herculean labour involved in drilling chorus and orchestra, and adjusting quarrels caused by the professional jealousy of a host of singers and actors, to bestow on his admirers. When he did snatch an hour of leisure he gave vent to a sportive humour, which was as the rainbow foam playing on the surface of his genius; a playfulness which probably appeared to Nietzsche undignified and incongruous. He was constrained and almost tongue-tied in the presence of the master with whom he had hitherto stood on a footing of equality, and participated without enthusiasm in those memorable rehearsals of the *Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung*, from which he had hoped to derive such infinite pleasure. An eye-witness has since recorded, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the impression made upon him at the time by Nietzsche's manner and personal appearance, which, if supplemented by Madame Lou-Salomé's somewhat gushing description of his eyes, ears, and hands, constitutes what Mr. Edmund Gosse calls a "Kitcat" of the earlier Nietzsche of interest and value.

"No one who conversed with him," says the writer¹ in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "could fail to be struck by the powers of his mind, and the singularity of his looks. His closely cropped hair and heavy moustache gave him at first sight the air of a cavalry officer. There was a combination of hauteur and timidity in his bearing. His voice, musical and deliberate, betrayed the artistic temperament; his meditative almost hesitating gait, the philosopher. Nothing

(1) M. E. Schuré.

was more deceptive than the apparent calm of his expression. He had the fixed eye of the thinker, but at the same time it was the eye of the searching and keen observer and the fanatical visionary. This dual character of the eye was almost uncanny, and had a disquieting effect on those who talked with him face to face. His expression in moments of enthusiasm could be one of dreamy sweetness, but almost instantly relapsed again into fierce hostility. . . . There was a distant, isolated atmosphere about the whole Nietzsche personality, a veiled disdain which is often characteristic of the aristocrat of thought."

The same writer goes on to attribute Nietzsche's profound depression at the performances of the Trilogy to the first symptoms of that cerebral torture which was to make shipwreck of his splendid powers, and to the extreme sensitiveness of a refined nature that writhed under certain casual jocularities, the only courtesy Wagner showed his disciples in the hour of his triumph. But in reality the cause of Nietzsche's melancholy absorption, the root of his discontent, lay deeper than headache, failing eyesight, and mere wounded vanity. The Bayreuth of 1876 was his Damascus. He was conscious that he had lost control of that restive steed within him and was galloping headlong to the edge of an abyss. The operation to be performed by his own hand which was to cure him of his "Wagner sickness" was hanging like a sword of Damocles over him, and he knew the remedy was to prove more painful than the disease, and to send him on his solitary way to hew the world in pieces bleeding from a thousand wounds. It was the beginning of the end. Two years later the sword fell, and the divorce was a *fait accompli*. While Nietzsche had been moving further and further from Christianity in the direction of a neo-Paganism, Wagner was pursuing an inverted course and feeling himself attracted more strongly every day by the poetic symbolism and mystery of the Christian Church. After *Siegfried*, that "anthem of earth," he had begun to reintroduce Christian motives and problems into his drama, melodies that Nietzsche termed "Rome's creed ohne Worte," and which his Pagan ear could not tolerate. Wagner, all the same, unwittingly sent Nietzsche a presentation copy of his Parsifal poem with an affectionate inscription. It crossed in the post *Menschliches, Allzumenschliches*, a collection of biting aphorisms dedicated to the memory of Voltaire, in which Nietzsche appeared with such an entirely new face that admirers of his *Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen* might well be excused for not at first recognising him. In *Menschliches Allzumenschliches* he throws down the gauntlet to the past, and though there is no direct allusion to Wagner, it contains plenty of reflections on the vanity and futility of art and things in general. Genius he no longer exalts, but says it is a product of atavism, "its glory is cheap, its throne quickly reared, and bending the knee to it becomes a mere habit." Enthusiasm is compared to the alcohol that enervates and undermines the constitution of savages, and poetry, metaphysics, love, human sympathy, morality, man, all come

under the scourge of a scarifying invective. The Villa Wahnfried rang for many a day with anathemas of the apostate and renegade, and then Wagner forbade the name of his once-valued friend and devotee ever again to be mentioned in his presence. Nietzsche, on his side, denounced Parsifal as a lapse into pietism, and the glorification of the Grail as a surrender to the Cross. But he knew how to discriminate between the man and his art and seems to have long retained Wagner's image in loving memory, for, shortly before the latter's death, he is said to have burst into tears at the distant sight of the house near Lucerne, where he had spent so many happy hours in the society of the man who, as he himself expressed it, had been the one *grande passion* of his life.

There is a pathetic disparity in the fate that befell the two men of genius whose paths thus diverged—the one, after long persistent waiting, achieving, in the face of neglect and the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, late in life, the summit and crown of his ambition, and sinking in majestic content, ripe in years and honours, to the grave; the other destined, when only in his fourth decade, to be arrested in a brilliant career of intellectual activity by the Promethean agony of a living death. The remarkable series of books that bear Nietzsche's name, whose titles alone are works of art in their picturesque suggestiveness, were, in his own estimation, but the outworks of the great edifice, *Die Umwerthung aller Werthe*, he designed to rear as a beacon for coming centuries; for the *Uebers Menschen* of the future. All sorts and conditions of men have taken unto themselves the right of appropriating the stones and annexing the scaffolding that he brought together for his gigantic purpose. Even social democracy, so abhorrent to the soul of the great preacher of Inequality, has adorned therewith its mushroom Utopia. But unconscious of the pillage of his ideas, unconscious of the fame that the present generation has forestalled posterity in according him, Friedrich Nietzsche, would-be "singer of joy and dancer through life," lies at fifty in a sick room of the old Naumburg¹ house where he played and dreamed as a fair-haired boy, a mere mental derelict, an inert mass that there is every probability may continue to exist for many years, but which the fiery tumultuous soul has vacated for ever.

BEATRICE MARSHALL.

(1) Since this article was written Nietzsche has been removed to Weimar.

OUR NAVY AGAINST A COALITION.

IN view of the serious difficulties which face British diplomacy in almost every direction, and the possibility that these difficulties may have to be solved by an appeal to arms, the exact position which our navy holds at the present time, or will hold in the near future, becomes a consideration of great importance. We have recently been told by so well-informed and careful a student of naval progress as Mr. T. A. Brassey, that to-day this country is capable of meeting any two other Powers at sea, and of even holding its own—though only with difficulty—against a coalition of France, Russia and Germany. This statement was, it is true, qualified by the warning that we must press forward our shipbuilding programme with all possible speed. But it is essential that it should be clearly examined.

A single Power should always have a great advantage as against an alliance. The question which gives most trouble when combined fleets are operating against the fleet of a single Power is, as to who shall command. If there are two commanders-in-chief, the combined operations will be liable to be paralyzed. If there is to be only one commander-in-chief, which navy is to sacrifice itself? Any failure or defeat will tend to produce friction, and complaints will inevitably be made by the fleet which has suffered most, that it has been put in the forefront of the battle and not been properly supported. Instances of such quarrels will occur to any student of naval history. Thus when Calder, in his action with Villeneuve off Finisterre—the strategical battle of the Trafalgar campaign—took two Spanish ships, he sowed discord between the French and Spanish navies. A second difficulty may be the question of the objective to be pursued, though in the case of France and Russia this would probably not cause trouble. The objective of both would be the destruction of the British battle-fleet; simultaneously an attack would be delivered upon our commerce by all the fast cruisers that could be spared; and attempts would undoubtedly be made to break our chain of coaling stations.

Were Germany the real ally of France and Russia against England, the neutrality of Holland and Belgium would not stand for one week. Germany might confidently be calculated to march her troops into Holland, where the Dutch would make little or no resistance. Belgium would as certainly fall to France. The Scheldt and the Texel might then, as in the days of the great Napoleon, harbour a flotilla, destined for the transport of an army of invasion. The Channel and the mouth of the Thames would be rendered unsafe for British trade,

unless we could enforce a strict blockade. The danger to us would be far greater than it was in 1797, in 1805, or in 1808, because our enemies' rear would be secure, and because we should not be able to find allies on the Continent. Seeley has dwelt upon the enormity of the mistake which Napoleon committed when he quarrelled at once with England and the Continent. Had his diplomacy in Europe been as skilful as that of Louis XVI., he might have formed a strong coalition against England, without resorting to extravagant violence. There is every probability that such a coalition would have succeeded in humiliating us and strengthening France.

Politically, then, a coalition of Russia, France, and Germany would be immensely strong. The allies would run little or no risk whilst they would impose the gravest risks upon us. At the best, supposing us successful, we could not effectually blockade their vast coast-line. They could threaten us in India, in the Far East, where their combined fleets would be an awkward nut to crack, in the Niger country and Sierra Leone, in South Africa, where the Transvaal would play their game, and probably on the Upper Nile, where Abyssinia is an ugly customer. There would be such uneasiness at home that it would be difficult to move a soldier out of the country. Neutral commerce, at the very worst, would reach the allies through Spain, Denmark, and Austria; but our lines of communication would be insecure for such commerce, especially if food were declared contraband, and neutral ships carrying it to our islands condemned as fair prizes, when captured.

Nor should we stand favourably from the purely naval point of view. Pairing off our ships against antagonists of approximately equal value, French, Russian, and German, in the battleship class, we should have no modern vessels to send against the sixteen large and small armoured vessels of which Germany can dispose. If we ventured to put our obsolete ironclads—for instance, the *Inflexible*, *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, *Sultan*, *Temeraire*, *Neptune*, *Superb*, *Bellerophon*, *Belleisle*, *Orion*, *Dreadnought*, and the five *Iron Dukes*—against the four *Brandenburgs*, the four reconstructed *Badens*, and the eight small *Siegfrieds*, which to-day represent the German battleship fleet, the result could only be a most signal defeat for us, and probably the damage inflicted on the German vessels would be small. They would have the advantage in speed, armament, protection, and age.

The opinion of the best-instructed naval officers would not countenance the belief that in battleships we are equal to the three Powers. And this leaving quite out of sight the fact that we must be ready to fight them on their own coasts, at the hour which is most convenient for them and least convenient for us. This consideration is too often overlooked. The peculiar position of the Empire and our absolute dependence upon commerce force us to assume the offensive. This

we cannot well do if our ships are only equal in number to the force they are blockading. Suppose—as I have supposed—the following British ships on the one hand, watching the following French and Russian on the other, at Brest:—

<i>Majestic.</i>	<i>Bouvet.</i>
<i>Magnificent.</i>	<i>Carnot.</i>
<i>Prince George.</i>	<i>Martel.</i>
<i>Mars.</i>	<i>Jauréguiberry.</i>
<i>Illustrious.</i>	<i>Brennus.</i>
<i>Cæsar.</i>	<i>Masséna.</i>
<i>Jupiter.</i>	<i>Poltava.</i>
<i>Hannibal.</i>	<i>Petropavlosk.</i>
<i>Hero.</i>	<i>Sevastopol.</i>
<i>Trafalgar.</i>	<i>Tri Sviatitelia.</i>
<i>Royal Sovereign.</i>	<i>Rostislav.</i>

As they stand the British fleet has an advantage in quality and uniformity, and would almost certainly win—especially against allies. But the coal of the British ships cannot last for ever. Vessels must be detached to fill their bunkers every fortnight or three weeks at the very outside. Of the British eleven two would probably be absent at any given moment. “I have no means of maintaining a constant blockade but by thus detaching to keep our water up,” wrote St. Vincent in 1798.¹ For water we may now read coal, and with two ships detached from our fleet there are very distinct possibilities of defeat. Nine against eleven represents precisely the odds which Nelson confronted at Trafalgar, just as the two detached ships represent the six ships detached by him for water before the battle. The greater size of our vessels recalls the fact that he was superior in three-deckers. Elsewhere the conditions will be numerically similar. In 1805 there were reasons why we could win against odds: do such reasons exist to-day?

The first reason in 1805 was the utter inefficiency of the Spaniards. They were brave, but they were not seamen. The Russian navy of the present date is an unknown factor, an untried force. It is almost impossible to suppose that the Admiralty can have accurate information as to its fighting value, for the source from which such information could be drawn is not evident. We have—it sounds almost incredible—no permanent naval attaché in Russia. Sevastopol and Nikolaiev are visited once a year by the British officer who has at one and the same time to watch all European navies. It might be supposed that we should have a captain in St. Petersburg, a captain in Berlin, and a captain in Paris, but no such thing. That would add a few hundred pounds to the estimates. Our intelligence department, though worked with meritorious zeal, is hopelessly inadequate and understaffed. Hence it follows that our knowledge of the Russian

(1) *Admirals' Despatches.* (Record Office.) *Mediterranean.* Vol. 17, 72.

navy at headquarters must be mostly guesswork and conjecture. We might and should have retired naval officers as consuls at the Russian, French, and German naval ports, and should so obtain information at little or no cost, without any ungentlemanly espionage. This point again we neglect.

So far as is known the discipline is good in the Russian navy; its officers are able and scientific, though, since the recent great expansion of the fleet, there have been complaints in the Russian press that men of very inferior education are being admitted; its blue jackets, largely recruited from the Finnish population, are good seamen, and find no difficulty, when not serving in the Russian navy, in obtaining berths in our merchant service; its ships are, on paper, well designed and heavily armed; its artillery is exceptionally powerful and up-to-date, now that the old slow-firers are being replaced with quick-firers. Its manœuvring power is a point on which there is no information attainable. Instances of gross corruption and speculation have recently been detected at Sebastopol, and that all is not so good as appears on the surface, may be conjectured. It is said that two battleships in the Black Sea fleet are badly built and unfit for much service.¹ In the case of the *Sissoi Veliki*, a terrible gun accident proved that certain obvious precautions had been neglected in the design of the heavy artillery. Such things may be straws showing how the wind blows, but it is unwise on our part, without conclusive reason, to write too much off the Russian Navy, because accidents occur and mistakes are made. As against the Russian *Tchesmé*, we have to set our *Powerful*, and the explosions in the *Bouncer* and *Galatea* prove that we are not immune from mischances. There is every reason to suppose the Russian Navy of to-day far superior to the Spanish Navy of 1805. It, at least, has trained seamen in abundance to man its ships, and these Spain wanted in 1805.

A second reason for our victory in 1805 was the complete paralysis of the French Navy, through the loss of its best officers in the Revolution, and the tremendous shock which had been dealt to discipline. The French Navy of our own day is admirably officered and admirably manned. No real fault can be found with its officers, except that they are generally too old.² They are scientific, well-educated, and practical. We are too disposed to regard them as mere theorists, but this view is hardly tenable in the face of facts. An example of their

(1) The loss of the *Gangut* is said to have been mainly due to defective workmanship. But since the accession of the present Czar, I am informed by a trustworthy authority, ships have been well built, and in some instances very severely tested. Certain compartments, for example, in one of the *Oushakov* class of battleships, were filled with water to prove the resisting power of the bulkheads. The ship stood the test well.

(2) In the Mediterranean, however, the French commander-in-chief is five years younger than his British rival.

skill may be given from *Le Yacht* of January 15th. When the *Dupuy de Lôme* was steaming at $17\frac{1}{2}$ knots to take the place of the unhappy *Bruix* at Kronstadt, the honour of France depended upon her successful voyage. She entered the Great Belt, a sinuous and difficult passage full of shoals and islands, in the darkness of night, with a Danish pilot on board. The waters of the strait are usually crowded with shipping. The pilot requested that the speed might be reduced to allow him to make out the various lights. The captain refused, and, when after some minutes the pilot declared that he could not be responsible for the safety of the vessel, or continue to do his duty, took command himself and carried the ship through without accident. This was a fine piece of work, and shows at least that French officers are, when the occasion demands, good and daring navigators. I have watched French torpedo boats manœuvring on a difficult and rocky coast with splendid dash and skill. In the performance of evolutions, it is a commonplace that the French Mediterranean fleet cannot be surpassed—even by a British fleet. In fact, the French Navy has regained the position which it held in 1780, when it was said “whether it was due to . . . the great attention which of late years the French had paid to the education of the naval officers or to the discipline of their marine, it is certain that they manœuvred with their fleet very superior in style of seamanship to what they ever before exhibited.”¹ Their Northern fleet is not so good as the Mediterranean, since it is not at sea throughout the winter, and thus does not serve the rude apprenticeship which falls to the lot of our Channel squadron.

In the future war, our fleet and not the French or Russian, will be the ill-officered one, and this, not because the British naval officer is bad or indifferent, but because there is not enough of him. In the two most important grades of lieutenant and sub-lieutenant we are still hopelessly behindhand. The numbers for the Powers are:—

	England.	France.	Russia.	Germany.
Lieutenants . . .	968	756	598	390
Sub-Lieutenants . .	278	585	287	165

Actually, France has 1,341 officers in these grades against our 1,246, and this, though her fleet is only half the strength of ours. If we observed the proportions she maintains, we should have 1,500 lieutenants and 1,000 sub-lieutenants. As we stand, we are at least 600 lieutenants short.² In our ships on active service we have 818 lieutenants, to a total of 37,500 officers and seaman. In our naval ports, at home, we have only 425 lieutenants to 46,500 officers and seamen, or 40,000 when deductions are made for the boys under training.

(1) Beatson, v. 65.

(2) It is noteworthy that towards the close of the French war we had 3,200 lieutenants on our list, with a *personnel* of 140,000.

Obviously, the 425 lieutenants will have to be increased to 900 or 1,000 if the fleet is to be properly manned.

Whence are the 500 extra officers to come? In the Naval Reserve are 225 lieutenants, or sub-lieutenants, who have done twelve months' training with the fleet. On retired pay and half-pay are about 480 of these officers, some 100 of whom might be employed—though for the most they are men rusty in their knowledge, past active work, weary of the service in which it has been their hard lot to spend the best years of their life without satisfying ambition or obtaining promotion. The gap which would still remain would have to be filled by the promotion of the younger warrant officers, of whom 200 or 300 would be moved up. Such a step would show that now, as in the great days of old, a career was open to talent, and that the boy who had entered through the hawse-hole could climb to the loftiest eminence of rank. The keenness and enthusiasm which would thus be infused throughout the ranks would be a full compensation for social difficulties in the ward-room. But though our warrant officers are splendid men—immeasurably superior to the glorious scoundrels who filled their place in the fleet of 1805—they would be the first to own that it would be difficult to find in their ranks, 200 or 300 suited for the lieutenant's work. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that our mobilised fleet—as distinguished from the standing or peace-service fleet—will be officered in a very scratch manner, and will take weeks or months to become thoroughly efficient. Furthermore, to commission our whole fighting force will exhaust all our reserves of trained officers, whereas France, Russia, and Germany will not need to draw upon their reserve list of officers for mobilisation. This is largely because, whilst adding steadily to the numbers of long-service men and boys, we have not correspondingly increased the lieutenants' list. Since 1894 20,000 men have been added, but only 162 lieutenants, instead of 330, the number necessary to maintain the proportion of 1894. Yet in 1894 we were exceedingly short of lieutenants.

Nor do we stand altogether well in the number of trained seamen available, when reserves are taken into consideration, though of late years our position has immensely improved. On the active list the numbers are for England and the three Powers :—

	England.	France.	Russia.	Germany.
Seamen and Boys	84,185	41,670	38,000	21,200
Marines	18,000	—	14,000	1,200

Besides this we have 4,200 coastguards, 11,000 naval pensioners under 55 and available for service, and 27,000 comparatively untrained Naval Reservemen, giving us a reserve of 42,000 men. Available for sea service in the active category are, with all deductions

made, about 88,500 men. The force required to take our fleet to sea is 110,000, this necessitating a call for 22,000 men on the reserves, and leaving about 30,000 men and boys to fill up the losses of battle. In the opinion of good officers outside the Admiralty the reserve should be at least 70,000 men strong, as an immediate expansion of the fleet would be necessary. Warships would be bought by the Government;¹ steamers would be taken up and armed; and at the same time the present Naval Reserve could not be wholly withdrawn from the merchant service and the carriage of our food and manufactures made over to aliens. In the American War of 1778-83, we offered rewards to British seamen, then plentiful in American ships, who brought such ships into our ports. It is interesting to discover that hostile ships were carried into Liverpool and Bristol. Our adversaries might apply the same measure to ourselves.

In the past the conditions were reversed. We had a small active force with an almost unlimited reserve, which only showed signs of expansion under the terrific and protracted strain of the great war with France. France, on the other hand, had an active force of about the same size as ours, but only a small reserve. Undoubtedly, as Mr. Hannay has pointed out in his excellent life of Rodney, the want of trained officers and men crippled the French navy towards the close of the American war, and may even explain its defeat in the West Indies by Rodney. Such a want will be felt in a future war by England, not by France.

A large long-service force, with a small untrained reserve, becomes an actual mobilisation, much the equivalent of a smaller short-service force with a large trained reserve. The amount of training is about the same in either case, but in the first it is unequally divided between the standing force and the reserve. France requires 63,000 men at the present date to take her ships to sea; that is to say she would need to draw upon her reserves for about 23,000 men. She has 135,000 *inscrits maritimes*, who have all served from five to three years in her fleet. When all imaginable deductions have been made she has a solid total of 40,000 men in the prime of life available as a reserve. Half these men are always to be found on her coasts, being employed in the coast fishery, and can be called out without delay. Thus there is no reason to suppose that she will have to face any difficulties arising from want of men, whether in the hour of mobilisation or under the strain of prolonged war. Far otherwise is it with us. Our Naval Reserve, we have been told by Mr. Goschen, can only produce 12,000 men in a fortnight. We are not told how these men are to be employed in our mobilisation scheme. Are we, for instance, going to wait for their appearance before sending our reserve ships to sea?

(1) As against this may be set the fact that some of our ships will certainly be undergoing repair, and so be unavailable—at first.

Then our mobilisation cannot be completed in a fortnight.¹ Or, are we going first of all to man a certain number of ships with our long-service bluejackets and pensioners; and then, after these ships have perhaps gone to sea, do we intend to recall them, and re-distribute their crews, assigning to each ship a quota of Reserve men while withdrawing from each ship a quota of long-service men? The perplexities and confusions of such a course are obvious. Or, are we finally going to send the ships last on the mobilisation list out with crews composed entirely of Reserve men? In that case there will be infinite possibility of disaster. The conclusion appears to be irresistible that our Reserve is deficient in three respects—numbers, training, and readiness.

To meet these objections certain changes have been made by the Admiralty in the organization of the Naval Reserve. We are giving six months' training to a certain number of Reserve men—characteristically the estimates do not tell us how many; probably, by the First Lord's statement, 1,200 or 1,300 annually. At this rate, if the British Empire exists at that date, we shall have a trained Reserve in 1918 or 1920. We are also recruiting from the ranks of the fishing population, and we are enrolling men who, after twelve years' service, leave the navy, and who are, in the highest sense of the word, trained seamen. Something, if not very much, is being done. But no serious attempt has been made to face the question of the manning of the merchant service—a question with which the provision of an adequate reserve is intimately connected. Admiralty and Board of Trade bandy to and fro the unhappy mercantile marine, each telling the other that the matter concerns the other. Meantime the security of the country is imperilled. The number of aliens is fast increasing, and, with a sublime disregard of every national interest, German, Dutch, French, and Russian pilots are permitted to learn the pilotage of our waters. If the Labour party wishes to join hands with the growing body of naval reformers here is the opportunity. What sort of an organization for national defence must be ours which neglects such important matters?

One would suppose that the Committee of National Defence—a nebulous body, one of our innumerable shams—would have taken steps to bring the Admiralty and Board of Trade, collectively and severally, to reason. It has existed, I believe, for two years, and one would really be interested to know how often and for how long it has met. It has failed of its own initiative to reorganise the army; it has permitted the naval works at Gibraltar to be unreasonably delayed; it has not intervened to compose the squabbles of the army

(1) This is supposing that the Naval Pensioners can produce 10,000 men fit for service, and that the other 12,000 men required to man our fleet comes from the Naval Reserve. If the pensioners cannot produce 10,000 men fit for service there will be yet more delay.

and navy with regard to bits of land which one or the other wants. It should have laid down for us a sound national policy, independent of party considerations, in the matter of defence, but beyond one or two vague utterances of the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Balfour, it has told us nothing. To do nothing in silence and secrecy seems to be its master aim. It is composed of amateurs, not of soldiers or sailors. Quite recently branches of the Navy League at Toronto and Auckland put forward proposals for the formation of a Colonial Naval Reserve. Though these proposals have been endorsed by officers so distinguished as Sir John Hopkins and Lord Charles Beresford, the Admiralty, eager to show that, in the spirit of Mr. Robertson's boast, it has never adopted a single suggestion of the Navy League, promptly proceeded to shower a cold douche of disingenuous excuses upon the Colonial branches, reckless of every imperial interest. The Committee or Council of National Defence did not venture to intervene. Here was a case in which men of political insight might and should have overridden the objections of ultra-Conservative routine. But the same incapacity to take a bold resolution, which marks our conduct of foreign relations, seems also to mark the management of defence.

In 1805, our material was generally better than the French. Faulty masks, sprung yards, weak ironwork and rigging were less often found in our fleet than in that of the allies. Does the same truth apply to-day? Within certain limits it does undoubtedly, but it may be questioned whether we do not reckon too much on the defects of our neighbours' ships. We have a distinct advantage in the uniformity and seaworthiness of our modern fleet, though it does not appear that we build better ships than well-organized navies—the German, for instance. As against France we have an excellent designer in Sir W. White, whom we have consistently employed. France possesses a man of equal capacity in M. Bertin, but she has looked askance at him—with what result her modern fleet shows.¹ We have unrivalled resources for the manufacture of steel and iron; our large outlay on the navy enables us to lay down batches of ships at a time; and, further, we have a certain practical business-like capacity which neutralises in some degree the defects of an illogical and thoroughly faulty system. France, on the other hand, has to pay more for her raw material; she cannot afford to lay down three, four, or six battleships at once; and she has in the past committed the great fault of building slowly, and altering or remodelling her ships whilst on the stocks. She is now remedying the last two mistakes. Six large armoured cruisers, of identical type, are to be laid down this year and completed for sea in 1900. Ships are actually

(1) So she looks askance at M. Lockroy and Admiral Fournier, just as our English Cabinet looks askance at Lord Charles Beresford—all three being enemies of routine. M. Bertin is now, however, being employed to design ships for the French navy.

being built faster, and alterations in design during construction have been strictly forbidden. Moreover, in spite of many grave disadvantages, France has in the past produced types which, in the general opinion of foreign naval designers, are unrivalled. The *Dupuy-de-Lôme*, for instance, stands almost alone amongst the cruisers of the world for her perfect equipoise between attack and defence. Though our ostensible policy in naval construction is to wait and see what our rivals are doing, and then to reply with ships better than theirs, it cannot be said that we have done so in her case. At a time when large armoured cruisers were everywhere coming into fashion, we deliberately set our faces against progress and laid down eight huge protected cruisers, seven of which are still incomplete. If these cruisers had been fast enough to overtake the auxiliary cruisers, which are now building for Germany and Russia, we could have found no fault. Unfortunately they are not. And in the number of our cruisers we are falling behind. Since the Naval Defence Act we have only laid down 41 vessels of this type to the Dual Alliance's 43. Meanwhile it should not be forgotten that, in the largest and fastest class of ocean steamer, our mercantile marine is losing ground. In 1894 we had seven such vessels of 19 knots or more, to the German five, the Russian two, and the French one. In 1898 we have only eleven to the German nine, the Russian six, and the French one. Germany already owns two steamers which must be considered capable of showing a clean pair of heels to anything that we have afloat. The Admiralty and the mysterious Council of Defence might well give a little attention to this most important matter. Yet our cruiser programme for the present year only reaches the modest total of four, and of these four not one can be expected to catch the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* or the *Kaiser Friedrich*.¹ The immense importance of an adequate supply of cruisers should not be forgotten by us in the centenary year of Nelson's victory of the Nile. Both he and Lord St. Vincent were constantly calling for more frigates.

When comparing British and foreign material, deductions should be made in our case for the large number of ships still equipped with muzzle-loading guns. It used to be said that they would have to meet vessels with armaments as indifferent as their own, but such are ceasing to exist in foreign navies. France has recently re-armed, or now intends to re-arm, the battleships *Courbet*, *Redoubtable*, and *Dévastation*, and the coast-defence ships *Caiman*, *Requin*, *Indomptable*, *Terrible*, and *Furieux*. She has reconstructed and greatly improved the *Formidable* and *Baudin*. On our part we re-armed the *Bellerophon*

(1) How seriously we have lost ground in 1897—98, as against France and Russia, can be seen from the fact that on the ship-building votes for 1887—1897 we had an advantage of £3,343,000, or say 6 per cent.; whereas, owing to the engineers' lock-out and the low ship-building vote for 1898, this advantage has declined in the present year to £1,450,000, or 2½ per cent.

many years ago, and more recently the *Devastation*, *Thunderer*, and *Rupert*. We have also to some extent re-armed the *Alexandra*. No one disputes the fact that, at moderate cost, the *Devastation* and *Thunderer* have been made into very serviceable ships. Yet a similar vessel, the *Dreadnought* is being re-boilered without being re-armed, just as the *Monarch* and *Sultan* were pulled to pieces, given new engines and boilers, but left with their old guns, after hundreds of thousands had been spent upon them. A policy of half-measures is rarely wise. To keep the old ships as they are and spend the money upon new construction is defensible; to lavish large sums on them, and leave them, in the great essential of armament, just as they were in 1880 or 1875, seems absolutely inexcusable, with the lesson of Manila before us.

One of the most important points in any navy is the battle training, the education in strategy and tactics, given. It is practically certain that our fleets will have to face constant night attacks by hostile torpedo boats at the outset of war. Yet we do not practise these things in our manœuvres—rarely even in our standing squadrons—though week after week the French Mediterranean and Northern fleets rehearse such exercises. A distinguished British officer, Captain May, not very long ago, wrote two remarkable papers on tactics, concluding with an appeal to authority to establish a tactical school or college, answering to the French higher naval school and similar institutions in Germany and the United States. His appeal has so far been fruitless. As a nation we are apt to despise knowledge and to believe that somehow or other “*tout se débrouillera*” on the day of battle. Confidence in ourselves is good and wholesome, but it should not lead us to forget the fact that science has a way of taking a terrible revenge upon those who despise her.

Few things are more striking than the contrast between the British and German admiralities. In England we protest that the fleet is quite strong enough, count in every obsolete ship, reckon every possible man, admit no deductions, frown upon attempts to interest the nation in the navy, refuse information, compose returns in the most unintelligible and unattractive form. In Germany the admiralty is its own Navy League, remorselessly strikes off ineffectives, makes every deduction, attempts to enlist the sympathy of the nation, showers information upon all who seek it, and circulates diagrams by the Kaiser. We may feel a certain pride in the reflection that in England the impulse comes not from above but from the people. But if we are wise we shall also feel a certain uneasiness. The officially conducted propaganda is more likely to further a definite policy and to avoid mistakes. In the long run the German admiralty manages to get its own way. The additions sanctioned by the Reichstag will make the German navy the third in Europe in point

of numbers. In quality it is already second to none. Perfect organization, clearly defined responsibility, good material cheaply constructed, admirable and zealous personnel are its characteristics ; "full steam ahead" its watchword.

The considerations which I have given render it impossible to believe that we could at the present time confront with success an alliance of the Three Powers. In the future we shall be less able to fight them, since they are increasing their navies faster than we are increasing ours.¹ As against an alliance of France and Russia we could probably hope for victory in pitched battles—though here our margin of safety is perilously small and is not increasing. But we have yet to see whether we could protect our commerce and at the same time watch the enemy's battle-fleets. The danger to this country would be economic, owing to the rise in freight and insurance, if the enemy made many captures. Against France isolated, there could be little question as to who would win. Yet even then we can expect no such uninterrupted series of triumphs as fell to our lot between 1793 and 1815. If we had the help of Japan we could view with more equanimity a naval war with the Dual Alliance. Even on the supposition that we are strong enough already, a wise national policy would strive to win us further aid, and to secure trusty allies, on the principle of the old French proverb "*trop fort n'a jamais manqué.*"

H. W. WILSON.

(1) The battleships and cruisers laid down by the four Powers, or now projected, are for the years since and including 1895—98 :—

	Battleships.	Cruisers.
England	12	30
France	5	17
Russia	8	8
Germany	5	11

Up to and including 1889 the figures for England in battleships are 32, and in cruisers, 83 ; for the Dual Alliance, battleships and coast defence ships, 35 (8 small, 5 moderate-sized), and cruisers, 48. The loss of the *Victoria* may be set against the loss of *Gangut*.

LORD ROSEBERY AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

I.—THE PRESENT STATE OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

ALTHOUGH not as yet an alternative subject under either the English or the Scotch code, political science is supposed to have taken its place among the class-subjects of the day, and ought, according to Mrs. Sidney Webb, to be made an endowed and examining school of the teaching University of London that is still to be. Perhaps it may explain to us, "more Fabiano," the evolution of political parties, and unravel the great puzzle of their position and prospects in England to-day. Freeman's adage that history is the politics of the past and politics the history of the present, does not carry us very far, because in politics there are no real parallels, but one can say with Professor Gardiner that "the unity of a representative body" or party "is not to be preserved merely by the enforcement of its forms."

The present state of the Liberal Party is paradoxical. In the two Houses of Parliament it is flabby, divided, and almost impotent. In the constituencies it is showing considerable activity, and, in the counting of heads, is, if the figures of bye-elections go for anything, pretty well as numerous as it has been any time since 1885. On the face of it this is a situation of real gravity, and, were it not for the political genius of the people and the deep-rooted Parliamentary traditions and habits of the electorate, it might bring with it social and national difficulties and dangers of no small import. In those foreign countries, where a thin veneer of Parliamentaryism covers a natural tendency to revolutionary methods and one-man rule, it would imply an unhealthy condition of the public mind and a stormy future for the public constitution. In Great Britain it can be discussed with the equanimity that springs from a well-grounded confidence in the democracy very different from the panic-stricken apprehensions of "shooting Niagara and after."

The particular features are, in fact, without precedent. During the long Tory domination that covered the Great War and lasted till the Reform Bill, the weakness of the Whig opposition in Parliament accurately reflected the weakness of the party in the constituencies, only less among the peer borough-owners than among the county freeholders, whom the French Revolution had forced into a fanatical belief in the "wisdom of our ancestors," and the glories of the British constitution. The Liberal ascendancy of the middle-classes during the third quarter of this century did not prevent Her Majesty's opposition being at least as great a force inside the walls of Westminster as they were outside. In fact, it was then that the

education of the old Tory Party was proceeding, which, under favourable circumstances, has made possible the long coalition rule of the last two decades. In Disraeli's parliament, as it has been called, from 1874 to 1880, there was undoubtedly a good deal of dissension among the Liberals, followed by a distinct detachment of the Radical tail, in which Mr. Chamberlain took a leading part, from the official leaders of the Party, who acted under Lord Hartington; yet the voice of the opposition was loud enough on the platform, then established as the seat of power, and towards the end of it Mr. Gladstone embarked on his great campaign. From 1880 to 1885 the Fourth Party made things hum, to use a slang expression, all round, and, although the inspiration of Tory Democracy was wholly derived from Lord Beaconsfield—leaving out of account his forerunners of the eighteenth century as merely of historical interest—it was during those years that, by the agency of the Primrose League, called into existence in 1883, and in other ways, the new Conservative Party obtained its lasting hold on the country. Even in the days of Liberal decadence, after the Home Rule split, a different spirit prevailed. From 1887 to 1892 every platform ran with what Lord Salisbury has called the "dreary drip of dilatory declamation," and the fights over the Crimes Act of 1887 and the Parnell Commission were as bitter and as prolonged as any of which Parliament, up to that date, had experience, and were only surpassed by the debates on the Home Rule Bill of 1893. Mr. Gladstone was still the head, not only titular but, like some volcanoes, occasionally eruptive, of the Liberal Party, and his name was, to a diminishing extent, the war-cry and the pass-word of the somewhat factious following that identified itself with his name, much as Mr. Gladstone condemned such a designation as contrary to the spirit of English public life. In 1895 there came the *débacle* of his party, and the final disappearance of Mr. Gladstone's influence from the proceedings of Parliament.

That the Liberal Party is now beginning to recover itself is the result of many causes, most of them accidental and none of them due to political design or to any party leading of the brigades into which the Parliamentary Opposition is divided. In the House of Commons the most remarkable fact in our political development is the ubiquitous growth of the system of groups, which have for long prevailed in nearly every other legislative assembly. Among supporters of the Government the real lines of demarcation are not those which might be supposed to exist between Conservative and Liberal Unionists. If such have had any reality since 1892, they have been practically effaced now, with the quaint exception of Mr. Leonard Courtney, who is, as he ever has been, a law unto himself. Apart from him, there are many Conservatives who are more Liberal than any Liberal Unionist, and few Liberal Unionists who are one whit ahead of the most orthodox of Conserva-

tives. Groups, however, of Ministerialists have been formed on manifold principles. There is a Service group of officers who have served, or are serving, in the army or navy. There is a mixed or hybrid Colonial group of those who believe they have special knowledge of colonial problems and are specially representative of colonial interests. There is even a Chinese group, the exact attributes of which it would take the *litterati* of Peking some time to decipher. It is not contended that these groups are to be taken too seriously, as they have never yet carried their independence as far as the division-lobby, but they represent a tendency to particularism, which is sufficiently formed to be in evidence in the well-drilled ranks of the right, even if self-advertisement has been their main characteristic so far. It is otherwise with the groups on the left of the chair, which are based on real or national diversities. The Irish Nationalists have long formed a division, subdivided into three sections, with a complete and separate Parliamentary organization. Scotch Liberals, for many purposes, act in common, and the Crofters' representatives in particular show a considerable solidarity, but they have never separated themselves from the Liberal Party or its official wire-pullers, nor is it likely that they will for some time to come, especially as among themselves they are in nowise agreed on the expediency of Scotch Home Rule, for even those who subscribe to a confession of faith in the principle are by no means at one as to the time or manner of its application. In fact, the majority would probably be satisfied by the transfer of private Bills from the Parliamentary to some such a local tribunal as is now proposed by the Lord Advocate. With the Welsh it is far different. The Welsh members have formed themselves into a new party, with an elected party leader, and they act together with practical unanimity; there is only one dissident to their Committee system. They have a definite programme of agrarian legislation, and have planned a very large scheme of self-government. All the more advanced among them, headed by Mr. Lloyd George, are in favour of a national movement similar to the Parnellite rising, and of obtaining their objects in the House of Commons by much the same methods and the same machinery. If they are possessed of the necessary strength of purpose and thickness of skin, they are bound to become a formidable element of disunion in the Liberalism of the future, and it must be remembered that the actual catastrophe of 1895 was mainly their work. That it would have occurred soon was certain, but it was equally certain that the struggle for existence might have been prolonged by the Liberal Government of that day had it not been for the unfriendly tactics of the Welsh Party.

It is not difficult to realise how difficult and disturbed will be the tenure of any Liberal administration which has to rely on the combination of all or the greater part of these national groups. Of the

Irish, two out of the three, that is to say, the followers of Mr. Redmond and Mr. Healy, are almost sure to be in the characteristic attitude of opposition to every Government, no matter what its colour or platform. The Dillonites will make their support dependent, not only on the acceptance of Gladstonian Home Rule as defined in the Bill of 1893, but also on its absolute priority of place. It will have to be the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, and they will ask that it shall be held like a pistol to the head of Parliament. Home Rule first and the rest nowhere, is their card of the race, but that it will come off no politician in his senses can imagine. We can go further and say that no self-respecting ministry will assume office to live from day to day upon the fluctuating and, often, offensive support of a congeries of Irish factions. As for the Welsh Party, it is quite possible that they, to use an American phrase, may be permanently placated by a reasonable assurance of legislation on land tenure. If not, though relatively few in numbers, if they come to be irreconcilable, or even cantankerous, the Welsh members could almost certainly bring any Radical Government of the future speedily to grief. At present, the Labour group is weak and well under control, but it seems likely, looking to their attitude in other countries, where they have adopted a frankly socialistic attitude, that this subordination will not be of long duration. Once let the Returning Officers' expenses at elections be paid out of the rates or taxes, and a new independence would become at once apparent on the labour bench. To say this is not to carp at its occupants, but to point out the inevitable result of making members depend for their election upon the party purse, and the correlative effect of this condition ceasing to exist. In the next Parliament, however, as in the present, the "direct representatives of labour" will probably reject the tactics of the I.L.P., and give a general support to official Liberalism. Thus, in the House of Commons, the Liberal Party is of many colours and diverse texture. In the country, on the other hand, it has a tendency towards renovation on the old lines. An explanation is neither complicated nor curious. In the first place, the figures of the poll show that at the last General Election the overwhelming majority of Ministerialists was due, in great part, to the deliberate abstention of Liberal voters. A certain turnover there was, but it was not very large in its sum total, whilst it was spread over the largest area possible, as a result of careful organization and the alliance of a variety of interests—all threatened or endangered by Radical hostility. In the three years, which preceded it, there was produced a maximum of irritation—which every Government must, by the necessities of its legislative programme, produce to some extent, and reformers most of all—with a minimum of legislation on account of the unprecedented boldness of the House of Lords. This irritation tends to subside as

the fever of excitement passes away and things assume their proper proportion in the political ordering of affairs, and the alienated groups of electors return, not intact, but in considerable numbers, to their old allegiance.

It is to the present, rather than to the past, as examples without end have taught us, or to the future, as enthusiasts would have us believe, that the average citizen looks for his party preferences. Wellington's maxim that the best general is he that makes the fewest mistakes, is especially true of party fortunes. Of benefits received, not one voter in ten takes any account; of obligations imposed, not one voter in ten is ever forgetful. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth remains the political principle of the market place, and, perhaps, to this sort of hostility a Conservative Government is more open than any other if it leave the beaten track and launch out in dangerous waters. "Nous sommes trahis" is immediately the cry of the aggrieved interest, and the Workmen's Compensation Act has filled a number of small employers and small capitalists with a disgusted and revengeful disposition, whilst it has not won over the regular trade unionist, who votes by the ticket of the Congress. Then there comes an impetus of a different kind. There is no doubt but that Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule, with its certainty of Catholic ascendancy over the Protestant north-east of Ireland drove into an antagonism, which, if it was not in all cases open hostility, was at least unfriendly indifference, most important divisions of Nonconformist electors, and even to this day, where they are gathered together, there is a frequent attempt to decipher the late Mr. Spurgeon's oracular and somewhat contradictory sentences on the one side or the other. As distinct from the regular sectaries, the Unitarians, under the headship of the late Dr. Dale, full of an admiring pride in Mr. Chamberlain, as one of their great names, have been doubting everywhere, and in the Midlands decidedly anti-Gladstonian. Of late, these various denominations, which Mr. H. A. Jones proclaims in *The Liars* to form "the soundest part of England to-day," have been largely induced to reconsider their political attitude of "go as you please" by the Education Acts of last year, holding as they do, for the most part, that the religious training of the children should be left to the voluntary agencies of the churches and conventicles. Consequently, in the late elections they have been playing a more prominent part, and the political parson is likely to be more on the warpath in the near future than he has been since the Home Rule cleavage.

In the county of London there have been peculiar forces at work making for the consolidation of Liberal opinion. Most capitals, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, for example, have been very hotbeds of political growths, often the very furnaces of political incendiarism,

but London has, from the decentralisation of sentiment, which is so far more important than the decentralisation of government, had a vastly different character. Always the purse, often the brain, never the heart of England, to use the apt definition, London has been principally distinguished for its political apathy, and it requires very special circumstances to alter an attitude which naturally makes for a reactionary policy, in that it is averse to any disturbance of the existing order of things. It is the "jingling of the guinea," or rather of the £ of rateable value, that is most likely to stir the quietists of the Metropolis, and it was soon perceived that "tenification," with its possibilities of tenifying the rates as well as the administration, meant ruin to the dense quarters, to whom the East End question is of far greater interest than the Eastern question, because it is one of closest self-interest.

Two explanations have been given of the decline in the Government's popularity since the General Election, which, different as they are in gravity and extent, are, to my mind, equally groundless. The first is said to be the general dissatisfaction with the want of purpose and firmness of their foreign policy, particularly in the Far East, and the second is the irritation of the canine cranks by the dog-muzzling orders of the Board of Agriculture. To couple the two grievances together is a descent from the sublimity of empire to the infinitely little of the parish pump, but not presenting a greater contrast than is frequently afforded by the procedure of the House of Commons in one afternoon, when it turns from the partition of Africa to the conduct of an Irish post-office or the misconduct of a Scotch sub-sheriff. Is there any widespread jingoism abroad that protests against the pacific and conceding spirit of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy? If there be, it is certainly not vocal among the bulk of the electorate, and the agents at bye-elections are not aware of its influence. At the banquets of Chambers of Commerce and political associations there is no doubt a good deal of bellicose and uncompromising talk; in fact, Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett deliver themselves daily by speech or letter in this strain, but the number of citizens who are anxious to fight for any causes that have yet arisen are few and far between. There are certain principles and responsibilities which the Peace Society itself knows full well that even its own members would violate their creed to uphold, just as the missionary fights now in Central Africa, and, outside their necessarily narrow circle it is easy to imagine any number of provocative challenges which would elicit a ready answer from a generation which is full of the pride of possession, and has known nothing of the meaning of national war and national emergency.

The men, however, pictured by the Prime Minister, who want to fight everybody and take everything, may be met in the club or the

Stock Exchange, making up for the paucity of their number by the stridency of their shouting, but constitute no considerable part of the body politic. On the whole it is very dubious whether a single Conservative has voted against a Conservative candidate on account of the want of success in foreign affairs. The other issue may have been more in evidence, and Mr. Walter Long told the House the other night that if his muzzling orders could be withdrawn, bye-elections would resume their normal course, that is to say, would revert to the figures of 1895; but as the complainants have been mostly old ladies, still waiting for female suffrage, it is improbable that the votes of the "dogs' friends" have as yet affected the colour of a single seat.

There is always and there always will be a certain swing of the pendulum, which means that a certain type of citizen is always discontented with the Ministry of his choice, either for what they do or for what they leave undone. "If they had taken my advice," says one; "if they had not taken somebody else's," says another. This shifting fringe is always attached to the opposition, and every political meteorologist makes allowance for its presence. In the same way he reckons that three-quarters of the average poll is constant and invariable. Every baby, we know from Mr. Gilbert, is born a little Liberal or a little Conservative, and partial mistakes commonly arise from calculations much too far in advance of the traditional habit of mind. During the late Parliament, a statesman, who is in himself a mine of political information, prophesied that it would be the last in which there would be a Liberal Party, and that in the constituencies the old Radical organization would give way before the pressure of disciplined labour. In Parliament national and class groups, have, it is true, partially supplanted the old system of dual division, but in the country, save in a few exceptional boroughs, it remains a question of blue and yellow, kites and crows. The rank and file go through their battalion drill as of old, yet things are not quite as they seem. In the counties it is almost as much of a surprise to find a landowner of any position among the Radicals as a singing bird in South Africa, and, if there be one in a district, he is either afraid, from prudential motives, to take any prominent part in public affairs, or else, where his independence or vanity brave the ordeal, not of fire but of ice, he is made president of every local Liberal Association and elected to any office that he cares to hold. Nothing better demonstrates the clinging to the old-fashioned ideas of the average Radical than the anxiety to maintain some connection, however slight, between the democracy and the man of substance "with a stake in the country." In those county divisions, where the species of Liberal squire is altogether extinct, recourse is had for leadership to the small manufacturer or principal shopkeeper of the county town, but in the proportion of ten to one the party organization is com-

posed of labourers and artisans, so as nearly to approach the horizontal separation of parties by classes, which every thinking man deplores and would do his best to avert.

In the typical borough the state of things is somewhat different, for the Radical Party still retain a fair leavening of the "gig-men," the middle-class people, who are, by their antecedents and sectarian sympathies, retained within the fold of the party whips. Even here, especially in the north country, there is always going on a secession of the small employer, who is alarmed for his daily bread by the programme of industrial innovations, proclaimed from the house-tops of every city that is selected for the annual meeting of the Trades' Union Congress. Just at present there may be a slight back-ecdy on account of the recent proof furnished by the Workmen's Compensation Act that "socialistic" legislation is not the belonging of one party in the commonwealth, but this will lose its current again before long. The gradual transmigration is accelerated by every large strike or lock-out of workpeople, in that both sides are brought into a conflict which cannot but leave bitter recollections behind it, and is always likely to harden a temporary into a permanent antipathy—the Engineers' lock-out of last year is said to have had that effect in a marked degree. Nothing is more certain than that in these days community of commercial interests far outweighs all other ties. In the boroughs and their divisions, therefore, the Associations and Committees are more and more falling into the hands of the labour leaders and the labour organizations, and it is a significant fact that three of the successful Radical candidates at recent bye-elections have been the nominees of trades' unions, and, in each case, the invariable alienation of middle-class support makes it certain that they must have been elected by a purely class vote. Whether this assimilation of Liberalism to Labour policy may not in the end have a fatally prejudicial effect upon the fortunes and even the existence of the historic party remains to be seen, but any process of that kind, with its possible resultant, will be slow and gradual. As it is, old forms tend to conceal new conditions, and the Radical Party through the country has profoundly altered its attitude of mind towards social problems, and it is not easy to say wherein their popular conception of social remedies differs from that of Fabian or I.L.P.

As it is with the organization of the party, so it is with the choice and supply of Parliamentary candidates. In many cases the old pattern cannot be obtained; it has been bought up by the rival firm, so recourse is had to the second best. In order of demand comes, first, the popular local candidate; second, the good carpet-bagger; third, the indifferent local candidate. The first class being a non-existent quantity in nearly all county, and many borough constituencies, the sole available description is the gilded carpet-bagger,

who is sent about with a varying balance-sheet of profit and loss, from one end of the land to the other, but even of these there is but a limited parcel, and, speaking generally, the party is afflicted with a sore want of decent names to put forward for local acceptance. It seems improbable that for some time to come there will be any marked change in this regard. A party, the local management and composition of which depends almost entirely upon the various grades of manual labour, can find little money "on its own," for the heavy expenses of registration and machinery, so that they fall almost wholly on the shoulders, always assumed to be of elastic breadth, of the candidate himself. Besides, you have the constant in-draught of public and private subscriptions, from which, as some published letters have recently borne witness, politicians of every kind suffer in common. The Radical candidate bears, in addition, a heavier load of personal attendance than his opponent. In the absence of local leaders of light or distinction, he is the only "draw" and the only resource for the yearly round of public meetings, which, if they are less of an attraction than they were ten years ago, are none the less incidents to his contract of service. The pecuniary obligations may be lightened by a modification of the absurd and costly system of registering voters under a dozen statutes that now obtains, but to relieve their adversaries of a tax that oppresses them far more than it does their own supporters, is an unlikely, and would be a stupid, thing for the ruling party to do. The eternal want of pounds and pence is very much against the permanency of any Liberal revival. Even more, lack of candidates of the "fit and proper" variety and lack of local effort, are stumbling blocks in the way of a Radical restoration, more difficult to remove than platform or leaders.

How the programme of the next election is to be framed seems to be a more or less academic discussion, not likely to enter largely into the practical plan of the Opposition. The Newcastle Programme was originally a casual and accommodating collection of resolutions passed at conferences and congresses all over the country, and, if it be carefully examined, it will be found that a good deal of it has already passed into enactment. As for what remains over, it will be not so much a counsel of perfection, as a menu of small dishes, resembling those of a table d'hôte breakfast in an American hotel, any one of which can be picked out and thrown, according to his peculiar appetite, to the Cerberus of the given place and hour. No Liberal candidate any longer treats the report of the National Liberal Federation for the year as a confession of faith to which he is bound to subscribe, and, if there were a lingering inclination so to act among a certain number of ardent souls, it was effectually stamped out by the famous decree passed last autumn in favour of universal female suffrage. The next election will be fought, not on the ground of legislative promises, but

of critical protest. Mr. John Morley lately made a sort of half prophecy that foreign policy would be the arena of the contending hosts, but, as there is a considerable dissension in his own party as to the point of attack, that is to say, whether it is to be delivered from the little England or the greater England position, it is unlikely his lead will be largely followed. It will probably be an all-round attack, such as Lord Lyndhurst was wont to wind up the Parliamentary session with in his day. All their acts of omission and commission will be denounced with reverberating energy, from John o' Groats to Land's End. The soundest policy of an Opposition is to oppose, not to propose, and the Party that has wandered in the wilderness for so many years may have a glimpse of political wisdom at this century's close. Of the want, or, rather, uncertainty of leadership much is sure to be made by the advocates of the Government, for it will continue to serve as the current chaff of the Unionist platform. To the minds of most Liberals it is not a matter of much moment whether the leader is formally chosen now or three years hence. Time is settling the question for them. Sixty-five is the age of compulsory retirement from the Civil Service, and although Mr. Gladstone furnished the exception to that, as he did to almost every rule, it is most dangerous to entrust the active work of Party leading to any man above a certain age, and who is past his best work. The risk, amounting to a certainty, of chronic indisposition, alone doubles the difficulties and halves the ability of the Party in office. It is necessary, too, that the leader of the Liberals of the next century shall be in communion with the sentiments and ideals of the rising generation, not the embodiment of departed schools and worn-out creeds—and the better part of Liberalism is not more in favour of social reform than it is of Imperial advance. There is but one possible man.

II.—THE LEADERLESS LIBERALS AND LORD ROSEBERY.

THE headless tails of the Liberal Party have recently been showing signs of new life. During the last few weeks the discussion in regard to their leadership has been resumed in a diplomatic and tentative fashion. For some time past the controversy provoked by that delicate and embarrassing topic may be said to have been suspended. Now, however, it is being revived. We have had various intimations that influential persons are of opinion that "something should be done." About a month ago, the quondam leader of the Liberal hosts was invited to meet a number of political friends at a dinner party given by Sir James Kitson at the Reform Club. This announcement was followed by suggestive paragraphs in which we were told that Lord Rosebery was to be sounded as to his willingness to resume the leadership of the Liberal Party. As that gathering was private, little is known concerning what took place. The invitations sent out, however, left hardly any doubt as to the object of the meeting. Some days after Sir James Kitson's party met at the Reform Club, Lord Rosebery entertained a number of his supporters at one of those dinners which usually precede a change in English Parliamentary life. During the past month there have also been intimations that the leadership of the Opposition was to be discussed at meetings convened by those who are understood to speak for the "advanced" Radicals. While the truth of such rumours has been denied, there is no doubt that the condition of their party is causing much concern among those Radicals who, though they may not openly acknowledge Sir Charles Dilke as their chief, are influenced by his counsel. It is probable, however, that the difference of opinion among a section of Radicals will induce them to regard the leadership as an open question, upon which individuals will be allowed complete freedom of action. No doubt some of the reports in circulation as to what has taken place between Lord Rosebery and prominent Liberals are premature, but it is fairly certain that we have now reached a stage at which the mutterings of months may become the policy of the hour. Over two years ago—in August, 1895—the relationships then existing between Lord Rosebery and influential Liberals were discussed in this Review by the present writer. As a Radical, I then ventured to say that Lord Rosebery united the Party better than any other man, and that whether it was "in office or out of it, he must continue as leader." Much has happened since 1895, and the supporters of Lord Rosebery may justly claim that the soundness of their views has been demonstrated by events.

The General Election, which took place during the summer of that year, was followed by an ominous silence in regard to the leadership, though it was known to be a burning question. At last that silence was broken by Lord Rosebery himself. In the beginning of October, 1896, when the agitation occasioned by the Armenian atrocities was at its height, he addressed a letter to the chief Liberal whip, in which he stated that he found himself "in apparent difference with a considerable mass of the Liberal Party on the Eastern Question," and he went on to say that "the leadership of the Party, so far as I am concerned, is vacant, and that I resume my liberty of action." He spoke at Edinburgh a few days after that letter was written, "not as leader but as a free man." The speech in which he set forth the reasons that compelled him to take a step which he deeply regretted, will still be remembered. It was a straightforward and courageous utterance, and his allusion to the causes that had made his position as leader irksome, went home to the hearts of those who heard it. But he said little about the discreditable intrigues which were directed against him. His self-respect would not allow him to occupy a position which was titular rather than real. The manly peer declined to be treated as a mere figure-head, and his abdication showed a high sense of dignity.

The position which Lord Rosebery resigned has not been filled. That in itself is significant of much. His speech at Edinburgh made it clear that his views on the Eastern Question were shared by a majority of the Liberal Party. He was against isolated intervention on the part of Great Britain, maintaining that such action on her part would lead to a European war. The courageous expression of his views was most opportune, and undoubtedly did much to strengthen the hands of Lord Salisbury.

Recently there have been many signs of a growing confidence in Lord Rosebery, and abundant evidence that his critics have spent their force. His name has been received with marked approval at Liberal gatherings, and the cry "down with the Lords" has been accompanied with "cheers for Rosebery." The wire-pullers noted that the speech delivered by the ex-Liberal chief during the progress of the London County Council election was effective. It is probable that they over-estimated the value of that deliverance as a means of securing votes for the "Progressive" candidates. But there is no doubt that it was regarded as a serviceable oration from an electioneering point of view, and, as the business of party organizers is to discover what is popular, it is not surprising that Lord Rosebery's prospects should be improving, and that the future of the Liberal Party is considered to depend upon him being chosen as its leader.

Thoughtful men of every shade of political opinion, who may not agree with the system of Party Government which prevails in Great

Britain, see that its evils may be neutralised by a balance of forces, and are therefore anxious that the Opposition should be delivered from a state of chaos. On the other hand, those persons who look upon the strife of political parties as a mere struggle for personal supremacy between rivals, consider that, owing to the Liberals being leaderless, the rules of the game are set to one side. It might not be true to say that their sense of fairness is offended—for they seldom possess that quality—by the drawbacks which the absence of a leader imposes on the Opposition; but so long as the present state of affairs continues, they feel that the interest with which they follow party conflicts is not likely to be gratified. Hence they would welcome such a restoration of the balance of strength as would make what they call a “good fight” possible. Thus it is probable that the man whom Mr. Gladstone practically nominated as his successor, will shortly get another opportunity.

But more weighty reasons are causing important sections of the public to look to Lord Rosebery. The growing feeling in his favour will cause the Little Liberals much annoyance. This section of the Liberal Party, which is sufficiently numerous to justify the use of a capital letter in the adjective which describes it, will no doubt do its utmost to make his selection impossible. As the victim of their splenetic attacks is sensitive and high-minded, their tactics may be successful for a time. Nothing except a strong sense of duty, we may rest assured, will induce Lord Rosebery to resume the position he resigned, and he will only do so on the understanding that he has the support of a decisive majority of the Party. He will refuse to be the choice of a clique. In his position we have an apt illustration of the advantages and disadvantages which attach themselves to men of his order. On the one hand, the peer who succeeds to a title is the possessor of privileges which are at variance with the principles of representative government, but on the other, many of those privileges are found to impose irksome disabilities. The peer of public spirit who would have preferred to start even with his fellows in the race for fame, finds himself born to a distinction he has done nothing to earn, and is hurt at discovering that he is the object of envy. Should he desire to serve his countrymen, he finds that he is cut off from useful spheres of labour. Lord Rosebery, more than any other man of his class, has shown how these obstacles may be overcome. He is a sincere and able advocate of democratic principles, who desires to break down the prejudices against his order by curtail-ing its privileges. He has repeatedly declared that the reform of the House of Lords is the next great task to which the Liberal Party should address itself, and in dealing with this subject he considers, and rightly considers, that his position as a member of the Upper House should give weight to his words. He does his best to

forget that he is a peer and to remember that he is a citizen, and his breadth of outlook, his conceptions of statesmanship, place him far above the pinchbeck democrats who are among his detractors.

Sir W. Harcourt, of course, is Lord Rosebery's only rival. Probably Sir William never stood higher in the estimation of his followers than he does to-day. He has a splendid record as a fighting politician. Mr. Gladstone's retirement gave him an opportunity for displaying his powers. Upon the whole, he may be said to have risen to the occasion. In regard to the management of business especially, he has shown that he knows how to make the most of the blunders committed by his opponents, and he has exhibited a mastery of detail and a debating power which have won the admiration of his followers. They appreciate the value of the services which he has rendered to his Party. After all, however, there is a feeling that there is a hollow trick behind his greatest triumphs. Lord Rosebery has had no such opportunity of displaying his powers as has fallen to Sir William. Yet the Liberals—even some of the Little ones—are turning to the peer. Several who once supported Sir William's claims to the leadership have now discovered that he is too old. Yet a kindly solicitude inclines them to think it hard that their champion should not be Premier for once—if an opportunity should present itself. Influential Nonconformists are strongly in his favour, and the temperance party, of course, have not forgotten that Sir William, notwithstanding the unsatisfactory attitude of many of his followers, including Mr. Herbert Gladstone, still clings to his faith in Local Veto. This enables him to retain the confidence of an important section of opinion. It is now generally agreed that Sir William's bearing has greatly changed for the better. Those who once thought him ill-natured have discovered that he is a big-hearted, kindly man, whose aggressive pertinacity often disappears behind a broad Falstaffian smile. Yet the odds against his being recognised as the authoritative leader of his Party are increasing. His record begets or strengthens the suspicion that an adroit Party politician may not be a statesman, and he is therefore felt to be impossible.

The confidence reposed in men of Lord Rosebery's stamp is distinctly encouraging from many points of view. It is hardly going too far to say that the set made against politicians of the type to which he belongs, during recent years, has been one of the most disturbing signs of the times. The power possessed by the political organizations of both the great parties makes it eminently desirable that the country should retain the services of independent men who pursue politics from a sense of duty. It is gratifying to note that the clap-trap which consists of harping upon class distinctions is not so misleading as it is meant to be. Still, the misconceptions which prevail in regard to rank make themselves felt. The hostility shown

to Lord Rosebery in certain quarters is based upon prejudices which are in direct conflict with the principles of democracy. Few of the terms used in public controversy are more repulsive than the jibes occasionally thrown at the peers by the *nouveaux riches*, who delight to push the poor patrician to one side, and annoy him by displaying their shining sovereigns, fresh from the Mint, so to speak. Yet the cotton lord or the coal owner, who has made money quickly, buys an estate as soon as he can afford to do so, in order that he may take his place beside that aristocracy he professes to regard with contempt, or by spending a portion of his wealth by contesting elections on behalf of his Party, secures a prefix to his name, preparatory to ending his career as a member of that Upper House which he formerly denounced as an anachronism. This is the type of Little Liberal who is most disposed to question the sincerity of Lord Rosebery's desire to reform the House of Lords! But the politician who has not only a full purse, but strong convictions, is in a position to render the State some service. To him politics is not a species of commercialism by which honour, or something which is considered its equivalent, is to be bought for a price.

Lord Rosebery's influence in the country has been strengthened by his having kept himself clear of the factions. If he should return to the leadership it will not be owing to his having looked to the Little Liberals, but because they have looked to him. He has taken no notice of their cabals. Nor has he ever been closely identified with the caucus. He may recognise that organizations for electoral purposes are necessary, but his attitude towards them suggests that he is fully alive to the evils by which they may be accompanied, and that he is aware that the resolutions adopted at the gatherings held under their auspices, often set forth an identity of view which is unreal, artificial, and misleading. Nor has Lord Rosebery any confidence in political mirages like the Newcastle Programme. Though he is understood to sympathise with some of the projects which are regarded as attempts at what is described as social legislation, he has never countenanced the expedients by which it is sought to unite what are vaguely termed the "Progressive" forces. He has accorded no favour to those proposals which, apparently, are based on the assumption that if we were allowed to rob each other we should all become rich, and he does not think that "equality of opportunity" is to be attained by binding the arms of the strongest instead of by strengthening those of the weakest. Nor does he believe that what is compendiously described as the Labour question will be solved by the adoption of measures that would only result in putting one discontented class in the place of another.

Lord Rosebery has been the object of much misrepresentation, but he has maintained a dignified silence. Various attempts have been made to discredit him in the eyes of the industrial classes. But there

is no reason to suppose that workmen are unduly suspicious of men of wealth, even if they are patrons of the turf. The propaganda of the Independent Labour Party, which many regard as an attack upon the "rights" of property, is rather a protest against the insincerity of those politicians who put Party before principle. Recently we have heard little of Lord Rosebery's connection with the turf. As the criticism which it provoked proved to be ineffective, it is not surprising that the persons who employed it have ceased to fire what they found to be blank cartridges. Some time ago, it will be remembered, Mr. Balfour's partiality for golf prompted much ill-natured comment. But in England, the statesman who finds pleasure in the pursuit of popular pastimes does not suffer in the estimation of the public by doing so. Indeed there are persons who look upon such conduct on the part of the statesman as a note of character, rather than as a sign of levity. At any rate, those sections of the community who live by daily toil are not likely to find fault with a politician because he derives enjoyment from recreations which they themselves pursue.

Speaking in the House of Lords, on April 15th, 1896, in referring to the causes which led to the Liberal defeat in 1895, Lord Rosebery said he had never believed in the "long list of reforms" adopted by the Liberal leaders in 1891, and that he thought it a "strategical mistake to attempt to condense the creed of a lifetime into the manifesto of the moment—and it is one which the Liberal Party is not likely to repeat." It is long since Lord Rosebery saw that many of the projects, which led to the disruption of the Liberal Party, would have to be abandoned. It is now thought that the choice of him as leader would show that there was a definite intention to lighten the ship, and that his selection would lead many of the Liberal Unionists to return to the fold. The prospect of bringing about such a reunion as would make a vast addition to the strength of their Party, especially to its finances, would, of course, be welcomed by the Liberal organizers. It is believed that we have reached a point when the olive-branch could be effectively held out to those who were unable to accept Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. The action of the present Ministry has, it is thought, severely tried the allegiance of the Liberal Unionists, who, it is assumed, find themselves being made parties to a species of class and sectarian legislation which they detest. But it is questionable whether many of those who follow the lead of the Duke of Devonshire, would be so ready to forget the way in which they were denounced as renegades and turncoats, simply because they found themselves unable to support Home Rule. There is little doubt, however, that there are Liberal Unionists who would be ready to bring an irksome alliance to an end. For the sake of serving one commanding purpose, they became parties to an arrangement which, by the very nature of the case, called for continual compromise, and which made them liable to misrepresentation at every turn.

Though Sir W. Harcourt and his henchmen have scoffed at the numerical weakness of the Liberal Unionists, the wirepullers know that the opinion that supports the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain is largely undemonstrative, and that its influence is not to be measured by mere numbers. Many dissentients never openly proclaimed their dissidence. In almost every constituency there are to be found men who have dropped out of public life who were active Liberals before the split took place. As they are known to be men of high character and strong convictions, their attitude has had a powerful influence in their neighbourhood, and their silence has meant more than the voluble advocacy of other men. It would be a distinct gain to the Liberal Party if influential citizens of this type could be induced to return to its ranks. Why, it is being asked, should they be prevented from doing so by differences that are more imaginary than real? But, as they could not be expected to accept the leadership of Sir W. Harcourt, the men who work the "Liberal" machine are turning their attention to Lord Rosebery. It is doubtful whether his selection would justify the anticipations of the electioneering experts, but it is certain that his straightforward utterances would influence many who would flatly refuse to listen to the unctuous appeals of his rival.

But national purposes rather than electoral probabilities are causing prominent Liberals to look to Lord Rosebery. When affairs abroad are critical, we somehow realise the difference between a Party politician and a statesman. Liberals feel that, so far as foreign affairs are concerned, Lord Rosebery is the only man amongst them to whom the nation will pay attention. His is the only voice heard by those deeply interested in international affairs. Other men may be as well informed, but their words lack an authoritative ring. By the exercise of discretion, Lord Rosebery has acquired a power which enables him to make an effective appeal to all sections of the community; although his experience, comparatively speaking, has been short. While he is not a Jingo, he has taken no pains to conceal his dislike of the waspish ways of the Little Englanders, whose tactics, instead of tending to preserve peace, sometimes strengthen those prejudices and suspicions which favour an aggressive foreign policy. It is felt that Lord Rosebery would be the man for a crisis. It might be found, of course, that his powers have been over-estimated, but all the same the fact remains that great things are expected from him. His influence is the product of a wise reticence. He only speaks on foreign affairs when he has something to say, and when he does so, he addresses the nation. Even if the hopes he inspires should not be justified by his subsequent career, it is nevertheless encouraging to see the people ready to trust a statesman because they feel that he holds a brief, not for a Party, but for the Commonwealth.

W. L. STOBART.

III.—POLITICS IN SCOTLAND.

THERE is a stir in Scottish Liberalism ; only just perceptible, indeed, and not necessarily a certain indication of revival, yet a distinct movement out of the stagnation that has affected the party during the past few years. The signs of life are, it is true, partly negative of progress, but they are none the less on that account proofs of vitality. Thus there is a breach between the leaders, with whom are the central Caucus, and the majority of the minor wire-pullers, who claim to have the rank and file behind them ; the rift is not less wide than it is in England, although the Executive of the Scottish Liberal Association has not followed the example of the Council of the National Liberal Federation in disowning responsibility for the programme which has hitherto been the gospel of the whole party. This quarrel may not be a symptom of perfect health in the body politic, but it is unmistakably a sign of life. Again, the secession of the Scotch Whip from the Executive of the Liberal Association does not seem to make for reunion of the sections which are at issue ; and considering the circumstances of his withdrawal, it may even appear fatal to any hope of the restoration of discipline in the party. Yet it is significant of progress that Mr. Munro-Ferguson has been forced out of the false position which he has occupied as an " official " member of an organisation no longer controllable by the leaders. His action may, probably does, prove that the old, comfortable relations between officialism and Scottish Liberalism, which prevailed in the days when Lord Tweedmouth twisted the Caucus round his little finger, can never be restored, and that, therefore, Scotland cannot be counted upon as the stand-by of any Liberal Administration run on the old lines. One may not be able to foresee a useful, or indeed possible, life for Scottish Liberalism divorced from the Whip's office, but the cutting of the painter is at least evidence of vitality. Then there is the call that has been addressed to Lord Rosebery from Scotland to resume the leadership. It is not very loud, nor very general, but it has been uttered, quite apart from the acclamations with which men of all parties hail his every word and deed. It is, at all events, a mark of dissatisfaction with the present leadership of the party, and is doubly significant in that it comes from that section of the party which is identified with officialism. True, the rebels who have got the upper hand in the Scottish Liberal Association have condemned Lord Rosebery's foreign policy, and might not be disposed to take him back, except under stringent pledges with respect to land legislation and the like. But again, this sign of the

times, double-sided and equivocal like the others, is equally suggestive of quickening in the party.

At the present moment, however, the Liberal Party in Scotland is in the same helpless, hopeless condition as at the close of the General Election in 1895. Nothing whatever has happened to revive faith in its creed, or to attract recruits to its standard. On the contrary, its prospects of regaining its old ascendancy are worse by two distinctly ponderable circumstances — the opposition which the representatives in Parliament offered last session and this to the “equivalent” subsidy given to the Voluntary schools, and the growing tendency of caucuses to declare in favour of Federal Home Rule, and to put purely Irish Home Rule in the background. Both circumstances have alienated the Irish voter in the southern and western constituencies. Mr. Thomas Shaw, ex-Solicitor-General, the pride and risen hope of one of the Presbyterian sects, made himself conspicuous by his condemnation of the Voluntary schools grant; nobody doubts that if his constituency were polled to-morrow the majority of five hundred by which he carried the Hawick Burghs in 1895 would fade away like smoke. The leading caucus in the West of Scotland the other day bravely grappled with the question of Federal *versus* Irish Home Rule, and only four members could be got to vote for giving preference to Ireland; yet nobody dreamt of controverting the statement of one of the four, that the resolution meant the certain loss of the two remaining Liberal seats in Glasgow. It is impossible to escape the inference that the stirring of life which we have noted portends a preliminary deeper plunge into the valley of death. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? The Scots used to be taught that works were of no avail without a new heart. Well, give the fullest value to those signs of revivification just mentioned, and you cannot make out of them anything but a promise of progress towards some more definite end than Liberalism has had in view this long time; they do not, save to a very limited extent, portend a new birth for Scottish Liberalism, the renaissance of the old temper and *morale* as these were applied to the causes of the past.

It is the literal truth that nothing whatever of the moral order has been imported into Liberalism since the last General Election. Let us hark back, then, to the causes that brought about the cataclysm that then befell the party. From the passing of the first Reform Bill down to 1886 Liberalism dominated the country as Nationalism now dominates Ireland. Only once between 1835 and 1874 did the Conservatives hold more than one burgh seat. At the General Elections of 1857, 1859, 1865, 1868 they carried none, and their representation in the counties fell gradually from 14 to 8. At the first election under the second Reform Act the Liberal majority was 44; that is, the Liberal Party held 52 seats out of 60. Even the reaction of 1874

brought that majority no lower than 20. In 1880 the Conservatives lost the three burghs they had gained six years before, and returned to Parliament a paltry remnant of seven members, against 53 Liberals. The third Reform Act really bettered their position, for in 1885 they held ten seats, including one burgh and the two University seats. Then the tide turned. In 1886 the Liberal majority over Unionism fell to 14; and although in 1892 it rose again to an almost normal 28, in 1895 it sank to 6.

There is not the slightest doubt that the Parliamentary representation accurately mirrored the prevailing opinions of the people. Mr. Gladstone was the god of Scotsmen long before he came to Midlothian; they called him "Wully," just as they style Burns "Robbie," and just as they will never call Mr. Balfour "Arthur." Young men remember when at the Universities it was almost a reproach not to be a Liberal; now no Liberal need apply for the post of Lord Rector, the nomination to which lies in the hands of the youth of the classes and the masses who sit together, in not unequal proportions, on the College benches. University representation was created in 1868; in that year the Liberals carried both the seats; since 1885 no Liberal has ventured to contest either. Men's memories are short, and the preponderance of Unionism over Liberalism among the educated classes has come to seem so normal that it is nearly inconceivable that there was a time, not very long ago, when Liberal clergymen, professors, and lawyers were as numerous as they are rare now; when Conservatives were a class apart, looked upon by the great bulk of the people as selfish defenders of their own property and rights, impermeable to the light of reason, and holding their own in select counties only by a more or less unscrupulous use of territorial influence. Take the case of the capital of the country. The law rules the roast in Edinburgh; the dominant class are professional men and their dependents. The city is now represented by two Unionists and two Liberals; from 1832 till 1866 the occasional Conservative who ventured to contest a seat led a forlorn hope. In 1847 three Liberals and one Conservative fought for two seats, and the Conservative was at the bottom of the poll, with 908 votes against 2,063 cast for the highest Liberal. In 1865 no Conservative entered the battle, which lay between four Liberals; and in 1880, when ex-Lord Advocate Macdonald (now Lord Justice-Clerk) stood against two Liberals, he polled only 5,651 votes against their respective totals of 17,307 and 17,351. The political history of Glasgow is similar. Only once before 1886 did a Conservative secure a seat; in 1880 the lowest of three Liberals returned polled double the number of votes given to the highest Conservative—23,360 to 11,622. Now, the Unionists hold five out of the seven divisions of Glasgow; and in the Bridgeton division, which Sir George Trevelyan carried against Mr. Evelyn

Ashley in 1887 by a majority of 1,401, Sir Charles Cameron last year narrowly escaped a beating at the hands of the Solicitor-General, who was in a minority of only 125.

What is the cause or causes of this sea-change? Mr. Balfour has more than once suggested that Scotsmen, being slow to unlearn and learn, took more than half a century to forget the lesson taught by the "unhappy years of maladministration between 1800 and 1830," and then began slowly to acquire "the principles by which alone states may become great," *i.e.*, the principles of Unionism. Let us look somewhat closely into this sequence. Does not Mr. Balfour attach too much weight to the influence of what he calls the maladministration of 1800—1830? Granted that the Dundas tyranny burned deep into the hearts of a liberty-loving people, and that the reaction therefrom in 1835 was enormous, it cannot fairly be maintained that the persistence of Liberalism in Scotland down to 1886 was wholly, or even very largely due to that reaction. There was a reaction in 1886; the figures seem to show that it had spent much of its force by 1892. It is unhistorical to assume that Scotsmen continued, consciously or unconsciously, for half a century to avenge the wrongs their fathers and grandfathers had suffered at the hands of Dundas and his kind by sending Liberal members to Parliament. Granted that the men who came through the Reform agitation were dogged, unteachable Liberals, because of Dundas to some extent. To keep their sons in the faith some other cause must have come into play. Probably they knew more about the maladministration of 1800—1830 than do the generation of to-day—which is nothing. But if they declined to learn the lesson of Toryism and persevered in their Whiggery, it was undoubtedly because Toryism could assault their reason with no argument, and could make no appeal to their interest of sufficient strength to turn them from the faith in which they were brought up, or to destroy their confidence in the lineal successors of Lord Grey and champions of the anti-privilege cause—Melbourne, Palmerston, Russell, and Gladstone. Mr. Balfour's innuendo is that if Scotsmen had more nimble wits they would sooner have succumbed to the persuasive arts of Tory orators. Scotsmen would have laid themselves open to a graver charge against their intellects had they listened to the pleadings of the Tories as they were up to very recent times. The writer must not be taken as entering a mere patriotic caveat against Mr. Balfour's attribution of intellectual hebetude to his countrymen. His purpose is simply to get at the truth, which is somewhat obscured by Mr. Balfour's insinuated identification of the Unionism which is so firmly seated in the country now with the Toryism which Scotland consistently resented for fifty years. Was Scotland slow in learning the lesson of 1885, for example? There is no use in denying that Mr. Gladstone's surrender to the Home Rule Party was nothing more

than the efficient cause of the cataclysm of 1886. Notwithstanding the clean sweep he made of the country in 1880 and in 1885, the Liberal Party was, though few discerned the fact, in a condition extremely susceptible to scission. Radicalism had got the upper-hand, and the Whigs began to be apprehensive of the extremes to which they might be led under the banner of Liberalism. For evidence of the truth of that conclusion one need only point to the rapid fusion of the two branches of the Unionist Party, which is nowhere more complete than in Scotland. Still, the fission of 1886 was brought about by instantaneous conversion, in Scotland and in England. Home Rule was the final cause. How, then, does Scotland compare with England in respect of the rapidity of its acceptance of the new light? Nine county and eight burgh constituencies in the former country, which sent Liberals to the Parliament of 1885, returned Liberal Unionists in 1886. That is to say, even if the two Conservative gains be left out of account, more than a fourth of the constituencies abandoned Liberalism for Liberal Unionism. In England and Wales the corresponding ratio was a ninth. The comparison scarcely bears out Mr. Balfour's complimentary but superficial reading of the character of his countrymen.

It would be infinitely more profitable for him and his colleagues to weigh very carefully the cause which brought them so large—and, as Mr. Balfour believes—so permanent an accession of support from Scotland. The writer makes him a present of the admission that Liberalism in Scotland was almost ripe for fission before 1885. But he must maintain that Conservatism *per se*, as it was in 1885, had no magnetic power to draw to itself half-timorous, half-apathetic Whiggery. Who that knows the men believes that those ecclesiastical Dissenters who were formerly Liberals to a man, but are now bulwarks of Unionism and among the staunchest champions of the Establishment, would have deserted the Liberal fold but for the moral shock which Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule administered to them? One here and there might have learned the lessons of Toryism; the growing aggressiveness of the disestablishment faction might have alienated a few. But those who know human nature in general, and the Scottish *ingenium* in particular, will endorse the proposition that in all probability Conservatism and Liberalism would have retained their old relative proportions till this day in Scotland but for Home Rule.

If Dundas made Scotsmen Liberals, their ecclesiastical polity helped largely to keep them so. Careless observers are apt to exaggerate the democratic character of Presbyterian church-government, which is really oligarchical. But it must be fully conceded that political reform in Scotland was born in the Church. The Presbyterians agitated and fought for the right to elect their ministers long

before they gave a thought to the fact that the landlords in the counties were sending one of their own number to Parliament to serve their own interest, and that in the burghs the Parliamentary electorates were close, self-electing corporations. It is barely possible that if the Church had not split asunder on this question in 1843, an Establishment embracing virtually the whole people—except those Irish Roman Catholic immigrants who keep the rump of the Liberals of the West in their seats—would have acted, on the whole, as a Conservatising influence, and so would not have left the cataclysm of 1885-6 so much to do. In effect one moiety of the Church revolted in that year against patronage and against the idea of State interference with spiritual concerns, and set up a rival ecclesiastical organization independent of the State. Starting with this fund of Radical principles, thrown from the first into violent opposition to the territorial class, and drawing into weekly, if not daily, association with all the ardent, non-Conservative spirits not previously absorbed by the minor dissenting bodies, the Free Church became the backbone of Liberalism. The process by which it came to be a part of the Liberal machinery of the country was gradual. But from the first the idea which it represented was a potent leaven in the politics of Scotland. Its influence would doubtless have been greater had the development of the Church's politics been more rapid; but in that case the reaction would certainly have arrived sooner also. The Free Church at the outset professed to be the true Establishment. Failing to vindicate its property to the title, it finally dropped the claim, and adopting Liberationism pure and simple, furnished the Liberal Party at once with an excellent war-cry, and with an army of commissioned and non-commissioned officers and privates, always under arms and ready to fight for Liberal candidates everywhere. No social disability, be it marked, attached to membership of the dissenting bodies in Scotland. Only, the Established Church did not for many years even pretend to command the allegiance of half the Presbyterians in the country. Differing in no respect in ritual and creed from the dissenting bodies, it had all the appearance of a mere rival sect, unjustly favoured in respect of endowments. Its privileged position excited the antipathy of Liberals, and its alleged spiritual coldness enlisted on the side of its adversaries a considerable body of evangelical prejudice.

At the present moment the Church is active and expansive. The decline of living faith has at once attracted to its folds the careless Gallios who have forgotten the covenants, depleted the army of its foes, and sapped their aggressiveness. The income of the dissenting bodies is stationary; and their heavily-dunned members have begun to think that endowments are not such bad things after all, that the Establishment should be envied, not grudged, their possession, and

that it would be bad policy to throw them away, especially as the State, by the generosity of its subsidies for education, has amply supplied the want which disendowment of the Church was intended to meet. From whatever cause Disestablishment is, to say the least, in a state of animated suspension. Liberal candidates are not required to give more than a bare assent to the question—Are you prepared to vote for a Disestablishment Bill? even if so much is asked of them. At the General Election of 1892, for instance, a Liberal majority of 2,197 in a northern county was reduced to 80 simply and solely by aggressive work on the part of the Church, and in 1895 the Liberals, with a spurt, were unable to add more than 140 to this very inconsiderable plurality. Even more significant is the fact that Sir Charles Cameron, the author of the latest Scottish Disestablishment Bill, made no play with the subject in his fight for Bridgeton, and it is confidently asserted by those who are in a position to know, that if he had put it in the forefront of his programme, the old Liberal majority in the constituency would have been wiped out, instead of being only reduced to 125. It is true that a Disestablishment Council still carries on a propaganda of a sort, but its moving spirits are dissenting ministers, not laymen, and the laity has come to gravely suspect the *bonâ fides* of the disestablishing clergy who, in contradistinction to their flocks, do often feel that they suffer in social consequence from the privileged position of the Established Church clergy. The strength of this Council may be gauged by the fact that since the General Election its plan of campaign has been to convict the Liberal leaders of infidelity to their pledges to take up Scottish disestablishment seriously, and to rub this irritating charge into them by scattering the printed records of their promises broadcast over the electorate. Such strategical weakness can have no other source than the consciousness of defeat.

It was, however, Home Rule that administered the death-blow to Disestablishment. The dissenting ministers as a rule stood by Mr. Gladstone, and so bought his adhesion to their dearest cause. The best men in their congregations joined the Unionist Party; such of them as had been Liberationists refrained thenceforth from association with the Disestablishers; a large proportion took an active part on the other side. The process of transference does not fit so closely as Mr. Balfour thinks into the category of pure reason. If he would condescend to a philosophical inquiry into the growth of Unionism in Scotland, he would certainly find a typical case in the disestablishing dissenter who turned Unionist, and is now to all intents and purposes a supporter of the Established Church.

Home Rule not only lopped trunks off Scottish Liberalism, but blasted it to the heart. This is not a singular instance in politics of the unprofitableness of altruism, but it is the latest. And so far as

advocacy of Irish Home Rule by Scottish Liberals was unselfish, it not only deprived them of predominance, but sapped their faith and their activity. By the conditions of the bargain it thrust every other cause into the background; the party managers were compelled to temporise, to sacrifice a bit of the old programme here, a bit there; the electorate lost belief in the gospel on which it had been nurtured. The people saw disestablishment, which they had held to be founded on the sacred principle of religious equality, made a mere pawn in a party game. Then the Unionists dished the Liberals of a pet fad by making education free. By the infusion of Liberal Unionism into Conservatism the sharp contrast between Radicalism and Toryism was so blunted that a man, carefully estimating their respective claims to his confidence, could not honestly pretend that his hereditary Liberalism bound him to adhere to his old party. Unionism attracted waverers and all subject to conversion because it afforded a safe if mainly negative footing, because it was openly antagonistic to certain doctrines which Liberalism was coming to believe in only by halves, because it was certain of itself, while Liberalism had been cast into a state of flux. Once upon a time Liberalism was the live cause in Scotland; the sons of Liberals kept the faith as it was transmitted to them; active brains among the sons of Tories imbibed Liberalism for its rationalism. It is the other way about now; the Universities are witness.

Again, when the Whigs hived off, the Socialistic wing of the Liberal Party acquired by the fact a prominence which it had not previously enjoyed. It contemptuously rejected the old programme to which the Rump half-heartedly clung, and set itself either to impregnate the party with its new doctrine, or to propagate it for the purpose of establishing a third party. For every intra-mural convert it has made it has probably frightened away another old-fashioned Liberal from the field. But it is unquestionably *the* live aggressive political force in Scotland just now. The Independent Labour Party avows its intention to smash the orthodox parties by turns. At the General Election in Glasgow it prevented the two successful Liberal candidates and one of the five successful Unionists from boasting that they polled an actual majority of the votes cast in their respective divisions. At the by-election in North Aberdeen two years ago 2,476 votes were registered for Mr. Tom Mann, against 2,909 given to the orthodox Liberal candidate. No Unionist intervened here, for good and sufficient reasons. The highest Unionist poll ever known in the division never approached 1,000; the former member, Mr. W. A. Hunter, never secured less than 4,500. There could not have been an experiment in political science more free from obscuring conditions. Here was a constituency whose Liberalism was of positively unique purity, and about half the electors preferred a

Socialist to an advanced professor of the political faith which is still predominant, on paper, all down the East Coast.

It would, indeed, be an exaggeration to say that Liberalism in Scotland is as sorely squeezed by Labour on one side as it is by Unionism on the other. The total Labour vote at the General Election was only 1·4 of the whole, and although it is of more profit to consider the North Aberdeen case, and the fact that in Glasgow, on which the Independent Labour Party concentrated its efforts, the proportion in 1895 was 4·7 of the whole, it must be admitted that Labour is neither well organised, nor to any great extent finally detached from Liberalism. The Labour vote is not demonstrably progressive. Yet it is impossible to miss the significance of the circumstance that it is most progressive in the eastern constituencies, always the last to receive new light, either native or imported. The case of North Aberdeen has been mentioned. In Dundee, which, like Aberdeen, never in its history returned a Conservative, the Labour vote was almost quadrupled in 1895 as compared with 1892.

Whatever be the cause or causes, the Liberal Party has ceased to expand ; it is not merely failing to make converts, it is not making a normal gain by the natural increase of the population. Take those constituencies on the East coast—the true “inexpugnable home of Radicalism”—which are appreciably growing. Between 1886 and 1895 the electorate of East Edinburgh increased by 23 per cent ; the Liberal vote in the latter year was 5 per cent. less than in the former. In South Edinburgh the increase of the electorate was 37 per cent. ; the Liberal vote which failed to return Mr. Herbert Paul in 1895 was only between 2 and 3 per cent. larger than the vote with which Mr. Childers carried the seat in 1886. In the Leith Burghs the increase of the Unionist vote was 10 per cent. greater than the increase of the Liberal vote. Take two central and western groups of progressive burghs. In the Falkirk group the Unionist increase was 8 per cent., in the Kilmarnock group 32 per cent., greater than the Liberal increase in the same period. Take, again, an unprogressive east coast constituency, like Berwickshire ; the Liberal vote is, like the electorate, virtually stock-still ; the Unionist vote has risen by 1,000, equal to 84 per cent., since 1886.

Mr. Balfour is not to be blamed for attributing the growth of the Scottish Unionist Party in the House of Commons to absorption by the electorate of the truth as it is in Unionism, as a sole cause. He is, indeed, too apt to over-estimate the influence of pure reason on the ordinary intelligence. He would not, however, even in a gathering of philosophers, be scoffed at for his assumption, probable as we have shown it to be, that this is a permanent growth, although Melbourne exhibited greater acuteness when he compared public opinion to a tide. But the Unionist policy, so far as it is practical, has been all along,

and is now, mainly negative. *A priori*, then, we should expect to find, as a factor in the increase of the Unionist vote, a growing tendency to that political apathy which, *plus* a regard for certain interests, is Conservatism of the reactionary type. In effect we do find that Scottish Unionism has gained largely by the disgust with which the pranks of the Liberal Party have of late years inspired men who really loved progress, but sickened at the intrigues which seemed to be essential to its attainment. It is not so much a united party as a united opposition to a party which seems like to be hurried to any extreme by the desire for self-preservation. Granted that the chiefs and subordinate officers have the enthusiasm of faith, the recruits of the rank and file are largely negationist. Heredity has had time to come into play since 1886. The sons of the Dissident Liberals of 1885 are Unionists, undistinguishable from the hereditary Tories with whom they consort. A constantly expanding commerce in the large towns causes a continuous extension of villadom, and Scottish villadom, which was Liberal a decade ago, is Conservative now.

It is not the writer's purpose to depreciate the intelligence or the motive of the Unionist voters, old or new. Only, he feels bound to testify to what he knows of the *morale* of Scottish Unionism, to emphasise the facts that its strength derives from selfishness and timorousness, and that it is weak by reason of its lack of a positive policy and a definite creed. It would be idle to deny the plausibility of Mr. Balfour's belief that "we shall see growing steadily in the future [in Scotland] those great principles which we know are not the principles of a class, are not the principles of a selfish minority, but are the principles by which alone states may become great, and by which alone that greatness may be permanently maintained." The steady growth of Unionism in the west country is an indubitable fact; in the west commerce predominates, there is freer, more general intercourse with England, and a more decided bent to Imperialism, as opposed to that narrow and reactionary Nationalism to which Liberalism threatens to tend by reason of its craving for an intelligible end and aim, capable of replacing the old-time objects of agitation which have been either attained by legislation, rendered invalid by the increase of apathy, or proved inconsistent with modern ideas. In the west men believe in Unionism because they think it spells stable commerce; the two most remarkable victories which Unionism boasted at the General Election were won by a shipbuilder and a coalmaster, in constituencies in which the balance is held by the workmen engaged in shipbuilding, coal-mining, and allied industries. It cannot be pretended that the working men who gave that coalmaster and that shipbuilder their support have taken to their hearts for all time "the principles by which alone states may become great." But it may be fairly held that they were influenced by other

motives than gratitude to these particular "masters"—both well known for their fairness, sympathy, and generosity—and that they were easily enough persuaded to prefer to Liberalism which promised them nothing in particular that Unionism which promised them the conditions essential to continuous employment, and which they heard honestly professed by gentlemen whose intelligence they had seen proved over and over again in the concerns of daily life. But if Liberalism had been a living thing, these workmen would have voted for Liberals; the prosperity of their industries still restrains them from joining the ranks of the Socialists.

All the factors which have been shown to contribute to the growth of Unionism justify Mr. Balfour's prognosis that "every future Unionist party may rely" upon it. The spread of luxury; the frittering away of intellectual interest which is the principal result of universal education; the decline of faith—which a Scotch clergyman once described as a fall of the spiritual temperature; the change of balance between the number of those whose interest it is to keep what they have got and the number of those who have still something to get; the gradual merging of the latter class in Socialism and the consequent revulsion of purely theoretical Liberalism—all these circumstances promise stability to the party which at present supports Mr. Balfour and his colleagues. Conservatism has taken such a hold on Scotland during the past decade as the oldest inhabitant never expected to see. But it is not pure Toryism, and it differs somewhat from English Toryism. Mr. Balfour would do well to take note of that fact, and especially to mark that the Scottish Unionist is not an Anglican, and has deep-rooted prejudices in favour of fair play, which might, in certain conditions, produce a reaction towards Liberalism. Moreover, Scottish Unionism not only lacks cohesion, but is in some danger of losing prestige by allowing itself to be dragged at the heels of English Conservatism. For its salvation it needs a leader, and it has not yet produced a man.

It is notorious, of course, that the Liberal leaders and managers have all along failed to grasp the strength of the social forces that they loosed against themselves when they followed up the last Reform Act by the surrender to Irish Nationalism. They have consistently professed to believe that "it would all come right in the end." The burden of their speeches during the recent recess in Scotland was that, though fortune was against them just now, they would never abandon the belief that the old principles of the party would prevail in the end. Not one of them appeared to appreciate the fact that a party cannot be remade without fresh material, and that their good old principles had not only, in their latest application, revolted a large class which was formerly a safe recruiting ground, but been proved incapable of attracting unprejudiced recruits. They insisted that

there was nothing for Liberals to do at this juncture but to criticise the deeds of their opponents. Their criticism has made no converts, but has, on the other hand, alienated the Irish voters whose support must be indispensable to them, unless in the inconceivable event of a complete break-up of the Unionist alliance. Their attitude is defensible, but it has involved them in the risk of being estimated by their old followers as mere opportunist "outs," whose sole end in life is to supplant the "ins" in the administration of the country. It has produced a revolt—not very whole-hearted indeed or sure-footed, but still a revolt that is not to be suppressed by smooth words. At the recent Dundee meeting of the General Council of the Scottish Liberal Association (a fairly close analogue to the Derby conference of the General Committee of the National Liberal Federation), the Executive, then in perfect touch with the leaders, offered its guidance to the party in only two resolutions. One condemned the Agricultural Rating Act and the Voluntary Schools Acts. The other denounced with exceedingly gingerly vituperation the foreign and imperial policy of the Government, and specifically attributed the failure of British influence in dealing with Turkish misrule in Armenia and Crete to "Lord Salisbury's weak diplomacy." The Council accepted the "home" resolution, and supplemented it with some positive programme-making ones. It would not have the foreign one at any price. An amendment was carried in which Great Britain's connexion with the Concert of Europe was assailed in true "forward" style, with the usual rhetoric about shame and humiliation, and Britain's "proud historical position as the friend of freedom." That is to say, the Executive tried to run with Lord Rosebery, and avoid any pronouncement on foreign policy that might make against his return. The representative Council, as it were of malice prepense, took sides with the "forwards," and practically vetoed any *rapprochement* between Scottish Liberals and Lord Rosebery. Then the Council took the bit in its teeth and adopted a programme. It affirmed its adhesion to the Newcastle Programme, brought up to date, and a little more, Federal Home Rule being substituted for the Irish variety; and declared that as an essential preliminary there should be "a comprehensive measure of electoral and registration reform and the abolition of the House of Lords." And, finally, the meeting committed itself to the doctrines of the land reformers, who approved themselves, if not the ablest, at all events the most earnest of the delegates, pluming themselves, not without a show of reason, on having converted the Council to their creed. An equally significant incident of the conference was the defeat of a "manhood suffrage" amendment by an insignificant majority. The revolt was clenched soon afterwards at the mass meeting gathered in Glasgow to hear an address by Mr. Asquith, when the "old gang" proposed one of their milk-and-water

resolutions, and had to suffer the humiliation, shared by the ex-Minister, of being outvoted by the supporters of a motion in favour of manhood suffrage.

How are the leaders and their henchmen handling the rebellion? Exactly as in England. Just as Mr. John Morley and others attempted to counter the programme-making of the Derby conference by either ignoring it or demonstrating its impracticability, the Executive of the Scottish Liberal Association simply records the resolutions of the Dundee meeting, and through its chairman, a pure Rosberyite, and more than half a Whig to boot, declares that the passing of motions is a very useful function of General Councils! Just as the affair of Derby moved Mr. Bryce to his famous appeal to Radicals to remember the silent member, the Scottish caucus implores the hot-heads to consider how essential it is to carry all Liberals of every shade with them.

The situation is a deadlock. The leaders are confessedly incapable of solving it, and are like so many Micawbers waiting for something to turn up, so that the recalcitrants, either by poverty or otherwise, may be forced to come into line again. But the withdrawal of the Whip from the Executive shows that some at least have appreciated the fact that the revolt, with its "abolition" and "penal taxation" banners, forbids the hope of Scottish Liberalism ever being reconstituted on the old lines. Hence the talk about a *rapprochement* with the Liberal Unionists. Hence the call to Lord Rosebery. Now, it has been shown above that the Unionist Party in Scotland is not so thoroughly Conservatised that a split is altogether out of the question. Given more purely Anglican legislation, and a succession of Toryish measures such as might conceivably be extracted out of the present Government by the predominant section of its supporters, and a strong Whig leader would not have very much difficulty in detaching a proportion at least of Mr. Balfour's "converted" following.

What now is Lord Rosebery that the eyes of men should discern in him the saviour of a Liberal Party? He is a Whig *pur sang*. Unless his long seclusion, with the opportunity it has afforded him of contemplating the workings of Liberalism from the outside, has given him a "new heart," he is, as he was during his brief premiership, an Opportunist with a bias towards letting well alone in the law and the constitution. There is no mystery about the causes of his great popularity among Scotsmen of all classes. He is, above all things, a man; he has ideas, and expresses them with an originality that surprises the average Scot into the admission that he has to do with a superior. And he goes his own way, doing that which seems innocent in his own eyes, regardless of the family of Grundy. These characteristics have had a particular attraction for the natural

Scot ever since the first "makar" lifted up the voice of the people against convention and the tyranny of over-strait morality. He is not a Radical in temper or opinion. His qualities unfit him wholly for the leadership of an earnest, believing party such as the rebels against the Scottish caucus aim at. What is his political history? It is virtually confined to the year and a quarter during which he presided over, but did not rule, the last Liberal Cabinet. The acts of that Cabinet are no part of it, for he, as is now notorious, did not shape its legislative activity, and failed to persuade it to adopt his policy with regard to the House of Lords, whether in the course of the sitting of Parliament or prior to the General Election. His speeches are the sole valid material for the student of Lord Rosebery's politics. He stamped himself opportunist, then, at the outset. Take his two leading pronouncements on Home Rule. These were (in the House of Lords, on the Bill), that Home Rule was with him "not a fanaticism, not a question of sentiment, scarcely even a question of history, nor a counsel of perfection," but merely the best course to be pursued in dealing with a critical and complex question; and this, at the opening of his first parliament, that the essential process of converting "the predominant member of the partnership of the three kingdoms" would not be slow if Ireland behaved well, and, "if we point to the continued harmony of Ireland with the great Liberal party of this country." It may be remarked in passing, that these dicta leave him at liberty at the present moment to abjure Home Rule, just as his subsequent casual blessing of the principle of Federal Home Rule would be a sufficient warrant for his acceptance of the programme of the Scottish Liberal Association.

What is his attitude to what was once the backbone of Scottish Liberalism? Scotsmen have not forgotten—and we may be assured that the hotheads of the Dundee conference did not forget when they censured his Foreign policy—the speech Lord Rosebery delivered at Edinburgh, on March 17th, 1894, in which he said he wished the Scotch Churches could have settled their differences themselves, expressed the outrageously Erastian opinion that a state had as much right to maintain an Established Church as to establish a standing army, and virtually confessed that his only reason for associating himself with the disestablishers was that "every manse was a Tory agency"—whence the Church and the Liberal party could not exist side by side.

Lord Rosebery was a re-unionist, at first at all events. It was only after the Liberal Unionists had rejected his pacific overtures at the beginning of 1895, and after a session of Parliament had convinced him that the attitude of the Upper House to the destructive

policy which he inherited from Mr. Gladstone was not to be modified by his personality, that he threw himself heart and soul into a crusade against the equal jurisdiction of the Lords. And it was not merely as a bait to the Unionists that he held out the view that the "liberation" period of Liberalism was over, and the re-construction period begun. That is the keynote of his politics. One must believe that the Dundee rebels had not forgotten that either, when they anathematised his darling Concert of Europe. Nobody has suffered so much from misrepresentation as Lord Rosebery. It is only fair, therefore, to recall that one of his last public utterances was that Rochdale speech in which he described the Education Bill of the session as a touchstone by which the professions and convictions of the Liberal Unionists, who had left their party solely on account of Home Rule, might be tested.

What, again, was the motive of his crusade against the House of Lords? Originally, no doubt, the mortification he endured as the leader of a party of forty peers against so many hundreds. Secondly, the necessity of finding a cause by which the Liberal party might be reconstructed. It is, of course, a valid reproach against him that, while he professed himself a Second Chamber man, and only desired the postponement of this "theoretical" question because it divided the party, the actual agitation which he headed had for its end the abolition of the veto of the Upper House, which was equivalent to the establishment of Single-Chamber government. But there was no shadow of inconsistency in his plan of campaign from first to last. No abolition. No revolution. He wished at the very beginning to pass a resolution in the Lower House declaring that the Commons' House was the predominant partner, and would have done so when the iron was hot, but for the determination of his colleagues to "fill up the cup." That he would have followed up with an appeal to the country on this single issue, and, in the event of success, have forced the House of Lords to surrender. That was opportunism pure and simple. It was a policy that served, and it was cleverly enough conceived. Need it be pointed out at this time of day that success would have precluded Lord Rosebery, or anyone else, from ever attempting to set up a strong Second Chamber?

When we recall the fact that Lord Rosebery's course with the Independent Labourists has always been one of remonstrance and recommendation to capture the Liberal Associations, rather than to set up organizations of their own, and that he has stated (at Cardiff in 1895) the relation between the leaders and the caucus even more baldly than it has lately been put by Dr. Spence Watson and his colleagues—"the aims of the National Liberal Federation were," he said, "to thresh out the various issues; the more delicate and difficult

operation of winnowing had to be done by the Cabinet"—when, as the Scotch lawyers say, we take a conjunct view of these and the other pronouncements of the ex-Premier, it hardly remains open to doubt that he would exercise an almost Palmerstonian influence on any party that adopted him as chief, and that both sections of Scottish Liberalism know what they are about—the one in calling him back, the other in making his return all but impossible. But Lord Rosebery's temperament and general creed are quite possible of assimilation by so much of Scottish Unionism as is not absorbed in Conservatism, and might, by an accident, be revolted by it. He is of all men the most fitted to become Scotland's political deity. He has right Scottish sympathies; intellectually, and politics apart, he is in touch with young Scotland. He has the art to be popular. And he is the ablest and most inspiring exponent of that "Imperialism" that makes up half the "principles" of the Unionist Party. He is capable at least of bringing together that section of Unionism that has the root of the matter in it, and those leaders and wirepullers of Liberalism who inherited from him the cry "No programme-making." It would be but two Rumps that he would lead. But the two Rumps together might make up a party strong enough to support a Rosebery administration. And the writer does not think the less highly of the Earl of Rosebery for that he believes that that is the chief end of the ex-Premier.

ACADEMICUS.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

I.

THE publication of a new edition of Thackeray's works, edited by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, suggests a comparison between the spectacle of London life as interpreted by his genius, and that of Parisian life interpreted by Daudet's. Both writers, so different in temperament, in race and training, meet as satirists through the common qualities of irony, tenderness, and humour. Both reveal a like sentimental love of goodness and a ruthless dislike of wickedness and hypocrisy. Yet while so many points of resemblance exist between the greater and lesser satirist, the world seems only to have recognised Daudet's affinity to Dickens.

As a satirist, Daudet's manner and method differ altogether from Thackeray's. His style is more strenuous; he is more bitter and less buoyant, whereas, in his joyous moods, when Paris is happily forgotten and only the south remembered, his touch is incomparably lighter. Here it is his radiant heritage of scorn and laughter that casts an elusive grace and sparkle over the bitterness of wisdom and experience, such as may not be found further north. But he can recall Thackeray with singular fidelity of effect in almost similar situations. Take, for instance, the most powerful scene of *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné*, and compare it with a like scene in *Vanity Fair*, where Rawdon Crawley discovers the relations between his wife and Lord Steyne. The characters are unlike, but how like the action, the dramatic effect! Daudet's scene is more tense, more tragic, greatly more impressive than Thackeray, but he strikes his inevitable note of excess when Risler forces Sidonie down on her knees before her lover's wife. Thackeray's satire was broader, simpler, more general than Daudet's, who in his big novels invariably concentrated his poignancy and his pathos too much. It is for this reason that Daudet is hardly destined to achieve immortality in his serious moods, and that the value of his Parisian studies is likely to prove fugitive. His qualities as man and artist may be traced to the early influences of atmosphere and training, while Paris, with its vibrant intensity of emotion, its quick and volatile developments, is responsible for the fuller revelation of his temperament.

Alphonse Daudet was born in the still and luminous town of Nîmes, in an atmosphere of sunny sadness that best expresses the exquisite radiance and penetrating tenderness of his nature; in a land of olives and vines, of burnt tones, of broad bare lines, of dark verdure, amid the heavy silence of stirless ponds, and the wide

plains of Provence. Never indeed, has the note of Provençal landscape been so fully, so variously reproduced in all its moods, as by this delicious Provençal, who so successfully merged the musician's and the painter's art in the large free strokes of his musical prose. We have not needed to travel south to understand the demoralising enchantment of the mirage, the nervous sufferings of the mistral, or breathe the sharp and scented airs of the hillsides, as bare and shapely as Greek hills, where the winds race over miles of thyme and lavender and rosemary. He with his incredible art of reproducing swift and ardent sensation, of playing with rare quick touch on every chord of the senses, a creature himself of senses superlatively alert, and responsive to each call, has made us see and apprehend all this with an intensity of vision and apprehension, the product of his own artistic and impressionable temperament. Never was sensuality more delicate, more subtle, less gross than his. It shudders so charmingly in and out of every fresh emotion, that it ends by gaining a kind of spirituality in the elusive, wavering caprice of its course.

The man himself, dominates his entire work. As he has said, he invented nothing. He merely reproduced life as it touched him, vividly, audaciously, consistently with his own excesses in sentiment. Hence the overcharged canvas in his big Parisian studies, the disconcerting impressions, the inartistic extremes to which irony, sometimes ferocious, and tenderness, cruel from very poignancy, lead him. A creature of grace and charm, of an adorable sunniness and witchery of humour, he can be both too poignant or too bitter. We are won from the very start of his career, transplanted from his sun-intoxicated Provence, to the long dark streets of Lyons, with its silver poplars and mulberries, lavish of green. This luxury of verdure at first stupefies him, coming from the burnt brown south, and he is a miserable exile in the rainy and sombre town. He has since regretted that he wrote *Le Petit Chose*, when he was too young, and we regret even more than he that he rashly showed the early chapters to a tasteless friend who found it "too childish," and was the cause of the compression of much of those young years in a morose and mournful setting, and of the inventions and adventures that mar the sober sweetness of the beginning. He knew how to suffer, even in those first days of poverty, harsh poverty, and the thousand humiliations of the poor little school usher, for all his delicious head of Provençal page. Nothing of the young Prince about such extravagant personal charm; still less of the promising fine gentleman, or even of what we understand as distinction. Rather a modern Chérubin, who dabbles in love adventures at twelve, and lies engagingly to avoid the thrashing he deserves; eternally the seductive *Petit Chose*, delicate, wild, exquisite, sensitive beyond our common understanding of the word. Pagan and Latin, we may pardon him for not having been a

saint, and admire the sage he grew to be, sinning by very excess of his qualities, and always with a charming sincerity, poignantly susceptible and tender, and touched by pain to the depth of his ardent and eager nature. And if the page, so frequently in distress, is beautiful and picturesque, who is to wonder that soft hands were ever ready to dry his pretty eyes or at his insistence that the kiss of comfort should be added to platonic consolation? "I have deserved my punishment," he mournfully said at the end of his long martyrdom, and we may ask ourselves, in some revolt against so heavy a sentence which he bore so supremely well—did he? For there was nothing destructive or Satanic about this bright being. He wrought no evil, though he could strike, and that heavily upon occasion, and like the old lion down at his famous Tarascon, had "beak and claws," while the scratch of those claws was as cruel as a tiger's under provocation. But he revered virtue, loved all things pure and beautiful with an honest and virile love, and has left no pages behind him that either he or his land need be ashamed of. He at least, has contributed nothing to the pornographic literature of the hour. He had his faults; good heavens, why not? He lacked tact and taste, it is true; lacked discretion and sometimes dignity too; was a little loud and excessive, like most of the decorative figures of history; too much dusky mane, a pronouncement of attire in grey and peacock-blue plush jacket; too brilliant, too attractive, too handsome for the proper effacement of our civilised taste, but ever winning pardon by his inexhaustible sympathy, by his cordiality and his unfathomable pity for broken and humble humanity. "I am nothing of an artist," he has finely said, "but simply a man of humanity."

It is precisely this "man of humanity" that his friends to-day so deeply mourn. The death of no mere artist, could have stirred such a wide and lasting wave of grief as that which rolled over Paris the morning we opened our newspapers and read: "Alphonse Daudet is dead!" For him it meant relief, the end of the long road of agony so nobly travelled, but Paris seemed perceptibly colder without him. An intolerable sense of pain pricked us like a personal loss, a silence, an inexplicable absence in each immediate circle. We owed him such bright hours, such honest laughter, such joyous wanderings with his delicious Tartarin, such sweet and sensuous reveries in his witching Provence. And then his talk! an ineffaceable memory for those who have been privileged to hear it. The fame of his winged word has travelled far. As a conversationalist he was far more brilliant even than as a writer. He spoke as he wrote, with vibrant vital eloquence, the words hurrying in luminous phrase—like water that gushes and flows with the sun upon its sparkling mirror—captivating like light and wine; full of every exquisite quality of wit and humour; variable, flexible, rainbow-hued; musical as wind and wave. And

equally magical was his sympathy, which, enriched by his glance, full of dark warm light, became almost a sorcery. "We shall ever remember the master's gentleness," wrote the brothers, Paul and Victor Margueritte, "his discreet tenderness, his heart that was open to all who knocked. This invalid was a curer of souls." No man was ever more beloved of his friends than Daudet, which is explained by the fact that the essential note of his work is compassion rather than irony. The reign of pity in the novel, he held to have begun with Dickens, whose follower he decidedly was. Indeed, the spell he cast over his generation much resembles that of Dickens, while its intensity of intimacy came from the joyous reflection of southern charm, the delicate effervescence of Provençal wit and humour, which differs from that of the north, the constant revelation of temperament set in perfumed and musical prose. In Provence his style is perfect because it is himself, the genius of his land. Imperfection, as I have said, comes from Paris. "How unfortunate!" he cries to Edmond de Goncourt; "you have troubled me, you and Flaubert and my wife! I have no style, it is positive. Those born below the Loire cannot write French prose. I was but an *imagination*. You don't suspect half of all I have in my head. And but for you I'd never have bothered about this dog of a tongue, and would have laid my eggs quite tranquilly." This he did in Provence, with an unsurpassed perfection of ease. Here we have the improvisatore, the troubadour of prose. He writes as if he wandered among the heady odours of the hills, by the margin of untroubled waters, with little golden towns about, all asleep among their ruins, he with guitar slung carelessly over the vagabond shoulder, the glance so brilliant and so blind, peering through the romantic haze of reverie, the Merovingian mane less out of place so grandly set, and the fine ear seizing every different sound with its strange subtlety of acuteness, which made him say he understood the wonders of the ocean rather by ear than eye. See him, as Banville has painted him, in this wild, perfumed land: "A marvellously charming head, skin of a warm paleness, the colour of amber, eyebrows straight and silky, eye flaming, drowned, at once humid and burning, lost in reverie, sees nothing but is delicious to see; mouth voluptuous, dreamy, crimson with blood, beard soft and childish, abundant dark hair, ear small and delicate; the whole proudly virile in spite of feminine grace." Poor *Little Thing*; reading this we are angered by the thought of another Daudet, cruelly racked and worn by life, the brilliant regard dulled by suffering and travail, the dusky romantic head snowed by bitter experience, and speech that once flew on radiant wing laggard and weighted with pain.

But for the great and lasting development of pain he would have remained *le Petit Chose* to the end. In Goncourt's *Journal* we learn that he described, with his customary *verve*, to Gambetta, his delight

in following the pretty flight of a butterfly through the water-spray one torrid afternoon crossing the Carrousel, lost in admiration of the tiny creature's sense in thus cleverly combining action with security from sunstroke. Gambetta fixed a glance of immense commiseration upon him, which assured him he was ever condemned to be *le Petit Chose*. But pain laid its ennobling and diaphanous hand harshly upon him, and stamped his features slowly with its own austere, ineffable beauty. The first years were full of revolt and exasperation, of vague prospects of suicide; so fiercely angry that once when the thought of prayer crossed his tortured mind, he cried, "Not that! Not that!" Asked if he were better in those days, he replied: "You know that long ago, when they crucified a man, they unnailed him for a moment to prolong his sufferings afterwards. For the moment I am unnailed."

But gradually youth left him, he was content to watch life in others, live in those around him, and pain became his crown. It diminished in the fulness of an exquisite gratitude to those whose entire and perfect love so adequately helped him to bear it. Whatever Daudet gave, he gave with both hands, for parsimony was never among his faults. He spared neither his pen nor his heart, and if the former could be implacable and ferocious in disdain or dislike, the latter was always on his sleeve hospitably open to troops of friends. And so with his purse. No appeal to its strings went unanswered. He himself had known hard hours, and for ever remembered them: the dinner of dry bread and sleep beneath the stars, when threepence secured for a candle to read by was undreamed-of luxury. If experience sharpened his acute penetration, and by its very nature developed a somewhat savage cynicism toward the more fortunate of humanity, it never touched the child's heart within, never embittered, never narrowed. In many ways he saw crookedly all his life, but never meanly. And there was one thing he had no understanding of—the snob. Nobody has ever sprung from poverty to fortune as free of this pestiferous beast as Daudet. He neither worshipped the golden calf, nor good society, nor titles. All he ever craved for was life in the widest sense—life with all its perils and enchantments, plenty of air and light, his family, his friends, music, reverie, and delightful chatter. For if he could talk brilliantly, he could dream away months. No poet, assuredly—we need only read his mediocre *Amoureuses* to learn this, but possessing the poet's temperament, which, to some extent, excuses his sympathetic eulogists for their unanimity—since his death—in describing him as a poet. Grasshopper and ant by turn: now working feverishly away at those eternal "little note books," and covering sheaves of paper with the assistance of his indefatigable comrade and collaborator, Mme. Daudet; then idling away sunny hours of musing in his water-solitude or among the

scented hills of his Provence. The ponderous notes were ever there to handicap the fatal facility of the South, which made him call himself so happily a *trouvère*. Surely never was natural fluency more deliberately weighted, and so much of it proves our loss! For most of his big imperfect works were evolved from his slighter masterpieces, the songs of the *trouvère*. While he made a bid for fame in the massive, he was meant for easy perfection in the exquisite. This rash and generous creature, with his abundant and joyous love of mere life, was never meant to wreck his good spirits over a prolonged and unilluminated tragedy like *Jack*, with its sombre and sinister development, and its morbid excess in misery. His talent was too delicate, too eager, too nervous for a task requiring a strength and restraint he was far from possessing.

Fortunately for himself, Daudet married while quite young. No word upon him can omit mention of the wife he so dearly loved and so publicly honoured, since his whole subsequent existence was one beautiful act of homage and gratitude to her. "A woman gathered him to her," wrote M. Jules Lemaitre, the day of his funeral, "soothed him at once and strengthened him, and in bringing to this gypsy the order and peace of home, made him capable of serious tasks and of fine books." Elsewhere he wrote of this same perfect marriage: "Impressionable, vibrant to excess, avid of sensation which in him is exasperated to suffering, he knew the mortal intoxication, the maddening, unappeasable life of those who are too charming, and who drag all hearts behind them. Feeble, the prey of chance and adventure, the victim of that marvellous nervosity, destined to prove the best part of his genius, he squandered his days and all the fairies' gifts like a young capricious king, amusing himself by flinging his treasures into the sea. She met him at this moment. She had all that was needed to understand him; the finest comprehension of the beautiful, the taste of modernity, an artist's imagination—and what was needed to cure him; the soul's health, family virtues inherited from a laborious race well fixed in its antique and prosperous probity. She took him, preserved him from evil influences, made him a home, dignity, happiness, and, younger than he, was still maternal to him. Without her the *Petit Chose* would perhaps have continued to write all his life here and there upon café tables, brief and exquisite fantasies; she forced him to work without his perceiving it, and made him write great books." And again, reverting to her influence over Daudet, he writes: "By her he escaped pedantic pessimism and the brutal conception of life so sadly in favour to-day. Through her he remained clement to life; he kept a place in his tales for the brave, for good girls, honest women, refined souls, and warm hearts. She helped to preserve the delicate pride of his art from literary commercialism or dishonouring successes . . . his pen re-

mained chaste, because of her who watched him write. And thus in his work there was twice the grace that he would have put into it alone, and that decency which of old was regarded as an attribute of grace. And everywhere one feels the diffusion and light influence of a present and invisible Beatrice." To complete this statement we need but open *Trente-Ans de Paris*, and here Daudet himself says: "Not a page that she has not reviewed, retouched, on which she has not flung a little of her delicate powder of gold and azure, and so modest, so simple, so little the woman of letters."

As a novelist, Daudet's method and point of view are always strikingly original, always his own, both in their peculiar merits and in their defects. It is doubtful, I maintain, if his long novels will remain in the considered literature of the century, except in piecemeal, for the death of the Duke de Mora in the *Nabab* will always stand as a piece of excellent picturesque history; but it is certain that *Sapho*, incontestably his masterpiece, and now greeted as the *Manon Lescaut* of the century, will ever hold its accepted place as one of the most poignant studies of the eternal theme to be found in any language. In *Sapho* he suppressed all the luxury of detail, the wealth of excrescences that so confusedly overcharge his other novels, in which we barely recognise the central figures by reason of the multiplicity of interests and minor personages grouped around them. To have written two such different books, both destined to stand the test of time, *Sapho* and *Tartarin de Tarascon*, an explosion of laughter and a sombre and vital dissection of all that is basest in passion, is to have won an enviable niche in the temple of fame. He need care little enough whether posterity troubles itself about *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné* or *Numa Roumestan*; he can be so sure that it will always read these. Of *Sapho* he once said: "The book will always have men on its side, who will all find in it a bit of their own existence, and it will never have women for it. And this is the great reason: in the prostitute there is always a filthy spot which exalts us men, and honest women do not understand this exaltation . . . are even jealous of it, feeling that they cannot give it to us with their honesty and their virtue." There needs no such dubious explanation of the instantaneous recognition of *Tartarin*. This was a pure joy, offered alike to man and woman. In it, as in *Lettres de mon Moulin* and *Contes de Lundi*, we have the South—word of ineffaceable charm, portrayed with all Daudet's delicacy and daintiness of pathos, of raillery, of humour: lovable, gay, caustic, luminous, overflowing with the freshness and sweetness of youth. The pervasive smile is as seizing and unforgettable as the scents of his hill-sides. Here his strength lies in the very lightness of his touch. The charm of these Provençal sketches is a surpassing fragility, a perfume almost evanescent, so subtle and faint that one hesitates to say precisely wherein is hidden the sting of remembrance. The genial raillery of

Tartarin will ever delight us, though it roused so fatally the ire of Tarascon, and fetched bloodthirsty warriors up from the South to morose and wicked Paris, armed with big sticks for the skull of their perfidious compatriot. There is such a smiling kindness in it; it proceeds so blithely from the broad, sweet humour of Cervantes. This is surely a classic, whatever may be the ultimate fate of the rest of his complex and unsatisfactory work. The setting, too, of this immortal *galéjado* (the Provençal of "joke") is as engaging as the central figure itself. The sleepy little town lives for ever, a legend of elastic prowess that needs but a pen-prick for cautious effacement. We see with Daudet's clear and joyous vision a corner of France, which, through him, has become a lasting memory, and nevermore can we forget such pictures of living colour, touched with the bold, free, and vivid strokes of the born landscape painter, told with the rhythm of the musician. The silent ponds of Provence, with their rose-hued flamingoes; the grand grey-blue river; quaint and dead old towns; a land perfumed with rose and lavender, and wild woodland scents, and the thousand lovelinesses of shepherd life, burnt by the luminous ferocity of summer in the south. "Down there," says Daudet, "laughter goes with every sentiment, the most passionate, the most tender. In the fogs of Paris, in the splatterings of its mud, among its sadnesses, I have, perhaps, lost the taste and faculty for laughter; but in reading *Tartarin*, it will be perceived that there remained in me a fund of gaiety brusquely expanded in the lovely light below there." My faith! if we perceive it! Who in his generation has ever filled more hearts, brightened more homes, cast into city gloom more radiant air and laughter than Daudet with this same *Tartarin*?

To the last he cannot altogether tear himself from Provence, and in such an unconsidered trifle as *Le Trésor d'Arlatan*, one of his recent booklets, he steeps his pen in its old witchery to give us here and there those brief little pictures of exquisite elusiveness and melancholy grace, so luminously and broadly tinted, that he alone has the secret of. He describes a walk across a silent field, "velvety, elastic, where scarce bushes, appearing now and again, kept the impress of the mistral and remained twisted, leaning southward, in an attitude of perpetual flight," before the pond of the Vacarès—"two leagues of water, without a boat or sail; two leagues of flashing waves, with a soft ripple that attracted quantities of black duck, herons, rosy-winged flamingoes, sometimes even ibises—the real ibis of Egypt, at home in this resplendent sunshine, and amid this silent landscape. What, above all this solitude disengaged from him, was the impression of soothing, of security?" Here is a passage that might be one of Millet's pictures, noble and broad, and quiet. "As the sun descended slowly over the water, the wind went down. One only heard the light furling of the waves, and the voice of the drover

gathering his troop dispersed along the margin of the pond: 'Lucifer,' 'Estell,' 'L'Esterel.' At the call of his name each beast ran, its mane lighted by the wind, and came to eat its hay from the drover's hand, who, dismounted, his fustian jacket across one shoulder, big spatter-dashes reaching above the knees, leant against the heavy saddle, and began to read from a little pink-covered book. Beneath the setting sun, how beautiful all these flying manes and the majestically absent gesture of the drover, distributing hay as he drew it from a leather bag, without interrupting his reading." To the last, it will be seen his touch preserved its cunning of delicate impressionism. Each stroke here displays a masterly ease; each word has its own full and charming significance.

II.

Everybody has heard or read of the famous hospitable house and big garden of Champrosay, almost a park, on the edge of the forest of Sénart, within view of the long white road of Corbeil. No one but is familiar now with the little study, and the cane-bottomed chair before the small writing-table, with the piano, Madame Daudet's work-table, with all the details of a laborious and agreeable *solitude-à-deux*. Happy artist! His bright expansive nature bade him shun the embittering and morose single solitude. He lived, talked, gesticulated, in flying phrase, his works, with ever his faithful audience, his counsel, chorus, and critic in one beloved being. Here he worked assiduously, when he was not running riot among the forest aisles, or wandering along the Seine before rheumatism held him captive; and, when the light went, there were the tranquil evenings with his wife in cheerful lamplight, while she darned little Léon's socks, and he invented tales for the child upon his knees. And their baby abed, the needle, like the pen, was forsaken, and the two charmed themselves with duets on the piano till midnight. But for pain there would have been no cloud upon his life, as far as its private setting and accomplishment went. For, like Stevenson, he was ever surprisingly susceptible to every form of enchantment. He drank avidly at every source of joy. Wagner "hypnotises" him; the violin surprises him into delirium. He can forget himself for a whole day, talking of Mozart or paddling along a silent stream; an unexpected lunch in a village inn, where he finds a wheezy old spinet, sends him into an afternoon paradise. He seems never to have sulked, except, perhaps, against the Institute. Then, unfortunately, instead of laughing, as he has laughed at Provence, instead of giving us another irresistible *galéjudo*, he took what he called "ces chinoiseries" too seriously and too ill-humouredly, and produced one of his weakest books, *L'Immortel*. It is a book he ought never to have written, for it touches his own reputa-

tion far more heavily than the Institute. It is singular that a writer with such an exquisite sense of the ludicrous, as Daudet, failed to see the absurdity of his attack upon a composite body like that of the five Academies which he apostrophises as a single criminal. For there is nothing on earth to prevent an Academician, preposterous and all as his palm-embroidered coat may be, from possessing genius, or a sense of humour, or a sense of honour. One may smile at the Institution, especially after yawning out a couple of dreary *séances*, in which one man stands up and reads out a conventional and pretentious eulogy of the last forgotten "immortal," and another, seated, reads out a conventional and pretentious eulogy of the newly invested in embroidered palms. It is so obviously childish, this playing with glory and this mock seizure of immortality; but it is not such a venomous attack as Daudet's that will shake its authority. Nor, for that matter, is it so particularly necessary that its authority should be shaken, since the nation reposes faith in it. Here, as a satirist, the broad sense, the balanced art of Thackeray is fatally absent. Instead of flourishing a febrile fist in its astounded face, Daudet should have contented himself with keeping aloof from what he deemed a poisoned atmosphere. But a defect of his quality, as a man who could love fervently, was a capacity for hating magnificently, and where's the use of nourishing a fine hatred if one cannot give it adequate expression?

I have compared Daudet and Stevenson in their plenitude of feeling and enjoyment. The comparison does not end here. Constant remarks about both continue to accentuate the likeness. There are two little touches that might have been Stevenson's. Daudet, speaking with bitter feeling of the shocking miseries of his early struggle, when often he found himself without the prospect of eating dry bread once a day, and had nowhere to sleep, added heartily: "Well, even that poverty was sweet, because I felt freedom upon my shoulders, freedom to go where I liked, and do as I willed, because I was no longer the miserable little school-usher." Again, describing Drumont's duel with the editor of the *Gaulois*, he shouted gleefully, in recounting the ferocious ill-breeding of the enemy of the Jews, who was wounded and lost his head: "That fellow without breeding, boiling over with low fury, was superb," and adds that those two creatures, upon a magnificent landscape in that lovely weather, "wrapped in the serenity of all things, with their disorderly movements to kill one another, were tragically comic."

There is little to be said about Daudet's work, he himself and his army of interviewers have told us so much. We know about the little "Carnets," the journeys with wife and family in search of local colouring and practical information, the long impassioned talks at table, driving, walking, everywhere. "Ought Sidonie to die? What should Delobelle say?" We know how he accidentally dis-

covered Désirée's pretty trade in the Rue du Temple, a friend having informed him, after he had decided to make her a doll's dressmaker, of the little doll's dressmaker in *Our Mutual Friend*. "How often I have been compared with Dickens," here writes Daudet, "even in those far-off days before I ever read him, long before a friend returning from a voyage in England, brought me word of David Copperfield's sympathy for the Petit Chose. . . I too, have Dickens' heart-felt love for the unfortunate, for poor childhood blighted by the miseries of big towns. Like him I have known a piteous start in life, and was obliged to earn my bread before I was sixteen." *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné* was his first great success. His popularity began with it, and never fluctuated to the end.

It found him in the narrow circle of Flaubert's hissed authors; his *Arlesienne* had been hissed, and on the strength of his unsuccess he became one of the unrecognised Four. Tourgenieff was also admitted upon the claims of having been hissed in Russia. Russia was too far away for the others to go and verify the claim; so the gentle Russian remained to stab poor Daudet mortally from the tomb, one knows not why. Goncourt avers that it was because of Daudet's fatal gift of irony which always terrifies foreigners and provincials. Caste may have had something to do with the Russian's dislike, only expressed years afterwards. Daudet was indiscreet, we know, *débrillé*, to use an untranslatable word which expresses the quality of his Bohemianism, not what the aristocratic Tourgenieff would understand as a gentleman, and this elemental difference probably had more to do with the ill-will than Parisian irony, of which it is not likely that Tourgenieff was in any particular terror, having dwelt long enough among the Parisians to have learnt to hold his own against it. Poor Daudet has not much to say about these lamentable "souvenirs." "As a writer I am beneath contempt; as a man the last of men. And my friends know it well, and tell fine tales of me." What friends? he asks, and wonders that they should call themselves friends, knowing him so well. He pictures Tourgenieff sitting at his table, mild, affectionate, caressing his children. "I have such cordial and exquisite letters from him, and this was what lay beneath that kindly smile." Not an ill-natured word, only a piteous little grimace of surprise. It is droll, he says, and smiles ironically.

Jack is the novel he worked most feverishly at, and his longest. "Too much paper, my son," exclaimed Flaubert, on its appearance, and we heartily echo the complaint. A great deal too much paper, and, what is worse, too many details, too many characters, and a too deliberate straining of painful effects. In all Daudet's long novels, except *Sapho* and *l'Évangéliste*, the author's talent is remorselessly sacrificed to his system. Suppose Daudet to have had the sense and taste not to possess a system, to belong to no school, like all the real

"masters" of universal literature. We should then have had no note-books, no personalities, no *romans à clef*, iniquitous subservience of the fugitive and delicate blue bird that carols inspiration, and whose home is aloft among the unsubstantial towers of the imagination. Had he not been so impatient to put all he saw, or thought he saw, into his novels, had he been less ravenous of reality, which, transposed to paper, always greets us with such a curiously unreal aspect, then he would have been capable of the large, simple, and great art which alone lives. There are beautiful things in *Le Nabab*, if we could only weed out so much that is neither necessary nor beautiful. And even the best passages are marred by that very surprise of diction and observation his system taught him to delight in, and which he mistook for the best part of his talent. It is the rare sobriety and simplicity that give such artistic force to *l'Évangéliste*. Such a tragic scene as that last parting between the broken-hearted mother and her religiously intoxicated daughter in the earlier style would have been tortured and strained till the pathos, as in *Jack*, was lost in the complicated language. Here it is brief, of a classical simplicity :—

"'I have no child.' She said it heavily, with a terrible voice. Afterwards the two women remained standing straight, without a word, without a glance, waiting for the carriage they had sent for. It was long, it was rapid, incommensurable, like the minute of death.

"'Adieu, mother, I will write to you,' said Eline.

"The other only said 'Adieu.'

"Mechanically their cheeks touched, a kiss gliding and chill, like the flag of a temple. But in this brief contact the flesh was moved, cried out, and in the depths of Eline, in what was left her of her child, the mother heard the abortive swell of a sob.

"'Stay then!'

"And she held her arms wide open. But Eline, half wild, with a hoarse voice :—'No, no, your salvation and mine, I save you in breaking our hearts.'

"Madame Ebsen, immovable, in the same place, heard the light step departing down the stairway. And the daughter not bending to the window, the mother not lifting the curtain to exchange a last farewell, the carriage rolled, turned the street, was lost among the thousand other carriages in the roar of Paris.

"They never met again . . . never!"

By this he had entered in the great last phase of his character, the heroism under suffering, which will remain as long as his work endures, as long as the fame of his earlier gaiety. The shadow of pain haunts his pillow for nearly twenty years, and we can get no glimpse of the worker himself without the implacable interposition of its austere and pallid visage. "He is truly of a devilish energy, that Daudet," writes Goncourt. "All the morning he has worked away at *Sapho*, in spite of the cruellest sufferings, and his evenings he spends all the time walking from one end of the gallery to the other, with tremblings of the leg as if a ball had suddenly broken it." His own constant pre-occupation is death, to the misery and anxiety of his wife. One day

haggard and exhausted, with eyes dulled and frame quivering in nervous contractions, he cries: "Ah, I really suffer too much. There are moments when I call upon death as a deliverance." Another evening he complains bitterly of the night's intolerable anguish, and cries out that pain with him is really too cruel, too *wicked*, that his suffering exceeds the limits of endurance. In spite of himself, he thinks of putting an end to it, and calculates the number of drops of laudanum necessary. This haunting temptation terrifies him. The subject is never far from his lips. When he enters a new house his first care is to seek out the spot his coffin shall stand in. Death is for him merely the glad announcement of the cessation of pain. "If I were not so taken up with my book," he exclaims, "I could find fine things to say about pain"; and describes the strangely ill-natured aspect of the people he met at the Hydropathic Institution. Nervous suffering he insists embitters, exasperates, and makes man evil. What he yearns to do is to be able to paint the heavy and complete slumber of physical anguish to the very depth of the stirred being, and the childish side these sensations bring to the surface in man. He confesses the need he has, when the sedative begins to operate, to take his wife's hand with an infant's touch. Broken by pain as he is, nevertheless, as soon as he grows heated with the febrile excitement of conversation, his dull eyes brighten up, his cheeks colour faintly, and he appears to forget his sufferings.

Far enough away now from the dear days when all his pleasures, his very work, were an intoxication, when the mere delight of having spoken out his mind quite freely about the old royal houses, and shown a Bourbon running ignominiously after an omnibus, filled him with the champagne of malice. Ah, he did not love the old royal houses of France any more than he loved the Institute, or Science, or any other conventional object of worship. Far enough away, alas! the frantic dance of delight round the profits of *Fromont*—the step of *Fromont*, as he called it, when his first great success so charmingly turned his head, and the impatience for the telegram from town each day acquainting him with the theatre receipts; and his long face if there were but a deficit of twenty-four francs! What grieves him now is not the loss of active joys, but the finer and more subtle absence of pretty direct charities, when by opening his study window at night he could surprise a poor tramp along the white road of Corbeil, and gaily fling him a five-franc piece as the gift of an invisible fairy. Life was never so vulgar a matter for him, in spite of note-book and realism, that he could not crowd a thousand little fripperies of poetry and fancy into it, and occasionally persuade himself that "it had all come true," like a child in a far-off dream.

And life was never so base a thing for him that Art could at any time take the place of duty, modify the inextinguishable claim of

goodness. Courage and tenderness were the qualities experience most radiantly developed in him. "I wish to write a book of kindness, of pardon," he said, explaining the subject of *La Petite Paroisse*, not a good novel, but interesting as the ultimate expression of his theory of sentiment and marital abnegation. A dull book, but a generous one, the last message of a subdued and much-tried soul. Gentleness here replaces the old engaging vivacity. The thirst of life has gone, the violent, noisy need of joy and excitement; only the wish for work and quiet love is left behind the subsiding wave. It was the war that first transformed him; deadened this frenzy of amusement and taught him to work, to take his duties as a man seriously, and breathed upon him the spirit of literary ambition.

So pain it was who proved his best inspirer. She took this "little thing" of so many precious impulses into her moulding hands, and made a hero of him, a silent, patient, undramatic hero, he who has ever felt so deeply for those upon whom the hand of Destiny has lain harshly and heavily. And so we greet him admiringly, whatever his faults, kindly, genial, generous creature. Not great, perhaps, not often wise, but ever sympathetic, by reason of his exuberant personality; who has given us many an exquisite page, many a delicate fancy, many a delightful hour in the dull, sad moments of existence; whose irony, mournful and tender, has often proved a tonic in moods of lassitude or indifference; whose inextinguishable gaiety is ever a fountain of fairy force at which the exhausted spirit may refresh itself. A vigorous, a vital, a subtle nature, the best of him was *lived*, not written. He has enriched literature with many a beautiful thought, beautifully expressed, that came to him like the shepherd's star in one of his lovely Provençal *contes*, in the soft night hours of his wondrous Provence.

It is, perhaps, premature to pronounce upon him as a standard writer with any assured conviction. He strove laboriously and failed to accomplish what Thackeray so easily achieved, and without effort he accomplished what must endure by the qualities of a matchless grace and charm.

HANNAH LYNCH.

THE MISGOVERNMENT OF ITALY.

"OUR cities are fast losing their best characteristics," said Pompeo Molmenti at Montecitorio, in one of those eloquent speeches which the Chamber hears often from him, and hears, alas! always in vain. His name is no doubt known to all readers of this Review, although his beautiful books are not as widely read outside the peninsula as they merit. His conspicuous position as President of the Venetian Academy has perhaps in a manner obscured, out of Italy, his infinite merits and vast erudition as a writer on history and art, and even Wyzewa reproaches him with making Venice too exclusively his universe. But surely Venice is wide enough, and great enough, to be the world of a man penetrated from his earliest years with her beauty, and with the grandeur of her past, and who, in his childhood, saw, accomplished by his seniors, that union of Venice to northern and central Italy which raised such high hopes and caused such glorious dreams.

His works are, as I have said, but little known in England, not known at least as the classic scholarship, the historic learning, and the artistic erudition of their writer deserve; nor are the debates of the Italian Chamber truthfully enough represented in the English press for the brilliant oratory of the deputy for Brescia to have found any echo in English ears. Eloquent, dauntless, and sarcastic, his periods pierce like arrows, and lash like scourges, whether he condemns the miserable blasphemies of the modern spirit, or holds up to mockery such individual vanity as that of the Under-Secretary of State, who had his own name and titles cut under a verse of Dante's on one of the stones of the church of S. Francesco at Assisi!

Many-sided as great Italians usually are, politics, literature, and history alike claim his allegiance, and art is his adored mistress.

I can imagine nothing more painful than for a man, of fine taste and high culture, born and bred in such a city as Venice, venerating every shadow on its waters, every moss upon its walls, to be forced to see, day by day, roll up and break over it the mud-wave of modern barbarism. So may have watched, from the marble atrium of his villa, some Roman patrician of the days of Honorius the approach, upon the golden horizon, of the unlettered tribes drawing nearer and nearer as the sun descended, to burn, to slaughter, to deflour. "Great and sublime attainment would be that which should save Venice from the dreadful menace now hanging over her!" he cries with the bitter consciousness that none will succeed in that endeavour, since her lot is now cast in times when her treasures of art are in the hands of tradesmen and speculators, to whom her past glory is naught.

His years have been passed amongst her art and her disciples of art ; he has watched the spoilers at their work amongst her treasures, and, with the grief of a son who beholds his mother dishonoured, he has been overwhelmed in these most recent times by the indignity and injustice of her lot.

She shares that lot with her sisters ; the burden of her chains lies also on them ; every city throughout the peninsula from Monte Rosa to Mount Etna has been insulted, dishonoured, defamed, defiled, even as she herself. But Venice is threatened with something still more than this ; she is threatened with absolute extinction. There are schemes now simmering in the brains of speculators by which she will disappear as completely as one of her own fishing-boats when it is sucked under the sea, canvas, and timbers, and crew, in a night of storm.

A few weeks ago, Molmenti gave the solitary vote against the destruction of more of the Calle, and the establishment of a night service of steamers on the Canalezzo. The record of that single unsupported vote is his own highest honour, and the shame of his contemporaries and co-citizens. But he wrestles in vain with the forces of cupidity and stupidity. Whether in the Council Chamber of Venice, or in the Parliament of Montecitorio, he strives in vain to resist the trampling hoofs of those devastating barbaric hordes which a pseudo civilisation vomits over his country.

What he justly calls the burial of the lagoons goes on every day ; loads of clay and sand and stones being poured into that silent water which so lately mirrored walls which were green with the hartstongue, pennywort, and ivy-leaved toadflax, and reflected statues white through ages in the dustless air, shining acacia leaves, boughs of fig and laurel, carved niches, illumined shrines ; the rubble and the rubbish are shot down into the canals which are chosen for extinction, and the walls are scraped, the acacias, the fig-trees, the laurels, are cut down, the fruit-boat, the *sandalo*, the bridal gondola, are pushed out of the way by the petroleum-moved steam launch ; where marble fretwork crossed the air, there is a cast-iron pontoon, and higher still a telephone wire ; under foot there is a paved or macadamised way. Marco Polo could not find his house now ; it still exists, but all around it is disfigured, dismantled, defaced.

The Palazzo Narni and the Ponte del Paradiso made together one of the most beautiful corners in the world ; go look at that spot now ; it is enough to make the grey-beard of Cadore rise from his grave. There still remains on high, between the two houses, the admirable cuspide of the Trecento, on which there is sculptured the Madonna, who opens wide her mantle and her cloak to receive the kneeling people, but the beautiful bridge has been destroyed, and in its place has been built a frightful structure, with asphalt road way

and painted metal parapet. In similar manner the elegant, yet bold, arches of the three bridges at S. Nicolo de Tolentino exist nowhere, now, except upon the canvases of painters, and the three banks, near the Campo di Marte, which those graceful arches united, are now basely conjoined by three erections of stucco and cast iron.

"In the *Arzere* of Santa Marta," Molmenti writes in his latest work, "once so green and gay and sunlit, a poor quarter no doubt, but one intensely interesting by customs and traditions, there blocks the way now, in all its stolid vulgarity, a cotton factory. Between the public gardens and the Lido, instead of the lovely verdure of the island of Sant'Elena, in its grace and its green twilight of drooped boughs, is a shapeless expanse of mud and cinders, which spreads farther every season, and threatens to invade the water-space which separates it from the gardens and S. Pietro di Castello. On this desert of coke and dirt there have been lately erected offices, sheds, warehouses, chimneys, engines, in the midst of which there still stands, hiding as though ashamed, the beautiful church of the Quattro Cento. But the invasion has been useless; the speculations have failed; and art and history mourn unavailingly the senseless and profitless destruction of this fairest gem of the lagoons: *insularum ocellus*. The ruin of Sant'Elena, of the view of San Giorgio, of the bridge of San Lio, the hideous new wing added to the noble brown marbles of the Pal Tiepolo, the hideous iron warehouse fronting and affronting the Ca d'Oro, the whitewash daubed on the Pal Sagredo, the indecent alterations and additions to that jewel of Pietro Lombardo the Pal Corner-Spinelli, the new red (like ruddle or red ochre) with which the Pal Foscari has been insulted, these are all offences which every traveller of taste, every artist of culture, can see, and number, and denounce. But countless, and unknown to the world in general, and undreamed of by those who knew not Venice fifteen years ago, is the enormous loss to the city by the destruction at the hands of the Municipal Councillors of the *Calli*, of the *Arzere*, of the mediæval bridges, as of those of which I have spoken above, of innumerable nooks and corners, historical and beautiful; old wells, old fountains, old shrines, beautiful fragments of sculpture and fresco, solemn convent walls, graceful church spires and monastic belfries, parapets, arches, doorways, spiral staircases winding up to hand-forged iron balconies, lamps of metal-work fine as lace-work, all these in innumerable numbers have been effaced, pulled down, built over, or sold; and, above all, there have been destroyed those lovely quiet green places, called each *il Campo* or *il Campiello* (the field or the little field), where, of old, the Venetians fed their sheep, stretches of grass enclosed by old houses, old convents, old towers, old quays, old bridges, with always a sculptured well in the centre of each, and the splash of oars near at hand."

These have nearly all had a similar fate to that of the beautiful house in the Campo di S. Margherita, which Molmenti especially laments, of which the Venetian colouring, the carven galleries, the climbing vines, the bronze railing, the falling water with its spouting jets, have all disappeared, to give place to a yellow, plastered modern building, while its basso-relievo of the Virgin, so long dear to all artists, has been sold to a picture dealer.

"One must be blind indeed," writes Molmenti, "not to see the horrible misgovernment of Venice in this latter half of the century, and persons still young

can remember a Venice poetic, picturesque, filled with fascination and mysterious charm, now destroyed for no other reason than a senseless and brutal craze for novelty."

What language can strongly enough denounce such wicked and insensate acts?

He quotes the well-known lines of Philippe de Commines as to the "most triumphant city" that he had ever seen, "the most beautiful street" (the Canal Grande) "that there could be found in all the world"; and he adds, "the stranger who comes now into this street only finds himself in a vast alley of shopkeepers."

The Canalezzo is now, indeed, as he says, little more than a huge bazaar of tradesmen and dealers in curios, in which hundreds of advertisements, in many-coloured posters, announce the wares which are now for sale within the ancient palaces. The syndicate of foreign traders, now being established in Venice, will achieve its degradation.

Italian ministers and Italian municipalities are often accused of not encouraging warmly enough English, German, and American tradesmen and manufacturers to establish themselves in Italy, and of putting upon foreign commercial establishments in Italy a prohibitive taxation; the truth is that it would be much better were such foreign firms discouraged more effectively. It is urged on their behalf that they bring capital into the country; they may do so, but only to take it out again for their own profit, and Italian labour sweats and groans only that some millionaire of Eaton Square or Fifth Avenue may increase his wealth, whilst at the same time Italian tradespeople, trading in their own right, on their own soil, are undersold by the shop-keeping and store-keeping Briton and Yankee.

I am far from entire agreement with Molmenti in many of his views (as for instance his admiration of English pre-Raphaelism), but I am wholly with him in his views of the claims of Venice, and of the sacrilege which is destroying her; wholly with him in his severe and scornful denunciation of what he rightly calls the *gretta e meschina arte dei nostre tempi* (the mean and trivial art of modern times), and of the modern density of perception and invulnerable self-conceit which render it impossible for the modern mind to appreciate harmony of hues and of proportions, and impossible for the modern architect to place a new building beside an ancient one without injury or vulgarity. Giotto could place his church at Padua on the remains of the Roman amphitheatre, with perfect unity, although in absolute contrast. When a modern mind has sufficient intuition to enable it to admire a work of other times, it can think of no better way of showing its admiration than to desire to pull down all the houses in its vicinity to lay it bare. The same stupid blunder, the same crime against all good taste, was carried into execution in Florence when the most interesting house of the Woolstaplers' Guild, with the four-

teenth century lodging of the Fraternity of S. Giovanni Baptista, and all the other surrounding mediæval buildings of the most admirable effect and historic interest, all of them associated with the finest days of the Republic of Florence, were shamefully demolished to "isolate" the church of San Michele.

In his last work, *Venezia*, Molmenti says, with entire truth, "It is a supreme duty for the few, who are capable of feeling them, to assert the sentiment of, and respect for, Art against the destructive and impious tendencies of the time."

But alas! it is labour of Sisyphus.

There is now under consideration a scheme to make a tramway-road raised on piles from Mestre to Venice parallel with the line now followed across the lagoon by the railway. It is difficult to comprehend the motives and views of persons who desire to make a beautiful water-city into a commonplace land one, or rather it is easy to perceive that the motive inspires the views, since nothing but the greed of concessionaires and of contractors could ever have evolved such a plan out of any human mind.

The concessionaire and the contractor are the modern representatives of the ghouls and vampires of old-world romance. Truly, to them as to the Sabreur of Offenbach nothing is sacred. They are guided entirely by their lust of percentage, and to this they are ready to sacrifice every other consideration; indeed no other consideration exists for them. They have settled on Italy for many years past as they are now settling on Abyssinia. Venice is essentially a water-city; dealt with as land cities are, under the present system, it will not only be disfigured and mutilated like them, but it will be swept away; it will cease to be. The world will have in its stead a dreary, dingy, trading port, with warehouses, factories, docks, grain elevators, electric works, all the polluted, crowded, discoloured, monotonous frightfulness which you can have now at any moment on any coastline of the United States of America. The Venice of Giambellini and the Veronese will be no more; you will have in its stead a petty maritime Pittsburg.

At the present moment Molmenti has successfully combated this project, but as the abominable scheme of the night steamers on the Canalezzo, and the pontoon under S. Zeno, was almost unanimously *rejected* four times by the Venetian Council, yet, on its presentation a fifth time, was *accepted* (unacknowledged influences having been at work), it is impossible to all those who love Venice as she merits not to feel the greatest anxiety. For these speculators resemble the Röntgen rays, and find means to penetrate through closed doors and all other barriers. Iron still resists the Röntgen rays, and such iron the speculators find now and then opposed to them in the scorn of such men as the Count Antonio Donà della Rosa, who dismissed with offence and

disdain the offer of two millions in gold for the purchase of the historic tapestries of his palace in Venice.

Were there only fifty such men as Count Donà in every Italian province they would be able to hold in check the rage of destruction.

But the character of Count Donà is very rare in these days anywhere, and grows rarer with every decade. The sordid Mephistopheles of a buyer usually finds as sordid a temper in the Faust of a seller whom he tempts. This may be a temper which enriches individuals; it is not one which ennobles or elevates a nation: and frequently not even individual wealth is realised for any length of time by the base barter, for the gambling on the Bourse, or at the club-house, often makes the ill-got gains vanish almost as soon as they are obtained. Such persons as find no attraction in either form of gambling, unhappily for the most part, shrink from action and from public life. Few have the courage of Molmenti, who throws himself into the strife careless of what enmity he incurs, and rarely even buoyed up by any hope of success in his efforts, since to weave ropes of sand were scarcely more hopeless labour: it is impossible to succeed in any public work where there is no response to your appeal from the multitudes. And the voices of those who do secretly respond in feeling are dumb in Italy; people are afraid to speak; they are intimidated by the cry cast against them of want of energy, and of enmity to progress (progress good heavens! a gin-shop instead of a temple!); they are afraid to be called reactionary, romantic, unpatriotic, and in municipal government, as in other government, everything is done by the wire-pullers, the money grubbers, the speculators.

The timid public huddles together mute, submissive, and afraid, shorn of its fleeces like a flock of sheep, but not daring to complain.

Those who do so dare are either ignored, or, if they give trouble, are repressed. The gondoliers of Venice have again and again risen against the ruin of their livelihood by the "black devils" of the *vaporetti*, but force is at once called in and they are brutally silenced, flung into prison, and deprived of their licence, *i.e.*, of their daily bread. Because it is so picturesque a calling, and the balancing of the oar looks so easy a work, those who are outside it do not realise its hardships. In summer, if Venice be full, it is well enough, and brings a fair, though never a high, wage, but in the other seasons it is a life of great and continual exposure and fatigue. In cold weather, and Venice is intensely cold in the winter solstice, the long vigils on the *traghetto* are most tedious and trying, especially through the long chill nights. When the icy winds blow in from the Alps or the Adriatic, the gondolier stands exposed to all their fury, whilst the passenger he carries sits warm and sheltered under the felze.

Strong and lithe in form, often handsome in feature, almost invariably intelligent and acquainted with legend and verse, invariably

courteous and well-bred, the gondolier should have received the utmost attention from his rulers. It is painful to know that no body of men has ever been so slighted, so injured, and so wantonly outraged.

There is nowhere any more interesting and deserving community than the Venetian gondoliers, and few more worthy of regard; yet they have been dealt with as though they were no more than so much scum of the sea. Their long-established rights receive no consideration, and their injuries no compensation.

If the vote of Venice could have been honestly polled, no steam-boat would ever have been allowed on the Grand Canal, as, if the vote of Florence could have been honestly polled, the centre of Florence would be now standing untouched, and would have remained untouched for many a generation.

Meanwhile, it is said by those competent to judge that the great Murazzi, which protect Venice from the onslaught of the sea in winter storm, and which we all know so well as we pass out from the Lido by the Bar of Malamocco to Chioggia, are being dangerously undermined by the attacks of the high tides in rude weather, and require costly and immediate repair. It is in vain that this most necessary work is urged upon the Government in Rome. The Government neither undertakes it itself, or allows Venetians to undertake it. For any foolish, needless, disfiguring work, such as the installation of the electric light in the ducal palace, against which Venetians in vain protested, the government is always ready to waste millions. But for a work of obvious and vital necessity, such as that of the strengthening of the Murazzi, it has not a soldo to spare.

The architecture of Venice has the fragility as it has the fairness of the dianthus or the gemmia of the sea; its walls and buttresses and foundations are plunged into salted, sanded mud; its piles grow green and brown and purple with weed; its snowy marbles and its ruddy stones are mirrored in rippling or in stagnant water; they tremble under the vibrations caused by the accursed paddle-boats; they quiver, like living things, under the knife, as the engines roar and the cog-wheels turn. Assailed as the city is within by the invasion of steam and barbarism, it is entirely certain that she could not resist the force of the inrushing waters if the Murazzi were ever to yield to the pressure of a winter sea; and it is unhappily quite possible that the gigantic barrier of the sea-walls may give way on some day of unusually high tides and violent tempest, and the city herself will then be overwhelmed beneath the Adriatic waters.

Who would care if this were her fate?

The contractors, and concessionaires, and jerry builders, and bureaucratic thieves, and foreign speculators would have the pleasure and profit of building a spick and span new town north-east of Mestre:

all tiresome reminiscences of the Lion of St. Mark would have sunk with the bronze horses underneath the waves.

Many public men would breathe more freely were Venice but a memory of the past entombed in seaweed and in sand. For there is nothing so curiously malignant or so restlessly jealous as the enmity of a feeble Present of a great Past. It is such malignity, it is such jealousy, which, even more than greed of gain, and vitiated taste, caused, and causes, and will cause, the destruction of the great cities of Italy by Italian deputies, syndics, and municipalities, and by those foreign companies and alien speculations to which they unhappily open their gates.

If one did not see it with one's own eyes, it would seem incredible that, even in this age, such cities as Venice and Florence and Rome could have been sacrificed to the ignominious interests of wire-pullers. Each possessed, to protect it, unique beauty, splendour of association and tradition, an heroic past: and for each had the greatest of men laboured, in each had the charm of atmosphere and horizon lent a more than mortal loveliness to the architecture of man. And each is now wrecked, and ransacked, and despoiled, and obliterated, and destroyed as though a horde of savages had been let loose in their precincts.

There is no language strong enough to condemn the injuries from which they suffer.

On the walls of the Flavian Amphitheatre there grew in marvellous fertility countless plants unknown elsewhere; survivors of sylvan worlds destroyed, of botanical kingdoms for ever perished, the seeds of which perchance had lodged in the sandals of the legions as they came from Palmyra or Babylon; this most precious legacy of nature was, as everyone knows, mercilessly destroyed in the first years of the Italian occupation of Rome.

The uprooting with knives and acids of the unique flora of the Colosseum was a type of the acts which, for the last fifteen years, have hacked away and corroded and destroyed off the face of the earth the supreme flowers of human genius.

In the present debasement and desecration of Italian cities there is not even such motive and excuse as that which was urged by archaeologists for the ruin of these plants. There is everything lost, nothing whatever gained, in the debasement of classic and artistic cities to the level of Buluwayo or Klondyke.

To pull down the Palazzo Venezia and the Palazzo Torlonia, which it is decided to do in Rome, in order that the statue of Victor Emmanuel, for which the funds have not even yet been raised, may be visible from the Corso, is as contemptible as it is childish. The beauty of the Campidoglio is already ruined in order to place that statue there: might not that suffice? To throw down the Tower of

the Amadei to put in its place a restaurant, or a drinking-shop, is so stupid an act that the enormity of the offence to history and art is almost forgotten in its imbecility. To place the stations and rails of tramway companies on the macigno pavement under the Campanile, the Battistero, and the Duomo of Florence, is an outrage to the whole educated world and the history of five centuries. To destroy the Ponte del Paradiso in order to put a cast-iron pontoon in its place, is an abomination which would only seem possible to a company of clowns crazy with drink; whilst to turn the lovely isle of Sant'Elena into a heap of cinders for the pleasure of a carriage-building company, which company was not even guaranteed from bankruptcy, was unquestionably as unbusinesslike and as unprofitable as it was impious.

There is neither common sense, nor common decency, in the chief part of the measures taken within the last decade to humiliate and imbastardise the cities and towns of Italy. The process of destruction began indeed much earlier; but within the last ten years the pace has been increased from a leisurely walk to a furious gallop. The scramble to be first to outrage, to deface, to despoil, has become a St. Vitus's dance amongst the syndics, assessors, and councilmen; each deliriously eager for the approving smile of the various ministers in whose hands the destinies of these great and unrivalled Urbes unfortunately are placed.

It must be remembered by the foreign reader that there is no *Ministre des Beaux Arts* in Italy. There is a Minister of Education, another of Public Works, and another of Agriculture, and between these three all questions of art and architecture are divided. The mischief the trio does is incalculable, for they are seldom selected with any regard to their æsthetic qualifications. Indeed, if ever anyone of them show any scholarly capacity and aptitude for his office, like that which was shown by Villari, his possession of power is very short. Of the present minister of agriculture it is related that, as he looked over a valley planted with magnificent olives near Brescia, he exclaimed: "What fine willows!"

A similar ignorance in matters belonging to their respective departments is expected of the ministers of Education and Public Works. Were there a Minister of Fine Arts, he would undoubtedly be chosen from the attorneys, the manufacturers, or the rural Beotians.

The late minister of agriculture, Count Francesco Guicciardini, had an admirable and thorough command of the objects of his Dicastero; skilled in agriculture himself, and the owner of large estates, he knew what to do and how to do it; and by his energy the recent outbreak of phylloxera was arrested before any great losses had ensued. But outside agriculture, his influence was less excellent, because he was unfortunately enabled to meddle with matters not agricultural

and beyond his knowledge ; as when he ordered the destruction of a whole quarter of the martial and ancient city of Pistoia, and the waste of the town funds in the erection of a new savings-bank. Over the choice of a design for this building, the townspeople of Pistoia are now violently quarrelling, whilst many of their finest and noblest palaces are left empty to decay ! A minister of the strictest probity, of the strongest desire to do what is just and wise, is never long able to resist the pressure of those around him, the force of example, the persuasions of local magnates, and the insistence of the crowd of hungry perquisite-hunters. It is such shocking and wicked waste of money as this in Pistoia which impoverishes every town, and disfigures each with vulgar piles of brick and iron, and grotesque monuments of black metal, whilst a miserable woman at their gates pays four centimes duty on a pint of milk before she can take it past the guards to sell, and a wretched man, who owns a little road-fed flock of goats, is taxed two hundred francs a year before he may drive them into the streets to yield the little nourishment which they can afford to invalids and children. Should the law proposed by Luzzatti, now under consideration, pass, and the debts of the Communes be paid by the State, and monies be henceforth lent by the State to the Communes, this wicked expenditure will increase tenfold, and the jobbery accompanying it will be multiplied in similar measure.

No one of the governing classes is guiltless in the matter ; cabinets, senators, deputies, prefects, mayors, town-councils, provincial councils, each and all, sin alike in this matricide, and seem to vie with each other in suggesting and executing the abominable projects which disgrace the close of the century.

In this day, in everything appertaining to municipal government, the greater is sacrificed to the lesser ; the smug, the ordinary, the expedient, the venal are first of all considered ; the kind of man who pushes to the front in affairs is bustling, sharp, keen, insensible, in whose own existence no necessity for anything except vulgar prosperity, as ugly as you will, is felt for an hour. To speak to such men of such impersonal desires as moved the makers of the great cities of Italy, is to speak in an unknown tongue, which they appraise as gibberish. They are, for the present time, the rulers of the world, and the material they are made of is the same clay whether its shape take that of an emperor or a contractor, of a king or a beadle, of a minister or a vestryman. At the present hour the earth is given over to them.

Wyzewa, in his article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, called "L'Agonie de Venise," accepts this insatiable mania for destruction as a characteristic, which of course it undoubtedly is, of the general disease of modernity ; but he does not seem to trace it to what is surely its

source, the greed of gain. All these engineers, builders, contractors, town councillors, bankers, usurers, speculators, chairmen, shareholders, and directors of companies, can make nothing out of the ancient glory and grace of beautiful cities; the mayors can get no savoury morsel to compensate them for all their servility and time-serving; the deputies can find no useful plunder to enrich the crew who have voted for them; in respecting the beauty of the past, syndicates and tradesmen and gamblers on 'Change would reap no harvest of gold whatever.

What else but greed has been the motive of that shameless desecration of Rome against which Geoffroy has raised his voice from the tomb to protest?

What else but greed the motive of that infamous destruction of the entire centre of Florence, its historic towers and churches and palaces, torn down with blind rage to be replaced by hideous hotels, and monster shops, and grotesque monuments? the most piteous, and the most inexcusable injury ever done to the rights of history and of art?

What else the motive of that wanton disfigurement of Venice which has disgraced the last fifteen years of the municipal rule, and is about to continue the work of ruin merely to enrich the men of greed, the English and American tradesmen, the Hebrew speculators, the German hucksters, the cosmopolitan inflators of bubble companies?

The motive of all these destructions is always the same, and always of the lowest kind: gain. Everyone concerned in them gains or hopes to gain. There is no other instinct or idea than this. It is, like the present diplomacy of Europe, an all-round game of grab; and a large percentage of the gains goes to the doctors who label the gambling Hygiene.

The plea of health is a falsehood usually advanced in excuse of such destructions as those of the Florentine centre and the Venetian Calli and Campielli. Those who allege it know, as well as I do, that the unhealthiness lies not in the habitations but in the habits of the people. Water never touches their bodies; tight-lacing is a female rule in even the peasant class; the field-worker is as tightly cased in her leather stays as the duchess in her satin corset. The favourite foods of the populace are such as give worms, dysentery, and skin diseases; their drinks are adulterated and poisonous;¹ their general habits are unwholesome and injurious beyond all description; they are saved only by the purity of the air which the municipalities, who chatter of hygiene, do their best to pollute with acid and chemical fumes, and the stench of noxious trades.

(1) Contadini drink the *vinaccia*, or *vinella*, made from the dregs of the wine-vats; but others drink (and often the contadino does so also) the chemical stuffs sold at drinking-houses and taverns with which the country roads are studded.

The men who prate of hygiene know these facts as well as I do; they know, I repeat, that the insalubrity is in the habits, not in the habitations; but the conventional lie passes muster and serves its end: it enables landlords to sell, and lawyers to pocket fees, and contractors to make profits, and all the troops of middlemen to fatten on the demolition of noble and ancient places and the creation of shoddy stucco architecture in its stead.

The sense of beauty has died with it: it is dead in the ruling classes; and what is far worse, dead in the populace; dead, or nearly so, in the writers, the painters, the sculptors. If in this latter class there were any strong, true, and delicate instinct of what is noble and beautiful, Molmenti would not stand alone in the Council of Venice; Prince Corsini would not alone have resisted the destruction of the Florence of the Renaissance; Georgio Franchetti would not be the only person capable of treating a Venetian building with tenderness and respect; d'Annunzio would not alone repeat the denunciations of two dead foreigners, Geoffroy and Gregorovius, of the violation of ancient and of mediæval Rome. The voices of the artists (were they artists in feeling indeed) would be, and would have been, so powerful that no ministry and no municipality would have ventured to ignore them.

But most modern artists are afraid to offend their public, their patrons, the town-councils, the mayors, and communes, or the ministers of education or of public works, to which or to whom they look for employment; they have the decoration-hunger, which is one of the chief curses of Continental Europe, and decorations only come from the powers above; and in these powers above there is not the faintest glimmer of taste or feeling, there is only jealousy of a great and unapproachable Past.

Therefore, the few who do feel indignation do not speak; and the speculator, the jerry builder, the cunning lawyer and conveyancer, the vast body of greedy and gross spoilers, have their way unchecked.

In the case of Rome, of course, that cruellest and ugliest of all passions, religious antagonism, has had much to do with the atrocious ruin of the Prati del Castello, of the Trastevere generally, of the passage of the four trams in derision in face of St. Peter's, of the hideous gim-crack houses built under the walls of the Lateran, of the destruction of street shrines and votive chapels and ancient chapels, of the erection of the entire quarters of what is called New Rome;¹ but religious hatred cannot be the cause of the barbarous scraping and daubing of classic buildings, of the degradation of the Via Nomentana, and of Porta Pia, of the ruin of such glory and grace as that of the Ludovisi and the Farnesina villas, of the bedaubing and replastering,

(1) It is now almost forgotten that the Ludovisi gardens ever existed as the motley fashion of the new Roman world flocks to the American Legation in the Pal. Piombino!

the dwarfing and disfiguring, the vulgarising and disfiguring of everything which is touched by the modern ædiles of Rome. No matter what the Syndic be called, whether Ruspoli or Guiccioli, or Torlonia, no matter whether the cabinet be headed by Rudinì or Giolitti, by Crispi or Depretis, the pickaxe is never at rest, and the hammer and hatchet sound ceaselessly in street and garden, on desecrated altars, and in devastated groves.

To what end have served the fury and haste with which ancient ecclesiastical buildings have been razed to the ground in both the cities and the provinces? To none whatever so far as any diminution of the funds and the numbers of ecclesiastical foundations can be counted.

The suppression of the monasteries and convents was actuated by love of gain as much as by polemical rancour, by the hunger of the newly-created kingdom, for their treasures and riches, for their rich endowments and saleable possessions. There was no sincerity about it; there could be none in a nation then almost entirely Catholic; and this insincerity is proved by the indifference with which the State allows the re-establishment of these buildings and these orders. At this moment the bare-footed Carmelites, a most bigoted order, have lately opened a new church and convent in Milan, which are endowed with three millions of money, and have been opened with great pomp by the Archbishop, the same cardinal to whom the late minister Prinetti paid such humble court. Similar institutions are being re-created in all directions possessing all the evils of those which were suppressed without their artistic beauty, and largely without their good faith and munificent charity. Rich and lovely maidens continue to take the veil when too young to have any realisation of what they do,¹ and the church is as enriched as of old by their dowers; whilst the monk is not the less dangerous to intellectual liberty because, when he goes out of the gates for a few hours, he wears the hideous hat, coat, and trousers of the layman of the adjacent town. The ancient monasteries and convents were at least an education to the eye: who could daily see the Certosa of Pavia, or of the Val d'Erna, and not be purified and instructed in visual memory and artistic instinct? The new revivals of the old orders teach nothing except a base and strictly modern union of superstition and compromise. Indeed, the State forces the priest to be base; it makes it the condition of allowing his existence. If he do not succumb to the State in all things (even in those most opposed to his conscience), he is deprived of his *placet*; and Zanardelli has in these last few days stated that he will deprive him of it without such legal forms as have hitherto been observed. For one of the greatest of the misfortunes

(1) A few months ago the Prime Minister was present at the taking of the veil by a young relative in Naples.

of Italy is that neither in the Radicals or in the Conservatives, or in any one of the groups into which political life is divided, is there the slightest trace of any respect for individual freedom; liberty of action and of opinion obtain no fair play from any one of the parties of the State.

The sense of symmetry and harmony seems, I repeat, to be leaving the terrestrial race; the want of beauty, as the daily bread of life, grows less and less felt every year by the modern mind. Beauty, natural and artistic, has become entirely indifferent to the majority of even highly educated modern men and women. They have no leisure to contemplate it, no temperament capable of feeling it; it is in no sense necessary to them; it makes no impression either on their retina or their memory. Their lives pass before a revolving panorama, so rapidly dissolving and changing that they have no distinct impression of any of the scenes or subjects. Every year modern habits become more unlovely, and modern sensibilities more blunted. The preservation of what is beautiful, *per se*, at the present time is almost always ridiculed, unless it can be shown to be joined to some profit or utility. The characteristic passion of the hour is greed; greed of possession, desire of acquisition, and passion for ostentation. Trade has become an octopus embracing the whole world; the thirst for gain engrosses all classes; beauty, unless it be a means of gain, is to this temper a useless, or worse than a useless, thing: it is regarded as a stumbling block and encumbrance. It is doubtful if even the power of perceiving what is beautiful has not in a great measure left a large part of the population in all countries. Modern cities would not be what they are now had not the race to a great extent grown colour-blind and become without the sense of proportion. Modern builders and modern engineers would remain unoccupied were not the generations which employ and enrich them destitute of all artistic feelings.

Many of the prevailing fashions would be so odious to persons with any delicate or accurate perception, that such fashions could never have become general had any perception of this kind been general. Even the deformity of their own bodies awakens no aversion in the modern public; if it did, the bicycle would never have been in demand.

Such blindness and deadness to the charm of beauty is to be noted in every nation, and is developed even in the extreme East whenever modern European and American usage influences the Oriental.

Japan is rapidly becoming the rival in vulgarity and hideousness of Chicago.

It is no doubt general and inevitable, the low tone of susceptibility, the dense thick-skinned temper, which accompany what is called Civilisation, which are to be seen everywhere from cold to warm latitudes, wherever the steam-engine screams and the shoddy suits are worn.

The modern temper is something even worse than inartistic; it is brutally and aggressively hostile to beauty, whether natural or architectural. It will go out of the way to injure, to deface, to uproot, to level with the dust.

To the cold, bald, hard, derisive temper of the modern majority there is something offensive and irritating in beauty, whether it be seen in the stately verdure of a tree in its summer glory, or of an ancient tower,¹ brown and grey in the light of evening. To fell the tree, to pull down the tower, is the first instinct of the modern mind, and it is an instinct clamorous, savage, insatiable, born of incapacity and triviality, of the hunger for destruction, and of a secret and ignoble jealousy.

There can, I think, be no doubt that modern education implants and increases this insensibility. If it did not, modern municipalities would not be what they are, would not do what they do. The only resistance to this insensibility is found, and this but rarely, at the two extremes of the social scale—the peasant and the noble, *i.e.*, in those who are least subjected to the pressure of general education. In the man, absolutely uneducated, and in the man reared by an individual and highly cultured education, are alone now to be found any appreciation of beauty, natural or artistic.

A French writer, with no pity for the lovers of teas and porcelains, has said recently that he looks forward with joy to the time when the whole empire of China will be studded with factories and mines as thickly as blades of grass grow in a meadow. Most modern persons have no higher ideal than his. In similar phrase, Ferrero, whose political writings I have often cited with approval, and whose striking abilities I greatly admire, but with whose narrow socialist temper I have no sympathy, actually states that the plain of Lombardy was created by nature to be studded with factory chimneys! He even approves what is one of the most shameful and illiberal facts in modern times, the closing of the world-famous theatre of La Scala through denial of its subsidy by the Milan municipality.

He makes excuse for this miserable meanness, that opera houses with boxes are not possible under a democracy! This seems to me very illogical. Surely the love and appreciation of music are not restricted to a nobility? The stalls, with their close neighbourhood, their more or less incessant movement, their frequent twittering and whispering, break the charm of great melody. No art can at any time be fully and delicately felt in the presence of a crowd. One goes to a private view for the people; one returns in the early morning of a paying day, when the rooms are almost empty, for the pictures. To close the Scala in order to spite a social class is surely a paltry action; and the loss to composers and singers, and

(1) The other day I saw from a railway-train a grand old Longobardo tower which had been coloured a bright pink!

to the renown of Milan, will be immense. But it is entirely typical of the temper which is ruling in Italian municipalities and communes at this moment, and which also so largely characterises the Government, no matter whosoever be the chief thereof.

Even into remote mountain towns and in small forgotten cities, on the edge of lonely lakes, or deep-sunk in chestnut woods, or ilex-forests, the same desecration creeps, and sullies, and pollutes. Gimm-crack, gaudy villas, and pasteboard houses, show their pert and paltry forms amidst noble palaces, or beside patrician towers. Pistachio green paint makes day hideous everywhere, daubed on deal shutters and blinds, accompanied by the paltry stained doors, and the stucco mouldings, of the epoch. The modern municipality displays its whitewashed and belettered frontage, unashamed, on some grand old piazza, which has seen centuries of strife and splendour. Silent sunlit bays of Tyrrhene or Adriatic, lovely as a poem of Shelley, are made vulgar and ludicrous by lines of habitations such as the jerry-builder of the end of the nineteenth century procreates, wearing an air of smug imbecility which makes one long to slap their stucco faces; of course the drinking-shop, the cycling-casino, and the shooters' club have been run up beside them so that their patrons and frequenters may befool the roseate evening, and insult the ethereal night.

Moreover it is strange to note how, with the vulgarisation of the towns and of the landscapes in this classic land, the human physiognomy loses its classic unity and grace, grows heavier, coarser, meaner, commoner, changes indeed entirely its type and colouring; the camus or the snub nose replaces the aquiline, the scrofulous mouth replaces the lips shaped like a Cupid's bow; the eyes diminish in size and grow lack-lustre; the beautiful oval outline of cheek and chin alters to the bull-dog jaw and puffy cheeks; the clear and pure skin alters to the sodden, pallid, unwholesome complexion of the new type. This is no exaggerated statement; anyone can see the change for himself who will take the trouble to observe such young Italians as throng the second and third-rate *cafés* and dining saloons of cities, and then go into the more remote country, and see the Italiote race still in its integrity, in old world hamlets of the Abruzzi or the Appenines, in forest-sheltered nooks of the Sabine or the Carrara mountains, in sea-faring windswept villages of the Veneto, in nomad sheep-folds on the oak-studded grass plains of the Basilicata, or in old walled towns, calm and venerable, in the lap of the high hills, where the shriek of the engine has not yet been heard; where it is still unknown, that which Loti calls in his latest work, "*cette chose de laid, de noirâtre, de tapageur, d'idiotement empressée, qui passe vite, vite, ébranle la terre, trouble ce calme délicieux par des sifflets et des bruits de ferailles, le chemin de fer, le chemin de fer! — plus nivelant que le temps,*

propageant la basse camelote de l'industrie, déversant chaque jour de la banalité et des imbéciles."

In the provinces he will still find, in thousands of living creatures, the youths of Luca Signorelli, the knights of Giorgione and Carpaccio, the young gods of Paolo Veronese, the noble grey-beards of Tiziano, the stately women of Michelangiolo, the enchanting children of Raffaello, and Correggio. But in the towns, and in the country where it receives the moral and physical miasma of the towns, he will find little else but the debased modern type, with its snigger of conceit, its cynical grin, its criminal's jaw, its cutaneous eruptions, its dull and insolent eyes, its stunted growth, and its breath foul with nicotine and chemical drinks, such as the modern schools, and the modern scientists, and the modern dram-shops have made it.

Commerce, from being beneficent, is fast becoming a curse. It usurps and absorbs all place and all energy. Its objects are allowed to push out of existence all higher aims; armies and navies exist only to protect it; and an English Premier was not ashamed at the Lord Mayor's banquet last November to declare that this was their unique aim: to conquer fresh fields for trading, and protect the trader in his invasion of the rights of others. His Secretary of State for the Colonies and his Chancellor of the Exchequer have, still more recently, repeated after him this singularly ignoble view of a nation's duty, and of a soldier's and sailor's obligation.

The Secretary of the Colonies, indeed, rising to unwonted enthusiasm, adds that all the greatness of Great Britain lies in its commerce. No doubt this may be a fact; but it is not an ennobling fact; and it is one which is the parent of gross sins, and the enemy of high ideals; in the name of commerce, murder, theft, and torture are all legalised, and the most brutal egotism deified; it can be at best only a material greatness which is thus consolidated.

To measure the greatness of a nation by its commerce alone is like measuring the virtue of a man solely by the amount of his income. This manner of estimation is one common in the world, but it can never be considered a high standard. However, this excuse of the prior and dominant claims of commerce which may be put forward in the case of Great Britain for the sacrifice of all other interests to commercial interests cannot be alleged by Italy except in some districts of the north. What requires protection in five-sixths of Italy, and only suffers extinction through fiscal pressure, is small commerce: personal arts, crafts, and trades, which flourished so happily in past times, and would still live in fair peace and comfort were they not stoned out of existence by a merciless taxation, direct and indirect. These neither disfigure or offend the beautiful and venerable little towns in which they dwell; the smith has his anvil under

a Lombard arch, the apothecary keeps his ointments and simples in old majolica vases, the barber's pole slants under a shrine of the Renaissance, the cloth-seller piles his bales against the sculpture of a Seicento wall, the seedman's sacks show the shining berries in their gaping mouths behind the iron-scroll work of mediæval kneeling-windows. It is not they who have hurt their birthplaces.

It is the English syndicate, the Jew syndicate, the German money-changer, the American tram-contractor, the foreign electric company, the foreign co-operative store-keeper, who have no end but their own gain, and tempt to shameful acts those native to the soil, in whose hands lie the fate of these historic, and late happy, places.

Ferrero has, concerning this, a true and touching passage which is much worthier of him than his views regarding La Scala. He says, in a recent able article on the "*Miseria e Ricchezza in Italia*":—

"The tendencies of new commercial life in its immense enterprises is to send money and movement into a very few amongst the cities of Italy, the others live content with their small traffic and trade; though trembling when the fleet well-springs of their small fortunes are menaced or run dry. Many of these towns were in other days rich, and still preserve the evidences of their splendid past in sumptuous palaces, spacious squares, monumental churches; a sense of venerable years, of profound repose lie on them; yet a sad and cruel tragedy often passes between these walls; beneath the magnificent palaces of the Renaissance and the beautiful mediæval Lombard churches, the populace perishes slowly of hunger. The small ancient industries disappear, crushed out by the victorious rivalry of the great tradesmen of the north. The ruin of these small industries and of these individual crafts began some decades ago; but it was much less cruelly felt then than it is now, and the sole recourse or solace now left to it is in revolt. A revolt to which the Government only replies by fixed bayonets, and a duty on corn, which is a crime."

Ferrero, as a political economist is bound to do, considers that no means should be taken to artificially sustain ancient methods of work and trade, but he says with entire truth that to artificially depress and deplete them is on the part of the State an abominable act. To wear out the temper and patience of the populace with harassing edicts; to drive to desperation those who are cheerful and contented in an honestly supported poverty; to starve them by artificially raised food-prices and by gate-taxes, which ruin the small trader, the modest householder, and the rural vendor alike; to render it, by a monstrous taxation, impossible for small industries to exist; to levy income-tax (*tassa di famiglia*) on the poorest labourer—this is the terrible error, the inexcusable cruelty, of which the actual, and every preceding, Italian Cabinet is, and has been, guilty. If there be revolution in the air, who can wonder? The granaries are guarded by battalions, whilst millions are thrown away on bad statues to Savoy princes. These are facts which it is not necessary for a man to know his A B C to read. But they are the primer which is daily placed before the

eyes of the many various peoples of Italy from the Col de Tenda to Cape Sorano; and these peoples are of rare intelligence even where wholly illiterate: often, indeed, most intelligent where most illiterate.

There were, not many years ago, a great measure of mirth and contentment in all the minor cities of Italy, and in the small towns and the big walled villages; much harmless merry-making and pastime, much simple and neighbourly pleasure, much enjoyment of that "ben' di Dio," the blessed air and sunshine. Most of it has been killed now; starved out, strangled by regulations and penalties and imposts, and a fiendish fiscal tyranny; dead like the poor slaughtered forgotten conscripts in Africa.

But this opens out a political question, and it is not of politics that these pages treat, but of art and its outrage: above all, of such outrage in Venice; since the President of her Academy did me, of late, the honour to say to me: "Non può Lei far nulla per salvare la nostra povera Venezia?" Alas! how powerless are all our forces against the ever-rising tide of modern barbarism!

A precious intaglio of exquisite workmanship is being broken up and pulverised under our eyes; and no one cares.

I know a wide plain, intersected by many streams, and lying full in the light of the west; these streams are filled from August to October with millions of white water-lilies.

Nothing more beautiful can be beheld than these countless water-courses covered with these cups of snow, which share the clear, slowly-rippling streams only with the water wagtail and the sedge-warbler, the bullrush, and the flag. They resemble exactly the river on which the Virgine delle Rocche drift with their brothers and Claudio. But the peasants push their black flat-bottomed boats recklessly amongst the silver goblets of the flowers, crashing into them and breaking them with brutal indifference, and raking them into heaps in their boats, to be cast up on to the oozing banks to rot and serve as land manure; the boorish insensibility of the boatmen is typical of their time; the lilies would serve quite as well for manure were they allowed to live out their lovely life, and were not gathered until they were yellow and faded; but they who rake them in do not wait for their natural season of decay; they smash and break them in full flower as they kill birds on the nest in the fields and hedges.

Their fate is like the fate of that greater lily, rosy-red at sunset, which lies cradled on the waters between Mestre and Murano; and which is roughly and painfully being uprooted and destroyed that a pack of foreign traders and native attorneys may wax fat and lay up gold.

No doubt her fate is common in these days; no doubt, all over the world, capitalists and socialists join hands across the gulf of

difference to unite in the destruction of all that is beautiful, graceful, harmonious, and venerable.

But in Italy such destruction is more sad and shameful than anywhere else in Europe, by reason of the magnificence and glory of her past, and in view of the pitiful fact that the land which was a Pharos of light and leading to the earth is now every year and every day receding farther and farther into darkness: that dreadful darkness of the modern world which comes of polluted waters and polluted air, of the breath of poisoned lungs and the pressure of starving crowds. The basest form of venality, the lowest form of greed, have fastened on her with the tentacles of the devil-fish; and are every hour devouring her.

OTIDA.

Since these pages were passed through press, insurrection has been violent in two-thirds of Italy, and has been violently repressed. This could have been foreseen by anyone who had accurately estimated the tendencies of public life and thought during the last ten years; and revolution cannot logically be held a crime in a nation created by revolution. Logic, however, is not a merit of any of the existing Governments of Europe, and Italy has been handed over to military despotism *L'ordre règne à Warsaw*.

Were it not for the terrible suffering which is caused to the people one would be tempted to find a poetical justice, and a grim satisfaction, in the fact that the many thousands of working men called by the municipalities into the cities to pull down ancient streets and beautiful buildings have remained there, and formed a hungry and imperious proletariat, which is the chief factor in the present rebellion, and will cause difficulties as dangerous in the future.

OTIDA.

CONTRADICTIONS OF MODERN FRANCE.

THE POLITICAL PARADOX.

At the present day France is presented with a still stranger problem than the military paradox ;¹ it is what I shall call the political paradox. By this I mean the remarkable fact—a fact utterly unforeseen—that the French have found stability, more complete than any that they have attained to during the last hundred years, in a government whose very essence is instability and change. It is worth while drawing attention to the fact, and finding out what explanation of it can be given.

I.

This stability of government is not in the men only ; it is, above all, in the ideas. If the men change and the ideas remain, if the staff is incessantly renewed and the programme continues the same, it may be said that there is stability there. This is precisely what has happened, though in the most unexpected manner, under the Third Republic. Since the day when the Conservatives (and in those days none but Monarchists came under this head) were finally displaced from power, after the failure of the famous experiment of the 16th of May, 1877, power has remained in the hands of the *républicains de gouvernement*. This term describes the men who, while their first thought is to maintain the Republic, misunderstand none of the difficulties and shrink from none of the manœuvres which the political situation involves. In that long succession of ministries, the longest of which lasted barely two years, the shortest barely six months, four groups have differed from the others. The Radicals have twice exercised power ; first in 1888-1889, with M. Floquet as Prime Minister, and later in 1895-1896, under the Presidency of M. Léon Bourgeois. Twice also ministries have been formed which apparently had leanings towards the Right, and looked to it for support ; the first, in 1887, was directed by M. Rouvier ; the second was formed in the autumn of 1893 by M. Casimir-Périer. If we carefully examine this period which extends from 1877 to the advent of the Méline Ministry, in 1896, we will see that the line of policy followed has been almost invariable. All these statesmen have brought to it the stamp of their temperament, of their personality, and certainly there has been considerable diversity in their methods of procedure. Everybody knows that M. de Freycinet was, to say the least of it, undecided, that M. Goblet was nervous, that M. Tirard was obstinate.

(1) See *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* for March.

Their opinions also were by no means identical; M. Brisson had leanings towards a sort of Voltairean Jacobism, M. Charles Dupuy inclined rather to a liberal eclecticism. Never, I believe, were so many men attached to the same political work; and in the exercise of it they displayed both qualities and defects that were very different. Well, in spite of all this, their work remained one and the same; and they were led, forced sometimes by circumstances, to say practically the same things and to act in practically the same manner. Three men, whose talent almost amounted to genius—Thiers, Gambetta, and Jules Ferry—drew up a common programme. It was not, we should remember, the programme of their choice. Thiers had been a monarchist, and a monarchist he remained at heart, but he could forget his private preferences; Gambetta, in many of his speeches, was not afraid to own that he sacrificed his own ideas and his own opinions to the public good; he built up the Senate, he who had always been in favour of only one Chamber, and voted for constitutional laws which borrowed largely from the institutions proper to a constitutional monarchy. Jules Ferry also sacrificed many of his most cherished ideas and opinions. The supreme aim of both men was to find out what was necessary to the life of the Republic and its establishment on a solid basis; and they made everything else subordinate to that end. Gambetta insisted on the necessity of leaving the constitution as far as it was possible intact, of maintaining the prerogatives of the Senate, and the irresponsibility of the President. He denounced the hostility of the clergy towards the Republic, and showed the peril which threatened the country from that side. Jules Ferry moved still farther in the matter; he declared war against some educational orders with the aim of attacking the Jesuits, knowing that their power as educators was exerted against the Republic; and, above all, he turned the attention of France to the colonies, and employed his powers and his activity in this direction with a view to preventing that effervescence of continental feeling which he considered dangerous to peace. If it came to that, both men were the sworn champions of peace, so deeply did they feel the necessity for it, so thoroughly did they realise that a war, even a successful war, would do great harm to the country.

Such were the great lines of the Republican programme; and no doubt the programme was sufficiently obvious and necessary, since they all adhered to it, often in spite of themselves. There is nothing more characteristic in this respect than the attitude of the Brisson Ministry, which, in 1889, succeeded the cabinet of Jules Ferry. The latter, having lasted nearly two years, fell when the colonial question was raised; the defeat of Lang-Son at Tonkin providing its adversaries with a pretext for its overthrow. Now, M. Brisson, who formed what is known as a "cabinet of concentration," composed of

Radicals and Moderates, made the Chamber adopt the very motions proposed by Jules Ferry, to which it had just refused its vote. Another time, when M. Casimir-Périer was Minister, he was induced to reconsider his ideas as to the course to be followed with regard to the Church and the clergy. The Liberal opinions of M. Casimir-Périer, his connection with the "Faubourg St. Germain," naturally tended to give the relations of Church and State, under his Ministry, a gentler and more cordial character. As it happened, the head of the Cabinet showed himself, though very courteous in the form, as uncompromising in the matter as Jules Ferry himself.

We might multiply these instances, the thing has happened so many times; we might recall how M. Goblet, as Minister, defended the maintenance of the Concordat which, as deputy, he had attacked, the abrogation of which he heartily desired; or how M. Ribot or M. Loubet proclaimed the necessity of maintaining the secular character of the Primary Schools, in spite of the fact that in so doing he was alienating from the Republic many Conservatives whose support he wished for and with whom he agreed upon many points. The Radicals, while they kept the power in their own hands, did not apply their own programme. They left the constitution untouched, the progress of colonisation unhindered; they did not so much as propose any revolutionary measures. Because he planned a revisionary motion, M. Floquet fell. Because he struggled against the Senate and disturbed the country by a project of revenue taxation, M. Léon Bourgeois was compelled to retire. As for the army, I have shown in a former article¹ what unanimity of sentiment it roused in all parts of the country, and how while many, under the Empire, had declared themselves plainly and sincerely in favour of the suppression of standing armies, Gambetta and Jules Ferry were the first who contributed to establish it after 1870, and to support it jealously.

Thus we see that one of the fundamental characteristics of the Third Republic is the fact that under it men have been perpetually guided and bound by circumstances. Thiers says: "The Republic is the form of government necessary to France, and it must remain Conservative; that is to say, it must insure her interests, her property, her affairs; it must defy the idealogues who compromised it in 1848, and the demons who made it odious in 1793." Gambetta, conquered by the justice of these views, set himself to gain votes for the constitution, to organise the army, and to proclaim that neither were to be touched, seeing that the one insures the permanence of the Government, the other that external peace which is so necessary to France. At the same time he pointed out the dangers of clerical hostility, and the advantage of a diversion on the colonial side.

(1) "Contradictions of Modern France: the Military Paradox." See THE FORT-NIGHTLY REVIEW, March, 1898.

Jules Ferry, in his turn, more clearly defined and laid stress upon the two latter points in the programme, which, as a whole, constitutes the *enceinte fermée* in which the third Republic has moved from 1877 to 1896. The many statesmen who have governed it successively have never been able to advance a step outside that circle without compromising its security, its very existence.

The situation is absolutely new in the history of the century, as a rapid survey will show. Under the First Empire there was no governmental programme at all. The country was terrorised by the great despot, who, in point of fact, had only one ideal, his personal domination; one lever, his ambition; and one means of action, war. But with the Restoration a Liberal period began. It might seem that all those—and whatever may be said they were the great majority of the country—who accepted the re-established monarchy with more or less enthusiasm, but equal loyalty, would have easily agreed as to the principal points of the policy to be pursued. Nothing of the kind. We may admit a certain similarity of opinion, of procedure rather, in the cabinets which succeeded each other from 1819 to 1822, of which Prince Talleyrand, the Duke de Richelieu, MM. Decazes, Dessoles, and Pasquier were the heads or the principal members. But later on there appeared the Villèle Ministry, which lasted seven years, and saw Charles X. succeed to Louis XVIII. The Comte de Villèle was replaced by the good but ephemeral Martignac, who himself resigned by the royal will in favour of the ill-omened Polignac. In this succession of statesmen there was not a trace of unity; there was not even agreement on that fundamental question, the form of government; for, between the views of the royal authority and the manner of exercising it held by MM. de Richelieu and Pasquier on the one hand, and MM. de Villèle, de Chateaubriand, and de Polignac on the other, there is as much difference as, say, between the English and the Russian *régime*. On external questions opinions were still more divided. Those who were known as “ultras” were in favour of the Holy Alliance, because its aim was the consolidation of royalism; the Liberals attacked it, because it was primarily directed against France. Can we forget the famous secret letter addressed by the Baron de Vitrolles to the Powers of the Holy Alliance, inviting them to intervene in the affairs of the kingdom? That happened under Louis XVIII., and M. de Vitrolles was one of the friends of the Comte d’Artois, who was about to become Charles X. When the war with Spain was decided upon, not only did many Frenchmen disapprove of it, but Armand Carrel forgot himself so far as to fight in the ranks of the Spaniards against French soldiers. On their side many zealous royalists equally disapproved of the attitude of Chateaubriand at the Congress of Verona.

Under the monarchy of July two opposite policies may be dis-

tinguished from the very first. Thureau-Dangin calls them the policy of "resistance" and the policy of "movement." M. Lafitte, for his part, was for *laissez-aller*, but all the rest were ranged either on one side or the other—Casimir-Périer, Soult, the Duc de Broglie, Thiers, Guizot, Molé. Their conception of things was not by any means the same; some insisted on the royal, others on the popular character of the new *régime*; some glorify its revolutionary origin, others would have this forgotten, because in their eyes it is a weakness. Under the Third Republic universal suffrage remained an undisputed fact, which neither party ever seriously dreamed of changing, and even the Comte de Chambord declared that it must be accepted. Under the monarchy of July feudal suffrage was the subject of incessant and passionate disputes. The quarrel finally became so bitter as to prove fatal to the house of Orleans. Louis Philippe feared to accept the electoral reform which was demanded by the country.

The Republic of 1848 had a very brief existence, and yet it managed to change its programme three times. With Lamartine it dreamed of progress; with Cavaignac it sought for order; with Louis Napoleon it only aspired to be protected; it abdicated in order to be quit of the care and responsibility of government. As an Emperor, Napoleon III. incarnated in his person the programme of the empire. At first his only aim was the development of commerce, agriculture, industry. "L'Empire, c'est la Paix," said he, at Bordeaux, in the moment of his accession to the throne. Not long after that we find him at war with Russia, then with Italy, then with Mexico. While his uncle made war for his own pleasure, he made war against his own will; but he followed his dream of moral domination, as his uncle followed his dream of material domination, with a tenacity which in the one was an effort of the will, in the other an unconscious force, and in both an irremediable fact. Later on, when he felt the ground trembling beneath his feet, and realised that the country stood aloof from him, he transformed himself into a constitutional monarch, and inaugurated the Liberal Empire. He, too, was willing to give his *acte additionnel*, but all in good time, and without being forced. He accomplished the whole round of evolution; from the Maréchal St. Arnaud and M. de Maupas, *gendarmes* without a scruple, up to M. Émile Ollivier, idealist and man of theories, by the way of M. de Morny and M. Rouher. Fifty years saw thus the procession of all the traditions, all the political formulas; legitimacy and divine right with their logical consequence, the solidarity of kings in their struggle with the peoples—then popular royalty, the offspring of a compromise between heredity and democracy, then the Republic, inflamed with the spirit of proselytism, professing to settle the social problem by "organising" labour; yet again the *plébiscite*, the sovereignty of the nation, dele-

gating its powers into the hands of a single person. Observe that these successive constitutions had pompous prologues, and that each of these *régimes*, whether for consolidation within or for bringing about alliances without, began by some armed intervention in the affairs of another nation. The Restoration re-established the truce of Ferdinand III. in Spain; the Monarchy of July gave help to the Belgians and assured their independence; the Republic of 1848 besieged Rome and gave it back to the Pope; Napoleon III. allied himself with England in order to attack Russia and take Sebastopol.

Things were very different under the Third Republic. From the beginning it only sought two things: provisional order within, provisional abstention without. Its permanence was in a great measure due to this temporary character; from the very first it had an eclectic basis; it was the work of Legitimists and Orleanists against Buonapartists, accomplished in a manner contrary to what the Republicans had once desired. The former in accomplishing it, the latter in accepting it, gave proof of their practical common sense. They sought before all for a habitable construction. The country was tired of systems, formulas, and great principles. For the first time nobody declared the new form of government to be "definitive," and it seems precisely to have assumed that character. Thence that continuity, that stability of ideas, which no former governments had enjoyed. The struggle was between men, and it was sharp, certainly; but in reality there was never any great difference between the Conservatives and the Opportunists, to say nothing of the Radicals of the Third Republic. They quarrelled sometimes over words, sometimes over shades of meaning, more often over names; and it was these quarrels which occasioned the ministerial falls that were so frequent.

II.

With these changes of Cabinet the case was apparently grave. Abroad, where I happen to have lived many times in the last twenty years, it seemed, in the moment of the crisis, that it was the Republic itself that had been overthrown. People said, "The French Government has fallen!" As a matter of fact, it was only the Ministry. Nobody dreamed that the Government could still be there; it was supposed that everything had been swept away, and nobody seemed to remember that the President was still there, although the feeling was much worse when, instead of dealing with a Ministerial crisis, we had to go through a Presidential crisis, in which foreigners at once perceived the signs of a coming revolution. When Marshal MacMahon, M. Grévy, and M. Casimir-Périer resigned, this was the prevailing sentiment. I can remember the utter stupefaction with which the larger portion of the European press recorded the election of M. Carnot, in 1887, or of M. Félix Faure, in 1895.

Imagination seemed unable to grasp the fact that any nation could change its heads with such remarkable facility.

In the case of a change of Ministers, the facility is still greater. There are two kinds of Ministers—those who choose their own subordinates, and those who are simply placed at the head of officials whom they have not chosen. French Ministers are of this latter kind, and naturally they have much less power than if the case were otherwise. Below them are what we call the *bureaux*, which is another name for an anonymous, collective, and permanent force, which behaves very much as a reed under the wind; it bows, and suffers the superior force to pass over it, and immediately straightens itself again. Many of our Ministerial Departments have “Directors” at their head, men of note, distinguished, thoroughly versed in the affairs which they have to deal with, who exercise their functions sometimes for a very long time. Let us take for instance the Minister of Public Instruction. The present Minister, M. Rambaud, is a professor; but his case is rare. Before him there were lawyers, statesmen, journalists; the majority of them had not made any special study of educational questions, many of them had barely so much as a private opinion on the subject. Now, the Department of Public Instruction has accomplished a very considerable reform, and one that was not the work of a day. The Revolution had suppressed all the universities. Even in places where, as at Montpellier, university traditions were most illustrious and most ancient, it had made a clean sweep of the past. In our great towns there were nothing but “Academies,” which had no life of their own, but depended entirely on the State, and were subordinate to it in everything. It was no easy task to reconstruct the work that had been destroyed, to adapt it to the needs of the day, while preserving something of the old traditions. This was done very slowly and with great wisdom; one by one the bonds which trammelled the spontaneity of each university were loosened; and they were finally declared free under the guardianship and general control of the State, until such time as their emancipation could be made complete. The reform was accomplished in nearly fifteen years. This supposes a continuity of ideas, and a stability in the organising staff apparently incompatible with such frequent Ministerial changes. And, as a matter of fact, in twenty years there was hardly a change in the three “Directors” of Public Instruction, who held amongst them the three offices of primary, secondary, and superior education. They were the real Ministers. In other branches of the public service, such as public works, agriculture, commerce, it has been the same; the great progress made, for instance, in commercial education has been brought about by the permanent officials, and not by the Ministers. The “portfolio” with us is a thing handed down from one Minister to another. Many

Ministers never open their portfolios ; those who are inquisitive and enthusiastic may look into it ; but the most intelligent course which a Minister can pursue is to lend his aid to the enterprises of his subordinates, and in his own department to suppress his private views if he has any. As for making up a new portfolio on his own account, in order to attempt that he must be more than a Minister, he must be a statesman.

A Ministerial crisis, then, regarded closely and from within, is not altogether what it seems ; it neither disorganises government nor hinders the progress of political affairs. On the contrary, its frequency has contributed to the general stability. This is not the least of the paradoxes presented by the present *régime*. It should not be forgotten that the successive revolutions of 1792, 1799, 1814, 1819, 1830, 1848, 1851, of 1870 finally, were a sort of object lesson for the French nation. A nation so lively, so easily excited and easily calmed, so undeniably light in its judgment, does not succeed in overturning eight Governments in less than eighty years, without acquiring, as it were, the habit of revolution, or, at least, the notion that the overturning of Governments is the easiest and most natural thing in the world. Under the Third Republic, Ministerial crisis has been a safety-valve ; in many instances it has prevented a still graver crisis, and hindered the erection of barricades in the streets.

Under the Monarchy it was the ideas of the reigning sovereign that could be traced in those of his Ministers ; when they were gone, it was felt that he would call up other men only to impose on them the same task, or nearly the same. Things are altogether different in the case of the President, who himself reflects the majority which elected him. It may be the interest of the majority to overturn the Ministry, and if this could not be done it would be on the President that public opinion would vent its wrath. It is in the position of a man who smashes a piece of furniture in a passion, and is instantly soothed. Of course it is a pity to smash furniture, but if it saves the house, there may be some economy in it. Many times such a catastrophe has been averted in this way. If, after the failure of the *Coup d'État* of the 16th May, 1877, we had not had the resource of overturning two successive Ministries in order to compel the Government of the Marshal to return to legality and obey the will of the nation, who knows what might have happened ? When Jules Ferry was overthrown in 1885, his fall saved his work. It was not his ideas that were unpopular, it was his person. People made fun of him ; the spirit of caricature seized on him and pursued him. In his language and in his attitude there was a touch of heaviness, sometimes of awkwardness, or of seeming brutality ; that was enough. He became unpopular, as Boulanger became popular, through one of those absurd caprices of the crowd over which reason has no control.

People did not like his profile, while they did like that of Boulanger on his black horse. Whatever it was, if, in 1885, they had not been able to attack the man, they could have been mad enough to attack his work. In a famous sitting which reflected but little credit on them, the deputies snatched the power from the hands of Jules Ferry; and appeased with this vengeance, they were content, and did not proceed to evacuate Tonkin. Two years later when it had resolved upon the resignation of M. Grévy, and the President refused to give it, it was again by throwing the Cabinet into a minority that the Chamber made the head of the State understand its determination to hinder him from governing till it had forced him to resign.

The more I study the political history of this time, the more I am led to the conclusion that these frequent Ministerial crises have been happy, though inconvenient accidents. In politics more than in morals, we may exclaim *felix culpa*, in the presence of certain errors which turn to the general good.

To sum up the paradox I spoke of in the beginning: A seeming instability conceals a real stability both in ideas and in men. The unique situation made for France since 1870 requires a unique programme. Parties have exercised their utmost powers in the vain attempt to accentuate their differences; and, as a matter of fact, with the exception of the Socialists, they have been compelled to will the same things: to fear war without and revolution within; to guard against the encroachments of the Church, while abstaining from persecution; to maintain the army and the laws which insure respect for property; and to show themselves the partisans of a customs legislation more or less protective, and of an external policy more or less favourable to Russia. The country has willed this since the beginning, and it has not ceased to will it. In the provinces where it elected monarchists, it was only after having obtained from them the formal promise that this would be their programme. Intoxicated for a moment by the Boulangist experiment, the French people were not long in returning to their programme. We have here the first stability—that of ideas. There is the second—that of men. The ministerial crises have not touched the greater part of the measures undertaken under the different administrations, for below the Minister there is the permanent official, strong enough to oppose his temporary chief, and if he is afraid to oppose him, stable enough to evade his orders and await his fall. These are the two reasons why the Republic has lived and prospered, and why it has become rooted in French soil. Other *régimes* looked strong, and they were swept away; this looked weak, and nothing has been able to uproot it. It is the fable of the oak and the reed put into practice much as it was told by the good La Fontaine.

III.

Such is the present, but what will the future be? Not only the distant, but the immediate future? Is this stability going to last, or has it been exhausted in these twenty-five years?

This is a very important problem, and I do not hesitate to approach it, because it is not a question of prophecy, but of analysing the possible, not to say probable, consequences of a recent event which has completely modified the conditions under which the Third Republic exists. I refer to the fact that a treaty has been signed between the Emperor of Russia and the President of the French Republic, and that this treaty places the money and the soldiers of France at the service of Russia in the event of that country being attacked; just as the money and the soldiers of Russia would be at the service of France if the cases were reversed. According to the traditions of European councils such a treaty cannot be published. It has therefore been kept secret. But what is its value, then, if the republican chambers, the depositories of the supreme authority, do not approve of it and sanction its terms by a solemn vote? The Constitution recognises the President's right to draw up and to sign treaties with foreign powers; but do such treaties come within the spirit of the Constitution, treaties affecting the whole future of the race, which can give its destinies a new direction, or at any rate modify their actual direction? In this case the French Republic would be nothing but an elective monarchy which changes its head every seven years.

This new aspect of things would certainly not be displeasing to monarchic Europe. We know the anxiety of European sovereigns when they saw a great Republic establishing itself at their door, in a country reputed to be monarchic; above all, when they saw it consolidating itself. Prince Bismarck, with whom everything was colossal, his mistakes as well as his strokes of genius, was alone undisturbed; persuaded, as he was, that a republican army would never become very formidable. The sovereigns, less reassured, kept France at a distance, made their agreements without consulting her, almost in defiance of her. She ought to be grateful to them; for in acting thus they rendered the Republic strong and durable. A distinguished member of the British Cabinet not long ago congratulated himself on the "splendid isolation" of England. Such isolation proved still more useful to France. But it could not last. A nation of continental Europe can efface herself for a time; she can recover, as Russia did after the Crimean war, or as Austria after Sadowa; but it is not permitted to her to emancipate herself completely from the rights and duties laid upon her by her geographical and political situation. Sooner or later, events happen which throw her back again into the crucible of nations, and shackle once more her inde-

pendence. No doubt the Franco-Russian alliance has not affected the equilibrium of European Powers. This equilibrium seems to be almost established; it is the interest of each to prevent its disturbance. Even if no misunderstanding existed between her and Russia, France would be almost certain of succour in case of danger. When in 1875 M. de Bismarck dreamed of recommencing hostilities, Queen Victoria and the Emperor Alexander II. intervened with William I., in order to dissuade him from following up so perilous a line of conduct. Peace is so necessary to Europe that every one is ready to protect his friends, and even his enemies, with a view to insuring it.

Thus the extreme importance of the Franco-Russian alliance does not consist in this question of peace or war, but in the other question, not less grave, of Monarchy or Republic. The Republic gave France what she in vain demanded from the Monarchy, stability, a form of government to which the immense majority of the people has never refused the support of its votes. This fact is calculated to impress other nations, those especially who already count among their number avowed partisans of the republican form of government. It might be supposed that the sovereigns would be struck by it also. They have tried to do harm to the French Republic by holding themselves aloof from it. This policy has failed. Now they are trying to win it over. They treat the President as one of themselves; they exchange friendly telegrams with him; they confer on him the highest dignities at their disposal; they even visit with him. During the three years in which he has been in office, M. Félix Faure has already had interviews with the Emperor and Empress of Austria, the Queen of England, the King of the Belgians, the King of Greece, the King of Portugal, the Prince of Bulgaria, the Prince of Wales, and the Prince of Naples. The Emperor and Empress of Russia have made, with him, a triumphal entry into Paris. The President himself has been received with acclamations at St. Petersburg. During the nine years of his double presidency, M. Grévy received nobody but the King of Spain; and M. Carnot in seven years, none but the King of Greece, the King of Servia, and the Shah of Persia. But the fact which surpasses all others in importance is, that the President of the French Republic, in his character of head of the State, has allied himself with an absolute Emperor by a secret treaty, and that this secret treaty disposes of nothing less than the soldiers and the finances of the Republic.

We are led, then, to this alternative. Has the French Republic acquired, in twenty-five years' time, sufficient gravity, sufficient force of resistance, sufficient solidity to be able to contract an alliance of this kind and to remain faithful to it, without ceasing to be a Republic? Or rather, is it still too new, too young, too easily shaken to be able

to bear this intimacy with an absolute Emperor, and the favours of other monarchies, without risk of arresting its social development and republican ideas, and thereby compromising the very existence of its institutions? It is not the name that makes the thing. History tells us of more than one State that was republican only in name—the Italian republics for instance; more especially the republic of Venice. But in France, in these latter days, the thing corresponds with the name. The Americans have some difficulty in understanding this. They are disconcerted by our administrative centralisation and the hierarchy of our officials, because they have nothing of the kind themselves. If it comes to that, we may remind them of the time when Washington went to Congress in his state carriage. After all, it is not surprising that aristocratic customs should linger in a country like ours, which was so long monarchic. The spirit of equality, the habit of free thought and free action, the open discussion of all subjects of public interest, have notwithstanding made astonishing progress during twenty years.

It has been said, and with too much evidence, that for the last two years progress in these things has been arrested. Government is no longer administered in broad daylight; a portion, and by no means the least considerable portion of it, is carried on with closed doors. The President has affected more and more the habits of a sovereign; the Minister of Foreign Affairs those of a Chancellor. We are far from the days when M. Grévy, on his way to Cherbourg, insisted on being accompanied by the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber, all three going abreast like a Triumvirate; far too, from the days when each time that a question of external policy was raised it was carefully examined by the Ministerial Council. Since then, other habits have prevailed at the Elysée and the Quai d'Orsay. When the Chamber demands information upon certain subjects it is gently intimated to it that such and such a matter does not concern it; that it cannot be furnished with instruction; that it must grant its confidence without haggling over it—and it grants it. Negotiations have their hidden sides, as in the time of the Monarchy; and as France is involved in them, it is not well that she should know them; she has to resign everything into the hands of her governors.

For my part, I find that she does this much too easily. She has regained a little of that national torpor which was prevalent under the Second Empire. Provided that enough homage was shown to the Emperor, enough torches were lit, enough guns fired, with here and there a fine display of hollow eloquence, the nation declared itself satisfied. She has not gone back to this state of things, far from it; but if she does not take care she will go back to it; for she is tending that way.

IV.

Such are the contradictions of modern France; such are the two curious paradoxes upon which the Third Republic has been built. Owing to the one, the military paradox, the army exists as a strong and well-disciplined body, at the same time that it is subject to the civil power, organised in the very heart of a democracy. Owing to the other, the political paradox, the government remains stable through the sequence of ideas, the coherence of the various points of its programme and the force of things, in spite of the ministerial instability which has now reached its maximum. It would have been only natural to suppose that the army would repress democracy, and instability destroy the Republican principle; but it has not been so. On the contrary, militarism and instability have actually consolidated the Republic. I have lately shown the beneficent effect which military service has had on the nation; and I do not know, judging by certain criticisms which I have received, whether all readers of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* have understood me. The Zola trial seems to me to have hindered many Englishmen from properly realising the situation. I may remark that these people, forgetful of their habitual *sang-froid*, have, in this instance, been "carried away," like so many Parisians. Thus one London journal has drawn this conclusion from my article on the military paradox, that "at the present day the army is mistress of France." This is not correct; and at the present hour most certainly France would never be led by the army away from the paths of law. I would even say that the army has not the least desire to depart from them itself. I simply said that France felt the utmost confidence in, and deep gratitude towards, her army: and owing to this feeling 'she was roused to general indignation by the insults heaped on the heads of the leaders of that army.

My object this time has been to explain to our British neighbours what I call the political paradox; in order that without attaching too much importance to the machinery of government, to the downfalls of ministries, to political debates, they may realise that behind this *façade*, that shifts like the painted canvas of stage scenery, there exists a real structure, solid enough for all purposes, which has been slowly and carefully built up. I repeat, ministerial crises have been safety-valves which have helped towards the satisfactory working of the machine.

At the same time, for the simple reason that we have to do with paradoxes, certain fears may be entertained for the future. There can be no contradictory situation that does not entail some danger of catastrophe. A time will most assuredly come when the great moral and patriotic effort, through which the army was organised and main-

tained during a quarter of a century, will tend to flag; when the country will feel the burden of supporting all these soldiers, and reflect upon the need it has of workmen and of labourers. This is the military danger. The political danger is nearer at hand; it is at our doors. It arises from the intervention of Europe in our external affairs. Europe is still monarchic, and no doubt will long remain so. Our Republic is a little too young to enjoy this intimacy with kings and emperors without some injury to its character.

It is impossible for a monarchy to be re-established among us under any of the forms we know. There is something in the monarchic principle which is ended as far as France is concerned—it is heredity. We have done with hereditary succession, that is to say, unless extraordinary events happen, or revolutions on which it is impossible to calculate. The idea of heredity has, so to speak, departed from the brains of the new generations; and the example of our European neighbours has long ago proved powerless to restore it. But without ceasing to be elected by the will of the people, the head of the State may become more and more like a monarch. Perhaps it is not very unlikely that some of these days we shall raise to the Presidency a general, or an admiral, who will no doubt remain very loyal to the letter, if not to the spirit of the Constitution, who will not attempt any *Coup d'État*, and will retire when the term of his Presidency is ended, leaving his place to another. This *régime* will entail neither disorder nor revolution. But history teaches only too plainly that such an organisation is depressing and weakening, that it leads citizens to become indifferent to public affairs, that it arrests the development of general education and destroys the moral force of the nation.

The real danger lies in the two frequent and intimate contact of the President of the Republic with sovereigns, of the Minister of Foreign Affairs with chancelleries. The attention of our citizens is again about to turn towards these relations with foreign powers which are so deceptive, whose encroachment is disguised under the appearance of movement, and the mediocrity of the painting hidden by the gilding of the frame. Obviously, diplomatic adventures are more fascinating than domestic affairs, and our people is too apt to forget that law of collective labour which has made great nations. The power of England springs, in a great measure, from the fact that no Englishman is indifferent to the affairs of his country, that each labours in his own sphere, and to the best of his ability, to "keep the machine going," instead of standing by and watching the wheels go round.

And the gravity of the danger lies in the fact that for a large number of my fellow-countrymen it is hidden behind a treacherous mask. Having seen the Republic isolated in Europe, judged severely,

and treated with suspicion, they have too easily imagined that for her the supreme triumph consists in conquering prejudice and repugnance, in impressing the monarchies, and in re-joining their circle, in order to be treated there as their equal. This is an excusable error, but it is a pernicious one all the same.

I do not insist on this. It is enough to have pointed it out. The danger may still be averted; let us hope that it will be. I have no more to say beyond a single word as to the probable sympathies of England in this case. I believe that they will be on the side of the Republic of Labour, dear to Thiers, to Gambetta, and to Jules Ferry; because, after all, that Republic represents in another form the same principles which have made the power and the glory of the English people—liberty of thought, a government directed by the majority, a public kept thoroughly informed of all that its representatives are doing, contributing its own share to the progress of public affairs. All this is at present threatened by what I do not hesitate to call the policy of “throwing dust in people’s eyes,” the policy that we have seen at work under the Second Empire, that seemed to give us satisfaction, and that led us, with a bandage on our eyes, to the most terrible catastrophe. A democracy like ours ought not to depart from the programme which is that of the British Empire, and which alone will insure the prosperity of the democracies of the twentieth century. That programme is summed up in the word: *laboremus*, let us work.

PIERRE DE COUBERTIN.

THE PARIS SALONS.

THE old Palais de l'Industrie, for so many years the scene of the annual display of French painting and sculpture, has been swept away; the centre block, containing the main entrance, alone standing for the present as the temporary offices of the *chantier* of the 1900 Exhibition. Architecturally the building was of no value, but it had the merit of a good light, and on grounds of sentiment one cannot feel quite indifferent to the disappearance of an erection associated with so many artistic memories and so much intellectual enjoyment. After the 1900 Exhibition is over, it is understood that the old, or Champs Elysées Salon ("Société des Artistes Français"), will find its permanent home in the much finer building which is being erected as the Fine Arts Palace of the Exhibition, and which will be a monumental and not a temporary erection; and the Champ de Mars Salon ("Société Nationale des Beaux Arts") will probably be provided for in one of the other Exhibition buildings, unless the two Salons reconcile their differences and amalgamate. In the meantime, after many suggestions had been made and abandoned, the two Salons have for the present been provided for in the great "Galerie des Machines," built for the 1889 Exhibition across the lower end of the Champ de Mars, where one entrance and one payment gives access to both exhibitions; an arrangement which is both a present advantage to the public and a first step, at all events, towards a reconciliation between the two societies.

People whose æsthetic judgment was more correct than their geometrical estimate of superficial area, were in hopes that the relevation of the two Salons to the same building would have a beneficial effect on art, in limiting the wall space available for those enormous canvases, often out of all proportion to the interest of the subject, with which alone the megalomania of some French painters can be propitiated. They had not realised the extent of ground covered by M. Dutert's grand roof, at once the most scientific and the most artistic of the great iron roofs of the modern world—if the true art in such a structure be the frank exhibition of structural lines with no gauds of so-called "ornament." Both the exhibitions are as big as ever; offering at all events a phenomenal spectacle of human energy and vitality, as the year's production of the artists of, for the most part, a single city. The arrangement of the building has been well carried out under the direction of an eminent French architect, M. Loviot.

The general impression is that it is a better Salon than last year,

both in the Old and New departments. There has probably been a certain degree of effort on all sides to make a good show at the new installation. There are the usual number of pictures the object of which seems to be to move the astonishment of the spectator, first that such pictures should be painted, secondly, that they should be hung. M. Bérond, under the title "*Eternelle chaîne*," paints a kicking figure of a giant of colossal size, round whom float a bevy of nude women of the size of life. The usual "horrors" picture is supplied by M. Gueldry's "*Buveurs de Sang*," a butcherly work—hung on the line, too. The painter is a pupil of Gérôme, who (with his greater predecessor, Decamp) has much to answer for in promoting the French taste for cruel and repulsive subjects, though he painted them smaller and better than this sickening affair. Mr. Smith-Lewis, in his "*En pèlerinage au Méné*," has expended his fancy for painting landscape and animals the size of life (as one may say) on a barren plain, and a wretched horse plastered with immense brush-marks, which reminds one of the mystic horse in "*Childe Roland*":—

"I never saw a brute I hated so ;
He must be wicked to deserve such pain."

Of the huge hashes of "nudes" in all kinds of attitudes—contortionist nudes they may be termed—there is fortunately only one example, M. Lalire's "*Les Sirènes*," so that in this respect we are better off than usual. The sensational element, however, has invaded the New Salon also, as we see in M. Melcher's flagrant rendering of the "*Supper at Emmaus*," where the two disciples are represented as the lowest of ruffians, and M. Lerolle's singular performance, "*La Toilette*," an interior where a lady sits stark naked in a chair, with a foot-bath before her, holding out one leg to be wiped by her servant, while another servant stands by. As this is an essentially realistic work, one may ask whether we are to regard it as an illustration of "*mœurs contemporaines*," and as indicating that in France ladies will strip themselves before their domestics, a thing which assuredly no lady in England would do. But the real fact is that the thing is simply vulgar, and the whole object of it is to catch the public eye by an infringement of the conventional proprieties. On the many pictures in the Old Salon where painting is made use of to tell a story, or to point a moral, one may look with indulgence, and in some cases even with sympathy. It is true that this is not the main and central object of art; neither are sermons or moral essays the central object of literature; but one does not deny them a place of their own in literature. And, considering the power which lies in the art of painting to vivify an historical fact, or to present or symbolise a moral contrast, it seems rather a want of catholicity of

feeling to turn one's back contemptuously, as some critics tell us we ought, on everything in the shape of a subject-picture in which the matter appeals to us rather than the manner.

The large number of paintings in the annual Salon which deal with contemporary life and manners form a certain element in the interest of the show; it is the vivacious reflection of the life of the day, and in this connection it is curious to notice, considering how much better the central meaning of the art of painting is understood in France than it is in England, that the French Government, in its official purchases from the Salon (which are mostly made for ultimate presentation to some provincial museum or other deserving public institution), almost invariably purchases pictures with a moral, scarcely ever those which may be classed as purely ideal works of art; though it never, let it be added, purchases bad work. Among its selections this year are M. Royer's "*L'exvoto*," the presentation of a votive ship in a sea-coast church, and (from the New Salon) M. Cottet's triptych, "*Au pays de la mer*," with the centre subject "*Le repas d'adieu*," and at the sides the fishermen and the women respectively — "*Ceux qui s'en vont*" and "*Celles qui restent*"; a work of some pathos as a representation of the life "where men must work and women must weep." Another State purchase is M. Leroy's "*Le Bain*," some half-dressed girls on the rocks by the shore; probably the objective in this case was the technique of the nude figure in the foreground, which will go as an exemplar to an art school somewhere. Thus does a paternal Government treat painting as an exponent of life or an assistance to study, not as a mere means of intellectual enjoyment, which after all is for the few rather than for the many. Again, is there no value in M. Beyle's small work, "*Première Communion d'une étoile*," a dancing girl coming out of a travelling caravan dressed for First Communion, followed by the prayers of her mother? It has as much connection with art, at all events, as Dickens's moral examples in low life have with literature. Even M. Laubadère's big, hard picture, violent in colour and action, "*Bal pour les pauvres*," had better have been painted than not. It represents a disorderly crowd coming out of a charity fancy dress ball, and finding Christ seated at the door holding the bowl for contributions for the object of the ball. It is certainly not a very good picture (though the artist is a pupil of Cabanel and Bouguereau), but it is a trenchant satire, and will be remembered. Let us live and let live; let us not, who believe in art as a source of intellectual pleasure, think too hardly of those who paint (or those who like) pictures with a moral. They, too, are God's creatures.

One feature of this year's Salons is the unusual number of religious pictures, most of which are on a very large scale, but are more

striking from their size than for higher qualities. Of the largest of all, the "Payens et Chrétiens" of M. Barrias, it may be said that it suggests the idea of a picture of the late Mr. Long's, greatly magnified. M. Hippolyte Flandrin's "La Vocation de Saint Jean et le retour du Calvaire," a decorative picture for the chapel of Saint-Jean des Sulpiciens, Paris, is a fine work in three compartments; the group of St. John bringing the Virgin Mary to his home is especially admirable for simplicity, dignity, and feeling. Among this class of works, however, is one of the finest of the year, M. Dagnan-Bouveret's "Christ et les Pèlerins à Emmaüs," in the New Salon. Christ is seated facing the spectator, in the centre of the picture, a solemn figure from which a kind of radiance of mellow, golden light seems to emanate and form a background to the figure; the two disciples are seated sideways to the spectator at each end of the table, each looking up at Christ with an expression of surprise mingled with adoration; the composition is flat and symmetrical, giving a decorative appearance to the work, which would, in fact, be very suitable for a wall-painting. By a curious revival of a habit of early Renaissance art, the artist has introduced on the right of the picture, behind one of the disciples and a little separated from, though close to the main group, three figures of persons in modern dress—man, woman, and child—as if contemplating the scene in an attitude of worship. This striking and unexpected incident has the effect of explaining and justifying the partly supernatural treatment of the figure of Christ and of the light by which he is surrounded; the main portion of the picture becomes not a painting of fact but a vision witnessed by these bystanders, and is thus put into quite a different category from the ordinary type of biblical picture. Besides its remarkable effect on the whole idea of the picture, this bystander group is in itself of the greatest beauty, in the solemn and heartfelt expression of reverence in the figures. All the other religious pictures of the year pale before this one.

Among paintings dealing with classic legend there are two that are worth notice for their conception of the subject. M. Chalon's "Orphée" shows Orpheus in long drapery walking up to the front of the picture in a rapture of inspiration, lyre in hand and face upturned, his path marked behind him by the shrubs that have sprung up around it, while the animals attracted by his voice are duly in presence. Unfortunately the picture is radically bad in colour, but it is both spirited and dignified in conception. A more remarkable work of the same class is M. Pierre Laurens's "Hercules." The artist has evidently been thinking of Euripides; this is just the Hercules of *Alceste*, the busy and strenuous redresser of wrongs and friend of mankind, who, after the slight business of

bringing back Alcestis from the shades, has no time to stop and appreciate the gratitude of her relatives—

ΑΔ. μένον παρ' ἡμῖν καὶ συνίστιος γενοῖ.

HP. αὐθις τόδ' ἔσται. νῦν δ' ἐπείγεσθαι με δεῖ.

He must be off elsewhere; he has other fish to fry. The artist shows him not as a kind of typical porter with great rolls of muscle, but as a strong and large-limbed young man, with the handsome Greek type of profile, striding along through a stormy twilight landscape, with his club over his shoulder. Neither the colour nor the style of execution of the work are all that one could wish; but here is at least a new conception of a great legendary personage. And when we remember that an English painter recently represented Orpheus as a naked lad capering among some animals (merely because he wanted "a study of the nude"), and that a prominent piece of sculpture in last year's Academy represented Prometheus as a wretched old workhouse pauper stripped naked and screaming with fright at the sight of the vulture, one may well feel grateful to artists who are able at least to bring some intellectual perception to the treatment of Greek legend, and who strive to raise rather than to vulgarise our conception of it.

M. Debat-Ponsan, in a spirited painting, has endeavoured to get something new, too, out of the legend of Truth emerging from the well. A finely painted nearly nude figure, she is ready to leap from the coping of the well, holding her mirror aloft, while an ecclesiastic and a masked bravo (typical apparently of Superstition and Violence) endeavour to pull her back by her scanty remains of drapery. The realistic costume of the men produces rather an unfortunate clashing of the real with the allegorical, which has its ludicrous side; the meaning of the two assailant figures ought to have been conveyed by their physiognomy and by symbols of a more abstract nature, so as to put them on the same plane with the figure of Truth. Still, it is a spirited and striking work. The title, "*Nec Mergitur*," may be intended to have a double and patriotic significance.¹

All the three treatments of ideal subjects just referred to are works of the pictorial, not of the decorative class; i.e. they are painted, as one may say, "in the round," and with more or less of realistic effect. Let us turn now to that interesting class of paintings, which the French so well understand and of which they produce so many, which are called "decorative," inasmuch as they are specially intended to be subordinated to architecture, to form the decoration of a wall, and hence to have a certain flat effect in order to retain the idea of the wall, and avoid anything like a perspective illusion,

(1) The device of the City of Paris is a ship rocking on the waves, with the fine motto, "*Fluctuat nec mergitur*."

which is only suitable for a framed picture that is to be complete in itself, and to be considered for itself alone, apart from its surroundings.¹ One advantage which decorative painting offers for the treatment of ideal and symbolical subjects arises from this very necessity for non-realistic treatment. Symbolical figures which, with a realistic method, would appear too material, and make too great a demand on the spectator's faith, can, in a decorative wall painting, be pushed back, so to speak, from the plane of realism, and appear as symbols rather than representations of fact.

No one understands this better than M. Puvis de Chavannes, who is in most respects the greatest decorative painter of the day, though one may find his constant preference for a cold grey scale of tones somewhat monotonous after a time, and wanting moreover in one element of decorative effect, that of warmth of colour. Still, as a painter of pictures which are to be subordinate to architecture, he is, on the whole, without an equal at present, though it is doubtful whether his contribution to the New Salon this year, "*Panneau destiné au Panthéon*," would in itself justify this estimate. The subject is "*Geneviève dans sa pieuse sollicitude veille sur la Ville endormie*"; and the painting represents St. Geneviève standing on the roof of a building, the tower wall, through the door of which she has emerged, supporting the figure on the right, while the city in perspective is represented below. Although this view of the city is kept very subordinate, and makes no approach to realism, it necessitates the idea of perspective extent, which is out of keeping with a wall painting, and which M. de Chavannes has generally contrived to avoid. The thin figure of the Saint, the straight vertical lines of the drapery almost unbroken, is expressive in a way, but certainly not very striking, and on the whole the work falls rather flat after previous productions by the same hand; though, with a kind of perversity, people in Paris seem to persist in maintaining that it is his best work. The decorative border round the picture is a very good bit of design.

One of the most important decorative pictures of the year is that by M. Raphael Colliu in the Old Salon—"Les Harmonies de la Nature inspirent le Compositeur," a work intended for the decoration of the small Salon of the New Opera-Comique. Putting aside the radical error of the subject, since the so-called "harmonies of nature" have nothing whatever to do with the art of music, any more than

(1) It is a shibboleth with one school of modern critics that all pictures ought to be considered as decorative, and in regard to their effect on the wall in the first instance. That is absurd. A work of pure landscape-painting, or an interior of the *genre* class, for instance, is essentially a look into another world through the frame of the picture, and ought to be so considered: it has nothing to do with the wall on which it is hung. The æsthetic functions of a decorative and a non-decorative work are perfectly distinct, and ought not to be confounded.

the forms of trees have to do with architecture, the picture is a charming one; the "Compositeur," in long drapery, stands beneath a tree in front of a kind of dream landscape backed by masses of trees delicately indicated in low tones; the voices of nature reach his ear through two level-flying figures which float past and whisper to him; altogether a pretty conception, and very notably executed. M. Destrem, a native of Toulouse and a pupil of M. Bonnat, has been engaged on decorative paintings for the "Salle des Illustres" in the capitol of Toulouse, two of which are exhibited. One of these, under the title "Stet Capitolium Fulgens," is very original in conception; it represents two women, in long drapery of warm but differing tones, standing on the plain with their backs to the spectator; one of them, whose profile is just seen, pointing out to the other the distant city; the group is abstract in treatment, the figures being completely idealised and of no place or country. In M. Fourié's "La Terre," a decorative panel commissioned by the State for the Ministry of Agriculture, we quit the symbolical and come to the class of decorative painting which consists simply in the representation of figures belonging to the class of life intended to be typified, only painted a little more broadly and in a more monumental style than would be followed in a *genre* picture of rural life; but in fact this is not really decorative painting in the proper sense of the word; the landscape and surroundings are too realistic for that, and at the same time not realistic enough for *genre*; it falls between two stools. In short, one does not make decorative painting by merely putting a picture on a wall without a frame; it needs a particular character and treatment, which are missed here. A piece of real decorative painting of rather unusual type is found in the very large painting executed by M. Auburtin for the Zoological Lecture Theatre at the New Sorbonne; a picture of aquatic life, a kind of section of the sea with great marine vegetation seen through the water. Though the interest of this is of an inferior kind, it is a piece of perfectly suitable wall decoration for the place it is intended for. In this connection it should be observed that there is a great scheme of physiological decoration in progress by M. Cormon for the new Museum; one room of the Old Salon is entirely filled with his sketches and studies for this great piece of work, including a ceiling representing the types of the human race, and a number of historic sketches of the development of humanity—the man of the flint age, the man of the iron age, &c., &c.; these are mostly only in sketch form, but they promise a scheme of great interest and one which, in its peculiar character, will stand alone among modern schemes of decorative painting. Perhaps it will teach other artists something in regard to the probable character of pre-historic mankind, which they are apt to overlook at present. Thus, M. Jamin professes to represent a "Cité Lacustre :—le retour

des hommes est signalé." The thing is absurd from a historic point of view; the women and girls are simply modern personages in "property" dresses. Does the artist imagine that the pre-historic people who constructed lake dwellings had the manner and appearance of the people one meets in the streets to-day?

Ceiling decoration forms a special type of work with French artists, who have a kind of tradition about it which they seem unable to shake off, but which is a perfectly illogical one. While they see clearly that a decorative painting for a wall should not lose sight of the wall, on the other hand, in a decorative painting for a ceiling, their precise object seems to be to lose sight of the ceiling, to make it fly up and away in perspective. This tendency has become a tradition, even in ordinary house-painters' work, or was so; I fancy it has been given up lately, but in the older apartment houses in Paris you will often find the ceiling finished by the house-painter with a light and rapid indication of clouds and blue spaces between them; and an eminent artist who paints a ceiling picture still goes on the same principle, with no exception as far as the Salon exhibits are concerned. M. Gervais has this year devoted his splendid abilities as a draughtsman and colourist of the figure to a design of this type, entitled "*Les Pommes*," but with no particular point in the title; the female figure seated astride of a cloud is in his best manner, but it is an unsatisfactory expenditure of talent. M. Marioton's "*Les Songes*" is another and a very pretty ceiling design of this type. The only thing to be said for this style of ceiling painting is that, if you must have figure pictures on a ceiling (which to my thinking is no place for them), it is better to have them floated about in a vague manner than to have them standing, as it were, on one side of the space, as if one side of the ceiling were right way up and the other wrong, which is bewildering both to the eyes and to the judgment. The mischief lies in the clouds, and the constant attempt to paint balustrades, columns, &c., as if rising up vertically from the cornice of the room, and figures as if mounting up into space. Why the French, who understand so well the principle of decorative wall painting, should throw aside all their principles when they get to work on a ceiling, it is not easy to understand, except on the supposition that it is with them a long-standing tradition of ceiling-painting, and that the public expect this kind of work in this position. Then there are the decorative landscapes, a curious and quite modern and French development. Decorative landscape seems at first sight a perfectly illogical idea, since the presentation almost necessarily includes the idea of perspective extension into the distance. The problem is generally met by avoiding effects of aerial perspective as far as possible, and treating the landscape in a somewhat conventional manner. M. Montenard has managed to produce a very fine and successful work of this class in his large picture in the New Salon, intended for the *Hôtel des*

Agriculteurs. It bears as motto Virgil's familiar line, "*O fortunatos nimium,*" &c., and shows the figures, apparently, of Virgil and the Rural Muse, under a great tree in the foreground, whose branches spread over a great part of the picture, watching a small band of the fortunate "*agricolæ*" as they follow a steep road leading out of the picture, with the blue sea beyond. There is a calm and a largeness of manner in the work, quite in keeping with our associations with the poetry of Virgil. M. Ferry, on a different system, produces (New Salon) a fine effect in a landscape intended as a decorative panel for the Mairie of Suresnes; a meadow in the foreground, the silhouette of a city against the sky in the background; the whole treated in long, slightly sloping lines or belts, each representing a successive grade of distance, but with little detail introduced except in the foreground, and the whole kept in a low tone of colour. M. Carrière, the author of a new manner of painting people like ghosts, or as if seen through a fog (which has got him more credit than it is worth), has received the commission to paint a decorative panel for the theatre of "*enseignement libre*" at the New Sorbonne, for which he has chosen to produce a view of the city of Paris (New Salon) in the same hazy and misty manner. Considering that an important element in decorative painting is *line*, it is difficult to recognise as such a picture in which everything like decision of line is obliterated.

Of what are usually called historical pictures there are but a few of any importance. The finest is naturally that by M. J. Paul Laurens, in the Old Salon, "*L'arrestation de Broussel,*" a large broadly-designed work, every figure carefully studied. The scene is the staircase of the Parliament House apparently, where the popular councillor, whose arrest in 1648 at the instance of the court party led to a barricade fight in the streets, descends the stairs, bare-headed, amid a troupe of armed men. A large painting by M. Jules Girardet (Old Salon), "*Défense du Pont de Thielle,*" is an incident in mediæval warfare in the days of complete armour and battle-axes; a good work, but which does not succeed in impressing one with an idea of reality, which is the first duty of a historical picture. M. Roybet's large picture, "*L'Astronome,*" though not nominally connected with any special event, may be classed among historical pictures; it represents the astronomer, a rough, unkempt, bare-headed figure, expounding his ideas to an audience of whom a characteristic fat Dutch burgomaster is the salient figure; in fact, it is the episode of Galileo and the sceptics transferred to Holland. The picture seems rather to indicate that M. Roybet might make something of historical painting if he chose. The most real thing of all which may be classed as historical is M. Robert-Fleury's "*Sous la Terreur—une perquisition,*" a really original work. It represents one single figure of a woman, apparently in the passage of a dwelling-house, listening in breathless anxiety to what is going

on on the other side of the door ; a picture that makes its mark on the memory as one in which the painter has aimed intensely at realising the situation. Battle-pictures are neither numerous nor of the best this year, but one must be mentioned, for the same reason—that it is an unconventional attempt to realise a situation ; M. Sergeant's " *La bataille approche* ; " an irregular party, with some led horses and a gun or two, struggling through bad roads on the side of a hill, a trooper in advance pointing out the enemy. The thing is so genuine, so different from the ordinary conventional battle-picture, that one almost shares the anxiety of the straggling troops as to getting into position for action. All these are in the Old Salon. The New Salon contains neither historical nor battle-pieces worth mention ; probably the contributors to it would say that they were employed on higher matters.

Of nude figures there are as usual many, of a very different class either from the huge contortionist "hashes" already alluded to, or from M. Lerolle's preposterous piece of *intimité*. Nude figures, those which are worth recognition from the artistic point of view, fall into two main classes ; those which are simply studies of the beauty of colour and form of the figure, and exercises of the delight of drawing, and those in which the figure is the vehicle of an abstract poetic conception from which the artificial accidents of costume are eliminated. The latter are always the least numerous ; indeed, in many cases (in English exhibitions especially), where some poetic name has been given to the work, it will be found that the figure is in fact nothing but a life study of more or less accomplishment, totally devoid of poetic suggestion. It is to the credit of the intellectual perception of French artists that in general they distinguish pretty clearly, in the titles and pretensions of their works, between the one and the other object. They are not afraid to call a figure frankly " *Etude de nu*," when in its genesis it is nothing else ; and if a poetic title is given to the work, there will generally be found to be something in the treatment to bear it out. M. Chabas, for instance, in the Old Salon, paints two nude girls in a boat under the title : " *Sur l'Eau*," with the verse,—

" Elle rêve—elle chante. Et sa compagne écoute,
L'eau dort sous le baiser défaillant du soleil,
Et la barque légère, en glissant suit sa route,
Dans la douceur du soir, vers le lointain vermeil."

The picture does not belie the verse. It is no mere "nude study"; the happy and *spirituelle* look of the girl sitting up singing, the repose of the reclining figure, the bright evening light in the vista up the river, combine to make a kind of vision of the golden age—an impossible one, for it is a modern girl who sings, not a Greek nymph ; but the whole thing, nevertheless, is an Arcadian poem, and

to be accepted as such. Among the nudes painted purely for material beauty, there is no finer one than M. Nicolas Laurens's "Sous la Vague"; two women reclining on the verge of the sea, waiting for a wave to break over them; the drawing of the one with her back to the spectator is admirable, though the picture is a little over-finished. One may contrast with this M. Houyoux' bold and broadly painted "Baigneuses" in the New Salon, a thoroughly open-air picture in a fine, free style. Among other charming works are the small-scale studies of figures in the broken light of sunshine through trees — woodland nymphs, by Mr. Stewart, a French-American artist, in the New Salon. M. Fantin-Latour, in his small "Andromeda" (Old Salon), gives distinction to a very old conception by sheer force of style; but his "Le lever" is superior to this; a nude figure sitting up amid a heap of silks, as if just about to rise—one of those perplexing works which, with absolutely nothing in the subject that can be defined, captivate one simply by their artistic unity and completeness. Among other nudes M. Hébert's half-length, called "Fleur d'oubli," is quite a poem; M. Henner exhibits a figure of a woman lying dead, in which his mannerism of melting away the outlines of the figure is carried to excess and becomes a manifest and unhealthy weakness; M. Thomas exhibits a large and rather poetic scene, "Soir antique," a twilight landscape, where three nude figures recline on the bank in the foreground—the inspiration of the work is certainly taken from Henner, though not the *ficture*, and the figures have the fault (which M. Henner's in such scenes never have) of not combining with the landscape; M. Albert Laurens's "Femme nue couchée," a curiously posed figure with her face hid in her hair, is worth attention; M. Bouguereau has the usual nymph and cupids under some new title (he must be put to it to find a new name every year!); and M. Langlard has produced, under the title "Obsession," a very clever imitation of Bouguereau, which took in a good many visitors. All these latter are in the Old Salon.

There is a certain class of picture which can hardly be said to exist in England, but of which some examples are generally found in the Salons, in which figures, or collections of figures, sometimes of real or modern life, are used to express or illustrate an abstract idea. There are two rather striking works of this type, by no means equal in value, and strongly opposed in style, but which have this kind of aim in common. One is M. Ferrier's "Heure de Jeunesse," a very brilliantly painted though rather *clinquant* picture of three or four girls of great beauty, richly dressed and seated round or before a table covered with good things and rich plate, &c.; a kind of typical representation of the joy of life, in its more material aspect. The other, one of the most beautiful things in the Old Salon, is M. Ridet's "Pensées d'Automne," where two ladies, life size and in the best style of modern dress, are reclined, one leaning her head on the

shoulder of the other, on a rising ground overlooking the distant sea; the further one, a beautiful young woman, looking with abstracted countenance over the landscape, but hardly as if she saw it. The point to notice in this picture is the way in which everything is subordinated to the central idea—the sentiment of the scene. The landscape is kept in a tender half-light, with little detail and a very original colour scheme; the dresses of the women, which are quite recognisable as modern and fashionable dresses, are, on the same principle, only broadly indicated, no detail being prominent. If this had been otherwise, if the dresses had been painted as they commonly are in French portraits, or as they are in M. Ferrier's work just mentioned, the whole thing would have been ruined in regard to the real object of the work. This is a very fine, and what may be called a very instructive modern life subject, forming a good illustration of Millet's dictum—"nothing must be introduced into a picture but that which is fundamental. Every accessory, however ornamental, which is not there for a purpose, and does not complete the meaning of the picture, must be rigidly excluded."¹ In M. Ferrier's picture this exclusion was not necessary, for the object was to represent a type of the material luxury of life. In M. Ridel's work the object was to represent a phase of the sadness of modern life; the modern costume had to be sufficiently recognisable to define the status of the personages, but no more was necessary, and no more is given; everything is subordinated to the thought in the picture. It is not often that we see this principle so well carried out in a picture of modern life.

Portraits are not very often the strong point of the Salon exhibitions. Occasionally there is one remarkable portrait which is the prominent work of the year, but on the whole, portraiture is one of the branches of painting in which England need not fear comparison with France. Among the portraits of ladies in the Salon, there is a constant tendency to give too much prominence to brilliant costumes, which are over-emphasized and often very hardly painted. The portrait which is, at the same time, in the highest sense a picture, is less common than with us; possibly the wish of the sitter, in the case of ladies' portraits, has something to do with this. M. Carolus-Duran provided the Parisian lady with the very kind of portrait suited to her demands, for he contrived to treat sumptuous make and material in costume without losing artistic quality. He seems, however, to have sent his principal portraits to London this year, and is not well represented at the New Salon. At the Old Salon, M. Benjamin-Constant exhibits the finely-painted realistic portrait of M. Paul Sohège, standing in his park; probably a capital likeness, but not interesting as a picture. He also exhibits a fine portrait of M. Hanotaux. M. Aimé Morot seems to have been aiming at rivalling M. Detaille's equestrian

(1) See Mrs. Ady's *Jean François Millet: His Life and Letters*.

portrait of the Prince of Wales, in his immense picture of the Duc de la Rouchefoucauld-Doudeauville on a splendidly painted horse, a really fine work of its kind. But most of the portraits of ladies strike one as pictures of costume, and the face often very hardly painted; though there are exceptions, such as M. Henner's "Mdlle. L . . .," purchased by the State, one does not know why; it seems odd that there should be an official purchase of the portrait of a lady in private life. Among the portraits which represent strongly marked personal character and manner are two very clever ones, that by M. Fromentin, of M. Jules Lemaitre (Old Salon), seated at a table littered with papers, and with an eager expression of concentrated attention, and the very clever and expressive half-length sketch of M. Edouard Rod, the novelist, by M. Giron, in the New Salon.

Amid the large number of works which must be classed under the general denomination of *genre* (some of them because they cannot be classed otherwise), there are many which are well worth looking at, even if not of the highest value in an artistic sense, as representations of character and incidents in French life; indeed, if an artist paints faithfully what he sees in the character and conditions of the district in which he lives or is working, he is at all events contributing to the general knowledge of human life. Mr. Ruskin maintained (in a letter to the late Mr. Marks) that it was just because Frere confined himself to this kind of simple transcription that his pictures of village characters, children especially, were more true and of more value, as such, than F. Walker's, which he maintained were all posed for the purpose of an artistic ideal; and there is some truth in the remark, from that point of view. A good many French painters of the day display a great deal of unaffected truthfulness and simplicity in the representation of scenes in humble life, which sometimes rise to pathetic power through mere truthfulness of delineation. Look at M. E. Picard's "Drame Intime," for instance, a peasant girl seated with face buried in her hands, opposite to her parents, the whole group lighted through a large blind with the sun on it outside; a picture which suggests an incident in one of the humbler families of the Rougon-Macquart connection—some hopeless difficulty between Jules and her parents as to the *dot*, perhaps. And does not M. C. Le Roux' "Après le Fenaïson" remind one of *La Terre*, too, and come like a comment on it? A more serious class of study is found in M. Leydet's "Avant la Messe," the half-length figures, life-size, of a row of peasant women whose faces express various degrees of feeling, from devotion to blank indifference. The treatment of an industrial subject from an artist's point of view—another phase of *genre* painting—is illustrated occasionally in some painting of an interior with men or women at work, whose figures and occupation are obviously regarded only as subservient to pictorial effect, and where realistic detail is lost in a broad massing of figures in light and

shadow. Then again there is the strong life-sized presentation of a figure in open-air light, just for what it is, as in M. Durst's capital painting of the vigorous, healthy country girl on a ladder pruning a tree—"Paysanne à la Serpe" (New Salon), a simple transcript of life. To this class belongs also the far finer work by Mme. Demont-Breton, "*Dans l'eau bleue*" (Old Salon), a painting of a young girl, a child of fourteen or so, waist-deep in rather rough seawater, struggling to wade ashore, swinging her thin arms to help herself along, her face all flushed with the exertion and the chill of the water on her body. As a piece of painting from nature the picture is absolutely perfect, and in some respects might be regarded as the finest thing in this year's Salon, if we consider the greatest triumph of art to be the perfect realisation of the artist's endeavour. Another work worth special mention is M. Victor Lecomte's little cabinet picture "*Consolation*," an interior with two figures, on a very small scale, showing how it may be possible to paint minute and multifarious details with entire realism of effect, without degenerating into hardness, the too frequent defect of this kind of miniature painting, and one from which even Meissonier did not escape.

Many people who have been used to contemplate landscape painting mainly through English spectacles, feel a certain bewilderment and disappointment over French landscape painting: they miss the brightness and the realism of much of the English landscape painting. It takes them a little time to find out that in France landscape-painting is a school, an endeavour to translate nature into artistic expression in accordance with a recognised principle, not to produce realistic effects of imitation. The principal work of M. Didier-Pouget this year, "*Le Matin; vallée de la Creuse*," with its wonderfully powerful foreground under strong light, and its misty distance, may indeed offer some contentment to the mind of the realist: the work is rather a new departure for this artist, who has not in general attempted such striking and almost scenic effect. But it requires a little education, for minds steeped in the English view of landscape painting, to appreciate fully such a work as M. Harpignies' "*Le Teverone*," with its solid built-up style, its absence of detail, and the grand calm of the sky with its few spots of white cloud suspended in the air. There is a look of an "old master" about this, in the sense that it seems to have a permanent value, and belongs to no temporary fashion in art. M. Jorrand's "*Le Nuage et l'Étang*," a strip of hilly ground crossing the picture between the sky and the lake, with a column of white cloud reflected in the water, is a fine work somewhat inspired by Harpignies. M. Quignon has rather departed from his usual style, and shows, in "*La Nuée*," a very strong effect of a gold harvest-field backed by a thunder-cloud; but this is hardly so refined a work as his broader and quieter landscapes of former exhibitions. Among the larger

works which illustrate the best qualities of French landscape painting are M. Lamy's "La Paix aux Champs," with its broad mass of trees overshadowing the horse and plough; M. Rapin's solemn evening scene, "L'Automne"; M. Simonnet's "Le Soir," of rather an unwholesome green in the foreground, but a fine work nevertheless; M. Leenhardt's "Effet d'aube sur les blés," with the thick mass of wood almost a blue black in the first cold morning light; an effect startling at first, but it belongs to a time of day with which few of us, unfortunately, are practically acquainted, in the country at least. In the New Salon there are few large landscapes, but a great many very interesting small ones, some of these also studies of peculiar effects; M. Dagnaux' "Pluie en Mer," for instance. Others illustrate on a smaller scale the special quality of the best French landscape, the broad treatment and suppression of unnecessary detail, which results from the maintenance of a distinct and definitely conceived purpose in landscape meaning. None of the smaller works better illustrate this than those of M. Cazin, whose "La Nuit," in particular, may be studied as a perfect example of style in landscape.

The sculpture in the New Salon, as before observed, is not worth much, but it contains one work which has set all artistic Paris by the ears, that in which M. Rodin has turned Balzac, like Lot's wife, into a pillar of salt. My own impression was that M. Rodin has really got, in the depths of his own mind, a remarkable conception for a statue of Balzac, but that he has chosen, out of sheer perversity, to fling it in the face of the public as a mere *ébauche*, without even modelling or indicating the texture of the drapery in any way; a proceeding not very respectful either to the Société Nationale or to the public, who rather resent being played with in this manner.¹ Sculpture in the Old Salon, however, may be said to be up to its usual mark (which is saying much). There are, no doubt, too many attempts at startling subjects, or subjects either innately unsuitable for sculpture or unsuitably treated. Mr. MacMonnies' colossal group of quadriga and charioteers, and horsemen, intended as a decorative adjunct to the entrance to Prospect Park, Brooklyn, is not among these; but it is a thing that strikes one as *passé* in conception, especially for a site in a new country; a kind of aimless repetition of a well-worn antique idea. The monumental element prevails a good deal among the sculpture this year, and in some cases with fine results. M. Soulés' monument to a child, facing the entrance, is both a pathetic and a finely designed work; it shows the head of a dead little child, covered otherwise by the bed-clothes, which form a central mass of drapery (there is no realistic "bedstead," or anything of that

(1) My companion and myself, however, derived no little amusement from taking seats a little in the rear of the statue, and watching, for some time, the different expressions on the faces of the successive groups of spectators as they found themselves opposite this artistic sphinx. It was a bit of unconscious comedy which was really, in the current phrase, "as good as a play."

kind), the mother kneeling on one side, an armed angel kneeling and looking upward, on the other side, with one arm beneath the child's head. M. Peynot's monument to Cardinal Bernadou, a great sarcophagus on which the cardinal kneels, his voluminous robes falling, like those of the bishop in St. Praxed's church,

" Into great laps and folds of sculptor's work,"

is a much more powerful though far less Christian work, and has something of the largeness and pomp of Renaissance art about it. But when M. Falguière gives us nothing better than a figure of an archbishop brandishing a crozier, and composed of a quantity of huge plaster crumples, one feels that his friends ought to interfere. M. Falguière's faculty in the creation of ideal form in sculpture was given him for something better than to go about modelling archbishops. M. Mercié unfortunately exhibits nothing but a bust and a statuette; he, like M. Falguière a few years ago, has been taking to painting pictures, which are not equal to his sculpture. Among the examples of pure sculptural form are a beautiful figure of a woman, "*Dans le Rêve*," by M. Gustave Michel, an ideal of physical beauty, and a much finer, because more intellectual work by M. Boucher, "*Philosophie de l'Histoire*," a very finely modelled nude figure, with her face turned towards an upright slab, on which she is writing with a thoughtful expression of face. This is one of the best works of the year, which strikes one at once by its grace and its originality of conception. M. Vital Cornu has produced also a singularly beautiful figure under the title of "*Douces Langueurs*." Sculpture of modern life subjects seems on the decrease (in spite of Falguière's archbishop), which is as well; it is seldom successful, and it is not what sculpture is meant for. M. Puech's huge monument, or model for one, to François Garnier, is faulty in decorative treatment from want of coherence of outline; the limbs of the three female figures grouped round the stele stick out into the air in a very undecorative fashion. On the other hand, M. Gauquié has produced a really decorative design, of partially architectural character, for the Clairon monument; a lofty kind of Louis Quinze pedestal with a portrait bust on the top.

As to the Arts and Crafts exhibits, the less said about them the better. There is an idea in France that they are having a kind of revival in decorative design, but the results are unholy so far. The taste of the French in decorative design and what is called art workmanship is really deplorable for such an artistic nation. They do not seem to have an idea of simplicity or balance of structural line; all their notion is to produce something odd and angular and unexpected, like fireworks going off. Their artificers might learn something by coming to England. Their best productions would hardly find place in an Arts and Crafts Exhibition in London.

H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM.

MR. GLADSTONE.

I.

By CANON MALCOLM MACCOLL.

IN the course of some conversation on politics during Mr. Gladstone's first ministry, I remember saying to a remarkable man, the late Bishop Forbes, of Brechin, that if I had to anticipate the verdict of history on our leading British Statesmen, I should put Burke first and Gladstone second. "I would put Gladstone first," he replied, "and Burke second." I think he was right. The two men had much in common: philosophic insight; habitual earnestness; a profoundly religious temper; a wide and various range of knowledge; superb eloquence; veneration for the past, combined with a due recognition of the needs of the present and future; splendid courage, independence of spirit and inflexible integrity. But Mr. Gladstone's knowledge was wider and deeper than Burke's. As a classical scholar he was far superior to Burke. He was a learned and accomplished theologian in a sense to which Burke had no pretension. Burke's style of oratory has a pomp and majesty all its own. But if oratory be the art of persuasion, Mr. Gladstone must be allowed to bear the palm, while he united with the highest gifts of eloquence a faculty of practical administration of which Burke gave no evidence; although it must, in fairness, be added that Burke never held any office in which his powers in that respect could be tested.

What is the explanation of the contradictory accounts of Burke's oratory that have come down to us? Some of his oratorical efforts are described as exceedingly effective; yet he earned the *sobriquet* of "the dinner bell," and Goldsmith, a contemporary, would not have ventured, without popular support, to describe him as an orator,

"Who, too deep for his hearers, went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining."

There is an amusing letter from Lord Erskine when he sat in the House of Commons, describing the effect produced on the House by Burke's speech on conciliation with America—in some respects the finest of all his speeches, not only for its eloquence, but for the breadth and practical wisdom of its political philosophy. The speech must certainly have occupied more than two hours in delivery, yet Erskine says that Burke had not been on his legs half-an-hour when he emptied the House. Erskine himself got bored; but, anxious not to hurt Burke's feelings, he crawled towards the door on all fours, and thus escaped unseen. He goes on to add that, on reading the report of the speech, he was electrified by its power and eloquence. Failure of this sort was impossible to Mr. Gladstone. No speech of

his ever suffered from defective delivery ; on the contrary, voice and manner added charm to the matter. The voice was a rich baritone, well trained, and exquisitely responsive to the feelings of the orator, whether pathetic or indignant, grave or gay, lively or severe. It had also great carrying power. I once heard him deliver a speech, of more than an hour's duration, to twenty thousand people on Blackheath, and it was evident from the faces and eager attention of the circumference of the crowd, that they heard him with ease. His elocution was so distinct that his articulate words could be followed wherever the sound of his voice was heard.

What place will Mr. Gladstone eventually hold among our Parliamentary orators ? With all submission, I venture to think that, taking him all round, he will take the first place. He may have been excelled by a few in certain kinds of oratory ; by Bright, for example, in that peculiar lyrical style of oratory in which the great tribune excelled ; by Disraeli, in personal invective and sarcasm. I have always thought Disraeli's speeches against Sir Robert Peel the most brilliant exhibitions of his oratory, to which may be added a few of his later efforts ; notably the famous Slough speech in 1858, in which he satirised, in a strain of picturesque irony, the sudden collapse of the Opposition attack on the Ellenborough despatch.

But, if Mr. Gladstone seldom indulged in sarcasm, it was not because he lacked the gift—for he possessed it in a high degree—but because he forbore to use it. To hurt an opponent's feelings gave him pain, and when he did it unintentionally he would sometimes cross the floor of the House, and, sitting for a few moments by the side of the man whom he had just demolished, say something to assuage the wound. One of his most persistent, but never ill-natured, critics was the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, who told me the following story to illustrate this generous trait in Mr. Gladstone's character. Sir John prided himself on his knowledge of chemistry, and in one of the debates on the Commercial Treaty with France he made a speech exposing, as he believed, a serious chemical blunder in the Treaty. Mr. Gladstone followed, "and soon turned me inside out in the most amusing manner," said Hennessy in relating the story. "proving, as if he had been a chemist by profession, that it was I who had blundered egregiously." Having thus disposed of his critic, Mr. Gladstone went and sat by him for a moment. "I hope you don't feel hurt, Mr. Hennessy," he said. "Your speech was ingenious, and it may console you to know that the Emperor of the French made precisely the same objection that you have made. The fact is, both you and he know a good deal about chemistry, but not enough to keep you from going astray."

If we grant, then, that Mr. Gladstone has been occasionally excelled in a certain species of eloquence, it will hardly be disputed

that, as an all-round orator, he is peerless among British politicians. As a debater he has never been approached. Some of his most brilliant and effective speeches were made on the spur of the moment, without any preparation. It was acknowledged on all hands that it was his speech at the close of the debate on Mr. Disraeli's Budget in 1852 that put the Derby Government in a minority of 19—one of the few instances in which a speech has materially influenced the fate of a Ministry. Yet that speech was *impromptu*. Mr. Disraeli had wound up the debate in a speech of great oratorical power, but abounding in bitter invective, part of which was directed against some of Mr. Gladstone's personal and political friends. When Mr. Disraeli sat down at one o'clock in the morning, Mr. Gladstone bounded to his feet, and after rebuking Mr. Disraeli's personalities, dissected his Budget and his defence of it unmercifully in a two hours' speech, which made an end both of the Budget and the Ministry.

Then what Minister ever approached him in the art of expounding a policy? He revelled in figures and details, and made them not only intelligible, but interesting in addition. The eagerness to hear his Budget speeches can only be compared to the demand for seats at the opera on the first night of some famous prima donna. He invested one of the driest of political subjects with a halo of romance. His first Budget speech occupied more than five hours in delivery, and he held his audience spell-bound to its close. He took more than four hours in explaining, without a note, that Budget to the Cabinet the day before, and the Duke of Argyll has described this as a greater oratorical feat than the parliamentary speech which followed. The first financial speech of his which I ever heard occupied four hours, and filled between eleven and twelve columns of *The Times*. Yet one could see that the crowded House and Galleries, so far from being wearied, were sorry when the treat came to an end. He had to deal with a wilderness of figures; but he made everything so plain that there seemed to be no difficulty in following him, and he relieved the strain on the attention by a pathetic touch, or picturesque illustration, or happy epigram, or amusing witticism.

Those who say that Bright, in a few of his set orations, surpassed Mr. Gladstone in pathetic eloquence, will probably allow that Bright never equalled Mr. Gladstone's gift of appealing with equal power at the same time to the reason and the feelings. The fine passage in which Bright refers to the Angel of Death, and the uncertainty as to the door at which "the beating of his wings might next be heard," may be paralleled by an eloquent passage in a speech of Mr. Gladstone, also on the Crimean War, in which he invokes the memories of "the multitude of brave men who sleep beside the waters of the Bosphorus, or under the rocks of Balaclava"; reminding one of the Athenian orator's adjuration of "the dead who fell at Marathon." People will probably differ as to the finest of Mr. Gladstone's speeches. Some

would give the palm to the speech at the close of the debate on the Second Reading of the Reform Bill of 1866, and certainly it combines rare debating power with lofty eloquence. But to read it is one thing; to have heard it is quite another. Close reasoning, keen analysis, sarcasm, pathos, were all set off by expressive gesture, kindling eye, and a voice which was responsive to every phase of the orator's feelings, and was music to listen to. I can see him now as he delivered the beautiful peroration. The impassioned manner and voice of the combatant suddenly changed, and, leaning his elbow on the table, he faced the Opposition, and in a gentle voice of pleading pathos and seer-like warning, which thrilled through the stilled assembly, he spoke the fine passage which ends as follows:—

“You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of these debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—those great social forces are against you; they work with us; they are marshalled in our support. And the banner which we now carry in the fight, though perhaps, at some moment of the struggle, it may droop over our sinking heads, yet will float again in the eye of heaven, and will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and to a not distant victory.”

Striking and picturesque as this passage is, I think it can be more than matched from other speeches. I remember a magnificent passage which would not suffer by comparison with the choicest specimens of oratory, ancient or modern. It occurs in a speech which he made at a great meeting in Birmingham in 1878, under the presidency of Mr. Chamberlain. He compared the service done to Christendom by the Danubian and Balkan States to a shelving beach, itself desolated and made barren by the incessant beating of the waves, but shielding the land that lay behind. The simile is worked out with splendid effect. But the truth is that Mr. Gladstone excelled in so many different kinds of oratory that it is difficult to compare one speech with another, and thus one has heard several of his speeches described as “the finest he ever made.” Perhaps it was on that theme, and in similar circumstances. His speech on “Parliamentary Oaths,” in the Bradlaugh controversy, was unrivalled in its own way, and for the immediate purpose. It was a powerful and unimpassioned appeal to the reason, conscience, and justice of his audience, and an unanswerable exposure of the harm done to the highest interests of Christianity by identifying them with arguments which were in reality fatal to them.

I have referred to one occasion on which a speech by Mr. Gladstone determined the fate of a Ministry. Certainly on two other occasions—probably more—he won votes to his side which would otherwise have been recorded against him. His speech in the China debate in 1857 converted eight members, making sixteen on a division. His speech at the close of the debate on the Irish University Bill in

1873 converted at least one strong opponent. Lord Wemyss (then Lord Elcho) told Lord Napier and Ettrick, as they walked together to the House of Commons, that he intended to vote against the Bill. After the division, which put the Government in a minority of three, Lord Napier remarked to Lord Elcho, "I wonder, Elcho, that you could have listened to that speech and voted against the man who made it." "I listened to the speech," was the answer, "and voted for the man who made it." Lord Napier, in telling me the story, added that it was the finest speech he had ever heard, and he heard the leading orators of America just before the Civil War, as well as some of the best speakers on the Continent. I have always thought that, as an orator, Mr. Gladstone was at his best under the shadow of an impending defeat. I happened to be on his London Election Committee in the General Election of 1865. When we received the news of his defeat at Oxford, Lord Enfield (as he then was) exclaimed: "By George! won't Oxford catch it to-night at Liverpool," where Mr. Gladstone was to open his campaign as a candidate for South Lancashire. Mr. Gladstone's revenge was in the following words:—"I have endeavoured to serve that University with my whole heart; and with the strength or weakness of whatever faculties God has given me it has been my daily and nightly care to promote her interests, and to testify to her as well as I could my love. Long has she borne with me. Long, in spite of active opposition, did she resist every effort to displace me. At last she has changed her mind. My earnest desire, my heart's prayer, is that her future may be as glorious as her past, and yet more glorious still."

Mr. Gladstone's influence on the political and industrial development of his country is too well known to need any notice here. The story of his conversion to Home Rule for Ireland is not so well known, and a few observations on the subject here may therefore be permitted.

It is a great mistake to suppose that his adoption of Home Rule was a sudden conversion for the sake of office. His political changes were never sudden, however sudden the manifestation of them may sometimes have been. His was a mind in which ideas ripened slowly, and by a perfectly logical process of development. His theory of Church and State, for example, was that the State should support the Church as the best equipped and qualified organ for the propagation of the truth, giving full toleration to all other religious denominations. But the idea of supporting any religion on the ground of privilege was always abhorrent to him, as was also the idea of a plurality of State-supported religions. When, therefore, the Establishment of the Irish Church came to be defended, not with a view to its conversion of the Irish people, but for the sake of providing a permanent minority with a privileged religion, Mr. Gladstone's theory demanded, not the maintenance of the Irish Church

as an Establishment, but its abolition. But it was his rule never to push premisses to their inevitable conclusion till it became clear to him that the question was ripe for solution, and that only evil would result from further delay. Thus he opposed an abstract Resolution in favour of Disestablishment in Ireland in 1865, while candidly admitting that the case for the Irish Church had been undermined by its proved failure to fulfil its mission, combined with the avowed acquiescence of its advocates in that failure. But when Mr. Disraeli's Government propounded in 1867 a scheme for stereotyping the failure by a considerable suppression of ecclesiastical benefices and dignities, Mr. Gladstone was not only justified, he was bound by the logic of his book, to declare against the continued existence of the Irish Church as an Establishment, which would become, under the new scheme, as he wittily remarked, "the Established Church of England and Ulster."

So with Home Rule. A careful student of Mr. Gladstone's speeches on Ireland since 1871 can hardly avoid seeing that his mind was working in the direction of Home Rule, subject only to two conditions, namely, that the paramount authority of the Crown and Imperial Parliament should be secured, and that the Irish people were practically unanimous in demanding it. In a speech on Ireland, in 1882, he opened his mind so plainly on the subject that Mr. David Plunket characterised the speech as "an invitation to Irish Members to re-open the question of Home Rule"; while *The Times* said that Mr. Gladstone "diverged, amid general amazement, into the wide question of a separate Legislature for Ireland."

With that candour and magnanimity which distinguish him, the Duke of Devonshire, after refusing office in Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Administration in 1886, declared that his late Chief's policy of Home Rule was not the offspring of a crisis, but the maturity of a process extending over some years. "When I look back," he said, "to those declarations which Mr. Gladstone made in Parliament, which have not been infrequent; when I look back to the increased definiteness given to those declarations in his address to the electors of Midlothian and in his Midlothian speeches; I say, when I consider all these things, I feel that I have not, and no one has, any right to complain of the tone of the declarations which Mr. Gladstone has recently made upon this subject."¹

Mr. Gladstone's hesitation down to the General Election of 1885 was due to the difficulty of ascertaining the mind of the Irish people on the subject. The assimilation of the Irish Parliamentary Franchise to that of England in 1884 removed that difficulty, and Mr. Gladstone regarded the result of the Irish elections in 1885 as crucial on the subject of Home Rule. In the midst of the General Election of that year Mr. Gladstone told a distinguished member of the present

(1) Speech at the Eighty Club, March 5th, 1886.

Government that if, as he suspected, Ireland returned an overwhelming majority in favour of Home Rule, he would accept the decision and support Home Rule, with proper safeguards, as the inevitable solution of the Irish Question. But in dealing with the question in his Midlothian speeches he found himself in this dilemma: how to disclose his mind to the general public without seeming to offer a bribe to the Irish electors, and thereby obscure the spontaneity of their verdict on the subject. In one of his speeches he asked for a Liberal majority independent of the Irish vote in the House of Commons: not for the purpose of resisting Home Rule, but in order to be in a position to pass such a scheme of Home Rule as he considered safe, but which he did not then believe that Mr. Parnell would accept. That this was Mr. Gladstone's intention I know from his own lips. In the course of a walk in the woods of Hawarden soon after the elections of 1885, Mr. Gladstone talked quite frankly to me on the subject, and there can be no harm now in repeating what he said, almost, if not altogether, in his own words:—

"We are now," he said, "in a curious position in the House of Commons. I wanted a majority independent of the Irish Party, in order to have a free hand in dealing with Home Rule, which I believe to be inevitable sooner or later, and therefore the sooner the better. But I have not got my majority. The Liberals on the one side, and the Government *plus* the Irish members on the other, are exactly even. Well, I think the best thing would be for Lord Salisbury to propose a Home Rule scheme. He would probably not satisfy the Irish Party, and he would alienate the Irish Tories and some English Tories also; but I would support him as Leader of the Opposition, and carry, I believe, the bulk of the Party with me; and between us we could pass a sound and safe scheme of Home Rule. I shall wait to see what Lord Salisbury will do; and if he decline to take up the question I shall consider that my hands are free."

It would be vain to speculate as to what would have happened if Mr. Gladstone's plan had been adopted; but this at least we may surely say with confidence, that it was not for the sake of office that Mr. Gladstone took up the cause of Home Rule. Had office been his aim the Old Parliamentary Hand would have played his cards better; worse, as a place-hunter, he could not have played them. Soon after the meeting of the Session, the Government drove the Irish Party into opposition by its promise of a Coercion Bill. Mr. Gladstone had only to sit still, and he would have returned to office unpledged, with an overwhelming majority behind him. And he might have relied on the continued support of this majority; since the alternative for the Irish would have been the advent to power of a Coercion Government. If I may presume to say so, I think that perhaps Mr. Gladstone would have acted more prudently as a parliamentary tactician if he had waited for the Coercion Bill instead of turning the Government out on Mr. Jesse Colling's amendment. But being convinced that the Government would not meddle with Home Rule, and that their days were in any case numbered, he evidently thought

it best to bring matters to an issue at once. 'I am betraying no confidence in repeating Mr. Gladstone's conversation with me, for it came out afterwards that, in a subsequent conversation with Mr. Balfour, at Eaton Hall, Mr. Gladstone suggested that Lord Salisbury should deal with the Irish question on Home Rule lines, Mr. Gladstone lending him his support. I believe that never was a Minister less enamoured of office for office' sake than Mr. Gladstone.

I remember his saying to me, in 1872, with reference to a petty Ministerial defeat, inflicted by one of his own supporters, which annoyed him: "It would take very little to make me retire from public life. Office has no attraction for me, except when I am dealing with important questions. The administrative routine of ordinary Government work, except in connection with some great measure, does not attract me, and anyone else can do it as well." On the threshold of his great career he retired from the powerful Government of Sir Robert Peel, from a scruple of conscience. In 1866 he resigned after defeat on a detail of his Reform Bill, contrary to the advice of his Party, and of most of his colleagues. He resigned again in 1885 on a detail of the Budget, and refused to withdraw his resignation, even after Lord Salisbury had expressed great reluctance to take office. He consented to withdraw his resignation in 1873, only because he could not persuade Mr. Disraeli to take office: and his loyalty prompted him to do what was disagreeable to himself rather than put the Queen to inconvenience. Never was there a public man whose character was less tainted by sordid or personal motives. For forty years of his life he was entitled to a pension of £2,000 a year, which he never took; and the only member of his family whose merits received permanent recognition owed his promotion, as was publicly stated at the time, to the favour of the Crown, without any suggestion on the part of Mr. Gladstone.

It used to be the fashion to say that foreign politics did not interest Mr. Gladstone, and that he knew little about foreign affairs. But the simple truth is, that no British Minister of this century has left his mark on foreign politics so deeply, so extensively, and so beneficently as Mr. Gladstone. Ask any Italian, whatever be the complexion of his politics, what he thinks of Mr. Gladstone, and he will tell you that, next to Cavour, Mr. Gladstone was the most potent influence in the formation of the Italian kingdom. I had a striking proof of this when sojourning in Rome in the early part of 1874, just after the fall of Mr. Gladstone's Government. Breakfasting one day *tête à tête* with Cardinal Secone, a most charming man, he referred to British politics, and rejoiced at Mr. Gladstone's fall. On my venturing to suggest that the Vatican owed some gratitude to Mr. Gladstone for his fine speech against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and for his Irish legislation, if for nothing else, his Eminence replied:—"Mr. Gladstone is an excellent man. He possesses all the natural virtues; but

he is not a Catholic." "And does your Eminence," I asked, "suppose that Mr. Disraeli is a Catholic?" "Well," he said, "he has written a romance called *Coningsby*, in which he speaks very favourably of the Catholic Church. But, however that may be, Mr. Disraeli is on the side of Legitimacy, and Mr. Gladstone on the side of Revolution. His pamphlet (*libello*) destroyed the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; that led to the unity of Italy, and the robbery of the States of the Church; Italian unity paved the way for the unity of Germany, which is persecuting us. Next to Cavour, we owe our misfortunes to Mr. Gladstone." That evening I dined with a number of Italian Liberals, including a member of Minghetti's Cabinet. They were as sorry as the cardinal was glad at the change of Government in England. "And we have reason to be," said one of them, a Neapolitan nobleman, "for Mr. Gladstone is, next to Cavour, the creator of Italian unity."

In 1858 Mr. Gladstone moved a resolution in favour of the union of the two Principalities, which have since become the Kingdom of Roumania. His speech is worth reading now, not only for its eloquence, but for its comprehensive grasp of the Eastern Question. He was supported by Lord John Russell, and in a brilliant speech by Lord Salisbury (then Lord Robert Cecil). He was opposed by Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli (then leader of the House of Commons), and defeated by a large majority. The Russian bugbear was trotted out then also by the two eminent statesmen who united their forces against him. But he had anticipated and refuted that argument in two sentences. After remarking that "the combination of France with England" against Russia was not again to be looked for, he said, "You want to place a barrier between Russia and Turkey; but is there any barrier like the breasts of free men? If you want to oppose an obstacle to Russia, arm those people with freedom, and with the vigour and prosperity that freedom brings."

On whose side was the statesmanship then? And whose policy prevailed at the Congress of Berlin but Mr. Gladstone's? shorn, indeed, of dimensions which would have pacified the European provinces which still belong to Turkey, and which would have prevented the recent disastrous war between Turkey and Greece.¹

Mr. Gladstone's great speech on the true principles and ideals of foreign policy in the Don Pacifico debate in 1850, was acknowledged

(1) It is curious how hard it is to expel from the public mind an error that has once been planted in it. Mr. Gladstone was accused of having advised the expulsion of the Turks, "bag and baggage," from Europe. Even those who strive to be accurate are apt to trust to their memories instead of verifying their impressions. So well informed a man as Sir M. Grant Duff said at the time in the *Nineteenth Century*:—"The most popular politician in England has proposed that the Turkish Government should be expelled from Europe, bag and baggage." What Mr. Gladstone proposed was that the Turkish administration should "all, bag and baggage, clear out,"—not "from Europe," but "from the provinces which they have desolated and profaned."

by friends and opponents to be the speech of 'the debate; no light praise, when it is remembered that among the speakers were Lord Palmerston (who made the ablest speech of his life), Lord John Russell, Sir A. Cockburn, Mr. Disraeli, and Sir Robert Peel—the last speech he ever made. That speech alone is proof enough of Mr. Gladstone's comprehensive and prescient views on foreign politics.

I quote the following interesting extract from my diary, with the date of "Hawarden, April 16th, 1881":—

"At dinner to-day I read to Mr. Gladstone the following quotation from an article on the second volume of Bishop Wilberforce's Life in the *St. James's Gazette*, of April 18th: 'We know this, that Mr. Gladstone, if he pleased, might have led the House of Commons under Lord Derby; and that Mr. Disraeli, though he had led the Opposition some years, would have consented, for the sake of the Party, to take a lower place.'"

Mr. Gladstone said the facts were as follows: On the formation of Lord Derby's Government in 1852 overtures were made to Mr. Gladstone to join it. He declined. In 1854, on the fall of the Aberdeen Ministry, Lord Derby asked Lord Palmerston to take office under him, and "bring Gladstone and Sidney Herbert in his pocket." Lord Palmerston declined, and the offer to the other two fell to the ground. They were not offered office independently, but would have declined if they had been. "In 1858," Mr. Gladstone went on, "Disraeli wrote a most curious letter to me, which is still in my possession, urging me to take office under him. No offer was ever made to me to lead the House of Commons in a Conservative Government."

During my visit to Hawarden on that occasion Mr. Forster broke his journey from Ireland, and spent some hours at Hawarden. It was just after Lord Beaconsfield's death, and the question of his successor was discussed at luncheon. Forster thought Sir Stafford Northcote the likeliest and the most competent. Mr. Gladstone differed. He thought the Duke of Richmond the likeliest, and Lord Salisbury the ablest man in the Party, and said the ablest man, *ceteris paribus*, ought to be leader. Northcote's ability he rated highly, but said that he was not a good leader, owing to his failure to assert his convictions. "I told Northcote, one day in 1879, that he had the best abilities of any man since Sir Robert Peel for a good Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that he made the very worst." I asked how Northcote took it. "He was much pleased," said Mr. Gladstone. "He evidently accepted my compliment to his abilities as my unbiassed conviction, and regarded my censure as the offspring of prejudice." Another proof of Sir Stafford Northcote's deficiency for leadership, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion—much as he regarded him personally—was an incident connected with the Bradlaugh episode. Mr. Gladstone was unfortunately out of Parliament at the opening of that controversy, having been obliged to vacate his seat on taking

office. Meeting Sir Stafford at the Royal Academy dinner on the Saturday after his re-election, they talked the matter over. Sir Stafford suggested the appointment of a non-Party Committee to examine the question. Mr. Gladstone thought the suggestion good, and proposed the Committee accordingly on Monday. To his amazement and indignation, Sir Stafford Northcote opposed it, under the intimidation of Lord Randolph Churchill and his Party.

In his generous speech a fortnight ago Lord Salisbury picked out Mr. Gladstone's unswerving pursuit of "high moral ideals" as the distinguishing note of his character, furnishing almost a unique example "of a great Christian man." That is a true appreciation, and I would venture to pick out the following among the elements of that character:—

(1.) His wonderful faculty of pity; a magnetic power of sympathy which made him feel the sufferings of others as if they were his own. His unparalleled series of speeches and pamphlets on the Turkish question from 1876 to 1880 were discharged red hot from a nature all on fire against oppression and cruelty. His vivid imagination, like Burke's, brought the victims of Turkish cruelty so close to him that he could almost see their agonised faces and hear their despairing cries. The King of the Hellenes, in a recent letter of tender inquiry after Mr. Gladstone's health, wrote: "I am following, with intense anxiety the newspaper reports. I must express my sincere sorrow that *he*, of all men, should suffer so much; he who has been himself the comforter of so many mourners in many lands."

(2.) Mr. Gladstone's veracity; by which I mean not merely the habit of speaking the truth, but the habitual correspondence of outward action with internal conviction. I don't believe that Mr. Gladstone ever wilfully misrepresented an opponent in controversy or debate; or ever used an argument which, however plausible and useful at the moment, he could not justify to his own conscience. This was the cause of his occasionally involved style of speaking. He thought—as every great orator must in a large measure—on his legs, and his anxiety to make his meaning plain and to be just all round, tempted him to expand and qualify. I remember his saying once that the only men he ever knew in public life who had the faculty of saying in their speeches precisely what they meant, neither more nor less, were Lord Palmerston and Mr. Parnell. "I don't possess it at all," he said. But his speeches differ widely in that respect. Some are models of lucidity—his financial statements, for example; and some are keen, crisp, epigrammatic, and quite free from parenthetical amplification. His prose style, too, wonderfully improved with practice. There was always a stately dignity about it. But some of his later essays are models of chaste and sometimes brilliant English.

(3.) Another rare element in Mr. Gladstone's character was his

magnificent courage. Let him be convinced that it was right to do a thing, and if that thing fell within his line of duty he did it, or tried to do it, without ever thinking of the possible consequences to himself. The Alabama Treaty was one instance. He knew that it would make him unpopular; but believing it to be, at bottom, equitable, and that it was the initiation of a great principle, that of peaceful arbitration, he braved the unpopularity of the hour and sacrificed the present for the sake of the future. And we are now reaping the reward in the cordial relations between the two countries—relations which, but for the Alabama Treaty, would have been impossible.

(4.) And his passion for justice was equal to his courage. It roused him to attack the misgovernment of the Two Sicilies, as it did later the iniquities of Turkish rule. Nor was he less resolute in the cause of justice when the popular tide ran fiercely against him. His opposition to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is one out of many examples of this. He was one of a miserable minority of 95 against 438, both Liberals and Conservatives having united their forces in support of the Bill. Mr. Gladstone's speech is very powerful, ending with a noble peroration, in which he expressed his conviction that "a generous people" would one day reverse the verdict of unreasoning passion. But in any case his course, he said, was clear—"to follow the bright star of justice, beaming brightly from the heavens, whithersoever it might lead." His confidence in the triumph of justice was justified sooner than he had expected. For it fell to his own lot, twenty years later, to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill without an opposing voice.

I may give another instance of his passion for justice which tells against myself. I chanced to write, in 1878, a rather long article on Lord Beaconsfield in the *Spectator*. Mr. Gladstone asked me, next time I saw him, if I knew who wrote the article. I told him. He said something complimentary, but added: "There is one point on which, I think, you are not quite just to Lord Beaconsfield. You think him a man of political animosities." I assented, and appealed to the speeches against Sir Robert Peel by way of proof. "I am sure you are wrong," said Mr. Gladstone. "My belief is, that Lord Beaconsfield has no political animosities; and I think I ought to know, for I have sat opposite to him as an opponent now for a good many years. What is true is, that he would spare no effort to trample on me while I was an opponent. But that was part of his game. Now that I am no longer opposite him as an official opponent, my belief is that Lord Beaconsfield has no animosity against me at all, as I have certainly none against him. Indeed, there are traits in his character and career for which I shall always honour him: his gallant defence of his race, for example, his devotion to his wife, and his splendid parliamentary pluck."

II.

BY SIR WALTER G. F. PHILLIMORE.

ET RU. Mr. Gladstone has himself told us of the feeling when the great man dies :

“ . . . As in the senseless clay
No stir of life was left,
When drawn the mortal sigh, it lay
Of such a soul bereft.”

Thus did he translate the opening lines of Manzoni's Ode on Napoleon.

An old friend used to think how appropriate to the translator himself were the lines :

“Segno d' immensa invidia.
E d' indomato amor.”

But now grudge and enmity are hushed, as the British people know that they have lost a noble character, a devoted patriot, and the most universal genius that this country has produced.

Scholar, Theologian, Economist, Statesman ; each of these characters always present, but each prevailing at different stages of his life in the order in which I have given them ; and then the cycle returning — Scholar, Theologian, prevailing once again.

What a life of action, of energy in reading, writing, speaking and doing, for nearly three-quarters of this century ! I sat down to note from memory the principal matters of his life and work ; and, when I had filled my page, I got up and began to take out of the library books by him and about him, and saw with wonder how much I had omitted.

Mr. George Russell (to whose book I have largely referred) has made a close study of his life, yet has but slightly touched on the scholarship side, and brings his record down to the beginning of 1891. In the seven years since, work enough was done to fit out, perhaps, an ordinary lifetime.

It is not my purpose to condense into these pages a life of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Russell's, and other biographies, are accessible to everyone. I desire rather, having studied the great man from near and far, almost since I can remember, to give my presentation of his character.

Take him as a scholar. I have heard persons, whose sum of attainments would be balanced by a fraction of his mighty store, speak with contempt of his scholarship. It was scholarship such as few men

of business and action have ever possessed. Be it remembered that the higher education has made two great strides since his date, and that the present generation has advantages such as their fathers never had, while their fathers had equal advantages over their grandfathers; yet Mr. Gladstone found time to keep abreast of this advance, to which, indeed, his own studies actually contributed. His possessions of Greek and of Italian language and literature are best known to us by his Homeric studies, and his constant reference to Dante; but they did not end here. Just as an illustration I may mention a conversation, in October, 1895, when the respective merits of German and Italian literature were in question. He took up the cause of Italian with a resourcefulness which showed his knowledge of both, discriminating and rejecting many of the German writers, marshalling his Italians, and ending by quoting "that poet so little known out of Italy, but thought by the Italians to be finer than Ariosto, Boiardo." I believe only one other of the party even knew the name of the writer of the *Orlando Innamorato*, and he knew no more.

It is well known that when Commissioner to the Ionian Isles, in 1858, Mr. Gladstone addressed their Parliament in Italian. His German, which as I have said was very considerable, was fostered by his intimacy with Dr. Dollinger. Of French and of Latin (if one should discriminate the old from the later Italian) he was a master. His interest in these matters never flagged. I have a letter in his own hand dated May 14th, 1886, asking me what the civil law view was as to the necessity of an official resignation being made always to a superior. I thought some rather recondite analogy was wanted for the action of his proposed subordinate Irish Parliament (the Home Rule Bill was in, or about to go into, Committee), but a P.S. told me that the interpretation of a curious passage in Dante turned on my answer. It was the passage beginning "*Il luogo mio*," in the *Paradiso*, Canto xxvii., which is supposed to mean that Pope Celestine V. could not validly resign, having no superior to whom to make his resignation.

It has occurred to me to compare him to Lord Bacon, as most resembling him in the compound of scholar with man of action. In this connection his two papers in the *Nineteenth Century*, "Dawn of Creation and of Worship," November, 1885, "Proem to Genesis," January, 1886, should not be forgotten.

This leads me on from his general scholarship to that peculiar erudition which lay at the root of his theological writings and combined with his faith to form the firm basis of his Christianity. To speak of him as a theologian perhaps seems too much, and certainly is too little—too much, for he was a layman without technical training, save such as he gave to himself, but with the strong Scotch passion for and instinct in theological discussion, drawing always (if

other laymen could judge) from the deepest and surest sources and with the widest grasp of principle, and bringing to this, as to other things, his prodigious knowledge and accuracy. Dr. Dollinger is said to have called him "the best theologian in England." Dr. Liddon said, "Whenever I talk with Mr. Gladstone on theological matters, I feel I have undergone a very severe examination in my own profession." He was more than a theologian, for he added practice to knowledge, with sound faith, well armed and instructed, deep personal piety, living always, as one of his later friends once said, consciously in the presence of his Maker. But his was neither a selfish nor a subjective creed. He claimed and realised to the full the position of an English Churchman as a member of the Catholic Church. His was a nature to comprehend the sacramental system, to submit gladly to ordinances, to appreciate the value of the Church as a polity with laws and a hierarchy, a *Civitas Dei*. He expressed this in his work on *Church Principles considered in their Results*.

The interest which he took, and the assistance which he gave, in the various developments of the Oxford movement, will be found in the lives of Bishop Wilberforce, Dr. Pusey, and the other divines of this period, English and Roman. I have only space to mention a few matters, such as his support of the Scotch Episcopal Church, and share in the foundation of Trinity College, Glenalmond; his opposition to the law of Divorce, an opposition which never flagged (for I have letters from him in December, 1886, and November, 1888, suggesting the publication of statistics and other preliminaries towards an agitation for repeal); the part he took in preparing the defence of Archdeacon Denison, when on trial for teaching in the matter of the Eucharist; and his defence of the Ritualists, when they were attacked in 1874, first in the House of Commons during the debates on the Public Worship Regulation Bill, afterwards by his article on "Ritualism."

A passage in this article in which he was speaking of the fidelity of the English clergy to their church, and drawing some contrasts with Rome, led to an attack upon him by Roman controversialists, to which he, ever eager for a fray and resolute in his purposes, replied by three articles, afterwards republished as "Vaticanism."

These contained a fierce attack on modern Roman doctrine and method; but it must be remembered (1) that this was the time when the dogma of Infallibility, and the Encyclical and Syllabus were being, under Pius IX., worked as dangers to civil society; (2) that this was the second time that the Roman question had been brought to his mind; and (3) that, on the first occasion, he had lost many of his most intimate friends, and had been, as it were, but one of few left; he and his old friend, to whom he about this time expressed his satisfaction that they two had resisted "the cowardly temptation to join the

Church of Rome." The last occasion of his dealing with the Roman controversy was in 1896, and it was handled then in a softer spirit.

After the publication of these articles the public evidences of his interest in Church matters (except in the care which he bestowed on his appointments) are not great till, as I have said, the cycle came round in his later years; and I dare say that many Church people thought that his old affections were dead or dormant. But to those who knew him it was not so. I can contribute some instances.

When, in 1879, attempt was made to compel the late Bishop of Oxford to hand over Canon Carter of Clewer for prosecution, on ritual matters, and the attempt seemed likely to succeed, Mr. Gladstone made me the channel of a large subscription to the defence fund, expressing his conviction of the mischief which would accrue if the Bishops were deprived of their discretion and governing power as rulers and pastors of the Church.

In 1882 and 1883 when the long-continued imprisonment of the Rev. S. F. Green, for conscience' sake, was felt to be intolerable, and various proposals were made from different quarters for legislation with a view to his release, I had the privilege of much correspondence upon the subject with Mr. Gladstone. Most of the schemes contemplated the substitution of deprivation for imprisonment. To this he was steadily opposed. Even for the sake of releasing Mr. Green he would have no part in a measure which would make theological persecutions easy, and risk the ruin, as he expressed it, of members of the Anglican clergy and their families.

On the other hand, I could not get him to delay the passing of the Clergy Discipline Act, 1892. It was recommended by the authorities at the head of the Church; and his hierarchical and disciplinarian ideas led him to treat this measure as he would have treated a departmental bill. He approached it as a Civil servant. It was in this spirit also that in 1874, as the sixth of the resolutions proposed as an amendment to the Public Worship Regulation Bill, he had written "That the House attaches a high value to the concurrence of Her Majesty's Government with the ecclesiastical authorities in the initiative of legislation affecting the Established Church."

His action with respect to the Irish Church was at one time thought a great betrayal. Of its expediency let each man judge. His action was dictated by his sense of the interests alike of the Irish people and of the Irish Church. He did not bring the measure forward (as even Bishop Wilberforce seems at first to have thought) as a bid for power. On the contrary, he knew that its first effect would be to endanger his seat for his old constituency; and he was not then a man for whom it was easy to find a constituency. He and his friends knew the danger. My father had been one of four who started his

first candidature (the others being the late Lord Iddesleigh, Lord Coleridge and the Right Hon. Mountague Bernard), and took an active part in each contest. He wrote to me, then at Oxford, on March 29th, 1865:—

“Gladstone has made his speech on the Irish Church and the Irish Establishment. I shall be anxious to know what amount of injury he has suffered in the Oxford constituency on this account.”

Mr. Gladstone thought at any rate that he was acting for the highest interests of the Irish Church; and as time went on it seemed to him that his foresight had been justified, that the Church was purer, more zealous, and more fruitful, than in her former state; and when the venerable Archbishop of Armagh sent him his blessing on his deathbed, it gave him a special and particular joy. He was no longer misunderstood.

When I speak of him as an Economist, I am aware that the word, to some of my readers, will seem inadequate; but I prefer the word to Financier; for while it may have a shade of meaning which would imply niggardliness, “financier” has now got a most inappropriate side, that of the company promoter or the man of shifty expedients to keep his concern afloat. Mr. Gladstone’s mode of dealing with the finances of this country had no element of the kind. It was sound and solid. He probably often repeated Burke’s famous quotation: “*Magnum vectigal est parsimonia.*” But if he did not like financial juggles, he dearly loved legitimate operations, and those of a bold type. Figures were in fact to him a pleasure, if not a passion; and he took a positive joy in the analysis of accounts and the criticism of balance-sheets.

This is to be seen in his Budget speeches, the light heart and high spirits with which he approached his first Budget in 1853, when he introduced the Succession Duty and contemplated the future abolition of the Income Tax. Light touches abound, such as the explanation that the repeal of the Soap Tax will, by increasing the consumption of palm oil, indirectly lead to the abolition of the West African Slave Trade. Again in his 1860 Budget, when introducing the French Treaty, he speaks of protection which “dislodged from palaces has found a pretty good living in holes and corners,” from which it is his business to expel her; and he goes back to his master, Sir Robert Peel, who, in 1845, had to deal with a Customs List containing 1,163 articles liable to duty; a List which he then intended to reduce to 48.

In 1861 he explains the gain of three days which the financial year 1860—1861 had over its successor; one because it was Leap year, one because the later year had an advantage for every purpose but fiscal ones, in that it began and ended with a Sunday, and the last, because it had two Good Fridays.

These were the years of the abolition of the Paper Duty and of the duty on newspaper advertisements. For sheer vigour, and for almost reckless logic, we should look to his Budget speech of 1863, when he proposed to take away the exemption from Income Tax which charitable endowments had hitherto enjoyed, and the second speech, on the second reading of the Inland Revenue Bill, when he was still defending his project against a storm of opposition, and carrying the war into the enemy's country, by attacking the administration and principles of several of the larger endowed charities. His project failed, as it was bound to fail; but the latter speech might rank as a financial *Lettre Provinciale*.

It is not to be forgotten that in 1874 he proposed, if returned to office, to abolish the Income Tax, and he had his scheme ready and all thought out. I fear, however, that he would have found the times out of joint if he had had, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to frame Budgets for our present military and naval expenditure.

His interest in the finance of the country never failed. I remember a striking instance as late as the 2nd of April, 1897. It was on this same occasion that he put aside all other matters in order to expatiate upon the great public misfortune that there was no worthy life of Lord Beaconsfield, and his fear that the time was going by, and that our national history would be the poorer.

And this leads me to his position as a Statesman.

The three great statesmen of this century are, I suppose, Cavour, Gladstone, Bismarck: the first and last greater in the making of a State (Cavour greater than Bismarck in that he worked with slenderer material); great, too, as War Ministers (and Mr. Gladstone was no War Minister); but both inferior in the development of a State in the time of peace, less in sympathy with, and grasp of, the feelings, cares, and interests of the ordinary man. And yet Mr. Gladstone was some time before he came wholly in touch with popular feeling. He approached statesmanship as a matter of Finance and Church Establishment. Free Trade and Church and State were his attractions. The first grasp of popular needs came with his repeal of the Paper Duty, when the numberless ways in which a cheap press would be of benefit to the poor were brought before him. After his rejection by Oxford, this popular feeling increased, as he had to canvass constituencies ever more and more popular. As he said of himself in Lancashire, quoting the then familiar American war-song, "John Brown's body is rotting in the grave, but his soul is marching along." Greenwich, moreover, and Midlothian, with household suffrage, taught him each in turn.

I do not attempt here to chronicle his domestic measures. It is on account of foreign policy that he has been latterly most attacked; and it is to be admitted he was no War Minister. He strove so

earnestly for peace that, as sometimes happens, when driven to war, it was a fiercer war than it need have been with a more warlike Minister.

This was the case with the Ministry in which he held a less prominent part; Lord Aberdeen's Ministry and the Crimean War. This was the case with the Egyptian business, which has always seemed to me like a bad dream, from the bombardment of Alexandria down to the death of General Gordon (if he was responsible for that calamity), and our losses at Souakim. I am not sure that the nightmare is not still pressing upon us. Others attack the action of his Ministry after Majuba Hill and the concession to the Boers of the Transvaal—a matter which comes so near to a modern and thorny controversy that I must be excused from entering upon it; save to say that, whether expedient or otherwise, the action of his Government was dictated by no fear of the success of British arms. If there was fault it was the over condescension of magnanimity to a much inferior adversary.

His public services to his country in Foreign affairs embrace other matters, still I fear, in controversy: his just protest against jingoism in the matter of the China War in 1856, when he and the other Peelites joined with the Conservatives in attacking Lord Palmerston, and won a victory which cost every Peelite but him his seat; his gallant, eloquent, and fiery action against Turkey in the matter of the Bulgarian horrors, the Armenian massacres and the Cretan persecution. His last public speech was for the Armenians at Liverpool in September, 1896. One of his last public letters was an appeal through the *Figaro* to the French nation in the same month. His very last was his letter to the Duke of Westminster on the Cretan matter in March, 1897.

If I cannot claim entirely universal consent for these services, no one will dispute the benefits we have derived from his Alabama Convention, which laid the foundation of that good feeling with the United States in which we now rejoice; the novel, courageous, and skilful diplomacy which preserved the neutrality of Belgium during the Franco-German war; and the self-restraint which saved us from war with Russia over the barren hills of Penjdeh.

It has been customary to condemn or to defend so weakly as to condemn Mr. Gladstone's position with respect to the secession of the Southern States. I am glad of this opportunity to take, on behalf of him, and of the little knot of men who thought with him, a higher ground. They were not moved by any tolerant feeling towards slavery, by any sympathy for the Southern planter as a fellow-aristocrat, or by any mean jealousy of the growing greatness of the United States. Their position was perhaps a narrow one, historic, it may be said academic, but perfectly creditable. As disciples of Burke

they had admitted the justice of the claim of the States to self-government, and to independence if that were necessary to self-government, and the wrong done by England in attempting to coerce them in the eighteenth century. On the same ground they admitted the claim of the Southern States to secede from a secession. It was, in fact, the doctrine of Home Rule; and it will probably be found that the majority of the survivors of that little band became Home Rulers.

Mr. Gladstone never was a Radical of the French spirit, or, speaking more widely, after the type found so commonly in the Latin nations: and this for two reasons, his spirit of reverence, and his patience under the yoke of discipline. It is but a corollary to say that he did not love change for change's sake. And it is interesting to know that rather less than two years ago he was heard declaiming in conversation with all his vigour against "the mischief done by causeless and needless changes."

Of his last great measure, the Irish Home Rule Bill, it is difficult to speak. The subject is too controversial. But I may be allowed to say that which, since 1892, I have often thought. I have been reminded of the fable of the father who, dying, told his sons that there was a treasure hidden in the garden. They digged without finding gold or silver; but their turning of the soil produced fertility of equal value with a hoard of money. So it may be with Home Rule. It may never be obtained; but the attention and care now bestowed on Irish affairs, the rivalry of the two parties for the good graces of the people, may yield results as beneficent as its supporters ever expected from Home Rule.

And then, after 1892, he returned to his old interests in scholarship and theology; his edition of Bishop Butler, every word, down to the index, his own, his *Studies* subsidiary to Bishop Butler, and his third and last handling of the Roman question. Already, in 1882, he had been drawn to the consideration of Archbishop Hamilton's *Catechism*, the last pronouncement in Scotland of the old Catholic learning before the Reformation, and the closeness of resemblance in its sacramental teaching with that of the English Church. He felt the difference between Leo XIII. and Pius IX., and when advances were made from the Roman side to the English clergy and laity, he was ready to respond. It was with this object that he permitted the publication of what has been called his *Soliloquium*, the thinking aloud, which the Archbishop of York was allowed to publish in *The Times* of May, 1896. How indignant he was at the resulting action of the Papal Court, the writer has cause to know.

His last care was his library and foundation of St. Deiniol's, at Hawarden; on the constitution and statutes of which he spent much

time and labour. I quote from his preamble the first two paragraphs, as they express his final view of human knowledge:—

“1. Convinced that the future of the human race depends in the main upon the great question of belief, and that the most special and urgent present need connected with that question is the need for the effective promotion of Divine learning, I desire, in my own small sphere, to labour for that end. Accordingly, I am engaged in the foundation of a Library, under the name of St. Deiniol's, which I trust may serve as the nucleus of an institution adapted to the purpose in view.

“2. Divine learning, in order to reach its fullest efficiency, has been, and ought to be, associated with the various branches of human knowledge, especially with History and Philosophy: and it is upon this basis that the Library is being constructed.”

A few words on some general characteristics. A good judge of man, he was not always a good judge of men; but his error lay in over-estimate: his geese were swans. The only people whom he occasionally under-estimated were the lawyers. Of these, as a class, he was not fond, much as he loved individuals. He thought them sometimes overpaid; they interfered with his reforms by their zealous support of vested interests. Perhaps he thought as Burke spoke of Mr. Grenville in his speech on American Taxation. But I am not sure that, at bottom, it was not the old story of divergence of view between priest and lawyer—the antagonism between theologian and canonist. British as he was, he was not insular. There again his Scotch descent stood him in good part; for in Scotch thought there still dwells a memory of the time when Scotland leant upon France for support, and borrowed her civil and canon law from the Continent. In the Civil Service he was a stern disciplinarian, expecting of others what he gave himself without grudging—a singular sense of duty and a thorough abandonment to public work.

I have not touched on those characteristics best known to the world—his rare eloquence, his power of attraction, his high moral standard, his courage, patience, his “infinite capacity of taking pains,” and, above all, his courtesy and humility.

“Truest friend and noblest foe.” As to the former I cannot trust myself to speak of his kindness to three generations, for seventy years, since he first met my father as a fellow student of Christ Church in 1828. Of the latter the public testimony of all parties is the complete proof.

LORD SALISBURY AND THE FAR EAST.¹

Πολλὰκις μὲν ἤδη ἔγωγε καὶ ἄλλοτε δημοκρατίαν ὅτι ἀδύνατόν ἐστιν
ἐτέρων ἀρχεῖν.—*Thucydides* iii., 37.

MR. BALFOUR, in his enumeration of the difficulties experienced by Ministers of a State enjoying free institutions in the conduct of diplomatic negotiations, might have added that a democracy rarely knows its own mind with regard to foreign affairs—except when the issues involved are of the simplest character—and still more rarely remains of the same mind for any length of time. The remark applies not only to the aggregate which constitutes what we call a democracy, but to many of its leaders and natural guides. Lord Salisbury's foreign policy has found a host of critics, the bitterest and least reasonable being those of his own household. Every charge which can damage a statesman's reputation has been hurled against him; "vacillation," "pusillanimity," "loss of nerve," are expressions which occur frequently in the columns of newspapers ostensibly devoted to the party of which he is the leader. And yet, curiously enough, the majority of his critics have put themselves out of court by their previous unqualified approbation of the principles upon which his policy is founded, and of which it is the natural and logical outcome. There is a party small in numbers but not destitute of ability, which is entitled to condemn the Prime Minister's conduct of foreign affairs. Mr. Urquhart's political successors in the House of Commons and their followers, if such there be, regard Russia as the natural and predestined enemy of Great Britain in all quarters of the globe. They claim that the proper ally of the ruler of the majority of Mussulmans is the Sultan of Turkey, who, unless we are prepared to lend him diplomatic and military support, must inevitably become the vassal of the Tsar. It is not necessary to criticise the policy which they advocate—though intrinsically it is not without its attractions—for the simple reason that for a variety of very obvious causes it is impracticable. These critics, however, are entitled to denounce with perfect consistency Lord Salisbury's Eastern policy. Not so those—and they represent the whole of the Radical Party and nine-tenths of the Unionists—who applauded Lord Salisbury's avowed determination to come to a thorough understanding with Russia on all points at which the respective interests of the two great Empires were likely to come into contact if not into conflict.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that a famous phrase used by

(1) Although this article is, for the most part, based on public records, it refers to data which are not to be found in the Official Correspondence, but which may be accepted nevertheless as absolutely trustworthy.—[Ed. F. R.]

Lord Salisbury in the Upper Chamber in the course of a debate upon the Address in 1897, has been the object of much inexplicable misconstruction. When Lord Salisbury remarked that both parties in England had "staked their money on the wrong horse," he was referring, as the context clearly showed, not to the policy for which he, in common with Lord Beaconsfield, was responsible at the Berlin Congress, but to that curious product of a deplorable creed, which Palmerston inherited from Canning, the doctrine of the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The creed itself was based upon the fallacy that common political ideals, and not common interests, should be the ground of international alliances. France at that time was Liberal, Russia and Austria autocratic, and Palmerston, who, whatever office he held, was always the real author of the foreign policy of his Government, threw in his lot with the Liberal Power against the autocratic Governments, with the result, as has been said, that this country, in alliance with France, backed Turkey against Russia. Great Britain, to continue the racing metaphor, had "declared to win" on Turkey, and the attitude adopted by Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury at Berlin was in honest accordance with that declaration, which had been inherited and not invented by them. It were idle to speculate as to what might have been the consequences of a determined pursuit of the "traditional policy," because it was destroyed for ever by the advent of Mr. Gladstone to power in 1880. The slate was once more clean, and when Lord Salisbury returned to office, he was in a position to write what he thought wisest on it. He determined, with the all but unanimous approval of both parties, to revert as far as was possible to the state of affairs which had existed before the rejection of the Emperor Nicholas's overtures to Sir Seymour Hamilton in 1853. This new departure, or rather this return to the old parting of the ways, was, as has been pointed out already, universally approved. It found expressions in many ways and on many occasions, notably in the attitude assumed by this country towards the Cretan insurrection, the Greco-Turkish war, and the candidature of Prince George of Greece for the governorship of Crete. Lord Salisbury's policy was formally defined in a memorable speech at the Guildhall on November 9th, 1896. "Speaking from the Foreign Office point of view," he said, "I regret to say that we have discussions with all Powers, but the discussions we have with Russia are by no means the most voluminous—I should almost say that they are the most concise of all in which we are engaged. It is therefore, I think, a superstition of an antiquated diplomacy that there is any necessary antagonism between Russia and Great Britain." Now the date of this speech is all important. It was delivered, of course, long after the war between China and Japan had revealed to an astonished world the utter incapacity of the

former power to defend itself against external attack,¹ after the rough draft of the so-called Cassini Treaty had been published, which, though officially repudiated, did no doubt represent the terms of an understanding between Russia and the Tsung-li-Yamen.

One alleged clause in that Treaty deserves attention at this moment. Russia was to be provided with a seaport. "China," it was said, "was to lease to Russia the port of Kiao-Chau in the province of Shantung for fifteen years, but Russia was not to enter into immediate possession of this port unless military operations made it necessary. Russia would lend all needful assistance to protect the Leao-Tung ports of Port Arthur and Talienwan, and would not permit any foreign Power to encroach on them." This "arrangement" was made public in May, and the Guildhall speech was delivered in November. Between those dates, however, another very important event had occurred. In September of that year, the Tsar paid a visit to the Queen at Balmoral, and Lord Salisbury was invited to meet him there. What passed between them is, of course, not likely to be known till history can be frankly written. It is not, however, too much to assume that the whole relations of Russia and Great Britain—including the difficulties created by the manifest impotence of China—were discussed, and that the general result was satisfactory may be inferred from the Guildhall speech delivered a few weeks later. That Russia was legitimately anxious for an ice-free port in the North Pacific had long ago been recognised, and much earlier than the interview at Balmoral, and the subsequent speech at the Guildhall, Mr. Balfour had admitted the reasonableness of Russia's claim. He referred to his admission in a speech, to which allusion will have to be made presently, delivered at Manchester on January 10th of the present year. "I have been told," he said, "that Sir Charles Dilke in a recent speech accused me of being responsible for the partition of China, because two years ago I said I regarded without fear or dislike the idea of a Russian outlet for commerce below the line of winter and ice. I adhere to that statement. I cannot conceive why we should object to Russian commerce going where it will, provided that we are not excluded from going there too." This conclusion, therefore, may be considered as established; that up to the autumn of 1897 the policy of Lord Salisbury, which aimed at the establishment of friendly relations with Russia, and included the recognition of the justice of her claim to an ice-free outlet for her trade and commerce in the Northern Pacific, met with

(1) It was, of course, to this evidence of China's impotence, and not to her subsequent abject surrender to German menaces, that Mr. Balfour alluded in his speech in the House of Commons which elicited so ludicrously an inept censure from Mr. Harold Finch Hatton in his curious defence of his political apostasy.

(2) *Annual Register*, 1896, p. [347.

hearty approval from all parties in England—save the small section to which allusion has been already made.

Towards the close of last year, however, a new factor was introduced into the problem, which materially changed the course of events. Germany, seizing upon the pretext offered her by the murder of two missionaries in the Shantung provinces, demanded, amongst other forms of indemnity, the lease of Kiao Chau. This harbour, it will be remembered, was once claimed by Russia under the so-called Cassini Treaty, and had, also as a matter of fact, been surveyed by British naval officers with a view of possible contingencies. That this move was made without consultation with Russia or France is proved by M. Mouravieff's remark to Mr. W. E. Goschen, on December 1st, 1897, to the effect that "he had been rather surprised when he heard of the occupation of the bay in question,"¹ and by M. Hanotaux's statement to Sir E. Monson on November 27th, "that the step taken by Germany was very serious and might have important consequences."² And very important consequences it had. It is true that M. Mouravieff stated to Mr. Goschen on December 26th that the movement of Russian ships to Port Arthur, announced on December 17th, had "absolutely no connection with the occupation of the Bay of Kiao Chau by Germany," and "that the mere fact of the Russian squadron wintering at Port Arthur, made no change whatever in the situation."³ The value of M. Mouravieff's statements, however, is very well known, and the cat had been let out of the bag by the *Norosti* some three weeks before when it said, "if, therefore, Germany declines to evacuate Kiao Chau, Russia on her side will have every right to occupy, as retaliation, some portion of Chinese territory."⁴ There can be no doubt, therefore, that the German occupation of Kiao Chau forced the hand of Russia, and induced her to take prematurely a step which she had contemplated, but which she had repudiated. Russian warships were sent to Port Arthur, and a loan was tendered by Russia to the Chinese Government. The situation was, therefore, completely changed, and the partition of China was threatened.

Such was the state of affairs when Mr. Balfour made his speech at Manchester—a speech which, as we now know, was discussed beforehand and authorised by the Cabinet. It marks the second principle upon which Lord Salisbury's policy was founded, and as was the case with the first, which has been dealt with, met with universal approval at home and abroad. The date of the address was January 10th, and on the 12th M. Hanotaux informed Sir Edmund Monson "that he had read the telegraphic report of Mr. Balfour's speech with great pleasure, as it appeared to him that the views of the two Governments as to

(1) "Correspondence respecting the Affairs of China," No. 1 (1898), p. 6.

(2) *Ibid.*, p. 3.

(3) *Ibid.*, p. 13.

(4) *Ibid.*, p. 7.

the situation created by recent events, are similar. France has no desire for territorial acquisitions in China, and does not see that her interests are directly menaced by anything that has yet happened." ¹ Mr. Balfour defined the principles which determined the Chinese policy of the Government in the following passage, which, within a very few days, received the approval of Lord Kimberley and Mr. Asquith:—

"What then," he asked, "is the character of our interests in China? Our interests in China are not territorial; they are commercial. I have no revelations to make to you to-night of policy with regard to China, no startling revelations; but I can indicate the broad principles by which the details of that policy should be governed. What are these principles? They follow by a logical sequence from the principles I have laid down that our interests there are commercial and trading interests and not territorial. And the first deduction from that is that territory, *so far as it is not necessary to supply a base for possible warlike operations*, is a disadvantage rather than an advantage, for it carries with it responsibilities, carries with it duties, carries with it, may be, an expenditure in money, and what is more important to us, carries with it an expenditure of men. The second principle I draw is this—that inasmuch as our interest in the trade of China is 80 per cent. of the whole trade of the rest of the world put together—80 per cent. of the trade of all the other nations added together—we have a special claim to see that the policy of that country is not directed towards the discouragement of foreign trade. Let me point out, in the third place, that by the deepest traditions of our policy we are precluded—and I am glad to think we are precluded—from using any trading privilege granted to us as a weapon for excluding rivals. If we ask for freedom to trade, we do not mean freedom to trade for Britain alone, we mean freedom to trade for all the world alike. And note there are two ways, and two ways alone, so far as I know, by which our trading interests, our sole interest in China, can be interfered with. The most important of them is by the forcible pressure on the Chinese Government by a foreign Government to make regulations adverse to us and favourable to them. In other words, to destroy that equality of opportunity which is all we claim, but which we do claim. The second method by which I can imagine our interests being interfered with might have, indeed, less serious consequences, but is not to be neglected. I do not think it probable, but we can imagine it as possible, that foreign countries with protectionist proclivities might dot the coast of China with stations over which they had complete control, and through which they would not permit the trade of the world freely to permeate; where they could put up Customs barriers, or something equivalent to Customs barriers, hostile to others and favourable to themselves. Now, these are the ways in which I think it possible that our interests in China might be adversely affected; but, depend upon it, that the Government will do their best to see that in neither of these ways will the trade of this country be injured."

This pronouncement, taken in conjunction with Lord Salisbury's avowed policy of acting if possible in co-operation with Russia, constituted the charter, so to speak, of our Chinese policy.

Three propositions were laid down.

- (1.) That our interests with China are commercial.
- (2.) That undue influence at Peking might prejudice those commercial interests; and

(1) "Official Correspondence," p. 18.

(8.) That we should endeavour to safeguard those interests as far as possible without coming into collision with Russia.

It was also clear from Mr. Balfour's speech, and especially from the passage italicized, that the contingency had been contemplated of territorial acquisition by England in the event of the undue increase of influence at Peking on the part of some other Power. These propositions with their corollary were cordially endorsed by the country, and, as we have seen, by M. Hanotaux.

It may be asked why steps were not taken to come to a direct understanding with Russia on this question of China. The answer is that every possible effort was made to secure the co-operation of the Government of the Tsar. It was intimated to them that Great Britain recognised the equity of their claim to an ice-free port in the North Pacific; they were also informed that this country did not regard with disfavour the preponderating influence which her geographical position gave Russia in the province of Manchuria. We were ready at any time to come to a self-denying ordinance with regard to military positions in the Gulf of Pechili. But Russia was warned that any attempt to acquire such undue influence as the military occupation of Port Arthur would give her, would be met by a counter move which we should most reluctantly be compelled to make. That a record of all these overtures does not appear in the official correspondence is due to the fact that they were necessarily of a very tentative and confidential character. Had M. Mouravieff acted in good faith, there was no reason in the world why the friendly representations of Lord Salisbury should not have ended in a complete understanding between the two countries, which would have postponed indefinitely even the prospect of the dismemberment of China. Unfortunately, M. Mouravieff was guilty of bad faith, for which there was no justification whatever. So late as January 27th, the Russian Ambassador in London was instructed "to express great surprise at the agitation which appeared to prevail in England, both in the press and in official circles, on the subject of recent events in China, where English and Russian interests cannot be seriously antagonistic." In the circumstances he could hardly object to England's response to the Chinese appeal for a loan, since he had made an offer on the part of Russia to find the money for the payment of the indemnity to Japan; nor could he, if his policy were one of friendship to Great Britain, resent one of the conditions attached to the lease that Ta-lien-wan should be a Treaty Port, for he had himself declared that the occupation of Ta-lien-wan by a foreign Power would seriously disturb the balance of influence at Peking. It is needless to dilate on the duplicity and chicane which characterised M. Mouravieff's "assurances." It is a depressing story from the point of view of international honour and morality. And if it was deplorable

it was also futile. The Russian Government knew that her acquisition of Port Arthur as a military port would, to use the language of Sir Nicholas O'Connor, not be viewed by Her Majesty's Government "without the deepest concern." M. Mouravieff also was aware, long before these negotiations began, that Great Britain would not attempt forcibly to debar Russia from the possession of Port Arthur, but would take other steps to redress the balance of Power in the Gulf of Pechili. He gained nothing by the devious course he adopted that he could not have secured by the most frank and straightforward explanation of the determination of Russia. And he lost much; he revived the spirit of indignant distrust of Russian policy which was fast disappearing in England; nor did his recourse to the bad and discredited methods of Bismarckian diplomacy tend to increase confidence in Russia among other European Powers. Even France looked on with manifest uneasiness.

The idea, however, that Lord Salisbury was duped by M. Mouravieff, is disproved, if disproof were necessary, by the fact that Mr. Balfour in his speech at Manchester, and Mr. Curzon even more emphatically, in the House of Commons, had recognised the possibility of some such manœuvre on the part of the Russian Government. They had contemplated, that is to say, the contingency of the acquisition by Russia, of some point of vantage from which undue influence might be exercised over the weak Court of Peking.

Equally curious is the growth of the legend of Ta-lien-wan. It has been asserted that "the demand for Ta-lien-wan" was a direct provocation of Russia, and that it was promptly abandoned in deference to Russian menaces addressed to us. In the first place there was no demand for Ta-lien-wan at all. The conversion of Ta-lien-wan into a Treaty Port was among the suggestions—six in number—suggested by Sir Claude Macdonald as a "return" for the loan which China sought from the British Government. Parenthetically, it may be observed that all the other important concessions were eventually granted, though the negotiations for the loan fell through. By no stretch of imagination could the conversion of Ta-lien-wan into a Treaty Port be considered a provocation of Russia, for it constituted a guarantee against annexation, which Russia, as we have seen, declared would have disturbed the balance of power. Had Russian professions been sincere this condition would have been consonant with her views. As to the charge that Russian menaces to England caused Lord Salisbury to withdraw the demand, the first allusion to Russian interference at all is contained in Lord Salisbury's despatch to Sir Nicholas O'Connor, in which he said, "His Excellency (the Russian Ambassador), speaking from what he saw in the newspapers, urged very strongly that if we insisted on making Ta-lien-wan an open port, we should be encroaching on the Russian sphere of

influence, and denying her in future that right to the use of Port Arthur, to which the progress of events had given her a claim."¹ The date of that interview was January 19th; on January 17th, two days earlier, Lord Salisbury had telegraphed to Sir Claude Macdonald, "You are not bound to insist on making Ta-lien-wan a Treaty Port if you think it impracticable, though we should give it up with regret."² The reason for the abandonment of the demand can be gleaned from Sir Claude Macdonald's despatch of the previous day. It was quite clear that the Russian chargé d'affaires at Peking was using the proposed concession as a lever for extorting fresh surrenders to Russia, and Lord Salisbury was averse from doing anything which might begin that policy of dismemberment which he thought disastrous not only to China but to the peace of the world.

But of all the mushroom legends which have grown up round these negotiations, the fable that Lord Salisbury withdrew British vessels from Port Arthur at the bidding of Russia, or that he apologised for their having visited that harbour, is the most preposterous. The mere fact that the first mention by the Russian Ambassador that the presence of British ships at Port Arthur caused "a bad impression," was made on January 12th, and that the *Immortalité* had been ordered away to Chusan on the 10th, might suffice to explode the fiction. But a consideration of the state of affairs at the time of Admiral Buller's visit shows how absurd the charge is. Lord Salisbury and his colleagues had unanimously decided from the very outset that Great Britain should not attempt to obtain Port Arthur for herself, nor resist by force its acquisition by Russia. Anything, therefore, in the nature of a naval demonstration in the neighbourhood would have been meaningless. Admiral Buller, in the exercise of his undoubted rights and acting upon his own discretion, as he was unquestionably entitled to act, visited Port Arthur as he visited Kiaochau. That M. Mouravieff, conscious of his own shifty methods, should see in these movements some deep design upon Russian interests, was perhaps not unnatural. The explanations given by Lord Salisbury and Sir Nicholas O'Connor respectively that the movements of the British ships had no political significance were prompted by two considerations: (1) That they were strictly accurate; (2) that the confidential and tentative efforts to come to an arrangement with Russia were still proceeding and gave promise of success. It would indeed have been the height of folly to allow an unfounded suspicion to prevent an understanding on which so much depended.

The fact that M. Mouravieff should have sanctioned the official publication of a statement, false on the face of it, that "British men-of-war have received orders to quit Port Arthur immediately, in consequence of representations made by Russia," is unfortunately only

(1) Official Correspondence, p. 22.

(2) *Ibid.*, p. 21.

in keeping with the tortuous methods for which he evinces so peculiar a fondness. If any political significance attached to the movement of the British fleet at that period, its nature may be gathered from a despatch of Sir Claude Maconald to Lord Salisbury, received at the Foreign Office on January 31st. "It was now reported that China had ceded (to Germany) territory elsewhere than at Kiao-Chau." The Government knew perfectly well the direction in which Russian advances would be made, they could only learn by observation what new port Germany might select if she were dissatisfied with Kiao-Chau. As a matter of fact Germany "ascertained that the annexation of a fresh port would lead to territorial demands from other Powers," and decided to be content with Kiao-Chau. The question of the loan was not finally disposed of till February 3rd, when the Grand Secretary Li informed Lord Salisbury that "the Chinese Government has been warned by Russia that their acceptance of a loan guaranteed by Great Britain will entail an interruption of the friendly relations existing between the two Empires."¹ Yet, even after this indication of the dog-in-the-manger policy of Russia, Lord Salisbury did not despair of making such terms with the Government of the Tsar as would avert the beginning of that dismemberment of China which was so much to be deplored on all grounds, and of which the end is not yet. He gave a proof of his own good faith in declining to entertain the overtures made by China for the cession of Wei-hai-wei. "The policy," he telegraphed to Sir Claude Maconald on February 25th, "which is at present being pursued by Her Majesty's Government aims at the discouraging any alienation of Chinese territory. The discussion of any proposal for the lease of Wei-hai-wei would accordingly be premature, *providing the existing position is not materially altered by the action of other Powers.*"² That material alteration was soon to come, for on March 9th M. Mouravieff informed Sir Nicholas O'Connor that "it was the intention of his Government to insist on getting Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan."³

On March 22nd another effort was made to avert the necessity of acquiring Chinese territory, and a despatch was sent to Russia announcing "that Her Majesty's Government are prepared to give assurances that beyond the maintenance of existing treaty rights, they have no interest in Manchuria, and to pledge themselves not to occupy any port in the Gulf of Pechili so long as other Powers pursue the same policy." This last friendly overture was rejected, and Great Britain obtained a lease of Wei-hai-wei on the same terms and for the same period as the "usufruct" of Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan had been granted to Russia.

This survey of the negotiations in connection with the Far East, ranging not over a few months, but over the last two or three years,

(1) Official Correspondence, p. 83.

(2) *Ibid.*, p. 89.(3) *Ibid.*, p. 143.

shows no trace of humiliation for this country or abandonment of any points of our charter as defined by Mr. Balfour at Manchester. That we have failed to secure a complete understanding with Russia is a matter of regret, but the fault lay not with Lord Salisbury, who spared no pains to attain it. And if we judge our diplomacy by the test of results, we find ourselves in an infinitely stronger position to-day than we were when the Chinese crisis assumed an acute phase. Russia has obtained Port Arthur, and against that we must set Wei-hai-wei, which, for all political purposes, at any rate, is its equivalent.¹ Besides that, without giving either financial assistance or guarantees of protection to China, Great Britain has obtained, not for herself only, but for the world, the opening of new ports, the permission to use the waterways of China, the permanent appointment of an Englishman as Inspector-General of Customs, and the pledge that the Yang-tze valley shall never be alienated to any other Power, and not a single commercial port has been opened to others which is not also open to us. Moreover, our influence in Peking, thanks largely to the distrust inspired by M. Mouravieff's duplicity, stands higher than it ever did, and the advice of our Minister is sought by the Chinese Government on every occasion. And yet a policy which can show such results is dubbed a failure, and a short-sighted democracy is incited to believe, and perhaps does believe, that the accusation is true!

(1) Since the above was written, Lord Salisbury has stated in the House of Lords that "one of the defences" of the acquisition of Wei-hai-wei is that it will give China the courage she seems so strangely to lack, to utilise her great resources in self-protection. An indirect but not unimportant result of this policy may be seen in the valuable concessions since made by the Chinese Government to British capitalists seeking to exploit the material wealth of the Empire.

* * * *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any Manuscripts. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be type-written. The sending of a proof is no guarantee of the acceptance of an article.*

